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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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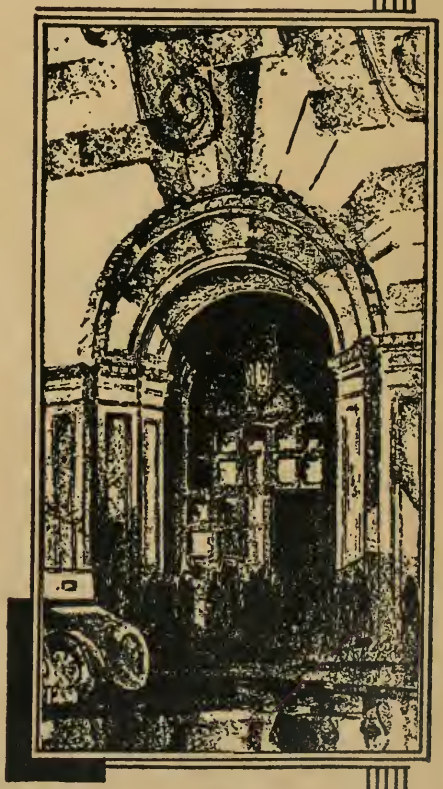

FEBRUARY · 1930

Volume IV Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy No. 1

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1, 1930

LECTURES BY DR. H. H. POWELL
"Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God." Mondays at 11 o'clock.

APPRECIATION OF ART—Every Monday at 12 noon, Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION—Every Monday evening at 7:30, Auditorium. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor.

FRENCH CLASSES
Mondays, beginning January 13, at 2 o'clock, and from 6:30 to 8:30 o'clock.
Conversational class, Fridays, beginning January 10, at 11 o'clock. Mme. Rose Olivier, Instructor.

LECTURES BY PROFESSOR BENJAMIN H. LEHMAN
"Contemporary Literature." Tuesday mornings at 11 o'clock, Auditorium.

LEAGUE BRIDGE
Every Tuesday, 2 P. M., in the Board Room; 7:30 P. M., in Chinese Room.

CURRENT EVENTS—Every Wednesday at 11 A. M., Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS
Every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., Auditorium. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman.

LECTURES IN CONTRACT BRIDGE BY MR. T. L. STAPLES
Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, Board Room.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS
Second Sunday of each month, in Auditorium. Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, Chairman.

SPECIAL EVENTS:

February 4—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Biographies	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
6—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Hudson River Bracketed," by Edith Wharton	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 P. M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Wheaton A. Brewer Subject: Contemporary Tendencies in Modern American Poetry	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
7—Lecture by Frances Toor Subject: Mexico and Mexican Art and Customs (Illustrated)	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
8—Membership Meeting	*Lounge*	8:00 P. M.
9—Sunday Evening Program Hostesses: Mrs. Henry Marcus and Mrs. Wilbur Hiller	*Auditorium*	8:20 P. M.
10—Reception for New Members	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M.
11—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Books on the New Science	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Program by Anna Bird Stewart	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
12—Lecture on International Barriers Speaker: Dr. George M. Stratton Subject: Psychological Barriers	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
13—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. E. J. Turkington Subject: Spanish Days and Spanish Ways	*Chinese Room*	8:00 P. M.
14—Valentine Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
15—Children's Matinee and Party Program by Anna Bird Stewart	*Auditorium*	2:30 P. M.
18—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Robert Louis Stevenson	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
20—Thursday Evening Program The girls of the Emanuel Sisterhood will present a three-act playlet, "Paddly Pools" Dancing under the direction of Miss Grace Burroughs	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
25—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: The Tragic Era; Myths After Lincoln.	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
27—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Anna L. Saylor Subject: The Human Side of Social Welfare	*Chinese Room*	8:00 P. M.

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All of the preparations used in the Salon are of excellent quality. The creams, skin foods, astringents and lotions are made in the Salon and sold at moderate prices.

A new barber has recently become a member of the staff. He has had wide experience and is giving satisfaction.

* * *

SWIMMING POOL

The special rates for private lessons in the swimming pool will continue in effect through February, because of the fact that it was necessary to close the pool for repairs several days in January. The special rates are as follows:

Members, ten half-hour lessons for $5.00; guests, ten half-hour lessons for $7.50, the course to be finished by March 15.

Free instruction in life-saving will be given Wednesday evenings at 5:30 o'clock. At the end of the course tests will be given to those wishing to receive the Red Cross life-saving certificate and emblem.

* * *

VALENTINE PARTY IN SWIMMING POOL

There will be a children's Valentine party in the Women's City Club swimming pool Saturday morning, February 15, at 11 o'clock. An interesting program of games and races is being arranged.

* * *

CHORAL INVITES MEMBERS

The Women's City Club Choral, free to all members, extends an invitation to anyone interested in singing to join this new activity of the Club, which meets each Monday night from 7:30 to 9:00 o'clock.

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ANNUAL DUES *of*

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

Payable March 1, 1930. Delinquent April 1, 1930. Statements will be mailed to members on February 15.

The New Adventures of Alice in Wonderland

By ETHEL MELONE BROWN

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER 4

"BUSY?" said the Seal.

"Very," said Alice, and went on writing.

"Prose?" said the Seal, balancing on a bit of coral, and humming a tune.

"No, poetry," said Alice—"very good poetry—listen," and she read out loud.

"And as in uffish thought I stood
A swimmer-wock went swimming by—
'Where do you get your frocks?' says he—
'At Billie Trott's', says I.

"'Where do you get your little hats?'
He gazed at me intently—
'At Esther Rothschild's on the Square—
The best self-evidently.

"'And if by chance you wish a fur—
A fine warm coat or collar?'

'The Hudson Bay's the place for me—
I'd give them my last dollar'."

"'Sounds forced," said the Seal, chewing a bit of sea-weed—"as though you did it to rhyme"—

"The idea!" said Alice indignantly.—"Why I never even think of the rhyme till I come to the end of the line."

"Well — I can't help it — sounds forced to me anyway," said the Seal. He took a package of "Lucky's" out of his vest pocket—"Have one?"

"I don't smoke," said Alice, shortly—"at least not under water."

"Oh—superstitious?" said the Seal, tipping back his head, and blowing smoke rings.

"Surreptitious yourself!" Alice retorted — "I wish you wouldn't call names."

"There—there — Little One — no offense! Read me another poem—maybe it'll sound better."

"Humph!" said Alice. But she took out her spectacles and put them on—Jones, Pinther & Lindsay spectacles—fitted to form. She held her paper at arm's length, and spoke her words rather loudly.

"I like to plant a garden,
And dig and rake and hoe,
I buy my seeds at Hallawell's,
They're always sure to grow."

"Um — m — that's better—" said the Seal—"Got more life to it."

(*Continued on page* 27)

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The Women's City Club of San Francisco Takes Particular Pride in Presenting Two Women of Unique Ability on February Program

By Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

ANNA BIRD STEWART, Poet, will share her secret and interpret her own poems.

Frances Toor, magazine editor, will exhibit textiles and handicraft and lecture on Mexican Art and Folkways.

BUILDER OF BRIDGES

"Whoever you be, the bridge is yours,
And yours is the path beyond,
Where longer than rock or steel endures
Will the Builder's soul respond
To that glorious, brave, refulgent dream
Of him who first dared to bridge a stream.
Is he less the poet, do you think,
If he writes with iron and not with ink?"

Anna Bird Stewart feels the heartbeat of our modern day in these fine lines from her poem for grown-ups, "Builder of Bridges."

A LITTLE WONDER

The clouds are all so very
Fleecy,
And the sky so airy
Blue,
How can God sit down
In Heaven
Without sitting
Through?

Miss Stewart loves and understands the child's mind in these wondering words. This talented poet, reader and lecturer will interpret her own works at the City Club this month on two occasions.

Anna Bird Stewart comes of an old Scottish family of literary and artistic inclinations, whose members served as officers with George Washington. Her father was gifted as painter, sculptor and writer. Her brother, Thomas Milton Stewart, M. D., of Cincinnati, is an author and Egyptologist of note. Miss Stewart's maternal grandfather was a cousin of the poet, William Cullen Bryant, and as a little girl she knew James Whitcomb Riley, a friendship which stimulated her natural gift for poetry. For she is primarily a poet. Miss Stewart reveals a charming whimsicality which, coupled with her profound knowledge of the workings of the mind of the very youngest generation, places her in the front rank of children's poets. She does for America what A. A. Milne does for England.

After receiving the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Cincinnati, Miss Stewart lectured and wrote on literary subjects. As her writings became known she was frequently asked to read from them. She lives in the famous "Mark Twain House" on lower Fifth Avenue. A Shakespeare fantasy, also a new version of the old French farce, *Mam'zelle,* was written by Miss Stewart for Jessie Bonstelle, now director of the Civic Theatre of Detroit, who produced the plays. In order to secure first-hand knowledge of stage technique, Miss Stewart acted for two seasons with the Bonstelle Players. This training, added to her histrionic talent, makes her not only a poet, but a dramatic artist.

Still another phase of her poetic gifts is shown by her lectures on France and the Troubadours. They are directly the outcome of her studies in Provencal literature. She has spent some time studying in Paris and the Troubadour country of central and southern France, and is now at work on a book about these picturesque poets. While in France she received signal recognition from French writers and scholars. She won the international prize offered by *"La Société des Femmes á New York,"* for translating a seventeenth century lyric.

Will Read Her Own Verses

In this, her first tour of the West, Anna Bird Stewart will be heard in a program of her own verses. Blessed with a voice of distinct beauty, a keen sense of humor, a gift for alluring weary grown-ups, and a memory that recaptures the thoughts and feelings of her childhood, she is a continuous delight to her audience.

Two performances are scheduled: Tuesday evening, February 11, at eight o'clock, in the City Club Auditorium Miss Stewart will present a program for members and their friends. Tickets, 75 cents and 50 cents. On Saturday afternoon, February 15, she will entertain the children at a special matinee party in the Auditorium. Tickets are on sale at the Information Desk, adults 50 cents, and children 25 cents. All seats are reserved.

Miss Bird's books, such as "The Birds Began to Sing," "Builder of Bridges," "The Candy Box," "Three White Cats of Avignon," are ready for you at the League Shop.

Mexico, Inside and Out

Miss Stewart will give two lectures at the Women's City Club this month

The growing interest in Mexico has brought many people to the lecture platform on subjects connected with that country. Miss Frances Toor is such an one. She not only knows Mexico well but also knows Indian Mexico. Miss Toor is a member of The Ministry of Public Instruction in Mexico. She is not only conversant with the history and present political tendencies of the country but is in close touch with Mexican education, art and customs. She is an American woman who founded and is the editor of a remarkable magazine, *Mexican Folkways,* and is the lecturer on Mexican Folklore at the National University of Mexico. For many years Frances Toor has traveled, slept, and eaten with the Mexican Indians, gone on pilgrimages with them, seen their dances, assisted in their affairs and markets. She knows Mexico inside out. She knows the songs, dramas, arts, legends, superstitions, hopes and fears. By reason of her position in the government, and her patient and sympathetic investigations she is rarely equipped to authentically interpret the soul of little-known Mexico. Miss Toor's lecture is copiously illustrated with slides, and exhibits of Mexican textiles and early and modern Mexican achievements in art. By this means Miss Toor will bring to us a truer understanding of the street and plaza life, the practice of medicine and magic, popular religious and national festivals, dances, dramas, arts of weaving and pottery, women in city life, Indian life, dress, courtship, marriage, the home, education, outstanding artists—the Mexican heritage and its adjustment to the present day reconstruction program. One may easily see that this lecture promises to be signally instructive and entertaining. It will take place on Friday evening, February 7, in the City Club Auditorium. Tickets are on sale at Information desk, 75 cents and 50 cents. All seats are reserved.

Second Sunday Evening Promises Delightful Entertainment

After all this glorious rain, how alluring will be the hills o'er-spread with radiant green carpets! Also how closely packed will be the highways humming with speed! Then it is that after a sparkling afternoon in the open you may extend to your family and friends the cordial hospitality of the City Club and gather in the Auditorium on the second Sunday evening of this month to enjoy the delightful concert.

Mrs. Wilbur Hiller and Mrs. Henry Marcus, the hostesses for the Sunday Evening Concert of February 9, promise a program of unusual interest.

Mrs. Edward Everett Bruner, well known singer, will render three groups of songs in German and English, Miss Gertrude Byrnes accompanying. Elbert Schuler, eminent San Francisco artist, has arranged two brilliant groups for the piano; and Laura Kelsey Allen, distinguished violinist who has lately come from New England to make her home in Berkeley, will favor us with a group of solos. Mrs. Horatio Stoll will be at the piano.

It is hoped many members and their friends will be able to enjoy this unusual evening of music.

Benjamin Lehman's Lectures

Finally the weeks have sped by and the course of lectures to which so many members and their friends have eagerly looked forward — "Contemporary Literature," by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman of the University of California—began on Tuesday morning, January 21, at eleven o'clock. The course will consist of eight lectures and will be given in the City Club auditorium under the auspices of the Club, with Mrs. Edward Rainey as chairman.

The price of a course ticket is five dollars and single lectures seventy-five cents.

Following are the titles and dates remaining in the series:

February 4—

Biographies: Henry VIII-Up to Now, Alice Meynell, Bryan, Mark Hanna, Mary Baker Eddy.

February 11—

Sir James Jeans, The Universe Around Us and other books on the New Science.

February 18—

Robert Louis Stevenson, by request.

February 25—

Bowers' The Tragic Era, Myths after Lincoln and others.

March 4—

The Poets, Jeffers, Auslander, Bynner, Helen Hoyt.

March 11—

The New Morality: Krutch's "The Modern Mind"; Russell's "Marriage and Morals"; Lippman's "A Preface to Morals."

A glance at this schedule of topics fills one with keen anticipation which one knows will be realized because of remembered excellence of Mr. Lehman's former courses. Tickets are on sale at the information desk.

Professor Benjamin H. Lehman

Miss Frances Toor, who will speak at Women's City Club, February 7

New Board of Directors of Women's City Club

Five members of the Women's City Club who have never before served on its board of directors were elected at the annual election of January 13 at which eleven were named. The other six named last month were incumbents.

The new members are Mrs. Wilder J. Bowers, Mrs. Douglas Cushman, Mrs. Hans Lisser, Miss Ida Lord and Mrs. Payson J. Treat. The complete personnel of the Board of Directors for 1930 as well as the officers is printed on page 5.

* * *

Vegetables

By Anna Bird Stewart

They may be good for little girls
To curl their hair in natural curls,
But all the same carrots are carrots.

They may be good for boys perhaps,
To make them grow to sturdy chaps;
But even so, carrots are carrots.

Our dog, too, does not like them well;
All covered with gravy he can tell
That carrots are nothing but carrots.

But one thing FOR *them I can state—*
They are not spinach—my favorite hate.

ANNUAL DUES
of Women's City Club
Payable March 1, 1930
Delinquent April 1, 1930

Statements will be mailed to members on February 15

Chinatown-- An Impression

By Virginia F. Mantor
Daughter of Mrs. H. F. Mantor, member of Women's City Club of San Francisco

TINKLING Chinese music from the Shanghai Cafe—a Salvation Army band playing hymns—the rattle of dishes and the cries of cooks in the Mandarin Cafe—a grizzled old American guide yelling in Chinese—another handing out an alluring line to gullible tourists.

A WEDDING in Old Saint Mary's—the jolly priests waving good-bye—among the curious crowd a China boy with a tray of aluminum dishes balanced on his head. Sing Fat's the show place—tourists carrying large bundles—a wooden apple in a window calling forth little squeals of delight from a large and red-faced woman.

FOR those who know—an outdoor tea room—gorgeous silks and exquisite brocades — lacquer screens — Ming vases—jade and chrysoprase—teakwood chests and old brass teapots —and "come back next weekie I make bettah price." Behind a red and yellow wall an old Chinese garden—flowers and grass—a fine club in authentic style — teak balconies and charming roof gardens. The playground—colorful slides in red, green and yellow—curved towers—a small boy, his baby brother tied on his back with a bright red and blue silk scarf.

A PENNY photographer—policemen—Chinese flappers in spike heeled shoes—latticed shutters — an Englishman and a Frenchman discussing gardens in a Chinese toy shop—skinned rats and pigs' feet—drunken sailors—"diss is an excloosive place" —a young man buying a haori coat for his girl—haori coats—haori coats—haori coats—HORRID COATS!

Chop suey—queer and musty odors —"we've been to the park, do you mind if she takes off her shoe to empty the sand out?"—the "rubber-neck wagon"—dark stairways—cheap ash trays and incense—a carved door and a dim light—stairways that go down into what? Few know—old Chinese smoking opium and playing fan-tan — herbs — a shrimp company down under the sidewalk—broom factories—a new brokerage house, Chinese and English characters on the board — calm, unperturbed traders—they seldom lose and show no sign of interest — artists' studios — Blanding Sloan's Puppet Theatre—a few Chinese women in black and gold mandarin coats — the street widens — odors less acrid—now we are in Italian town!

Dr. George M. Stratton

International Barriers

Dr. George M. Stratton of the University of California will be the next speaker in the extraordinarily popular course being sponsored by the Women's City Club on "International Barriers."

Being a philosopher of world renown, naturally Dr. Stratton will deal with "Psychological Barriers." The date is Wednesday, February 12. The course is progressing with cumulative interest.

Dr. Stratton is a graduate of the University of California, Yale University and the University of Leipzig, and was for some years a professor in the Johns Hopkins University.

He is a former president of the American Psychological Association; is connected with the National Research Council; and is a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

Among his publications the most recent is a volume for general readers, entitled *Social Psychology of International Conduct.* The minds of races and of nations are here compared in the light of scientific experiments; and one is helped to understand the cause of their fear and enmity, and the way to their good-will and co-operation.

He has lectured at the University of the Philippines, and has represented the University of California at two international conferences.

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Behind the Scenes at Stanford

Impressions of the Little Theater at Stanford University

By HALLIE KEATING

IT was not so very long ago that college theatrics maintained the same relative social status as Sunday School playlets, open-air esthetic dances, and charity bazaars. I do not mean to depreciate these worthy enterprises but to point out the audiences, for all were drawn very similarly from friends and relatives of the performers and in the spirit of piety and charity.

The college productions themselves were somewhat loose, perhaps lit with a rare spontaneity and pinch-hitting genius, but nevertheless thoroughly amateurish. The actors looked like Tom, Harry and Alice in spite of the services of a professional make-up man, the entre-acts frequently outlengthened the play, and the sets were questionable. The plays were, in short, hopefully prepared for and accepted by spectators of blessed patience and expected benevolence.

Theatrics Grow Up

Then almost overnight the college presentations changed. An indefinable new spirit came into them and the Theatrics put on long trousers and became Dramatics. The Guild of New York made a convenient pattern and new developments in American drama and stagecraft set a high standard. The University dramatic units put back into a dusty file the foolproof vehicles for oratorical students and became Little Theaters. Instead of sporadic productions, inspired by the deficit of honorary society treasuries and nurtured by a kind interest in the vowel sounds of public speaking students, very properly the University groups became seriously interested in the development of the artistic drama; became aware of the educational significance of the new trend and hopeful of actual contribution to this creative field.

The change in the aims and ambitions of the university dramatic departments is well evidenced at Stanford, where, for the past years, a program of merit and consistent standard has been maintained. Under the directorship of Gordon Davis and Harold Helvenston, during the past two years student actors and technicians have presented such plays as Ibsen's "Wild Duck," "The Chief Thing" by Nicholas Evreinov, "The Devil and the Cheese," by Tom Cushing, "The Second Man," by S. N. Behrman, and similar plays.

The productions have been of artistic merit, staged and presented with finish. Intelligent appreciation and sympathetic directorship have resulted in rather unusual interpretations. The plays have earned for themselves a clientele of Stanford theater-goers drawn from San Francisco and the entire bay region.

Harold Helvenston's designs and settings, in particular, have won recognition in national publications as well as local circles. Mr. Helvenston, a graduate of the Baker 47 Workshop

Harold Helvenston

at Yale and experienced in Eastern dramatic productions, came to Stanford in the summer of 1928. Besides a thorough equipment and knowledge of the technique of the stage, he brought with him a contagious enthusiasm and imagination. His stimulus has built up an active organization of interested, and in some cases, brilliant students, in the technical aspect of the plays—a group similar to that developed by Mr. Davis in his dramatic work during the past eight years. In Mr. Davis' absence this year Mr. Helvenston, as director of dramatics, and with the assistance of Mr. Frederick Stover, as technical director, has maintained the standards set by the Stanford Dramatic Counsel.

But you may ask, "What has amateur dramatic work to give my son and daughter? If they are interested seriously in the stage, heaven forbid, what can they learn here? And if they have not ulterior intent towards the 'Profession,' aren't they wasting their time and effort playing with college dramatics?"

Suppose you visit the Stanford Assembly Hall the week preceding a production. In one corner of the stage you will find four students of theatrical workshop—one time very tidy sons and daughters of San Francisco, no doubt, but now somewhat disheveled and dusty—arguing with fire over the construction of a baroque writing desk which is to be both decorative and "practical." Across from them two advanced students stencil a burlap square which will appear as a Gobelin tapestry on Friday. Stage center a young lady in a smock constructs realistic grass at twelve cents a yard. Downstairs the student prop man—or woman, there is no discrimination behind the curtain—is tearing his or her hair over the responsibility of a borrowed period chair, while the costume manager checks efficiently the costumes, requisitions and designs.

First, You Find Him

In the Little Theater two student directors conduct a rehearsal of minor characters. It is difficult to definitely locate Mr. Helvenston in any one place. He is conferring with the character role, talking with the light man, finishing a statuette which will be marble at night, and participating in a critical argument over a current New York tragedy—all at the same time, and all quite adequately.

In the Green Room the class in advanced stage design meets. Although each is at work on a special problem, widely ranging from puppets to practical lighting study, their discussion is not restricted to particular interests. At the moment perhaps the subject is semi-permanent settings vs. permanent, or Appia's principles of design. The debate is lively and illustrations are offered for their points that prove a thorough acquaintance with the history and phases of the theater as well as in current developments in dramatic technique.

Nevertheless, unimpressed by the vitality and enthusiasm of the various students and the activities you have seen, you pin Mr. Helvenston down

Setting of The Ivory Door, a recent production of the Stanford Little Theater, where the students and the University Dramatic Counsel are doing fine things for the college and the stage

between appointments and buttonhole him with the question: *"What* is my son getting from his work with you? What significance has this dramatic work to his education?"

"The sixth sense," Mr. Helvenston replies. He evades discussion, but at least expands his answer, "To know what is right and what is wrong, a discernment of misplaced values, and a feeling for the truth. Real appreciation of the theater means not only an appreciation of drama in the abstract and of the best of modern plays, but to separate into the particular categories the most significant dramas of the foremost continental playwrights. The student engaged in dramatic work here should have more than the practical results of such studies—the training of the voice for correct tone production, the development of commanding poise.

"Such intimate contact by means of class discussion, criticism and specialized observations conduces the student's attention to be poignantly focussed on the three phases of contemporary theater: the trend of the dramatist in the presentation of modern social problems and of personal philosophies, exemplified by such plays as Rice's 'Street Scene' and O'Neill's 'Dynamo'; the constant change and development of the physical theater; and the highly modern methods of productions which necessarily emphasize the machinery and electrical equipment of the stage."

Mr. Helvenston quotes Belasco's recent production of the spectacular "Mimi" as an example of the latter point. "Some technical consideration is necessary to appreciate the visual effects to the full. An amazing example of technical alertness was noticed several months ago when Norman Geddes in the production of Neumann's 'Patriot' flew the entire fifth act setting of the play—a revolutionary feat, significant to the spectator with the trained eye.

"With the constant strides in showmanship and the equipment of the play-world, an understanding of the blending of the elements of lighting, timing, design, balance, and technique gives a deeper value to the complete effect. The sixth sense of the theater comes most easily and vividly through actual acquaintance and experience with the practical details of the drama."

Not An Extreme Modernist

He does not exaggerate the importance of the modern theater, but is equally firm in refusing to underestimate it. The current drama of today does not lead the thought of the people, but Mr. Helvenston believes it *reflects* with significance contemporary thought. "The present trend of our playwrights follows closely, step by step, the sociological phases of thought and manner. A consideration of the plays of the past year is an education in itself. Last year, for instance, New York was interested in mystery; this year, absorbed in murder; next year, who can know?"

And several of the Stanford student plays this year go far to prove Mr. Helvenston's theories. The summer performance of "The Adding Machine," with designs by Helvenston, direction by Davis, was an important argument. The play, by Elmer Rice, author of "Street Scene," and Pulitzer Prize Winner, concerned the evolution of Mr. Zero, the eternal bookkeeper. A modernistic play, employing a large cast in expressionistic manner, it was an ambitious undertaking appreciatively executed in surprising manner. "The Queen's Husband," Sherwood's sprightly satire on the endowment of royalty; "The Makropoulos Secret" by Carol Capek, and A. A. Milne's "Ivory Door," were other productions of convincing proof.

Scenes from The Adding Machine, staged by Stanford players under direction of Harold Helvenston

The "set" is the thing as well as the play

How Did You Vote—Not *For Whom* Did You Vote

By MARION W. LEALE

ELECTION past, how much do you know about the leaders chosen for the ensuing year? The Nominating Committee (three members of the present Board and two members at large) outlined in its report (printed in the last issue of the magazine) the accomplishments and qualifications of the incoming members of the Board, but said nothing about the incumbents, taking it for granted that no comment of the latter was necessary. It is, therefore, a distinct shock to find written on one of the ballots the name of a present Board member who is not retiring and for whom no vote is necessary this year. We elect to office our representatives. Do we feel they are personally our representatives? Do we go forward voluntarily to help them while they serve us, or do we elect and then forget?

"The honor of office"—I am daily mindful of it and deeply grateful for it, but I am also conscious of the responsibilities attached thereto. "How have you come out this year?" as the end of the fiscal year approaches I am daily asked. "Have you done as well as you expected?"

The member asks the question as a detached looker on. The pronoun is definitely wrong. "How have *we* come out?" Thirty-one members of your Board solve conscientiously to the best of their ability the problems of program, of finance, and of policy. On the other hand, do you feel your obligation to visit the clubhouse and learn firsthand the answer to some question you ask idly of a fellow member at a teaparty away from the clubhouse where you happen to meet? There are interesting answers to such questions, which will be given on Saturday evening, February 8, when we are to meet together in the Lounge to listen to some of the things left unsaid at the last membership dinner, things which because of lack of time cannot be rehearsed at the Annual Meeting next March, but which you should know.

You will see in another article in the magazine that the Board of Directors has voted to increase the membership by one thousand. This was voted because the use of the building last year proved that you would not be incommoded; but did you stay away because of lack of interest or lack of opportunity.

When you have voted and paid your dues your service for the year is not finished. The Volunteer Service of some of your Board of Directors and Committee Chairmen will be better understood by you after February 8 if you make the effort to honor them by your presence that evening. Remember we are rendering a report of our stewardship to you who cannot afford to be ignorant of this great project for which we all are responsible.

Robert Bruce Inverarity's Exhibit of Paintings

By VINCENT MAHONEY

TRADITIONALLY, many are the bunions, even chilblains, suffered along the weary Parnassan trail.

Hence, those who this week and next visit the exhibit of the work of Robert Bruce Inverarity may count themselves fortunate that a skinned elbow or bumped forehead is the worst casualty likely to attend their voyage through the mazes of 722 Montgomery Street.

We are told by intimates of the young San Francisco artist that, in making his choice of a "gallery" for exhibit, he chose to feed a deep loyalty to the artist-in-the-attic convention. Many, noting the strong Caledonian flavor in his name, will make their own surmises.

The fact is, however, that one reaches the studio by climbing a flight of stairs, then pursuing the corridor until it makes a slight turn to the left (the artist may provide an electric light, but do not depend upon it), thence to Studio Four.

It is a moral certainty that Mr. Inverarity will not be at home. You are only assured that someone familiar with his work will be present. Once before, when Mr. Inverarity was exhibiting, a prospective purchaser wished to meet the artist. He was sketching in Quebec, a thousand miles away.

Noteworthy among the things which will be on display are:

Moonrise: An interesting result obtained by the superimposition of aquatint and mezzotint upon a line etching. Connoisseurs of etching will find an extraordinary fluidity which nevertheless leaves undisturbed the etching's necessary delicacy of line.

Forest Fire, Vancouver Island: A smoke-bordered orange splash flung above a dark neck of land. The bright summer sun pierces a cloud of purple smoke, making a curious mottled reflection on the overcast sea. Pastel.

Factory Abstraction: Taken inside the breakwater at Victoria. An arresting attempt at honest "photography" of the pure beauty of line and form inherent in a subject commonly called homely and dull. Astonishingly free from interpretive saccharine. Pastel.

Sleeping Beauty: Hill behind Cameron Lake, British Columbia. A North Country blue-to-green sky forms the lighting for a silhouette of hillside, in whose outlines may be discerned the figure of a slumbering woman. Pastel.

The first of a series called Fat Women: Trenchant lampoon in linoleum.

And wood- and linoleum-cuts, dry point etchings and line drawings. Many impressions of this work are to be exhibited later this month and next by the Chicago, Brooklyn and Philadelphia Societies of Etchers.

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On second thought, we had best warn you that if Mr. Inverarity's work is not to be found at 722 Montgomery Street, you would do well to risk the bronchitic elevator and try Room 335, at 628 Montgomery Street.

Do You Care?

By SELAH CHAMBERLAIN

Chairman, General Executive Committee of the Community Chest of San Francisco

AT this season of the year, with its joyous greetings and good resolutions, it is comforting to know that should misfortune overtake any man, woman or child in San Francisco, skillful hands would reach out to help the individual in distress.

The co-ordination of welfare work in agencies of the Community Chest makes it possible to render invaluable service in the rehabilitation of individuals and families.

Food, shelter and the necessities of life are provided.

In the event of sickness and distress nurses enter the home with kindly, sympathetic ministrations.

Minor children may be cared for in foster homes.

Boys and girls are given the benefit of educational training in boys' and girls' clubs or at Neighborhood Centers.

In fact, every day and every hour the community as a whole is receiving benefits from the activities of the charitable and social service agencies of this city.

The Community Chest has been termed the heart of San Francisco. The term is particularly appropriate.

The social work of this city, as conducted through the Community Chest, is done without discrimination as to race, color or creed.

The cause of aiding the sick, the destitute, the homeless, the aged or the jobless, enlists the earnest cooperation of San Francisco men and women in all walks of life.

The women render noteworthy service in this humanitarian endeavor. They form units of team workers that make the house to house canvass for funds, cooperate in their clubs and their churches and respond readily and enthusiastically to every call for volunteers.

Past and present executives and members of the Women's City Club have been, and are, conspicuous in this volunteer service rendered to the community.

The 1930 maintenance campaign will be held from February 24 to March 7. It will be directed by an energetic committee of prominent business men and women under the leadership of Leland W. Cutler, as Chairman. Mr. Cutler is an untiring worker and was exceptionally successful in the campaign's direction a year ago.

The Central Committee, headed by James B. Smith, and the Establishments Committee, led by F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., may be counted upon for 100 per cent accomplishment of any task assigned to them.

The specific work of the various social and welfare agencies holds the interest of men and women devoted to the causes represented.

The grand total of these daily, monthly and yearly accomplishments stimulate the admiration of all citizens.

A glance at the annual summary is enlightening. It shows that during the year Community Chest agencies accomplished the following:

- Gave relief to 13,164 families in distress.
- Gave parental care to 8,496 children.
- Cared for 732 girls in rescue homes.
- Cared for 696 young girls, strangers in San Francisco, in boarding homes.
- Rendered assistance in obtaining employment or otherwise aided 35,892 persons.
- Gave free or part-pay hospital care to 5,113 persons.
- Gave convalescent care to 2,076 persons.
- Visiting nurses made 36,890 calls to homes.

This tremendous amount of welfare endeavor is conducted economically. Practically 95 cents of every dollar raised in the fund solicitation goes to maintain the social service agencies. The other five cents is accounted for in campaign expense and administration.

Through the courtesy of the Olympic Club Directors, the Community Chest was able to obtain, without expense, the building at the corner of Post and Mason Streets for use as Campaign Headquarters.

The success of your Community Chest depends on your interest and support. Remember the Campaign dates—February 24th to March 7th.

We Told You So

By I. L. MACRAE

If proof of the fact that the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is a good advertising medium be required, the Vocational Information Bureau can supply some interesting facts. The editorial which appeared in the January number of the magazine has drawn the attention of the membership to this service in a most convincing way. It has brought members to the bureau who did not know or did not think that such a department existed. It has proved emphatically that the magazine is very widely read, and that it pays to advertise. The short period since the beginning of the year has brought to the bureau most stimulating and constructive work. The stimulation came from the callers. The construction, which is after all, simply a foundation, was the bureau's part in its program of helping people to help themselves.

One of the circumstances which gives the City Club Vocational Guidance value of national scope is the fact that its work is known in every other similar bureau throughout the country, and interlocks with them. These other institutions know the value of the City Club's statistics and findings, for they have confidence in their authenticity. All over the world the fame of the Vocational Guidance department of the San Francisco City Club has carried with it the repute of a work that is at once civic, social and sociological.

Business and the Social Game

By MARIE L. DARRACH
(formerly of San Francisco)
in the "Independent Woman"

WHY is it that business women ignore Society? Even a casual survey of the recreational life of any community reveals the fact that the social ball is kept rolling with very little help from the woman in business. Her participation in the parties of her friends is so infrequent as to be negligible; contact with the families of her employers is seldom established on a social basis; and intercourse for amusement and diversion even with her intimates is haphazard and sketchy.

The majority of business women dismiss any discussion of the subject as to why they persist in slighting the social side of their existence by answering that they simply can't be bothered. Their assumption seems to be, that the serious role of an economic independent, for which they have been cast either by choice or by necessity, is incompatible with life in its merrier moods, and that as society, in its restricted sense, appears to be a playground for dancing dervishes and frivolous revellers only, it can't possibly be a place for a woman who is earning her living. They claim to know little and care less about its formal aspects, and propose to give neither time nor energy to the cultivation of people who concern themselves with its inane and boring pastimes. They express supreme contempt for the whole social game and congratulate themselves on their independence, which makes it possible to avoid all contact with the nit-wits who are resident members of Society, and so chained to its wheels.

"Can't Afford It"

Aside from this broad generalization —that Society is so inconsequential that they can hardly be expected to give it any attention—there are a number of specific reasons advanced by business women as to why they ignore the diversions of a purely social nature, which women in other fields of endeavor and many men engaged, as they are, in the routine of business include in their regular activities.

An excuse heard frequently, and emphasized as one of the most important, is that they can't afford it—that catering to Society's whimsies would have too devastating an effect upon their pocketbooks. Even women earning executives' salaries claim that providing themselves with the right kind of clothes, and enough of them, would be more than they could manage financially, and incidentally would drive them crazy.

Still others insist that there isn't anything to be gained from Society which would compensate them for the effort necessary to keep the pace of those who regulate its activities. They believe that more harm than good would come of it—that their efficiency would be destroyed from loss of sleep, and that the mental distraction consequent on playing around with those of their kind to whom bosses, time clocks and pay envelopes have no significance, would be so reflected in their work as to injure them in the eyes of their employers.

Reasons for Apathy

Again, many give as the all-sufficient reason for never appearing at a social affair worthy of the name, that neither a modicum of desire, nor an atom of strength, which could be dedicated to gayety with advantage to themselves or pleasure to others, remains to them after their driven hours in the office. "A dish rag at the feast is all I would be," was how one girl wearily expressed it, when insisting that she was far too fagged after her day's work to mingle with people whose main object in life was to be merry and scintillating.

Then there are the frank few who admit that not once from one week's end to the next does their morning mail contain a single invitation with a formal R.S.V.P. in the lower left hand corner requesting them to "respondez s'il vous plait," to any social function whatever. A sad state of affairs, certainly.

In brief, then, the reasons why so many business women ignore society are first, contempt of it; second, inability to meet its demands either financially or sartorially; third, a conviction that it doesn't pay; fourth, lack of strength and inclination to cope with its trivialities after business hours; and fifth, such a scarcity of invitations that it would be impossible for them to take part in its ephemeral pleasures even if they should wish to ever so desperately.

These reasons are very comprehensive, inasmuch as they divide the socially inactive business women into three groups; those who won't have anything to do with society; those who don't; and those who can't. They also include the excuse of the young stenographer who turns her back on a phase of life which she feels she cannot afford, as well as that of the successful and prosperous executive who deliberately forfeits the obvious benefits which would result from social contacts, rather than risk being bored.

The reason which explains the quiescent attitude of the group which *can't* do anything about it—because they are seldom invited to foregather with those on pleasure bent — places the responsibility for a situation which undeniably exists squarely on the shoulders of women of leisure, who when they are arranging their parties ask all the available young business men to meet their friends and daughters but never dream of bringing business girls in social contact with their sons and husbands. It is this opportunity—provided by the women in a position to make possible the mingling of people who would otherwise never meet informally—which establishes a normal social relation between young men in business and the wives and daughters of the members of their firm, an opportunity that seldom exists for business women in connection with their employers and the sons of their employers.

The effect of this discrimination is extremely far reaching; it precipitates situations bristling with rancor and misunderstanding and accounts to a degree for the state of mind of the business woman who holds Society in utter contempt.

Disparity of Positions

Several personable young men of irreproachable manners (albeit they come from small Western centres), who occupy subordinate positions in a prominent banking house, are received on intimate social terms in the home of the president of the bank. They are present at all the large parties given by his family and benefit by the ensuing publicity in the society columns of the newspapers. On the other hand, acknowledged as one of the most important secretaries of the bank is a young woman of marked ability, good looks and style, drawing three times as much salary as these socially-favored young men, who has never been invited by the wife of her employer to any affair at their triplex apartment

on Park Avenue, nor has her name ever appeared in print sandwiched between those of the people of consequence they entertain.

On Saturday afternoons, one finds these same young men making up foursomes on the country club links, diplomatically playing bad games of golf with trios of substantial financiers, and being later included in a smart set group on the veranda for tea. If this sort of thing is profitable for them—as they frankly admit that it is—why should the young woman in the organization, who outranks them, and who is more important as a factor in its success, never be given an opportunity to benefit in the same way?

The prestige of social equality with the families of their employers is an asset in business which young men consider of value. Many of them would actually prefer solitude and a book to competing with collegiate dancers at a tea dansant, and yet they dash uptown from the office to snatch a few fox trots before dinner, when an invitation has come from the debutante daughter of their employer. If this investment of time and energy pays dividends in business advancement for them, why should women (if the same invitations are forthcoming) fail to avail themselves of similar opportunities for social contact? As a matter of fact, most of them would be as responsive as men—and for the same reason, that it is good business—if they were really as welcome in the social circles preëmpted by the families of their employers as are their male associates.

"Society" Has a Purpose

Society exists for a purpose. If this were not so, it would have long since perished. Those who participate in its activities do so for one of two reasons. They are either seeking amusement or are planning to annex some of its material advantages, which exist in a number of guises. The young bankers, bond salesmen, insurance and real estate brokers, secretaries and office managers whom one meets with such frequency as dinner and week-end guests in the homes of people of consequence, have probably a very poor opinion of the hollow show from the point of view of pleasure. But they are nevertheless keen to play bridge with the wives and dance with the daughters of prominent bankers, merchants and financiers, and blithely contribute their bit to the none too easy task of keeping a party from lapsing into dullness, because of the very definite effect association with these people has upon their own success.

It is quite logical to suppose that the same benefit would accrue to business women as a result of mingling socially with men and women of prominence if they were exposed to the experience. And there is no reason to believe that they would be less canny in recognizing the value of these contacts if they were made as pleasantly available to them as they are to men.

Because young business men are met more frequently in these haunts of pleasure (ostensibly enjoying the social whirl, but in reality developing their business careers) it does not always follow that women occupying the same positions in the working world are holding themselves haughtily aloof from people who frivol, or are voluntarily absenting themselves from gatherings which have no purpose but to save time. It is rather that men are being constantly invited to share the social intimacy of homes to which their feminine confrères in the marts of trade are seldom asked.

As one of the most glaring discriminations against women in business this fact challenges both comment and criticism. That it exists because of the attitude of other women is a sorry reflection on feminine broadmindedness. And in spite of the logical reasons given by business women themselves as to why they ignore society, this curious condition of affairs explains why they mingle less with their fellows in a social way than do young business men.

Presidents of banks, of industrial concerns, publishing houses and commercial organizations, and officers of corporations, syndicates and trust companies who employ large numbers of young men are being constantly urged by their wives and daughters to invite any of them who are promising and presentable to partake of the hospitality of the family, either as guests at their large formal parties given at hotels or at the smaller, more intimate, affairs which take place in their homes or at the country clubs. The head of the house brings them home to dinner, singly and in pairs, asks them to golf with him and takes them along for tea with his daughters afterward, includes them in yachting parties, and at any time yields his place to one of them at the bridge table. The women of his household are delighted, and beam on him for rounding up such interesting, affable and good looking cavaliers from the business world to amuse them. But let the obliging husband and father suddenly take to bringing his stunning private secretary, his chic little stenographer, and his scintillating director of personnel home to the family dinner in the same informal and casual fashion, and his whole ménage is in an uproar. And although this smart and well groomed trio can muster a more imposing rating in his organization than any of the favored young men, suggesting that they be invited to his daughter's coming-out party at the Ritz would throw the whole feminine contingent into hysterics. And if he persisted, and sat around with them, even collectively, in the drawing-room after dinner while his daughters played bridge with the young business men in his employ, his wife would be shortly stalking off to Reno for a divorce, and all of his friends would be remarking that he had gone crazy.

Social Contacts Valuable

A young woman who for years has been the secretary of a well known man in Wall Street, in commenting on this incredible state of affairs, said: "I have two brothers who have been out of college a couple of years. One has a subordinate position in a bank; the other is equally humbly employed in this Bond House. They are welcome guests in the home of my employer. His wife and daughters invite them to all their parties. You can see their names among those of the society crowd any time. But I've never been asked to a thing. The substitute offered me for the social contact which is really of so much value to my brothers is an invitation to dine tête-à-tête in some candle-shaded restaurant with my boss, in whose home they are regularly entertained by his family. And get talked about if I accept!" she concluded wryly.

That social contacts are quite as valuable to women as to men was illustrated in the case of a girl who had been struggling for months to get an investment of some significance for the

(*Continued on page 20*)

Prison Song

When I am free,
The jangling chords that mar the melody
Shall die to silence, and the music surge
Onward, till the song of life it merge.
When I walk straight,
They that have bowed in sorrow desolate
Shall greet the sunrise of fulfilled desire,
And in her eyes shall shine a new born fire.
Whilst I am here,
Though lonely year must follow lonely year,
I know the time's at hand when this shall seem
The passing shadow of an evil dream.

—*By John Carter.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
—WORDSWORTH.

Against the Barren Years

By ELIZABETH SHAW

Knowledge has pierced me with its sharpest thorn,
Assailed my flesh! Now I can welcome grief,
Sensing the depth of life, now I breathe scorn
For those who walk in quietness through brief
Pale days. I have heard swallows cry at morn,
Have seen the shadow of each pointed wing
Across my latticed window; I have worn
The cloth of gold, touched red fire smouldering.

All this for you! Will there be peace for me,
Or will this knowledge burn me indurate
And fierce? The arch of sky embraces sea
And fertile earth, yet, I, insatiate,
Remembering this and that, I cry aloud
At that and this, who once was free and proud.
—Poetry Magazine.

Change in Book Review Date

This activity in the City Club is now one year and eight months old. On Wednesday evening, June sixth, nineteen twenty-eight, forty-three enthusiastic members organized the Book Review Group. Forty-three are still present at each meeting but with forty-three more. All still enthusiastic! The membership has doubled in the twenty consecutive monthly meetings. Up to the present moment, the time has been from six to eight o'clock on every first Wednesday evening of each month. A change is now being made. The time will be six to eight o'clock on every first Thursday. This brings the next meeting on Thursday, February 6. The book to be reviewed is "Hudson River Bracketed," by Edith Wharton.

WELL SPENT HOUR

In these days when many are writing Biography and more are reading it, the words of Carlyle are remembered. That optimistic pessimist said that a well-written life was almost as rare as a well-spent one. But as a matter of fact, we all know that a well-spent life is not a rarity. We also know that well-spent hours are the building blocks for such a structure. To this end every Monday morning at eleven o'clock, members and their friends have the privilege of spending an hour of great profit and pleasure at the lecture of Dr. H. H. Powell on the general subject: "Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God." There are those of us who endeavor never to miss one of these illuminating talks. The course is without fee and is under the special chairmanship of Mrs. William B. Hamilton.

LEAGUE SHOP ADDS A NEW SERVICE

An expert lamp-shade designer is now connected with the League Shop. As spring approaches and homemakers consider renewing their lamp-shades or having old shades made over, the Shop invites visits to the lamp-shade department. Visitors will talk over requirements with the designer, inspect the samples on display and avail themselves of the facilities of the new department of the League Shop. Orders are taken for lamp shades of any size, style or price and are filled promptly.

The League Shop offers splendid values in its lamps and household articles, which are being offered at from one-fourth to one-half off the regular selling prices.

I Have Been Reading

By Eleanor Preston Watkins

Bitter Bierce; *by C. Hartley Grattan;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., N. Y.

The Private Life of Tutankhamen; by G. R. Tabouis; Robert M. McBride and Co., N. Y.

Undine; *by Olive Schreiner;* with an introduction by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner; Harper and Bros.

Army with Banners; *by Ruth Comfort Mitchell.*

Scarlet Sister Mary; *by Julia Peterkin;* Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Bright Avenues; and Outsiders; *by Josephine Bentham.*

When a writer's name is a family tradition, he seems to loom through the fogs of the past, more gigantic than the rest. In the 80's, Ambrose Bierce was a frequenter of the Watkins home in San Francisco. James T. Watkins III was a newspaperman, later an editorial writer on the New York *Sun* with Mr. Laffan, and among the writers who broke bread at his table were Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Algernon Blackwood. Bret Harte and Bierce alike were alien to their surroundings, but Bierce remained a rebel to the last, bitter, brilliant, and dissatisfied, till he disappeared in Mexico in 1913, in the mists of uncertainty which lend more romance to the tradition of his name.

"He was close on to six feet tall, of military bearing, and of such extraordinary vitality that young ladies asserted they could feel him ten feet away. His hair was curly and blond, and so was his moustache. His eyes were blue, remarkably piercing, and were overhung by shaggy blond eyebrows. His expression was one of intelligence and vigor. He was altogether a man of mark."

"It is difficult to understand at this distance the extraordinary dictatorship that Bierce built up. San Francisco was a more isolated city then than it is now, and naturally the local gods had more power. It is revealing to collect the terms used in recalling Bierce of those days: the Great Cham, Johnson the Second, the Rhadamanthus of letters—Joseph Lewis French wrote of him: "No man's reputation as a writer was quite made in those days until Bierce had pronounced on him. We were his slaves, and obedient to his will, and right royally he cracked the whip over us. He even went so far as to pass judgment on the private affairs of the devotees of his circle which finally led to estrangements. That was the fault of Bierce; he did not know when to stop and soothe with humanity the wounds which his biting sarcasm made."

"Bierce, whose final comment was always, 'Nothing matters,' could never come very close to a man like London, to whom everything mattered tremendously."

"But Bierce's bitterness was to a very great extent impersonal. Fundamentally, he was serene. His books never sold. Yet he rationalized even his rejection in a manner conducive to mental peace and calm. 'If you stay in the game, which you are not compelled to do, take your losses in good temper, and do not whine about them. They are hard to bear, but that is no reason why *you* should be'!" He wrote George Sterling his opinion on the serenity of genius: 'If genius is not serenity, fortitude, and reasonableness, I don't know what it is. One cannot even imagine Shakespeare or Goethe bleeding over his work and howling when in the fell clutch of circumstance'."

Mr. Grattan's book is sympathetically written, and from scanty information he has given us an authentic biography, and an interesting criticism of Ambrose Bierce and his work.

The Private Life of Tutankhamen; *by G. R. Tabouis.*

Before the days of the Assyrians, Jews, and Greeks, Egypt had no historian. In the considerable literature which the hieratic papyri have given us, there is not one history book. "Once only, for an instant, (for what are two centuries in a history of three thousand years?) the veil is lifted on the details of political happenings, alliances and wars, to fall again immediately. After that, there is darkness."

But these "Annals" engraved on a pylon at Karnak, with the tablets of Tell el-Amarna, and the open tomb of the young Pharaoh, Tutankhamen, have unsealed for us a book of romance and beauty and mystery! A real empire in Asia was founded by this most luminous period in the history of Egypt. The creation of that Empire was the work of the XVIIIth dynasty, the four Thotmes and the four Amenophises, culminating in the long reign of Amenophis III, "the most magnificent king of his line, a kind of peaceful Louis XIV." That is, the culmination of the temporal power and glory.

The romantic figure of that marvelous period was his successor, Amenophis IV, son of the famous Queen Tii. Dreamer, idealist, he has been called "the first prophet in the history of mankind." He sought to consolidate his empire by giving his people a single god, Aten the Sun-god, daring to turn his back on the age-old gods of his fathers, leading his people out to a new capital and a new life; daring to lift his queen, a woman, from his feet, to a seat beside him; daring to believe in happiness, in pacifism, in brotherhood! It reads like a fairy-tale, a myth!

He was as far ahead of his subjects as Amanullah is today; and his people, too, turned back to the old gods. "Yet, by doggedly pursuing the realization of his dream, and making a religious revolution which changed the course of his country's history, he came near to establishing the divine kingship of the Pharaohs on new foundations of an international and human kind."

After Amenophis III, the burden of the adventure fell upon the slender shoulders of Tutankhamen, most beautiful of the Pharaohs. Only eleven when he came to the throne, his people already falling away to the old, familiar, earthy gods, his country rent by rebellion and enemies, his armies puzzled by pacifism, the young prince was too young, too frail, for an adventure into a world so many aeons ahead of his time. He "saw fully how his father's ideal must have offended the deepest sentiments of the masses. The worship of Aten, high in the sky, leaving little men to their fate far below on earth, left a disheartening impression of spiritual emptiness on Egyptians used to living surrounded by gods who for thousands of years, under the sceptre of Amen-Ra, had shown compassion for all human weaknesses."

So, Tutankhamen, under the pressure of priests and people, left Ahketaten, the beautiful new capital, and went back to Thebes and the worship of the old gods.

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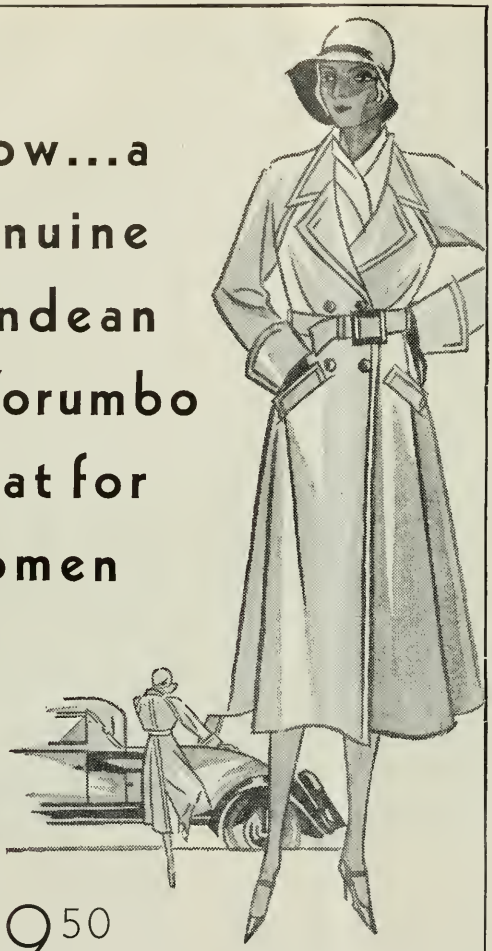

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New Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Gives Huge Furnishing Contract to W. & J. Sloane

New York City's Newest Hostelry

The members of the Women's City Club will be interested in the fact that the largest contract for furnishing a single building in the United States has just been let to the furnishers of the Women's City Club Building.

The Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, Lucius Boomer, President, has just concluded with W. & J. Sloane a contract for furnishing the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel being erected at Park and Lexington Avenues, 49th and 50th Streets, New York.

The contract calls for the general furnishings and decorative accessories for the new 46 story hotel and its 2200 guest rooms. The new Waldorf-Astoria hotel is to be completed in September 1931 at a total investment of $40,000,000.

W. & J. Sloane, who will supply the entire furnishings for the hotel, state that the carpets alone required for the hotel will amount to more than 150 miles, and with the vast quantity of rugs, furniture, draperies and decorative objects, constitute the largest single furnishing contract on record. The new hotel will be 46 stories in height, towering more than 600 feet above the street level.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IV FEBRUARY · 1930 NUMBER 1

EDITORIAL

SO COMMODIOUS is the Women's City Club and so well adapted to the purposes for which its founders builded it that several years' occupancy reveals that its capacity affords a wider use than was being given it by the prescribed membership. Therefore, at a directors' meeting in January it was voted to admit one thousand more members, bringing the total membership up to eight thousand.

On February 10 these new members are to be formally received by the directors at a reception which will continue throughout the day, the guests of honor to be received in groups or "shifts" in the City Club Auditorium from 11 o'clock to 8 in the evening. They will be expected to sign the constitution of the City Club and will thereupon receive their cards of membership.

Also each new member will be presented a small folder which sets forth the privileges and perquisites to which her membership entitles her, with a few paragraphs reciting the story of how the City Club came into existence.

In looking over the records for dates of certain important events in this brief history, the directors were deeply impressed with the progress which has taken place since the first occupancy of the building in April of 1926.

We have come far and confidently expect to fare farther. It has been good to learn that the facilities of the City Club were so intelligently charted that now, four years later, it is possible to consider the accommodation of a thousand more without in the least jeopardizing the comfort of former members or new. It is gratifying to reflect upon all that has taken place under the auspices of the Club, to consider the unanimity which has characterized the administrations as they succeeded each other, and particularly good is it to know that all obligations have been met as they occurred.

New members will fall heir to much achievement, but also they will have been deprived of the joy of watching their Club grow from an idea to a thing of stone and steel in which pulses "one increasing purpose."

We are now eight thousand. We started at six thousand. We are comfortable and prosperous. We function as our founders planned. What more could we have expected?

Membership Meeting February 8

A meeting where members of the Women's City Club may hear all about the "workings" of their organization, may even hear reverberations of past workings and catch sounds of those of the future, will be held Saturday evening, February 8, in the City Club Lounge.

Every member is expected to come. More than that, every member is reminded that it is her duty to be there—one of the several responsibilities of membership. New or old, pioneer or tenderfoot, she is invited to come and hear about what has been done, what is proposed, and how it is to be consummated.

Miss Marion Leale, the president, Mrs. S. G. Chapman and Miss Emma Noonan, the latter two representing the finance committee, will be the principal speakers, and they will speak straight from the shoulder.

Since the meeting will revolve mostly about ways and means, there will be much said on those two very important adjuncts of club administration, but there will be, besides, a cordial greeting to all and *a pleasant social hour.*

* * *

Valentine Bridge Party

The Valentine Bridge Party being arranged by the Women's City Club Bridge Committee, Miss Emogene C. Hutchinson chairman, promises to be something pretty nifty, with especial decorations and a prize at each table and candy, probably candy hearts with mottoes and other Valentine sentiments.

Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer is in charge of the decorations and the special committee in charge of all other details includes Mrs. A. L. Case, Mrs. A. T. Lawton, Miss Nelle Gillespie and Dr. Louise B. Deal. No refreshments will be served after the game.

* * *

Rentable Area In Women's City Club

Members of the Women's City Club perhaps do not realize that there are a number of rooms in the Club which may be rented for a number of purposes. On the second floor are several smaller spaces which may be utilized for offices and a few other areas which are available for special occasions.

The City Club Auditorium, one of the beautiful halls of the city, is rented for lectures, concerts, large dinners and luncheons, and for art and similar exhibits. It especially lends itself to exhibitions, its gracious lines and arches being peculiarly adapted to showing of lovely wares.

On the third floor are the private dining rooms, which may be rented for special luncheon and dinner parties. A hostess wishing to entertain at a bridge dinner, for instance, or bridge luncheon, may have a private dining room or entertain her guests in the general dining room and later take her party to a private bridge room where tables, score cards and every convenience are ready for her.

Then there are show cases in the long corridors on the main floor, where hundreds of possible patrons pass daily. The board has had many letters from lessees of these cases expressing satisfaction at the results which have accrued from exhibiting in them. They may be taken in part or in entirety. Prices for all of these things will be furnished at the Information Desk on the first floor.

(*Continued from page* 15)

concern for which she was working. A family connection finally invited her to dinner. She was seated next to Gene Tunney, who, having acquired a fortune, was just beginning to make the social grade. She was interested in sports. She talked intelligently of golf, and avoided the prize ring as a subject of conversation. As a result of this meeting she secured his account for her investment organization, and with that lucky break as a start, her good fortune has continued.

Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. The older woman who neglects her social contacts deprives herself of an invaluable means of finding placement, since many of the positions which are open especially to older women — such as governesses, social secretaries, traveling companions, etc. —are most frequently secured through friends. Nor is the young business woman exempt. If for any reason she finds it necessary or expedient to change her job, it is more than probable that she will secure her new position through the pull or suggestion of someone who knows her and is interested in her welfare—quite possibly a woman who owns a business of her own.

Yet despite the fact that social contact is admitted to be good business policy, the women who simply won't be bothered with society, no matter what their opportunities for contact are, form a large and imposing group. They are sincere in their belief that the social mingling in which their male colleagues indulge is actually a poor investment of leisure time. They are absolutely out of sympathy with the type of woman they would be forced to meet on these occasions, and many times they are utterly helpless in the matter of a proper wardrobe. Mixing business and recreation is abhorrent to them, and no amount of argument can persuade that dancing once or twice a week, instead of washing out handkerchiefs and silk stockings every evening, will add to their efficiency in the office.

The girl who complains that she can't stretch her finances nor adjust her clothes to meet any social demands whatever must wonder how some young business men manage to appear sufficiently well tailored and groomed to keep their places in the front line of this kind of activity. They must have clothes problems quite as perplexing as any that confront a woman. What with the vagaries of vest buttons, the fickleness of styles in collars, and the constantly changing modes in cravats, their sartorial anxieties must be as harassing as those of the girl who succumbs to some such handicap when her budget for dress is limited.

It is a matter of positive knowledge that many of these socially active young business men have salaries as meagre as those of girls who repudiate parties of every description because they can't afford to indulge themselves in such extravagance. But men, having convinced themselves that their progress in business will be greater if they keep abreast of the social game, seem to have more courage and ingenuity than women in the matter of venturing into the situation up to their necks and actually holding their own with young men who have incomes, besides their salaries, to keep them afloat. They sit in at bridge games with the mothers, and dance the fox-trot and one-step with the sisters of these more affluent youths, and get themselves invited to exclusive parties, for no reason in the world beyond a desire to advance themselves in their business careers. The majority of business women will make no such struggle along social lines. Their idea of achieving the same result is to practice economy, which seems to preclude the possibility of having any social life whatever.

The girl who is too tired after her day at the office to relax and enjoy herself in congenial company, and who drops into bed night after night in a state of exhaustion, is paying too great a price for any business success that may come to her along those lines. The normally fatigued young man, who takes a cold shower, changes to his dress clothes, dines sensibly and dances for a couple of hours before he retires has a far better sense of values.

The woman who has achieved the most perfect balance between her work and her social life, and who demonstrates most effectively the importance of contacts of a social nature, is the one who has come from an inherited

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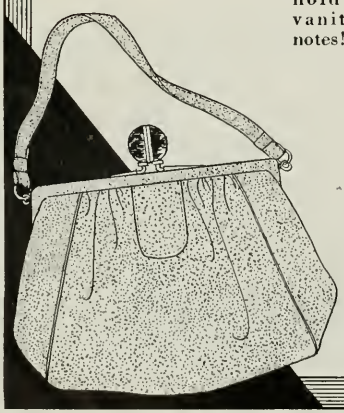

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position in society to earn her living through force of necessity in the business world. She retains such connections as will be useful to her; she keeps up certain obligations to society because she realizes the value of what she gets in return for her effort; she ignores its trivialities because she knows from experience that they affect only those who are irritated by them; and in making Society serve her instead of being its slave she receives from it just the assistance she needs for success in her new field.

If every business woman would work out some such combination, in which the importance of social contacts would be recognized, most of the reasons they now give for ignoring society would be abandoned.

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Luncheon Hostess

Mrs. John Howell, known on both sides of the Bay for her deep interest in dramatic art, was hostess at a luncheon at the Women's City Club recently, in honor of her nephew, Mr. Guy Richardson Powles, and his fellow debaters, Mr. William Joseph Mountjoy and Mr. Walter J. Hall, of the Victoria University, Wellington, New Zealand, debating team. The New Zealand debaters had just returned from a triumphant tour of the universities of the United States and Canada, during which they successfully met teams from Princeton, British Columbia, Brown, Dartmouth, Columbia and other institutions. The visitors gave an interesting account of their travels, expressing their delight at Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls.

To meet these gentlemen on the eve of their departure for home, Mrs. Howell had as her guests the British Consul General, Gerald Campbell, Miss Fabia Drake of the Stratford-on-Avon players, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Greenwood, Mrs. Joseph Kreling, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams and Mr. Walter Hudd of the Journey's End Company, and Mr. John Howell, and their son Warren Howell.

* * *

ICE SKATING CLUB

A Women's City Club Ice Skating group which will have special rates at one of the ice-skating rinks, will be organized if enough members sign up —ten or twelve or so. Ask about it at the information desk in the lobby.

Pride is Left

I am old and weary,
The song I would sing is dead,
A light I sought is dimming,
Life is a book all read.
The vow I made is broken,
The prayer I prayed, denied.
My life is a shattered token . . .
All that is left is pride.

—MARY EDMONDS *in The Harp.*

* * *

Look Without!
Behold the beauty of the day
The Shout
Of color to glad color
Rocks and Trees
And Sun and Sea
And Wind and Sky
All these
Are God's Expression,
Art Work of His Hand,
Which men must love, ere
they may understand.

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She—What shall I do? No chauffeur, no maid!

The Chauffeur—I'll be glad to stop at the *Examiner* office and put in a Want Ad for you, madame. You know, you'll have another maid and a chauffeur by tomorrow afternoon.

The Examiner's phone number, by the way, is SUtter 2424—East Bay, GLencourt 5442. You may phone your Want Ad. Main Office—3rd and Market Streets.

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Women's City Club Ho

By

MEATLESS days during Lent offer a problem to many home-makers. Eggs are served in various styles, as are meat substitutes of vegetables or cheese and pastes, yet fish is a desirable main course for dinner. Some object to frying or broiling, so the oven for plain baking or more elaborate made dishes must be used unless one enjoys boiled fish or the usual creamed concoctions.

Salmon, lobster, crab and tuna are served in this way extensively while deviled crab, or croquettes or timbales are overlooked as are the delicious large sardines which come in oval tins. These are packed in mustard or tomato sauce or soused and offer a choice for discriminating tastes.

Instead of serving these sardines cold as they come from the can, transfer the fish and sauce to a well oiled casserole, cover tightly and heat in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. If possible serve from the casserole—otherwise turn onto a hot platter and garnish with lemon slices.

Oven Dinners

An oven dinner may be had with either the mustard or tomato variety as the main course. Baked potatoes, well washed and the skins rubbed with butter for one vegetable or macaroni in cream sauce with cheese for the starch and a hot green vegetable such as string beans for a second, and a Dutch apple cake for dessert could be baked in less than an hour's time. This is dependent upon the size of the potatoes, but forty-five minutes should be sufficient. Start the potatoes with that allowance, baking for fifteen minutes, then reduce the heat to three hundred and fifty degrees, put the Dutch apple cake in next and bake for another one-half hour, then add the second vegetable — if canned — in a tightly covered pan, also the casserole of sardines. Cole slaw or hearts of lettuce with French dressing make a tasty salad for this dinner.

Another canned fish main course may be prepared with canned or fresh crab meat deviled. Potatoes, steamed rice, baked egg plant or hot artichokes with a vegetable combination salad and canned fruit and coffee make a satisfying meal.

First make a white sauce by blending together three tablespoonsful each of butter and flour, adding one cup of hot milk when mixture bubbles. To this add one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one teaspoonful of dry mustard. Season with salt, pepper and cayenne to suit taste. Then mix thoroughly with the flaked meat from one freshly cooked crab or the same amount of canned fish. Pack in clean shells, ramekins, or for the family,

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into a well-oiled glass baking dish. Cover the top with a paste made by mixing two teaspoonsful of melted butter with one teaspoonful each of dry and French mustard. Cover top with fine bread crumbs and bake until evenly browned, or about ten minutes.

Cioppino Popular

Cioppino is popular in many San Francisco cafes. It may be made with any firm white fish such as striped bass, rock cod or large sole, alone or combined with half quantity of crab meat or use one-third each crab, shrimps and fresh fish. If cooked in a double boiler all watching is eliminated and there will be no odor of fish in the home.

Fry one finely chopped onion in a little olive oil until it turns to a golden brown, then add a spoonful of finely chopped parsley and a bit of garlic—depending upon your taste. Cook for five minutes. Then add either four tomatoes, which have been stewed, or the same amount of canned tomatoes, season with salt and pepper and mix thoroughly. Place the pan in another containing hot water—add the fish and crab or if fish only is used allow two pounds and cook without stirring for twenty-five minutes.

* * *

Restaurant and Cafeteria Have No Seasonal Prices

The catering department of the Women's City Club, which includes the dining room and cafeteria, calls attention of the members to the fact that prices on the menus of both departments remain virtually the same despite the fluctuating prices of commodities and provisions. For instance, fresh vegetables are appreciably more expensive when out of season. Meats and fruits, too, have their seasonal peaks and depressions, but the purchasing department of the City Club does not suggest increased prices on menus because of these facts, unless in cases of prolonged or permanent increase in cost.

* * *

THE RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT ASKS

If you know:

That pies, cakes, and other foods may be purchased at the Club for use at home and that the Club will buy, dress and roast chickens and turkeys for members?

That a special chicken dinner is served in the main dining room on Sundays and holidays from 1 o'clock until 8 o'clock; that the regular table d'hote dinner on Sundays and holidays is served from 5 until 8 o'clock P. M.?

That there is service in the dining room continuously on Sundays and holidays from 7:30 in the morning until 8 o'clock in the evening; on week days from 7 o'clock until 8 o'clock P. M.?

That a 75-cent plate lunch is served in the main dining room as well as the $1.00 table d'hote luncheon?

That there is no charge on the third floor for card tables to members making reservations for luncheon or dinner?

That in the cafeteria a special table d'hote luncheon may be had for 50 cents and a special chicken plate for 65 cents and a special dinner for 75 cents?

That tables may be reserved, without charge, in the cafeteria when groups desire to meet for luncheon or dinner?

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Don't We All?

The artist is an awful man—
He does not do the thing he can.
But does the thing he cannot do,
And we attend the private view.

This world of ours is fair to see;
The artist will not let it be.
He fiddles with the works of God
And makes them look uncommon odd.

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Ancestor Jorico.....William J. Locke
Dido.....Gertrude Atherton
Laughing Boy.....Oliver La Farge
Within a Budding.....Marcel Proust
The Unbearable Bassington.....“Saki”
Chronicles of Clovis.....“Saki”
Diana.....Emil Ludwig
The Love of the Foolish Angel.....Helen Beauclerk
Windlestraws.....Phyliss Bottome
Bird of God.....Virginia Hersch
The Magic Mountain..Thomas Mann
A Gallery of Women.....Theodore Dreiser
Three Against the World.....Sheila Kaye-Smith
All Our Yesterdays.....H. M. Tomlinson
Young Man of Manhattan.....Katherine Brush
River House.....Stark Young
The End of the Avenue.....Pamela Wynne
False Spring.....Beatrice Kean Seymour

MYSTERY

The Roman Hat Mystery.....Ellery Queen
The House That Whispered.....Samuel Emery
The Murder in the Brownstone House.....Wilson Collison
The Poisoned Chocolate Case.....Anthony Berkeley

NON-FICTION

Peter the Great.....Stephen Graham
The Women at Point Sur.....Robinson Jeffers
Books as Windows.....May Lamberton Becker
Are We Civilized?..Robert H. Lowie
Humanity Uprooted..Maurice Hindus
Anastasia.....H. von Rathlef-Keilman
Animals Looking at You..Paul Eipper
Wings Over Europe.....Robert Nichols and Maurice Brown
The Meaning of Culture.....John Cowper Powys
George Harvey.....Willis Fletcher Johnson
Myron T. Herrick.....Col. T. Bentley Mott
Certain Poets of Importance.....Hattie Hecht Sloss
Old Louisiana.....Lyle Saxon
Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years.....Harriet Connor Brown
A Room of One's Own.....Virginia Woolf
The Holy Cities of Arabia.....Eldon Rutter
The White House Gang.....Earle Looker
Books and Bidders.....A. S. W. Rosenbach
The Tragic Era.....Claude G. Bowers
New Worlds to Conquer.....Richard Halliburton
Marriage and Morals.....Bertrand Russell
Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman.....Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge

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Are Business Women Savings Minded?

By D. C. WATSON

Vice President and Manager, Metropolitan Guaranty Building and Loan, San Francisco

PRIOR to the time when investing becomes a business with us, there is usually a long period when we hover between the great abyss of financial failure and the daily necessity for personal preservation. During the "uncertain period" the self enforced economies are, after all, the first steps to a sound establishment in future financial independence.

Some of our leading economists inform us that six per cent is the most one can expect as an average, and with this basis for saving one can turn to the building and loan plan, realizing that the six per cent paid by such institutions is a safe and sound investment with the maximum of security. Many of the large investors of the nation place sums in the building and loan when the investment field is unsettled, realizing that the yield is exceptionally good as a banking proposition.

Not long ago in talking with a woman who has an excellent position with a large company, a good instance of the possibilities of compound interest as a revelation with a touch of magic, developed. This party stated that she had intended to start some definite plan for saving, but in the earlier days never seemed to have any surplus. Later, when earnings increased, the living conditions were increased by better surroundings and more social activity. Relatives dependent upon her increased the complications and at the age of 51 years, she suddenly realized that there remained but nine possible years of usefulness, and that during the nine years it would be necessary to provide for the remainder of her life and a dependent invalid sister. "However," she said, "I don't suppose it matters very much whether I save on the first end of my life or on the last." Just let's see how much it matters.

A certain young woman, 24 years of age, has saved $3300. During the time she has been saving this amount her savings have earned $1700 of interest, so that now she has $5000 cash at her disposal. This $5000 cash is earning 6% compound interest and it is so safe she does not have to worry about it in any way. At 6% compound interest any sum will double in twelve years. One can spend every dollar earned from now on for the rest of life and if she leaves this $5000 where it is, at the age of 36 she will have $10,000, at 48 she will have $20,000, and at 60 she will have $40,000. Starting to save at 51 she will have to put aside about $760 per month to accomplish the same results.

This emphasizes the necessity for starting the thrift account as soon as possible, for the important factor in this savings plan will not be the $3300 actually saved but the 36 years it will work for one. The $3300 represents actual savings, the other $36,700 represents time. Is your opportunity slipping by?

* * *

CHORAL LEADER COMPLIMENTED

Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, Director of the Women's City Club Choral, was the guest of honor at a dinnner given at the Club, the evening of December 21. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers and candles, suggestive of the holiday season. Mrs. Taylor was presented with a corsage of roses and lilies of the valley as a token of the Choral's appreciation of her faithful and untiring efforts. Those who attended were: Mrs. Beatrice M. Burnham, Mrs. Katherine Carey, Mrs. Paul Fratessa, Mrs. Gordon Osborne, Mrs. Mary D. Hudson, Mrs. Jos. C. Stuart, Mrs. W. A. Worthington, Mrs. Rudolph Scholz, Elizabeth S. Benton, Emma R. Drumm, Grace O. Yocum, Ethel Krauss, Cora B. Burn, Daisy E. White, Anne B. Reid, and Minnie Mannerberg. This dinner preceded the City Club's Christmas program, at which the Choral rendered Christmas carols.

The CRITICAL AGE

Shoes worn during school years practically determine the foot health of the woman. The school girl can obtain in Cantilever models for misses the toe-room, flexibility and balance so essential to development of well-formed feet and correct body postures. Ill health in later years may be avoided by wearing these scientific, good-looking shoes during "the critical age."

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Do the Churches Dare?

By RUDOLPH ERICSON

OUR neighbor buys a new car and we take the transaction as a matter of routine. Tens of thousands do the same daily, while only about three hundred and thirty of the one hundred and twenty million Americans place a new book on the market each day. That may be three hundred too many. But just the same it is an event when one of our neighbors writes a book which finds a publisher, especially of the standing of MacMillans. Dr. Chauncey J. Hawkins, of the First Congregational Church, a next door neighbor, has just achieved this distinction, and the title of the volume is a striking one: "Do the Churches Dare?"

Courage is a foundation virtue, without which others fall. Churches as a rule have not been thought of as courageous institutions—the best most of us expected from them was the creation of "atmospheric amiability." An occasional outburst of courage from this source has been looked upon as the temporary irritation of a hot little man creating a tempest in a Ladies' Aid teapot.

Dr. Hawkins' book cannot be placed in this category. It is a valiant contribution to the world of institutional religion, well and deliberately spoken by a man who knows whereof he speaks.

"The Present State of the Churches" is the opening chapter, and it sets forth clearly that the churches of today, Roman Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, are in a state of anxiety. Appeals to the emotions and exhortations to be "practical" are symptoms of the disease Santayana describes in his statement: "Modern man redoubles his efforts when he has forgotten his aim."

The main strength of the book is not in the analysis of our present difficulties. The religious, psychological and sociological diagnosticians have been telling us for some time that we have left the safe shelter of orthodoxy and are floundering around in the streets without a new abode to move into. This author was not contented to stay in the streets. He found somewhere to go. He discovered a new philosophy of religion, which satisfies him, and that is the real contribution of the book. He refused to be pushed by doubt into Mechanism and Neo-Darwinism. Bergson's Vitalism led him to Lloyd Morgan's Emergent Evolution. How grateful the author is for S. Alexander's "Space, Time and Deity" and for Morgan's "Life, Mind and Spirit" we may understand from these words: "We may acknowledge that these men have only made the first clearings in a new frontier, but they have the merit of opening to us a new heaven and a new earth which contain promise for the future."

The pluralism of the primitive man and the dualism of the orthodox gives way to monism. God is not separate from or outside the world, He is in it, as the Activity within, above and beyond the individual and the Activity in the whole realm of the natural universe, "the God of present moral and spiritual values, who recreates man into his likeness."

Many pages are devoted to consider what place should be given Christ in this world of emergence. The historicity of Jesus is not necessary for faith, though the author thinks we can be more sure of what Jesus represented than of the life and teachings of Socrates. The Man of Galilee becomes our Savior "because he vitalizes the divine that is in our lives and gives us the conviction that through Deity we can win our moral victories.

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(*Continued from page 4*)

"Life! What do you know about life, I'd like to know!" Alice snapped.

"Oh—just a few little things, dearie—want to hear?" He tossed his cigarette to a shabby looking shad who happened to be floating by, and leaned over to whisper in her ear—

"Will you stop interrupting me," Alice jerked—"don't you see this is hard work!"

"Ever try blank?" said the Seal—

"Blank what?"

"Blank verse — modern school — works up rather nicely—use it myself sometimes."

"You!" Alice looked disdainful.

"Yes—here's one I did the other day—not bad—emotionally speaking —" he shut his eyes and swayed slightly.

"I eat, but I digest nothing—
I sleep, but I rest not—
I walk, but my body sags—
The world is a cold potato. I love."

Alice stared. Then—"Come with me," she said, taking him firmly by the flipper.

"Where to?" said the Seal.

"To Ladd's, the Chemist."

"What for?" said the Seal.

"You're sick," said Alice.

(*To be continued*)

❦ ❦ ❦

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February 9—"Is Orthodoxy a Man of Straw?"
Leader: Mr. Ericson

February 16—"Soviet Russia Today"
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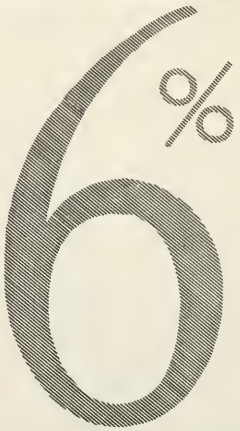

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Trichinosis in San Francisco

By ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.

In the last few months there have been 43 reported cases of trichinosis (measly pork) infection in San Francisco. This disease is due to the use of raw pork in sausage, most commonly salami and mettwurst. In human beings the disease is practically incurable although the trichina encyst themselves in the muscle and are comparatively negative provided the person's resistance is such that the encysting process goes on. The United States Law requires that raw pork be kept at a temperature of 5°F. for twenty days because this low temperature for such a period absolutely controls the disease. All pork imported into San Francisco enters with this Federal requirement enforced. Many States also demand this protection of the food supply. However, local pork has not the same health control and our homes are open, therefore, to infection with trichinosis from local sources.

As housewives, if you will ask your butcher whether any sausage you buy, of these two types, has been made of raw pork inspected by the United States Government, you are protecting your family. This requirement must be made for the local pork supply which does not come under the United States Government inspection. No one is so great an assistant in public health matters of this type as the housewife who stands as the health protector of her home. The San Francisco Board of Health needs the backing and the demand from the housewife that this type of protection should be required from local pork dealers.

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Taking the Scare Out of Balance Sheets

By RONALD BERLINER

LET us look into this "bugaboo" which seems to confront the average person with respect to balance sheet statements. After all, is there anything to it? With only a slight amount of attention to the principles involved, the "bugaboo," I think, will disappear.

A balance sheet is a summary—first, of assets, and second, of liabilities. Seldom are both given in detail, but nearly always they are grouped for convenience under a few captions, which simplifies interpretation. This being so, one should think of these groups as such and recognize them as being as clearly defined as are the floors of a two-story house. The upper floor we may represent as "current accounts," and the lower as "fixed accounts." So we have the usual domestic contrasts on each floor, Mr. and Mrs. Current Accounts upstairs, and Mr. and Mrs. Fixed Accounts downstairs.

Current Assets
versus
Current Liabilities (Short-term)

Fixed Assets
versus
Funded Liabilities (Longer-term)
and Capital Invested

This then is our two-family house. There are generally only a few rooms on each floor. The various and sundry make-ups of each room we need not and in fact cannot examine, as they are never disclosed on the statements which are our "floor plans." Please remember that the usual balance sheet is simply a "floor plan" permitting a picture to be formed of general groups.

Now let us briefly define current assets. They are variously termed as quick assets, as liquid funds, or as working capital. Any of these designations suffices to convey the idea of mobility, of changing form, flux as contrasted with "fixed" form, such as investments in real estate, machinery, equipment, etc. Therefore let us call them "current," for they are supposed to be convertible into cash, generally in much less time than twelve months. In the detail which follows a number of the usual items which make up groups of one class or another are given.

The business man thinks of current assets as consisting primarily of cash on hand, of customers' accounts, and of inventories of goods saleable, or of raw materials to be manufactured into goods. And he thinks of Current Liabilities as made up of short-term loans due to bankers, of monthly accounts payable to trade creditors, of payrolls, accrued taxes and interest payable, and all such payables due within less than twelve months. They are painfully "current," and they must be paid in a going business from the turnover of Current Assets through conversion into cash. Inventories are sold and become Accounts Receivable, which in turn are collected and become Cash used to pay current creditors whether represented by current bank loans or other current accounts payable.

When we speak of ratio of Mr.

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Current Assets to Mrs. Current Liabilities, we mean his bulk compared with hers. If he is well-nourished and enjoys a welcome at his bank, he is about three to five times the size of Mrs. Current Liabilities. Mr. Current Assets must be well-proportioned to be healthy—that is, not overloaded with inventory nor with uncollectible Accounts Receivable. This, however, is a matter of scrutiny.

The first observation of an experienced person when viewing a Balance Sheet statement is just this—the proportion borne by Current Assets to Current Liabilities. If it is one, or less than one to one, it is poor. If it is two to one it is passable. If it is three to one, four to one, five to one, or more, it is regarded as good, depending upon the dollars involved and the type of business represented. Generally speaking, Mr. Banker will lend money where three to one or better can be shown, with good prospects of an early return of his funds. So we have it that the banker will lend some temporary working capital, but only to supplement Current Assets or Working Capital already invested in the business by its owners or stockholders.

Now we go downstairs where Mr. and Mrs. Fixed Accounts reside. In one room we find Mr. Fixed Assets made up of immovable investments, plants, real estate, buildings, machinery, etc. He is essentially tangible and represents firmly invested money. He cannot be converted into cash in a going business. He may, however, be mortgaged for a long-term debt or bond issue, etc., and if so we find Mrs. Fixed Liability (Funded Debt) in another room on this floor. And oh!—what a grip she has on him! She, however, does not or should not cast her eyes above the horizontal plane. She should look only to Mr. Fixed Assets for her security. From month to month she should have nothing to do with Mr. Current Assets or his cash upstairs. She will be provided for in time. Here again a wholesome ratio generally exists with Mr. Fixed Assets larger than his mate, Mrs. Funded or Fixed Liabilities.

Down in the basement we have our foundation—Capital invested. It may be divided into Preferred Stocks, Common Stocks and Surplus Accounts. Hurrah! We've nearly arrived. The end of the bugaboo is near. This foundation called "Invested Capital" is the "equity" in the statement. By equity we mean the excess of total assets of all kinds on both floors in excess of debts on both floors. Thus we have it simplified as follows:

3 of Current Assets
1½ of Fixed Assets

4½ TOTAL

1 of Current Liabilities
1 of Fixed Liabilities
2½ of Capital Invested

4½ TOTAL

Here the stockholders have provided two in Net Current Assets and one-half in Fixed Assets.

If we make it ultra good we have—

5 of Current Assets
3 of Fixed Assets

8 TOTAL

1 of Current Liabilities
1 of Fixed Liabilities
6 of Invested Capital

8 TOTAL

The usual make-up or detail of groups is given an follows:

Current Assets
Cash
Marketable Securities
Acceptances—Receivable
Notes and Accounts Receivable
Goods on Consignment
Inventories
Raw Materials
Supplies
Goods in Process
Advances on Crops
Growing Crops
Prepaid Insurance, Taxes and Interest

Current Liabilities
Bank Loans
Acceptances Payable
Notes and Accounts Payable
Due Creditors
Taxes and Interest Payable
Payrolls Accrued
Dividends Payable

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Feb. 2, Popular Concert
Soloist: MICHEL PENHA, *'Cellist*

Feb. 7, Symphony Programme
Soloist: SADAH SHUCHARI, *Violinist*

Feb. 9, Symphony Programme
Soloist: ISABELLE YALKOVSKY, *Pianist*

Feb. 14, Children's Concert
WHEELER BECKETT, *Conducting*

Feb. 16, Popular Concert

Feb. 21-23, Symphony Programme
Soloist: KATHLEEN PARLOW, *Violinist*

Feb. 28, Children's Concert
WHEELER BECKETT, *Conducting*

Fixed Assets
Real Estate
Buildings
Investments in Other Business
Furniture and Fixtures
Machinery and Equipment
Delivery Equipment
Plants and Properties
Tools
Mining Claims
Construction Expenditures

Fixed Liabilities
Mortgages
Bonds
Debentures
Note Issues

If there is an intangible asset item, such as "Good Will," Patents, etc., in a statement, it is an offset to Invested Capital. As such it goes on neither floor upstairs. It is justified by earning power and is "capitalized" by being represented by the stated dollar value of "Invested Capital."

Book value per share is simply a matter of dividing the equity or stated value of "Invested Capital" by the number of shares of stock outstanding. If book value of Preferred Shares is desired, one must divide the total equity by the number of Preferred Shares. And if book value for Common Shares is desired, the division is made by first deducting from the total equity, the stated value of Preferred Shares and then dividing the remainder of equity by the number of Common shares outstanding.

Really this is much more simple than keeping abreast of changing styles in what "My Lady" must wear.

Splendid and Glorious

The vastitude of space comes down to your own door
Equally with the stars; the common and the street
Are part of the great Beauty that shines from shore to shore.
The universe divine lies round us at our feet—
Tangible, made of dust, and holy to the core.

Not in a world beyond lies wonder, nor above,
Nor throned among the spheres, nor set for days to be—
Over you and beneath, whether you sleep or move,
Reaches the moral Fact, the starry Eternity—
And all the hell of hate and all the heaven of love . . .

Before your generation and you go hurrying by,
Have you no word for all, of pure and starriest breath?
O how the common doom transfigures Destiny!
In the dear thought of all who pass through life and death,
Splendid it is to live and glorious to die.

—JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, "The Human Fantasy" (Sherman, French & Co.)

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See the Passion Play with Dr. Lundy

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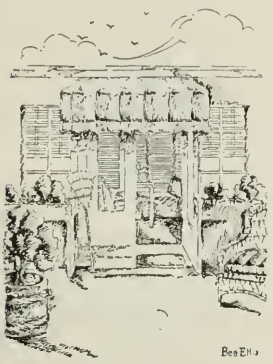

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Oh! ye who rock propellerless,
On indecision's sea,
Who cherish fond illusions of
Achieved autonomy,
Who, with each rise and fall, despair
Of progress, still unwon—
Have faith, the very seas themselves
Rise vaporous to the sun.

* * *

Pity

A man was starving in Capri;
He moved his eyes and looked at me;
I felt his gaze, I heard his moan,
And knew his hunger as my own.
I saw at sea a great fog-bank
Between two ships that struck and sank;
A thousand screams the heavens smote;
And every scream tore through my throat.
No hurt I did not feel, no death
That was not mine; mine each last breath
That, crying, met an answering cry
From the compassion that was I.
All suffering mine, and mine its rod;
Mine, pity like the pity of God.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, from "Renascence" (Michell Kennerly).

Nostalgia

Youth was mine—and all the world—
And oh, the years were sweet
When every alien pathway held
A lure for questing feet!
Misty Thames and Chillon's blue
Have called me, softly clear—
Tonight across the purple waves
Other songs I hear! . . .
Ancient courts of Kubla Khan,
Warm lands of Araby—
Tonight beyond the Southern Cross
Other stars I see! . . .
A north wind stirs the giant palms—
Oh, dim and lost caress
That wakes a thousand visions with
Its lyric loveliness!
Familiar gardens, fragrant, fair,
The world-worn memories bring—
Tonight among the lilac trees
I hear the thrushes sing! . . .
And shining there, a beacon-light,
Immutable, and far,
Tonight above pine-tapered hills
I see the northern star!

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* * *

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Information that is most valuable in making your trip one of comfort and pleasure will be given to individuals, groups of friends or clubs who wish to avail themselves of this service.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

MARCH · 1930

Volume IV Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy No. 2 ★

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MARCH 1, 1930

LECTURES BY DR. H. H. POWELL
"Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God." Mondays at 11 o'clock, Auditorium.
Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, *Chairman.*

APPRECIATION OF ART
Every Monday at 12 noon, Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION
Every Monday evening at 7:30, Auditorium. Mrs. Jesse Wilson Taylor.

FRENCH CLASSES
Mondays, at 2 o'clock, and 7:30 o'clock.
Conversational class, Fridays, at 11 o'clock, Board Room. Mme. Rose Olivier, *Instructor.*

LEAGUE BRIDGE
Every Tuesday, 2 o'clock, in the Board Room; 7:30 o'clock in Chinese Room.

CURRENT EVENTS
Every Wednesday at 11 o'clock, Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS
Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, Auditorium. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman.*

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS
Second Sunday of each month, in Auditorium. Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, *Chairman.*

March 4—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: The Poets	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
6—Book Review Dinner	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clock
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Ernest C. Hueter Subject: A Wanderer in India and Ceylon (Illustrated with motion pictures)	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
9—Sunday Evening Concert Program to be arranged by: Mrs. Paul C. Butte Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds	*Auditorium*	8:20 o'clock
11—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: The New Morality	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
12—Annual Membership (Luncheon)	*Auditorium*	12:15 o'clock (Sharp)
Lecure on International Barriers Speaker: Dr. R. H. Lowie Subject: Biological Barriers.	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
13—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. John Howell Subject: An Evening with A. A. Milne and Rudyard Kipling	*Chinese Room*	8:00 o'clock

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of WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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The New Adventures of Alice in Wonderland

ETHEL MELONE BROWN

Continued

CHAPTER 5

"Would you care for a thrill?" said the Seal. "What kind?" said Alice, polishing her nails.

"What kind do you like?" said the Seal.

"What kind have you?" said Alice.

"Well—how about a treasure chest?" said the Seal. "Stumbled onto one yesterday—pearls, rubies, synthetic sapphires—"

"Old Stuff", said Alice tepidly, "Noah's hope chest probably, out of date."

"We should worry", said the Seal—"Shreve, Treat & Eacret'll fix 'em—make 'em like new — re-cut, re-string, re-set — whatever you want—"

"What I seem to want most at the moment", said Alice coldly, "is solitude."

"Sol who?" "Oh, never mind", Alice yawned—"you wouldn't understand."

"Oh—is that so?" said the Seal flushing. He picked up a clam shell and started to whittle. "Heard from the Eel lately?"

"He's busy", said Alice shortly.

"Yes, they're all slippery", said the Seal whittling away — "slippery family."

"I said busy", said Alice crossly. "Didn't you know his Aunt died?"

"What—the rich old Flounder?"

"Yes — left him her house and everything in it!"

"Poor fish—what'll he do with it?"

"Do!" Alice sniffed—"why, he's making over the whole place — everything cleaned from top to bottom — curtains, blankets, pillows, everything — 'Superior Cleaners'. Then—he's added a breakfast room, perfectly sweet, all Art Rattan furniture! Now he's going to build on a ball room—." Ball room! Tee hee! Ever see him dance?" "Well—I know he's taking all the latest 'taps' from Ludwig—so there!"

"Well—all I can say is—"

"Oh, don't say it—I haven't time—I'm due at Erickson & Swenson's in five minutes—good-bye—" she pushed off.

"Luxurious habit — massage — isn't it, for one so young?" the Seal swam along side of her.

"Pooh! You've got to keep your health! Besides—you get steam baths and a bicycle cabinet thrown in. Anyway, I've got money." "How come?" said the Seal, trying not to look anxious.

"Selling Bookhouse, of course, stupid —pleasant and profitable." "But, so unnecessary", said the Seal tenderly, and swam closer. "Oh—look up there!" cried Alice—"A shark!" When the Seal looked back—she was gone.

(To be continued)

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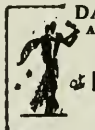
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SAN FRANCISCO

VOL. IV MARCH 1930 No. 2

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

March and Springtime Bring Daphne to Gardens and Much of Interest to Women's City Club Members With the "Membership Luncheon" the Leading Attraction

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

Outdoor Section

● Spring is approaching. Therefore the Outdoor Section is again resuming its activities. For this time of the year, a Field Section is desirable. Before Christmas a very successful Indoor Section of twenty members was formed for the study of plant and tree and flower construction. This section was under the direction of Mrs. G. F. Kelly, the well-known Botanist of the University of California Extension Division. A Field Section is now being organized. Many members of the other section are entering this new section as it is an extension of the study last Fall. But because of the fact that the actual specimen under consideration is there before the eyes, it is not necessary to have had any previous instruction. These field trips are exceedingly entertaining and fascinating, to say nothing, of their health-giving qualities and beauty. Mrs. Kelly possesses a great and intimate knowledge of her subject, added to this she is blessed with a radiant personality that inspires interest. Registrations are being received at the Information desk. The trips will be taken every other Friday morning, beginning with Friday morning, March 7, at 10 o'clock. The meeting place on March 7 is at the Golden Gate Park gate at the junction of Fulton Street and First Avenue, otherwise known as Arguello Boulevard. The fee for the series of six trips is Five Dollars. If you join the first trip, the registration fee may be paid to the volunteer who will be there with Mrs. Kelly for that purpose. Without hesitancy, the Women's City Club recommends this Field Section as one of the most enjoyable courses offered this year.

Lucky Number Seven

● Since pre-historic days Man has regarded the number seven as an omen of good luck. The lecture for March on "International Barriers" is the seventh in the series, therefore by every portent bids fair to be excellent. Dr. Robert H. Lowie of the Department of Anthropology of the University of California will be the speaker, on the evening of the second Wednesday of this month, March 12 in the Auditorium; the subject of Dr. Lowie's lecture will be "Biological Barriers".

Besides his official status as professor of Anthropology at the University of California, Dr. Lowie is also editor of the "American Anthropologist". In his talk he will endeavor to show that while there is a popular idea that Biological Barriers to Peace exist, instead of being deep seated these Barriers are of a superficial character based on cultural differences and prejudices. This point of view—that "Barriers" very often become "Bridges" has been the theme of all the distinguished speakers of this course.

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Desk-Reminder

● Within the last few months the Women's City Club has initiated a new service for its members. This is in the nature of a guide to recommend shops and service. This information is embodied in a little booklet called the "201 Shops", which contains an indexed list of reliable firms who are equipped to supply any need from cream in your coffee, a costume necklace to a new home on Pacific Avenue. This may sound comprehensive, but very truly this booklet is comprehensive. In addition, this booklet contains two indexes classifying both merchandise and dealers. Also—very important on certain trying occasions—a map of San Francisco with its various points of interest. If you persevere to the end of this booklet you will find there a humorous skit, the style of which may recall childhood days, written by Mrs. Casper Brown, concerning a shopping tour in San Francisco.

All these good things are herein prepared for you. The Club makes one request: Namely, that you use the Stickers! Where are the Stickers? They are very handy—in fact there are several pages of them in the back of the book. When you have completed your purchase, if the payment is by check kindly attach a sticker to the bill; if it is a cash purchase please mention the fact that you found the dealer's name in the "201 Shops". This Desk-Reminder will arrive in your mail about March 1 as a gift from the Women's City Club.

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Colored Sunlight

● Colored Sunlight—sunlight distilled through stained glass cathedral windows has soothed the spirit of humankind for nearly a thousand years. A master of this fascinating art, Charles J. Connick, will deliver a lecture on subject of Stained Glass in the City Club Auditorium about the last week in March. The exact date will be announced at the Membership Meeting on March 12.

Mr. Connick has designed the windows of The Lady Chapel of Grace Cathedral, now being built in San Francisco. It is

certain that the members of the Club and their friends will not wish to miss the opportunity of hearing this distinguished and gifted master in Glass Design. It is for this reason that you are urged to watch for the date. A delightful reward is promised. This lecture will be under the special chairmanship of Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart.

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Sunday Evening Concert

● The Sunday evening concert for the second Sunday evening in March will be held in the Auditorium of the Club. Mrs. Leonard Woollams and Mrs. Paul C. Butte and Mrs. Charles Reynolds will act as Hostesses. The program will be of the usual excellence. Mrs. Leonard Woollams will play two groups of piano solos. Three members of the Wheeler Becket Children's Choral of Berkeley will sing a group of solos. Mr. Becket will accompany the boys on the piano, and Hannah Fletcher will give two groups of songs.

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Dr. Powells's Lectures to Be Resumed March 3

● The announcement is made with pleasure that Dr. H. H. Powell will resume his series of talks on the very interesting subject, "Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God," on Monday morning, March 3, at eleven o'clock in the Auditorium. Dr. Powell was obliged to discontinue these talks for one or two Mondays on account of the fact that he was called East. Mrs. W. H. Hamilton is the special chairman for this series.

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Periodic Health Examinations

● This is a foreword to remind the members that the periodic health examinations will begin in April. This service last year proved of inestimable value to the members. It is hoped that it may prove even more so this year.

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Membership Luncheon

● Birthdays are always entertaining, especially birthday parties, and again especially the "Party". This general truth about parties, which means good food, has a great significance for the members, for a birthday party is in the offing. Which all means that the Annual Meeting takes place on Wednesday, March 12. The meeting this year will be a Luncheon at 12:15 sharp in the Auditorium. The seating capacity for such an event is 450. There will be no reserved places, but it is very much desired, and very definitely urged that the members register their intention to be present in advance so that there may be no confusion in the Dining Room Department, as a large attendance is anticipated. The reports and discussions will be comprehensive, but short and to the point, so as to enable the members who are professional women to remain for the entire program, and still have time to return to their several occupations on time. The price of the luncheon will be $1.00. One last word about this important event. This is the annual meeting, held at the close of the fiscal year, at which meeting reports of all the activities of the Club from March, 1929, to March 1930, are given to the membership. This year has been particularly noteworthy, as certain policies have been undertaken, which have proved themselves very successful. As loyal members of the Women's City Club, these successes are your successes. Come and hear all about them on Wednesday, March 12, at 12:15 o'clock, in the Auditorium.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

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"The Art of Table Conversation"

● A lost Art? Perhaps many may answer yes. Few may answer no. More may ask, "What do you mean?" These questions will be answered, discussed and explained, in fact this lost Art will be distinctly discovered, and nicely established as a usable commodity by one who not only knows the theory, but is able to demonstrate, delightfully, the live qualities of this Art of Table Conversation. The wise person is none other than Lady Agnes A. Adams, author and lecturer, who is affiliated with the University of California.

Lady Adams is the wife of Emeritus Professor Sir John Adams. She received her education in Scotland, Switzerland and France. She has had an extensive experience on the lecture platform in London, Cambridge, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Cambridge, Mass., and California; has reviewed books, and writes for such noteworthy newspapers as the London Daily Chronicle, Manchester Guardian, Glasgow Herald, London Bookman and Punch. In the United States, Lady Adams contributes to Atlantic Monthly and the Saturday Review of Literature.

The Women's City Club is very fortunate in having the pleasure of presenting Lady Adams to the membership at a dinner given in her honor in the Main Dining Room of the Club at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of Friday, April 4. Members and their friends are cordially invited to attend. Tickets—$1.25. Reservations may be made at the Club.

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League Shop Makes Bow to New Members

● Knowing that our new members are interested in learning about the activities and departments of the City Club, we enthusiastically call attention to the League Shop, first floor, or lobby, if you please, at the corner as you turn to the left.

We specialize in greeting cards, the line now being notably complete. Novelties, gifts, bridge prizes, charming things, unusual things and useful things are there for your delectation. Pewter, crystal and bronze objects suggest wedding presents, Easter gifts and birthday tokens. The bride and the housewife find the Shop a place to purchase beautiful linens of hand weaving, lamps and shades, morocco bags and other leather and hand-tooled articles. Hand-woven wool bags and envelope purses make ideal accessories for the new tweed suits and coats. Many other articles of usefulness and ornamentation invite the careful shopper.

The League Shop invites your patronage and looks forward to a record summer season.

—ETHEL YOUNG.

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Taxicab Call Box

● Members of the Women's City Club are again reminded that there is a "call box" of the Yellow Taxicab Company just inside the main entrance of the Club. A telephone call from there goes direct, without the necessity and delay of getting "central", to the taxicab office if there is not a taxi waiting outside of the door, as is often the case. Response is practically immediate.

Women's City Club Welcomes New Members

When on Monday, February 10, the Women's City Club held an all-day reception to the new members recently admitted from the long waiting list, each was presented with a printed folder which set forth the history of the institution with which they are now affiliated together with a notation of some of the privileges and responsibilities of membership. This folder was read with so much pleasure of reminiscence by the Reception Committee that it was suggested it be published in the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, since many of the older members may have forgotten certain epic days and incidents and would find joy in going over the pioneer days of the Club.

The reception was attended by hundreds and all day long the City Club Auditorium was filled with throngs, with the Board of Directors present throughout the day to welcome the "novitiates". The "story" is herewith given:

The Women's City Club of San Francisco is a flowering of the ideal which founded the canteens during the war. After the Armistice the women who had worked in such remarkable regimentation determined that the exigencies of peace still needed; or at least deserved, the continuation of their best efforts. From that consciousness evolved the Club known colloquially as "333 Kearny street", San Francisco, established in February, 1919.

After a short time in that locale the business sagacity of several of the leaders informed them that if their vision were possible of fulfillment in a *rented* building, it were proportionately greater in a building of their own.

The most conspicuous asset of the National League for Woman's Service (the organization which founded canteens and ultimately established "333 Kearny street") was the Volunteer Service which had survived the war, a system in which hundreds of women had found the joy of working in precision and routine for a general beneficiary. It was decided to sell bonds and build a home for the National League for Woman's Service, a "more stately mansion" which would be a clearing house for its activities.

Story of Growth

How the Women's City Club grew from this seed to the institution to which you are today being welcomed is a story too long to be detailed here, but a fascinating tale of women's determination to serve other women in time of peace as they had assisted men in time of war. Concisely, it amounts to this: In December of 1922 a joint note for $10,000, signed by twenty-five members of the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service, was paid as deposit on the vacant lot known as the Hobart property, now 465 Post street, San Francisco.

Subsequently a million dollar financing scheme was accepted by the Board of Directors. Then a prospectus and subscriptions agreement for a debenture issue were mailed to each member, and in April of 1923 the National League for Woman's Service deposited with the Mercantile Trust Company the $30,000 for the first block of stock in the "Post Street Holding Company" and the lot was assured. Ground was broken December 30, 1924, and in April, 1925, the building was opened and occupied.

The membership at that time was 6000. Two years later the Directors voted to increase the number to 7000. Last month it was voted to admit to membership 1000 of the long waiting list.

Volunteer Service has continued unabated. The City Club includes in its membership women of leisure and of business, women of all sects, creeds and professions, all paying the same dues, $6 per year, and the same initiation fee.

Fourth Anniversary Approaching

In May of this year the City Club building will have been occupied four years, with payments on the building debt met as budgeted, and the Club functioning as its fondest dreamers had visioned.

The building is seven stories and a lower main floor. A swimming pool, beauty salon, gift shop, cafeteria, restaurant, library and other adjuncts to make life more abundant for its members. There are ninety-eight bedrooms (the three top floors). Also there accrues to the City Club an appreciable increment from lectures and divertisements, which have enriched the cultural life of the community. The City Club publishes a monthly Magazine which informs members of all activities within its walls. It is the sole medium for an informed membership and it also publishes articles of academic and general interest. As a new member you share the privilege of reading the Magazine.

Mode of Government

A booklet containing house rules is being prepared and will be ready for distribution in a short time. It will be available on the fourth floor.

The Board of Directors bids you welcome and invites you to make use of all departments under the specifications set down in the by-laws. The City Club is a

Group of Volunteers at the Club of the National League for Woman's Service, 333 Kearny street: Left to right, Mrs. Alfred S. Holmes, Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley, Miss Marion Leale, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. William B. Hamilton and Mrs. Marcus S Koshland.

"Trees for San Francisco" Campaign

—MRS. H. CABOT BROWN

● The horse-chestnuts of Paris, the lindens of Berlin, the pines of Rome, the elms of our own New England; and nothing but bare gray streets in San Francisco!

With the most beautiful setting in the world as a start, San Francisco is fast becoming not a lovely city but a very drab one. And if you don't believe it, ask any honest tourist on a visit here. Every newcomer asks, "Where are your trees?"

Tree-lined avenues are as necessary to the architectural perfection of a city as curtained windows are to an attractive drawing-room, or a bed to a bedroom. Look at the superb plan which the late great Daniel Burnham did for San Francisco, and see what an inspired part trees play in that conception of what our city might be.

Individual trees are indispensable in residential districts, softening the hard effects of bad architecture and accenting the charms of good bits. While a glimpse to the Bay through a wall of living green has far more charm and meaning than a "marine view" framed by electric signs, factories and telegraph poles.

The San Francisco Garden Club, recognizing this important civic need, is conducting a city-wide tree-planting campaign, hoping to induce property-owning citizens to plant at least one tree in front of every San Francisco house or apartment building.

But it is very up-hill work, reaching and convincing as many people as there are in a city of such size. The women of San Francisco, can with a very little enthusiasm and combined effort save their city from ugliness. If each woman could accomplish the planting of just one side-walk tree the result would bring its own reward in pleasure to many people, and a perfectly splendid example to be followed by hundreds of neighbors!

The general opinion of experts is that the two varieties of trees most suitable for street use in this climate are the plane tree and the black acacia. These are equally hardy, and both grow quickly enough to be worth while. Young trees set out now will make a very good showing in a short time. Planes are best planted where sunshine is essential during winter months, as they are deciduous, dropping their leaves in the fall, whereas the acacia retains it leaves and is valuable for its graceful and evergreen effect. The cost of installation is really very low, between $7.00 and $12.00, which includes a healthy young tree, cutting cement for a hole, proper fertilizing, staking and planting. Once planted, they are no further trouble or expense.

February is the preferred month for planting, but in this remarkable climate there is no season when trees cannot be planted, provided well balled plants are procured from a reliable nursery. If your own gardener is not capable of doing the work single handed, the San Francisco Garden Club can supply you with a list of recommended men and nurseries, which can be procured by writing to the San Francisco Garden Club, Room No. 133, the Fairmont Hotel.

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Her Garden

Wherever she called home a garden grew.
She worked among her flowers, every day,
And coaxed her plants—just how alone she knew—
There must have been some magic in her way
For plants for her would grow from poorest soil
And blossoms smile her recompense from toil.

For her the withered grass regained its green.
A rosebush, dried and brown, was glad to bloom.
No leaf nor stalk nor stem too poor and mean
But in her yard it met with care and room
To lift its grateful shoots toward the sky—
They must have blessed her as she passed them by!

In daily round of ceaseless household duty
She always had so many things to do—
But beauty thrives on love, as love on beauty—
Wherever she called home a garden grew.

—EDITH BRISTOL.

Stradivarius Quartet in Concert Series at Mills College

• Mills College announces twelve pairs of concerts by the famous Stradivarius Quartet to be given Thursday evenings at 8:15 o'clock and Sunday afternoons at 3:00 o'clock. The series will begin Thursday evening, March 6, and end June 1. The concerts will be given in the Hall for Chamber Music on the Mills Campus under the direction of Alfred Pochon and under the sponsorship of Dean Luther Marchant.

The personnel of Stradivarius Quartet is Wolfe Wolfinsohn, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Nicolas Moldavan, viola, and Gerald Warburg, violincello.

• Alfred Pochon, a native of Switzerland, studied at an early age under Cesar Thomson in the Royal Conservatory of Brussels and later became the founder and director of the first school of chamber music ever held in Belgium. *With the aid of E. J. de Coppet, he founded the Flonzaley String Quartet.* When this quartet made its farewell tour and disbanded in California last month, *Mr. Moldavan was also a member of the group.*

• Nicholas Moldavan spent his early years in Odessa, Russia. He began his musical studies at the age of seven with Professor Alexander Fiedelman. Later he received a scholarship entitling him to study at St. Petersburg, and graduated from the Conservatory of Music with honors. During the revolution of 1907 he joined the Ensemble Zimro and after an extensive tour of the Orient, came to the United States where he has become known as one of the leading viola players. He has appeared in concerts with some of the foremost artists, including Paderewski, Heifetz, Harold Bauer, and Dohnanyi.

Alfred Pochon

• Wolfe Wolfinsohn was first taught by his father in Capetown, South Africa. Later he studied in London at the Royal Academy of Music, graduating in 1916 and touring extensively in England and South Africa as soloist and quartet player. In 1921 he came to America where he played first violin in the Lenox Quartet. He is at present on the faculty of the David Mannes Music School in New York and also a member of the Beethoven Association.

• Gerald Warburg, who is but twenty-six years of age, studied at Harvard College but left before graduation to devote more time to his musical career. He has studied in Vienna, toured Central Europe as a member of a well-known quartet and played with the American Orchestral Society under Chalmers Clifton. After recitals and appearances with orchestras in the principal cities of Germany and Austria, and in Prague and Budapest, he returned last year to America for engagements in this country.

The instruments played by the several members are especially interesting in their history. The first violin plays a "Titian", made in 1715; the second violin plays a Spanish instrument made in 1723; the viola is "The Lord Macdonald," made in 1701 and the 'cello is a "Vaslin", made in 1725.

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Each in His Own Tongue

—WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

In one of his recent lectures at the Women's City Club, Dr. H. H. Powell recited the lovely and oft-quoted poem, "Each in His Own Tongue" by William Herbert Carruth, well-beloved Stanford University professor who died several years ago. Dr. Powell's series is being given under the generic title, "Why Intelligent People Believe in God" and his quotation of the Carruth poem was so particularly apt that Mrs. William B. Hamilton, general chairman of the course, asked that it be reprinted in the Women's City Club Magazine. Separate stanzas have appeared in the Magazine from time to time. Here it is in its entirety:

A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon
The infinite tender sky,
The rich ripe tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over the upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod,—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent seabeach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings,
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

OH, RANGER! *by Horace M. Albright* and *Frank J. Taylor;* Stanford University Press; $2.50.

THE GALAXY; *by Susan Ertz;* D. Appleton and Co., N. Y.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS; *by Henry Williamson;* (a Dutton Prize Book) E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., N. Y.

PETTICOAT KING; *by Miriam Michelson;* Robert M. Mcbride and Co., N. Y.

HIDE IN THE DARK; *by Frances Noyes Hart;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., N. Y.

● Last week, it was winter. Snow-capped mountains, furs, shivers! Today, it is Spring! Quail calling, a meadow-lark singing on a bare twig against the blue sky, hyacinths pushing the tops of their pink and blue bonnets through the brown earth. That is California.

And the Stanford Press has brought out a handbook of the National Parks. "Oh, Ranger!" is full of humor, imagination, delightfully funny pen-and-inks by way of illustration, and an amazing collection of useful facts. It covers the Parks and Monuments quite thoroughly, and moves one to neglect the well-known and loved tramping-grounds, to see the other marvelous places, ere the days come when one shall become too old and decrepit and too stiff with arthritis. It also moves one, when the dress-maker arrives, to neglect the lengthening of the uneven hem-line of an evening dress, to dive into cedar-chest and closet, to haul forth old riding-habits and knickers, to prepare in good time for vacation days!

● "THE GALAXY," *by Susan Ertz,* has lost the old-lace charm of "Madame Claire". Yet St. John Ervine has rated it as the best book that Miss Ertz has written. In the life-story of Laura Deverell, she has sketched with deft and delicate colors the passing modes and manners of the last fifty years. From London in the 1860's, through Victoria's reign and the gay '90's, and the Boer War, and the World War, it is a galaxy of scenes and faces and delights. The title is taken from the other name for the Milky Way. "There was the Galaxy flowing across the sky, a superb, breath-taking sight, a great star-river whose every bright drop was a world already made, or worlds in the making". In this admittedly brilliant book of the period which Galsworthy has described in the Forsyte Saga, there is the broad sweep of a flowing river, and it should be kept in one's library for vivid and meticulous details of each decade, as a woman dreams of the blue-velvet bonnet she wore as a little girl!

But to my mind there is a slowness and stodginess in the earlier part of the book, —which may be consistent with the Victorian era. Only with the American scene of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 does the movement quicken, and from that point there is action and intensity. But one misses the radiant flashes which illuminated "Madame Claire". I agree with Emily Blair's criticism: "Unfortunately, it seems to me, Susan Ertz has abandoned the comedy of manners for the tragedy of character—and the result is our loss."

● In any book by Henry Williamson, one looks to find the charm of the blue outdoors, and the naturalist's lore. And they are written large on every page of "The Beautiful Years". William Rose Benet says of the author, "Henry Williamson, now that Thomas Hardy is gone, is the best English writer on Nature." But this is Nature in her gray days, her saddest moods. There is none of the faery charm and illusion that were in "The Pathway". In this lovely book, Nature is grim, indifferent, and all her ways go down to death. It tells the story of the first seven years of little Willie Madison's life, "the little boy whose mother died when he was a-borning, because the wood-owls hooted." He sees the weasel-death which waits for the white rabbits in their runways; he frees the jays from the traps; he finds the lost shepherd frozen with his sheep under the hummocks of snow. And Nature broods, implacable! Yet the story of the little English boy's childhood is very full of loveliness. "In the air played a fountain of song, wrens, robins, blackbirds, thrushes, and warblers, singing of the joy that had been the day, and the joy that would be the morrow." And there was "the bat's leathern wing", and "the tawny sorrel, vagabond among the flowers." "The sun shone there for a very long time, and the water rippled and sang."

The Strong

She is so fearless
They all said.
(They fearless are
Whose hopes are dead.)

She is so glad,
She is so gay!
(Some weep at night
To smile by day.)

The weak ones moan
And are carried along
By the strong who fight
To the lilt of a song.

—FLORENCE R. KEENE, in "Westward."

● PETTICOAT KING; *by Miriam Michelson.* You have not forgotten "In the Bishop's Carriage"? This latest book, too, is the stuff that plays are made of. Terse, vivid, graceful, full of pictures. And no moralizing!

Bess of Hardwick was the Building Countess of Elizabethan times. Three hundred years later, her castles which she dreamed into stone would have made her a famous architect. The personality of this remarkable old woman tempted Miss Michelson "to take a liberty,—to tell the tale of the Petticoat King, as it were through Her Grace of Shrewsbury's own haughty, naughty lips." From Bess of Hardwick's place, a niche in the great hedge, nigh to the Queen's Walk on the terrace of the Palace garden, she watched the play and pageant which were Elizabeth.

They all were there, — Leicester, and Essex, Walsingham, and Burleigh, Sussex, Raleigh, Drake, and young Hugh Dorsey, —those through whom Elizabeth worked her royal will for her lands. "And not one was the man she was."

And pretty Phyllis Thyne, brave Phyllis Thyne! We were glad to know those living people whom we watched from "Bess of Hardwicks place."

● "The Bellamy Case" by Frances Noyes Hart, was the most satisfying detective story of many that had wound their weary way across my path. It bore the authentic stamp of reality. It *should!* because, I have been told, the author had done stenographic work in the courts. When "Hide in the Dark" came flowingly from the same pen, it roused a real anticipation. Alas! there lurks a suspicion that Miss Bellamy must have tried her prentice hand on this, before her other brain-child, "The Bellamy Case," was born. It has a certain charm of its own, a rather delightful play with words, but it is younger, and unpruned. There is such a lushness of detail that one's head begins to swim.

In an old manor house, thirteen clever young people, the "March Hares", gather for a Hallow-e'en reunion. Night and storm! Love and Jealousy. Hiding in the dark in a haunted house. A scream,—and murder! The trail of suspicion leads in turn to every one of the twelve. It is the work of a riotous young imagination,—and entertaining, at that. But each chapter recalls the story-telling game which we all have played around the fire, wherein the story-teller entangles his hero in the uttermost maze of difficulties, and leaves him there, swung in mid-air, until the next unfortunate player is able to devise a rescue!

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VOLUME IV MARCH 1930 NUMBER 2

EDITORIAL

On a certain Saturday evening last month, February 8, to be exact, there was held a meeting in the Lounge of the Women's City Club that was significant from several points of consideration, and a thoroughly gratifying commentary upon the intelligent interest manifested by members of the Club in its modus operandi and the incidental ways and means.

Now "ways and means" are not particularly alluring to women, according to tradition. And Saturday night is not a time when they are willing to give their time to anything prosaic. They want amusement, entertainment.

Several hundred came and the informal, yet earnest atmosphere which pervaded the place was extraordinary. It was as if the several members of a big family had assembled in the living room of the home, a comfortable, cheerful room with a big fireplace and a crackling fire, to take stock of the family's assets, reserves and potentialities. The information given and sought was information that is at all times accessible to all, but which seems a bit more subjective and possessive when discussed mutually. Also it is more thoroughly assimilated when heard than when read, as a lecture seems more vital than the same words on printed pages. The personal, woman-to-woman attribute, which imparts to City Club membership meetings their sense of co-partnership, pervaded this assemblage. Finances were discussed in all their relationship to the Club, revenues and expenditures, assets and liabilities. The finance committee was delighted to announce that liabilities are as negligible as, four years ago, they were predicted for this time and this fiscal period in City Club history.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, treasurer, invited questions and discussion, and it is safe to assume that every woman present went away with as clear an idea of the Club's financial status as she has of her own.

The board of directors hopes that the annual membership luncheon to be held in the City Club Auditorium, March 12, will be as well attended, proportionately, and that the affairs of administration will be heard with as much appreciation and manifestation of co-operation. Service of the luncheon will begin at 12:15, sharp; it is advisable, therefore, that every guest be in her place at that moment.

Welcome to New Members

On February 10, the Board of Directors, in the name of the membership, received the new members. Many came that day personally to sign the Constitution, to see the Clubhouse and to learn of the services both given and received. We are happy to repeat our message of welcome in this, the first issue of the City Club Magazine, since their initiation, and again invite these new members to join with us in the use of their very own Clubhouse. By their presence among us our acquaintanceship will increase, and the inspiration of new contacts will be their contribution to us.

Among these new members are many who were in the charter membership of The National League for Woman's Service in the Defenders Clubs and at Kearny Street. These are returning because we who have carried on have held to the ideals which they cherished. They want again to be a part of this organization. Many are young women just now eligible because their eighteenth birthdays have been reached. These are frank in saying that they are joining because they want certain Clubhouse facilities, or because this friend or that is a member and now they can "swim together". Let youth have his healthy post war recreation-hour to which it is entitled, for it will then be ready for responsibility when it shall pall on us who have done our "bit". Many have "waited two years" because "this is the organization which interests me most and I hope I may be able to serve somewhere or other." These prove that our struggle to maintain a standard has been justified.

Of such are the new members it is our pleasure to bind to us. The waiting list from which they have come is now their responsibility as it was ours. We now work together to interest only those women who will continue with this same standard of democracy of the National League for Women's Service in its purpose of service to one another and to the community at large.

The seriousness of the initiation this year has its lesson. Let us not through familiarity grow unappreciative of the many physical blessings of this Clubhouse of ours—one of the finest in the country. Let us not "take for granted" the Volunteer Service of our fellow members who wait upon us week by week or who go in our name to serve at Letterman Hospital or the Red Cross or the Community Chest. Let us always remember that THIS is not "just another woman's club".

We are grateful to you, the new members, who by your very presence have reminded us of our blessings. With warmness of heart we welcome you as our inspiration for future effort.

—MARION W. LEALE.

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Annual Membership Luncheon

The Annual Meeting of the membership of the Women's City Club will be held March 12 at 12:15 o'clock, and will take the form of a luncheon, for which reservations may now be made. Parties are being arranged by groups of friends, but any single member will be accommodated. Tickets for the luncheon are now on sale, the charge being one dollar.

The Board of Directors announces that the luncheon will begin strictly at 12:15 o'clock, and that members who wish to leave at two o'clock are assured that the business of the affair and the annual reports will be over by that hour.

Chairmen of the several committees in charge of the departments of the City Club will render their reports, briefly and succinctly, and the officers of the City Club will give an account of their stewardship. Every member is invited to attend. The time is 12:15 o'clock, Wednesday, March 12, and the place is the Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco. If you want to be authoritatively conversant with the status of the Club, financially, socially, educationally, or in any other way, plan to attend the luncheon.

Beauty Salon Offers Lenten Specials

● With the approach of Lent, when social activities become less pressing, there is an interim in which to somewhat rest and relax after the winter season's exacting demands.

The Beauty Salon is featuring facials during the next few weeks. The operators are experienced and are having gratifying success in their work. The purest creams are used. One can have a delightfully relaxing, restful facial, lasting half an hour for $1.50, or a course of six treatments for $7.50, or a Special Facial (one hour) for $2.50, or six treatments for $12.00.

Your Beauty Salon is prepared to give excellent service in all branches of beauty work. If you have not given it a trial, will you not do so at once? If you cannot become a regular patron yourself, your first hand knowledge of the kind of work done in the Salon will enable you to recommend it to your friends and by doing so you will be rendering a service to the City Club.

The success in permanent waving done in the Salon has resulted in many satisfied customers who return when it is necessary to have their hair rewaved.

The work of the barber is favorably commented on by all who have their hair cut in the salon. Enthusiastic comments with regard to the manicuring done in the Salon are so frequent as to be commonplace.

The Beauty Salon is operated by the City Club for your convenience. It is equipped with modern appliances. The service is excellent, the prices are moderate. There is no tipping. The Beauty Salon Committee will welcome any suggestions or comments from members of the City Club or patrons among non-members.

I. Miller the "Great"
. . . the Premier in shoe designing

I. MILLER shoes for every definite or casual occasion . . .

Frank Werner Co.
255 Geary Street

Volunteer Service to Assist in Beauty Salon

● The Volunteer Service has been extended to the Beauty Salon, the last department of the City Club in which that service is established. The Volunteers will serve at the appointment desk between the hours of 10 and 12.

Volunteers who have offered their services in this department are: Mrs. M. Appleman, Mrs. E. W. Lockwood, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Miss Gwendolyn Jones, Mrs. Wilbur L. Hiller, Mrs. A. C. Scales.

New members are especially invited to visit the Beauty Salon, one of the attractive departments of the City Club. Prices are comparable to those of other Beauty Salons and service and workmanship of excellent quality.

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Share the Springtime

● The Glory of the Spring is flooding your gardens and radiance and fragrance surrounds your home, if you live in the suburbs.

City Club members who wish to share their flowers and greeneries are asked to bring them to the Club at any time and be sure that they will be gratefully received by the committee which daily arranges flowers all over the building. It takes a considerable quantity to keep the rooms freshly decorated each day. Your generosity will be deeply appreciated.

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Women's Vocational Conference at Stanford

● There are those who say that with youth at the helm a boat will rock and that the course steered will be an erratic one. Youth was at the helm on Saturday, February 1, when the Association of Women Students directed their Voca-

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The Casual Suit Should be of Knit!

For shopping . . . golfing . . . motoring or simply strolling in the Park . . . the costume you'll wisely select is the knit suit! Fashion's favorite for daytime wear . . . and featured in our Sports Shop in individual styles . . . new weaves and stunning colors!

. . . From . . . $14.95 to $39.50

Sketched: A new model in Pirate Blue . . . and white . . that portrays femininity in the active mood . . . $19.75

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The Dressmaker and The New Mode

The irregular hem line, the defined waist and pronouncement of femininity in women's wear necessitates the "personal services" of the dressmaker. No longer is *chic* reflected in plain straight lines. The woman who cares will only have her gown made to suit her individuality.

She will also have her gown of yesterday redesigned and made into a last word creation.

"Known to the leading stylists for quality service and moderate charges"

BERTHA KELLER
Modiste
765 SUTTER STREET

tional Conference at Stanford University. It was a joy to see how carefully every detail had been thought out. The smooth running of the meeting was an example of organization that might well serve as a lesson for older committees.

A committee of seven members of the A. W. S., under the chairmanship of Frances Shoup, was responsible for the carrying out of the program, the first of this kind to be handled by women students.

Following is the program and speakers who were introduced by Miss Shoup:

Introductory Remarks, Dr. Edward Strong.

Personnel Work, Eleanor Davidson.

Education, Miss Ann G. Fraser.

Secretarial Work and Department Store Management, Miss I. L. Macrae.

Music, Jerry Jermaine (Mrs. M. J. Cheesman).

Writing, Kathleen Norris.

In his introductory remarks Dr. Strong pointed out what Vocational Guidance meant, that it was not a miraculous one hour's conversation that placed a square peg in a square hole and pulled a square peg out of a round hole, but that it was a piece of progressive work for both counsellor and student.

After the close of the meeting, luncheon was served at Roble Hall where Round Table discussions were held. An opportunity was also given any students who desired further information to meet the speakers and so present their own problems.

—I. L. MACRAE.

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Swimming Pool Attracts

● The swimming pool offers members of the Women's City Club an enjoyable means of recreation and exercise. Swimming parties are popular as entertainment for matrons and girls who have no pool readily accessible.

Members wishing to learn to swim before the summer holidays will find experienced instructors on duty from 9 o'clock until 7:30 during the week, and from 9 o'clock to 6 on Saturdays. Courteous service, pleasant surroundings and a feeling of well being that accompanies physical exercise follows a swim in the Women's City Club swimming pool. "The water's fine."

The rates are as follows:

PRIVATE LESSONS
(half-hour lessons)

Members (single lesson)	$ 1.00
Guests (single lesson)	1.25
Members (course of ten lessons)	7.50
Guests (course of ten lessons)	10.00

CLASS LESSONS
(half-hour lessons)

Class members (four or more persons) (ten lessons)	$ 5.00
Class for Guests (ten lessons)	6.50
Guests (joining members' class) each time	.75
Fifteen-minute lessons (members)	.50
Fifteen-minute lessons (guests)	.65

SWIMMING RATES

Members	$ .35
Members dip ticket (ten on ticket)	3.00
Daughters and wards dip tickets (ten on ticket)	2.50
Daughters and wards of members (under eighteen years)	.35
Sons under eight years of age	.35
Guests	.50

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If your service is Sterling, we can repair the broken pieces, remove unsightly scratches and give it the same polish it received in the factory.

If it is Plate, we can repair, replate and recondition it so that it would be impossible to tell it from new.

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AND AT ALL ROOS STORES

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for sports . .
skirts are 16 inches from the ground.

for street . .
skirts are 14 inches from the ground.

for afternoon . .
skirts are 12 inches from the ground.

for dancing . .
skirts are 5 inches from the ground.

for formal evening . .
skirts are no inches from the ground.

. . . these are the skirt lengths the smart world is wearing . . these are the skirt lengths we are showing now in our spring dress collections . . third floor.

HALE BROS.

Loan Exhibition of Modern Masters

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● A Loan Exhibition of Modern Masters will be held in March at The Galerie Beauc Arts through the generosity of art collectors in and about San Francisco. The Exhibition has been made possible through the vision and enterprise of a committee of four Peninsula women,—Mrs. W. W. Crocker, Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell and Miss Agnes Clark, who are sponsoring the exhibit, which will enable the public of San Francisco to view, many of them for the first time, originals by the outstanding Modern Masters in painting and sculpture who have turned the trend of art since Impressionism. Similar exhibits, which have been held in New York City and elsewhere, have charged an entrance fee but the local committee preferred to finance the San Francisco Exhibit by private subscriptions so that art lovers, students and educators, could visit the galleries daily without charge.

House at Villejuif
By MAURICE UTRILLO.
From the private collection of Harriet Levy.

The Exhibition will include paintings by Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin Redon, Utrilo, Vlamanick, Pascin, Andre L'hote, Diego Rivera, Roeri Matisse, and sculpture by Mestrovic, Orloff, Sintenis, Bourdelle and Gaudier Bredska, a young Polish artist of great promise who was only 23 when killed in the war. Out of the fourteen pieces in existence of this artist's work most of them are owned by the Tait Gallery in London.

It is fifteen years since the Exposition brought to San Francisco the first comprehensive exhibit of Impressionistic painting and many cross currents have run under the bridge of art since, at home and abroad. Through a woeful lack of opportunity to view contemporary work from elsewhere and the general confusion over the rapid changes from Impressionism to Futurism, Cubism and Post Impressionism, many of our public still think of Modern or Contemporary Art with an uneasy suspicion,

antagonism or condescending tolerance, unaware that on the high road, above the din and confusion the rhythmic procession from Cezanne to Matisse has quietly passed and has already found its way into the museums.

How often have we been asked, "Is this Futuristic Art?" "What is Contemporary Art," you ask, "if it isn't Impressionism, Futurism or Cubism?" "What is meant by Post Impressionism?" In answer to that I will ask another. "Why is Cezanne the greatest name in European painting today?" Because he brought Volume back into painting. He began as an Impressionist and from them he learned the use of color but he was dissatisfied with their rendering of appearances through the passing effects of light at the sacrifice of Volume.

Impressionism had taught him to look at color, not outline, and he could not return to the academic method of applying color to drawing. He set himself therefore the monumental task of learning to draw in paint through a series of distinct planes in color, thereby using color to express Volume. "He strove to reproduce what he saw in terms which would reconcile the atmospheric with the architectural vision." He knew that his principle was right and yet he worked until the end with the utmost humility. The masters of today are building on this principle. We call it Post Impressionism.

It is twenty-four years since the death of Paul Cezanne, the herald of the new era, and today his paintings are owned by the great museums of Europe and art collectors all over the world. This winter in order to hold an exhibit of his work in Paris his paintings had to be borrowed from art centers in Europe, England and America. The same may be said of the Modern Masters who have followed in his footsteps. To adequately represent them a Loan Exhibition was held in New York before the holidays.

If 1930 is the beginning of an Art Renaissance in America and perhaps in San Francisco this valuable opportunity to view a Loan Exhibition of Modern Masters, through the courtesy of art collectors and the generosity of the committee, will be met with a hearty response from an appreciative public.

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Students of French

● Mme. Olivier will again this summer offer to the members of the City Club the Special Course she has given during the previous summers and have proven so successful:

20 lessons—$16.00 for one PRIVATE pupil
20 lessons—$25.00 for groups of two
These 20 lessons must be taken between the first of April and September 1.

The Bells of Youth

The Bells of Youth are ringing in
the gateways of the South;
The bannerets of green are now
unfurled;
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild
rose in her mouth.
And is singing, singing, singing
thro' the world.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in all
the silent places,
The primrose and the celandine
are out;
Children run a-laughing with joy upon their faces,
The west wind follows after with
a shout.

The Bells of Youth are ringing from
the forests to the mountains,
From the meadows to the moorlands, hark their ringing!
Ten thousand splashing rills and
ferndappled fountains
Are flinging wide the Song of Youth
and onward flowing, singing!

The Bells of Youth are ringing in
the gateways of the South;
The bannerets of green are now
unfurled;
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild
rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing
thro' the world.

FIONA MACLEOD.

Don't Miss It!

The Annual Membership Luncheon is the BIG EVENT of the month at the City Club. March 12 at 12:15 o'clock, City Club Auditorium.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

March Concerts
Curran Theatre

●

Mar. 2, Popular Concert
Soloist, ANTHONY LINDEN, *Flutist*

Mar. 7-9,
Soloist, MICHEL PENHA, *'Cellist*

Mar. 14, Children's Concert
WHEELER BECKETT, *Conducting*

Mar. 16, Popular Concert
Soloists,
MADELEINE MONNIER, *'Cellist*
MISHEL PIASTRO, *Violinist*

Mar. 21-23,
Soloist, CLAIRE DUX, *Soprano*

Mar. 30, Popular Concert
Soloist, GUNNAR JOHANNSEN, *Pianist*

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The coat sketched . . . of
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Spring of 1930 brings a continuation of the mode for hats of individuality. Fitted to the head of the wearer. Wise women will think twice and have two hats. A new one of the popular Spring fabrics, and a second "new" one, of your last summer's straw or felt. With just a new note added by Rhoda.

California Conference of Social Work to Meet in Santa Barbara

● After the rare delights of the 1928 meeting in the Yosemite Valley, the excitement and stimulation of a merged meeting with the National Conference of Social Work in San Francisco in 1929, the California Conference of Social Work was faced with the problem of planning a 1930 meeting which would not come as an anti-climax. Santa Barbara's offer of hospitality for the twenty-second annual meeting saved the day.

Under the leadership of Justin Miller, dean of the law school of the University of Southern California, elected president for 1930, and Erle Fisk Young, Ph.D., chairman of the program committee, plans for the Santa Barbara meeting are well under way. "Social Progress and the Law" has been selected as the Conference theme, but the program will range over the whole field of interests covered by the standing sections.

A cordial invitation is extended to members of social and health agencies of California, and to all persons interested in the problems of social welfare, to attend the sessions of the California Conference of Social Work and affiliated kindred groups —Santa Barbara, May 13 to 17, 1930.

Advance information regarding Conference plans will appear in the February issue of the Conference quarterly, or may be obtained from the executive secretary, Miss Anita Eldridge, Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
Catering Department

Main dining room, private dining rooms and cafeteria.

Facilities for serving private parties and organizations luncheon, tea and dinner.

The main dining room is open from 7 o'clock until 8 o'clock in the evening on week days and from 7:30 o'clock until 8 o'clock on Sundays and holidays.

Special club breakfast
35c to 65c
Table d'hote luncheon
75c and $1.00
Table d'hote dinner $1.00
Table d'hote dinner
Sundays and holidays $1.25
A la carte service in the
dining room daily

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria is open from 11:30 to 1:30 and from 5:30 to 7:00 daily, except Sundays and holidays.

Special luncheon 50c
Special dinner 75c
Special luncheon and
dinner plate 65c

Pies, cake and other foods may be purchased at the Club for use at home.

There is no charge on the third floor for card tables to members making reservations for luncheon or dinner.

STYLE

EVEN WITH EYE-GLASSES THERE MUST BE STYLE

Just as there are eyeglasses for different personalities, so there are eyeglasses for each occasion...a particular style for sports wear... a different sort for the street costume ...for the afternoon bridge... and the more formal lorgnette for evening attire. Come in...let us complete your ensemble with the proper style of eyeglasses.

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Lure of the Dolomites

—URSULA STONE VAN RONKEL.
Member Women's City Club of San Francisco

● As Spring approaches, the great body of American travelers begin to mill about in their minds — "just where is it going to be this year?" Of course Europe is our Mecca for the summer months and we flock over yearly in such droves that it is positively astounding. The usual route of the traveling American is from one large city to another—London to Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, then down through Florence and Rome and so back to Paris — and home. But I often wonder why the pleasure seeking American doesn't go more off the beaten track and see some of the quaint and unusual places as well as the museums and cathedrals.

No spot on earth could be more fascinating or interesting, from all angles than the great Dolomites which rise up so majestically forming a natural border line between Italy and Austria. This was where the Italians and Austrians fought out their end of the war and far more reminders of their conflict remain than can be seen now in the muchly advertised Battlefields' trip in France, for very little has been done to wipe off the scars of war in these remote mountains where great shell holes, rusty barbed wire, trenches and concrete dugouts in the mountain side tell their grim story of death and destruction.

Accessible over Historic Road

● The Dolomites are easily approached from several directions. A very fine motor road leads up to them from Venice, where a motor stage runs daily from June 15 to August 31, the trip taking not more than five hours. A fine road also runs from Vienna through the lovely Austrian Tyrol, great gorges and past lovely lakes to Dobbiacco where the first of the Dolomites are seen. Dobbiacco, on the frontier, now an Italian town, was formerly Toblach, an Austrian settlement, but the great machine guns which the Italians dragged up ten thousand feet to the top of Mount Cristallo, twelve miles away laid it waste in short order. But the most fascinating way to approach the Dolomites, to really get the atmosphere, to drink in their beauty, to imbibe their romance, is to approach them from Bolzano, over The Great Dolomite Road. This Road is one of the finest engineering feats of the world and is marvelous in construction, being sixty-eight miles in length and winding right through the very heart of these grotesquely shaped rose and gray peaks.

Typically Tyrolean

● Bolzano, itself, is worthy of some consideration, for it is charmingly situated on the dashing River Eisak and is surrounded by great roseate ranges, such as the famous Rosengarten and Mendel group. It is such a typically Tyrolean spot, so decidedly Austrian in every aspect and yet by the Versailles Treaty, now an Italian Province. Bozen, of the past, could not have been more characteristic of Austrian influence than is Bolzano of today. The

LUNDY TOURS 1930

Special for June 20th

On June 20th a special tour limited to a selected group of travelers will leave for Europe to visit seven countries and the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau. Owing to limited party, early reservations are necessary to insure comfortable travel.

Our Tour "A" leaving June 6th and personally conducted by Doctor Lundy includes 96 days of Europe's wonders and the "Passion Play."

Tour "B" leaving June 22nd, includes all of Central Europe and Spain and lasts 78 days.

Introducing a Scandinavian Tour — Norway, Sweden and Denmark — in conjunction with our other Tours.

THE PROGRAM OF TOURS
The program of travel for each one of our tours this coming season will include a visit to Oberammergau and an opportunity of witnessing a rendition of the famous Passion Play at no extra cost.

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E. W. CLAPP
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little "place" which is its main square, now bears the name of Piazza Vittorio Emanuele — painted crudely over the old sign "Waltherplatz", and the beam and plaster houses surrounding it with their window boxes full of red and pink geraniums don't suggest Italy and Il Duce in the least.

From Bolzano, the Dolomite Road takes you first to Karer See or Lago di Carezza, as Senior Mussolini now wishes it to be called. This gem of a lake seems just to have been placed where it may act as a mirror for the great snow clad peaks behind it.

Comfort and Beauty

● The Karersee Hotel is the finest one in that part of the country, with a nine hole golf course, etc. but it is as one winds further and further along that road of wonders, that the scenery gets more grand, and the great peaks loom up in sharp cathedral spires of rose color and jagged crags. As one comes through a tunnel in the solid rock, one gets one's first glimpse of Cortina d'Ampezzo, across the lovely Ampezzo valley—Cortina in the very heart of the Dolomites, with Faloria behind it, Cristall overshadowing one side, Antelao another and the great Tofana arising ten thousand six hundred feet in front. Cortina seems to be in a tiny world of its own, shut off from the rest by these giants in pastel shades. It nestles up against the fir and larch trees and dips its feet in the wild Piave River which goes rushing by. The peasants' cottages made of the clean larch, well weathered, with very wide overhanging roofs and tiny balconies, and the fields with here and there a shrine, are quaint in the extreme, and here the Tyrolean atmosphere far predominates the Italian.

Gorgeous Wild Flowers

● If you go early in the season, say June 15, you will be treated by the amazing sight of seeing such an abundance of wild flowers growing in the fields up the steep slopes towards the larch trees, as would make even the blasé Californian gasp in admiration. Great fields of yellow rhinonculas intermingled with blue forget-me-nots, yellow and gold pansies, wild orchids and great quantities of white daisies and lilies-of-the-valley all growing in wild profusion, while towards the middle of July, the hay making season is equally attractive. Across the Valle d'Ampezzo, is suspended an Aerial railway, where one is swung into a bucket carriage and trolleyed over the tree tops to the Belvedere on the far side to the Crepa where a magnificent view is had all down the valley towards Pieve di Cadore, the tiny town where Titian was born.

Fascinating Peasants

● The fascinating garb of the peasants must not be overlooked, for they are clad in the true Tyrolean costume—the women wearing the gay flowered aprons over ruffled blouses tied at the elbows with ribbons and at the neck by a gay kerchief of a harmonizing tone with the apron and topped off by absurd little black hats perched high on their heads, ornamented with black ostrich plumes and long black streamers down their backs. The men wear the green "shorts" of the Tyrol and go bare legged.

But it is a pity to allot only a day or two to the Dolomites for they are so mighty, they must be absorbed slowly.

SACRAMENTO
Leave 6:30 p.m., *Daily Except Sunday*
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JUNE 5, 12, and 16

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See the "Inside Passage" by "Princess" Steamer. Sidetrips by rail and riverboat from scenic Skagway to fascinating historic White Horse, Atlin, Klondyke and the Yukon.

Tours take from 13 to 27 days. Specially reduced fares. Make reservations now through Fred L. Nason, General Agent, 675 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Wandering in Poland

—RUTH AUSTIN

[Formerly of San Francisco, now Executive Secretary of Gad's Hill, Chicago, written to one of her trustees when she was on a recent official trip through Poland. Gad's Hill like Hull House, is one of Chicago's monuments to Service.]

Mukacevo—Russian Podk Czechoslovakia.

Dear Trustee:

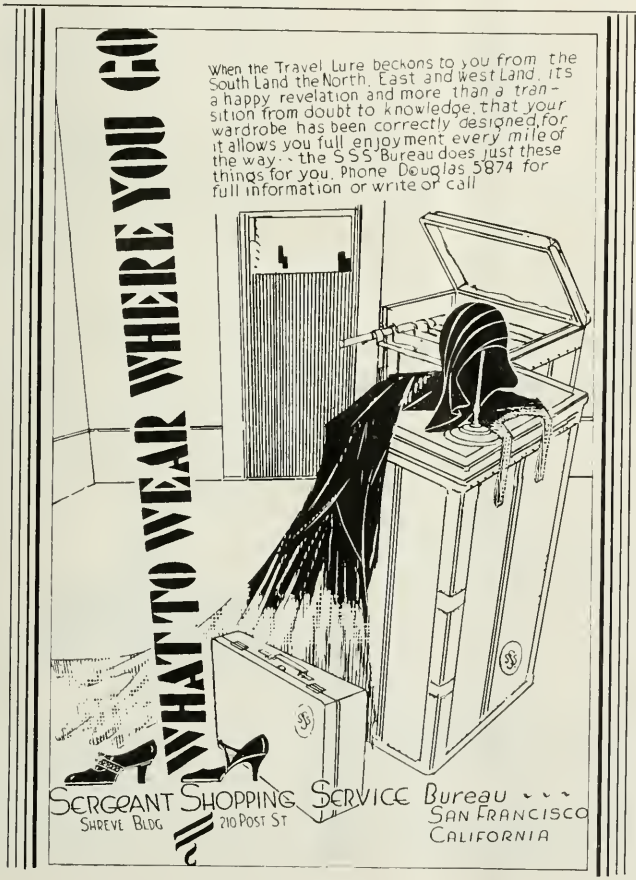
We are having a very good trip with plenty of variety — Poland is certainly a land of contrasts. In Warsaw one jumps from the ninth to the twentieth centuries and back again at every turn as for instance a French motor car held up at a street crossing by a basket weave wagon driven by a peasant woman in gay costume, or the beautiful wide boulevards and fine residences of the new part of town side by side with the crooked up and down cobble streets and tiny houses of the old quarters.

We were much entertained in Warsaw by members of the Ministry of Education and the Y. M. C. A. and were taken to see schools and clinics and castles and playgrounds and houses which were built when Christopher Columbus was a boy and there were no "Hamericas". An old wine cellar with a 1402 date on it has been in the hands of the same family all that time, and the present members are selling drinks of 300-year-old wine at forty dollars for a very small glass. The old town of Warsaw has a square of perhaps ten houses on a side which is almost worth a trip over. The houses, which date from the twelfth century and up to the fifteenth and sixteenth, are all gaily decorated on the outside in soft old blues and reds and other colors, and on some of them are interesting designs in tile or just painted on the stucco. These colors and designs are renewed when too faded, but are kept the same.

Storks and Color

We were taken to a village about fifty miles from Warsaw by the very young wife of the prime minister in her very beauti-

(Continued on page 31)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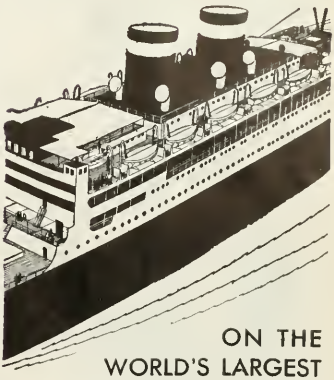

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Dancing, deck sports, swimming. A gay, carefree time all the way.

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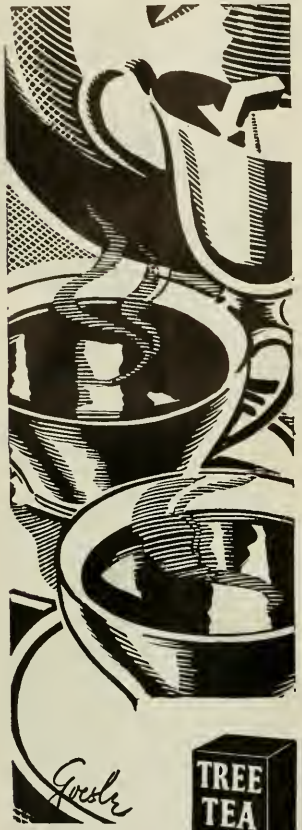
Women's City Club Hom

—CHRIST



TREE TEA
Orange Pekoe

Your pleasure is complete when you are served delicious Tree Tea at the Women's City Club

TREE TEA
M·J·B CO.

● We are agreed that milk, butter and eggs are essential to our well being and should be included in the daily menus, but how to serve them to intrigue the family is another matter. Milk or hot chocolate as a beverage and creamed soups are the background for everyday meals. Ice cream is a real food and will supplement a light dinner when one wishes to utilize left-overs. It does make the meal more "partified" and is a treat to all ages.

A few tested recipes that combine these important foods should be in each homemaker's file as they add variety to the regular fare. Macaroni is splendid for this purpose. It may serve as a starch for the well balanced meal or as a meat substitute when combined with milk, butter and cheese. And in a ring mold form it is delightful for an entree or main course dish. Filled with chicken, shrimps, lobster or crab in cream sauce, with mushrooms or peas it is desirable for the hostess who does her own work.

Macaroni Ring

● To prepare this dish, first boil the paste in salted water for about twenty minutes or until tender, then drain, but do not blanch. (Or, as for other dishes run cold water over it.) Next beat three eggs until light, season with salt and pepper to suit taste, add three-fourths cup milk, (or half milk and half cream if preferred) one tablespoon of melted butter and three cups of cooked macaroni. Noodles may be used if desired. Butter the ring mold, pour in the mixture, then place the mold in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven from thirty to forty minutes or until custard is "set". When done, run a knife around the edge, turn out onto a hot platter and fill center with any preferred creamed dish, arranging a vegetable as the base; or fill the center with creamed diced carrots and peas with broiled lamb chops around the mold.

Chocolate leads as a flavoring in ice cream, puddings of all kinds as well as confections. With children in the home, one frequently has a few cups of hot chocolate leftover from breakfast. This may be utilized by following the recipe for preparing a cooked wheat cereal by substituting the beverage for the water called for; or the chocolate may be sweetened, then heated to boiling point and thickened with cornstarch, which has first been mixed to a smooth paste with some of the liquid. Allow one rounded tablespoon of cornstarch for each cup of cold chocolate.

There are rich chocolate pies for special occasions, but sometimes we prefer the simple desserts. To make one without eggs: Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler: sweeten to suit taste (about one cup granulated sugar) and a pinch of salt. In the meantime dissolve three level tablespoons of cornstarch, also three rounding teaspoons of cocoa or ground chocolate in an-

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Your Lenten diet may be varied in many delightful ways by using
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ON

other cup of cold milk and add to the heated milk as it reaches the boiling point. Stir constantly until it thickens, then let cook for fifteen minutes. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and let cool slightly before pouring into a baked pastry shell. Top with a meringue or sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Vienna Cream Pie

● Have ready a baked pastry shell; in the bottom spread a thin layer of raspberry jam, over the jam a layer of the cooked cream and top with a meringue. Criss cross the meringue with a hot iron if the brown decoration is desired, or sprinkle with cocoanut if you like.

To prepare the cooked cream: Mix together one cup of sugar, one-third cup of flour and a speck of salt; over this pour two cups of scalded milk, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler and cook for fifteen minutes. Have ready two beaten egg yolks; over them pour the hot cream, return to boiler and cook just two minutes longer. Set aside until cold–not cool. Whip one-half cup of pastry cream until stiff—fold into the cooked cream and arrange over jam as directed above.

Cottage cheese is another form of milk as a food. It may be used in a variety of salads, as a stuffing for cooked prunes; a filling for halves of peaches or a spoonful upon a ring of pineapple. Without mayonnaise it makes an excellent luncheon dish for those who desire to lose weight. A dessert that is different is a cake made of this cheese.

Cottage Cheese Cake

● First make the dough; mix and sift one cup of flour with one-fourth cup of sugar and one-half teaspoon of baking powder. Next work in one tablespoon of butter, and one slightly beaten egg. Roll out as pie crust and use to line an oblong pan. This amount will make just one cake.

For the filling: Dissolve one heaping tablespoon of cornstarch in one cup of cream; beat three egg yolks until thick; to them add one cup of sugar and blend well. Then slowly add the cream-cornstarch mixture and one pint of cottage cheese, which has been rubbed through a coarse sieve. Next add the juice and grated rind of one-half lemon and lastly the stiffly whipped egg whites. Turn the mixture into the pan lined with the cooky dough and place in a hot oven. Bake fast for the first five minutes to "set", then reduce the heat and bake slowly as you would any custard pie. Test it with a silver knife—if it comes out clean, you will know that it is done.

▲ ▲ ▲

Swimming Pool Privileges

City Club members may purchase Courtesy Cards for guests at the Swimming Office. Daughters and wards of members must be accompanied by the member or must have a letter on file in Swimming Office.

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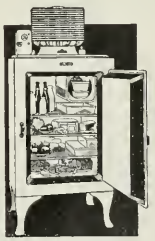

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HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone Number .....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

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● One of the privileges offered City Club members is the opportunity to have a complete medical examination yearly or biennially, as you wish.

The last word in health conservation is periodic health examinations. It is important to find out how *well* you are.

The semi-annual service is offered in the spring and in the fall by a medical group. This year the dates are April 1 to April 15, inclusive. To former patrons of the periodic health examinations we would like to emphasize that the value of a repetition of the examination is the meaning of the word *periodic*. A few members have appreciated this. But we want to educate all of our patrons to appreciate this point.

Begin now to evaluate your health conditions and keep it up at from one to two year intervals.

The City Club committee on Periodic Health Examinations is is as follows:

Mrs. A. P. Black
Mrs. Parker Maddux
Miss Emma Noonan, *treasurer*
Dr. Ina Richter
Dr. Adelaide Brown, *chairman*

The staff of Periodic Health Examinations is:

MEDICAL EXAMINERS:
Dr. Ethel Owen
Dr. Ina M. Richter

GYNAECOLOGICAL EXAMINER:
Dr. Alma Pennington

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Health Notes

(Dr. Brown sent the following notes via air mail as she was en route to Chicago to attend one of the White House Conference Committees on Child Welfare.)

The eugenic lectures recently conducted in San Francisco were successful beyond our most optimistic prognostications. Our speakers addressed audiences, most appreciative and attentive, of from 250 to 400 people, men and women.

Two lectures where we had visiting speakers were preceded by dinners in our Mural Room and the touch of social appreciation was very pleasant, Our City Club staff were most helpful.

The San Francisco Center public health committee engineered the course with its efficient machinery and we felt when the course was over that an innovation might become a regular lecture service each year. The course was given under the auspices of the American Association of University Women, San Francisco Bay Branch.

Margaret Sanger has been organizing a Western committee for adding to the federal law so that physicians and druggists may use the mails for advice as to certain health matters, this being today barred by law.

From the East our committee has received telegrams urging our support of Margaret Sanger and we sent a delegate to the Los Angeles meetings. It is to help you to be intelligent on legislative efforts to improve health, social and economic conditions surrounding women's lives that this resume is sent out to our membership.

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.

▲ ▲ ▲

Appreciation

"Miss Marion Leale,
President, Women's City Club.
My Dear Miss Leale:

I want to express my sincere appreciation for the article which appeared in the last Women's City Club Magazine on the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association.

The Commnity Chest has found this a very valuable publicity medium and we have received many favorable comments on the article.

Ruth A. Turner,
Chairman, Public Relations Committee, Community Chest of San Francisco."

What Sponsorship Means

● Sponsoring a candidate for membership in the Women's City Club is not a trivial matter to be carelessly done and forgotten. A member who endorses another as a desirable fellow member takes upon herself a responsibility, in degree, for the personnel of her Club, and, remembering that the chain is as strong as its weakest link, she is charged with the full onus of each link she proposes or seconds. Her privilege of proposing novitiates to the City Club is that of contributing to the perpetuation of the institution for her daughter's daughters and the community generally.

She holds in fee a trust and every time she proposes a new member or endorses a proposal her responsibility for the character and integrity of that person is keen and direct.

▲ ▲ ▲

Training Course Offered

A Training Course in Camp Fire Leadership on Monday evenings until March 31, from 7:30 to 10 o'clock at the new Camp Fire House at 325 Arguello Boulevard, is offered to all interested in girls.

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Resources Over 15 Millions

Women Invest in Building and Loans

—L. M. ROTH

● More than 45 per cent of the 437,584 Investors in the 240 California building-loan associations are women, according to a survey just completed by the California Building-Loan league. The total number of women investors is now 222,475, compared with 62,634 four years ago and 26,531 in 1920. The number increased more than 51,000 in the past year, or 30 per cent.

With each building-loan investment averaging $798, the women of California control about $199,480,000 of the $443,288,000 resources of these institutions. Approximately 40 per cent of the individual wealth of the nation is in the hands of women, it is variously estimated. The league survey shows California women as owning an ever greater proportion of the assets of building-loan. No other financial group has as large a percentage of women customers, attesting to the fact that many women still handle the family savings.

Guaranty Building and Loan Association, with offices in the principal Bay Cities, has made a survey of its accounts opened during the first fifteen days of January, 1930, the New Interest Term Period for this Association. The survey revealed many interesting facts, among which were that it opened 1096 accounts through its San Jose office; 53 per cent of these accounts were opened by women and girls, and 47 per cent men and boys. It was interesting to note that 28 per cent of the accounts opened were joint, and with few exceptions, were accounts of husbands and wives. In the greater per cent of the cases, the accounts were opened by the wife. 76 of the 1096 accounts opened were trustee accounts, and again were opened chiefly by the wife or mother.

This Association believes that this record

"Buy on Investment Appraisals"

Sound . . .

Just as the Mariner sounds the depths of the briny deep to know where he is, and steers his course by the stars, so must the investor use the "Investment Appraisal" as the sounding instrument and the "Investment Counselor" as the guiding star in the "sea of investment."

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March Gift Suggestions

Some very unusual values in Potteries, Spode China, smart new Leather Bags, Boudoir and Living-room Lamps, East India Brasses, Art Boxes, and many other desirable articles for the home, for prizes and gifts.

The League Shop offers interesting displays at reasonable prices

***The* LEAGUE SHOP**

Owned and operated by the
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
In the corner of the Main Lobby

is fairly representative of its accounts as a whole. It accounts for the large number of female investors from the fact that the wife ordinarily manages the family budget and sees to it that the savings are safely invested. The reason for this is, no doubt, that most men are occupied during the day, so allot this task to the wife. A second reason is that there are more women in business today earning salaries and therefore there are more women savers. It is a recognized fact that the more educated the woman, the more careful she is in investing her savings. She seeks, first, safety, and will not sacrifice safety to yield.

Probably the fundamental reason that women show preference to Building and Loan Associations is the fact that they appreciate the service these associations are rendering the country. Their loaning plan appeals to women, because they know it is enabling thousands of families in the United States, each year, to acquire homes of their own.

Of course, the principal reasons that the women of this country are willing to entrust their savings to Building and Loan Associations are:

First, the excellent security, first trust deeds on mortgages on improved real estate;

Second, the profitable income, which in California, is generally six per cent interest per annum compounded semi-annually; and

Third, the convenience with which the account may be added to or withdrawn from.

When we take into consideration the many appeals the Building and Loan service has for women, it is not surprising that they are patronizing them.

Knowledge is Power

(In Finance as in Other Realms)

—AGNES N. ALWYN

● Many times people ask me to recommend books on the subject of investments in order that they may become well informed on financial affairs. There are a number of valuable text-books available but in my opinion one excellent source of information is the financial section of a good newspaper.

I always recommend that the student of finance commence with the financial page, even though many consider it uninteresting. This charge is frequently true because many dreary reports and statistics appear together with articles that are purely advertisement for securities which are being offered to the public.

However, every important political or economical happening is reflected in the securities market and a well edited financial page will contain much of interest. Security owners are numbered by the millions today where in former years they could be counted in the tens of thousands.

There are listed on the New York Stock Exchange for trading twenty-seven hundred different securities with a market value of more than a hundred billion dollars. In the United States there are dozens of important security exchanges while many

You use but little Salt - -

Let that little be the *Best.*

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millions worth of securities change hands in what is known as "over the counter" market. The total number of security owners in the United States can only be guessed at, but the report of the President's committee showed seventeen million stockholders in 1928.

There are six companies of world-wide reputation whose stockholders and bondholders alone aggregate a million and a half people. The United States Steel Company has approximately one hundred and sixty-eight thousand stockholders, General Motors one hundred twenty-five thousand, the Pennsylvania Railroad one hundred fifty-eight thousand, North American Company two hundred sixty thousand and American Telephone Company four hundred fifty-nine thousand. These are stockholders alone. There are no available figures as to the number of people who own the bonds of these six companies.

With millions of our people owning securities by the billions it is necessary that they should have a background of the facts for their investments.

When you read the financial page look for essential underlying facts that will determine values rather than for superficial news which may or may not directly effect temporary prices. As you read through stock and bond quotations notice especially the trend of seasoned securities that may be regarded as barometers, as well as the stocks that you own and are directly interested in.

For instance, United States Steel, General Electric, Atchison Topeka Railroad and General Motors are all seasoned stocks and price changes in them are significant of market trend. In bonds one may look at the price of such bonds as Union Pacific 4%, American Telephone 5% and Swedish Government 5½%. In the long run stock prices are determined by values. Earnings make values. Earnings statements are of the most value when studied on a comparative basis.

Remember that the profits of most companies fluctuate according to the season of the year. Comparisons with the corresponding period of the year are therefore more instructive than comparisons with the period that precedes the one for which current earnings are reported.

Car loadings are one of the most significant indexes of the state of business as a whole, as well as of the railroad business in particular. Car loadings normally increase rapidly in the fall and decline in the early part of the year. So read the weekly car loading report for business indications.

Time money and commercial paper prices also indicate financial conditions. Time money and commercial paper show the trend of the money market.

The Federal Reserve Bank statements should be read carefully and intelligently. Note the current reserve ratio as compared with those of the week or a year ago.

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Service from 8:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

Poland

(Continued from page 23)

fully appointed car. We drove through fields of sugar beets which looked like fields of poppies, there were so many be-costumed women and children working in them. We were thrilled to see huge storks walking about farmyards and we saw one nest with young in it.

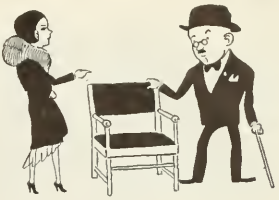
One Sunday afternoon we went off by ourselves to an old village and had supper in a peasant's house, after which some young people danced and sang folk songs to the first American visitors they had ever had. We went to Krakow from Warsaw and were taken about by Mr. Eric Kelley of Dartmouth, author of "The Trumpeteer of Krakow".

Villages in Carpathians

We struck some church holidays in Krakow, at which time pilgrimages are made by hundreds of peasants to churches, shrines and other places of interest, so everywhere we went we ran into the gaily dressed crowds. The costumes, the marketplace, the flowers and the quaint shops were pictures never to be forgotten, and we enjoyed them thoroughly. We went from Krakow to Zakapane by motor bus and it was a wonderful ride straight into the mountains (Carpathians). From there we crossed the frontier into Czechoslovakia. After five changes of train we came to this village of Mukacevo which is very near the Russian and Roumanian borders. It is a town of some thirty thousand people with not a vestige of a sewerage system but is most picturesque nevertheless. The first three years after we moved into the new Gads Hill building a Bohemian girl who was in Neva Boyd's school lived with us and we all loved her greatly. After she graduated from the Recreation Training School she did welfare work for the Wilson Company in the yards—then she came back to Prague and worked in an orphanage for four years. After that she married a civil engineer and came to this town. We have always kept in touch with her and it's like coming home to be with her here. This part of the country is one of the "Little Russias" which was parceled out to Czechoslovakia after the war and the Czechs are building schools, hospitals, roads, etc., as fast as they can. The people are a very primitive lot, a mixture of races; Russian, Jewish, Hungarian, Roumanian and others. The Red Cross office in Mukacevo is doing work in sixty mountain villages and for the past two days we have been taken to many of these,a two-day ride by auto over 200 miles of mountain roads.

There are wonderful roads here, kept up by the "military", as it is so near two frontiers.

The doctor who took us on this trip is a fine man who sees social work as a whole and in each of these villages the Red Cross



SOLD!

He: But, dearest, if you get this new furniture what are you going to do with all the old?

She: Oh, Harry, won't you ever learn that when one has something that is no longer needed, one always puts a little Want Ad in The Examiner, and pouf! —it's sold—and one has the cash instead.

The Examiner's phone number, by the way, is SUtter 2424 —East Bay, GLencourt 5442. You may phone your Want Ad.

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has a clinic and a social worker who does everything for the people, from nursing to the administration of law.

One social worker found that there was an ancient law which said that any wine shop which sold liquor to a man on a "charge account" up to 1000 kronin lost the whole amount—and this has helped to free many a poor wretch who would otherwise have been in bondage for life—and has given him courage to stop drinking to excess. If you owe all you'll ever have, why not keep on drinking—seems to have been the philosophy.

Smoke and Pigs

We went into houses where there was no chimney or stove-pipe and the smoke of the peat fire just oozed out or stayed in. In one village the doctor made a call on a sick man and we were invited into the house. The cow and pig occupied the front room (parlor) and the family of four the next room, sharing it with the hens and chickens (I felt there might be other occupants also!). Under the two beds were the potatoes and cabbages, and on top of the stove milk, cheese and bread were kept. Herbs and sheep skins hung from the rafters, not to waste room. The table and benches were hand-made and beautifully carved, and the shirt the man wore and the dress of the woman were heavily embroidered in beautiful cross stitch. The family had had very bad luck as they had just lost a young cow, for which they had spent the savings of years, about thirty dollars.

We go back to Prague on Wednesday, then back to Vienna, Budapest and the Adriatic and up to Geneva for that educational conference and then, Home. I'm full of plans for "Gads Hill" so you see I'm rested and I hope I'll be worth something to you in the coming year. Oh—one of the nicest experiences I've had was meeting one of our own boys on the street at Zakapane. He came to Poland with a gymnastic society and was seeing the sights when we laid eyes on each other—and he threw both arms around me proclaiming to the world at large that we had known each other for eight years and more and Gads Hill Center was his "best home".

▲ ▲ ▲

Volunteer Service to Assist in Beauty Salon

● Volunteer Service, one of the important departments of the Women's City Club, will assist in the Beauty Salon of the Club. Volunteers are *not* operators in the Beauty Salon, *but* Volunteer Service is now represented there.

Up to the present the Beauty Salon was the only department operated by the Club in which Volunteer Service played no part. Beginning Monday, February 24, volunteers will report daily and serve during the busy hours from ten to twelve o'clock.

The duties of these Club members will be to make appointments, to greet you, to acquaint you in a moment's conversation with what is the latest and best, whether it be in wave lengths, complexions, or rose tipped finger nails. With new equipment, expert operators, and Volunteer Service at the desk, there is no doubt that the Beauty Salon will be able to give you better service than ever before.

Volunteer Service carries on continually in many departments but during the year there comes to each a season of increased activity. For the past weeks Volunteers in the Clerical branch of the service have worked diligently and faithfully and will continue to do so for weeks to come. Any member with office experience, who can file or type or who is interested in office work will be a valuable addition to our corp of workers.

Sign the Volunteer Service Book in Miss Osborn's office, fourth floor, for any type of Volunteer Service which appeals to you.

MRS. W. F. BOOTH, JR.,
Chairman Women's City Club Volunteer Service Committee.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

APRIL · 1930

Volume IV Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy No. 3 ★

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

APRIL 1, 1930

LECTURES BY DR. H. H. POWELL
"Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God." Mondays at 11 o'clock. Chinese Room. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, *Chairman.*

APPRECIATION OF ART
Lecture every Monday at 12 noon. Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION
Every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Room 208. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, *Director.*

CONTRACT BRIDGE LESSONS
Every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Board Room. Thomas L. Staples, *Instructor.*
Lessons $1.00 each.

LEAGUE BRIDGE
Every Tuesday, 2 and 7:30 o'clock. Chinese Room. Miss Emogene Hutchinson, *Chairman.*

CURRENT EVENTS
Every Wednesday at 11 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Leader.*

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS
Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Chinese Room. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman.*

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS
Second Sunday each month, at 8:20 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, *Chairman.*

PERIODIC HEALTH EXAMINATIONS
April 1 to 15 inclusive. Dr. Adelaide Brown, *Chairman.*
(Appointments must be made in advance at the Executive Office, Fourth Floor.)

DECORATIVE ARTS EXHIBITION
Opening Saturday evening, April 19, at 8 o'clock.
Open thereafter daily from 10 to 10 including May 4.

April 2—Tea in honor of Miss Ruth Pyrtle . . . . . *American Room* 4:00 o'clock
of Lincoln, Nebraska, President of National Education Association.

3—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 o'clock
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Woman of Andros" by Thornton Wilder. (Reservations $1.00, must be made in advance.)

3—Dr. Joseph C. Thompson . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
"Psycho-Analysis of Human Behavior."

4—Outdoor Section. Mrs. G. Earle Kelley, Leader . . . . . 10:00 o'clock
Members of the section will meet in front of the Bank of Italy, Daly City. Take car to Daly City, via Mission Street. Take sandwich.

4—Dinner in honor of Lady Agnes Adams . . . *Main Dining Room* 6:30 o'clock
After the dinner Lady Adams will give a lecture on "The Art of Table Conversation." (Reservations $1.25, must be made in advance.)

9—Lecture on International Barriers . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Professor Raymond Gettell. Subject: "Institutional Barriers."

10—Postmaster H. L. Todd . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
"The Evolution of the Post Office."

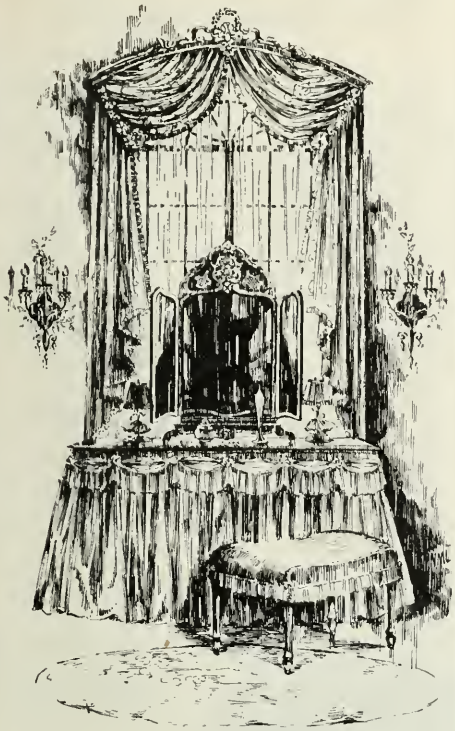
13—Sunday Evening Concert . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:20 o'clock
Hostesses: Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor and
Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr.

17—Mr. William G. Marvin . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
"The Foreign Policy of the United States."

18—Outdoor Section. Mrs. G. Earle Kelley, Leader. . . . . 10:00 o'clock
Members of the section will meet outside Fleishhacker Pool (end of car line) and will visit Fort Funston. Take sandwich.

19—Opening of Decorative Arts Exhibition . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 o'clock
(Open to public. No admission fee.)

24—Miss Lillian O'Neil . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Reading of Preston Sturges' Play—"Strictly Dishonorable."



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The Women's City Club Magazine School Directory

SPRING PROBLEMS OF CHILD EDUCATION

April is not a bit too early to give careful consideration to the summer playground for the children. Most parents who are planning extended trips abroad have already settled the matter but those who expect to vacation within the confines of the Western Hemisphere have been trying to arrange affairs for the youngsters which will not be dull and uninteresting. Even the idea of travel abroad palls in the mind of the extreme youth and most of the younger generation would take life in the mountains or at the seashore in preference to any other form of vacation.

For the parent who would place the child in an environment comparable to home surroundings, with all the associations and broadening influence of contemporary youth, the School Directory of this magazine offers a wide variety of highly recommended schools and camps.

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SPRING PROBLEMS OF CHILD EDUCATION

Word has just come to us from Dr. Hibbs of the highly successful results accomplished through his advertising in this magazine. The school, located in the mountains in close proximity to Los Gatos is an all year institution of exceptionally high standard. Any one seeking a more than ordinary place for physical as well as mental development can well afford to call at the "Top-o-the-Hill" school and discuss their problem with Dr. and Mrs. Hibbs.

Other schools and camps catering to summer students and recreationalists are, Camp Natoma for girls in the Sierra, Pacific Coast Military Academy at Menlo Park for boys, Crows' Nest Farm at San Juan Bautista for children. Crows' Nest is conducted by the charming director of the Alice Canfield School on Buchanan Street. Montezuma School at Los Gatos offers attractions for the youthful male in the way of riding, swimming and military life while Miss Harker's School at Palo Alto has equal inducements of interest to the Miss.

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THE NEW ADVENTURES of ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 6

● All the under-sea world was in a turmoil! "Where's Alice—where's Alice —" resounded on all sides. Crowds were gathering on corners — fish of all classes rushed hither and thither, traffic was suspended. The rock cod traffic cops were blowing their whistles and waving their fins in frantic efforts to restore order.

"Foul play—that's what it looks like," croaked a goggle-eyed salmon with a large pink stomach.

"Foul play—foul play"—the crowd took it up, and the murmur swept over the multitude like a storm cloud, gathering momentum as it went.

"She was our guest," sobbed a sentimental looking smelt, "a dweller in our midst, a sacred charge—how can we ever—"

"Oh, drown the sobs, Smelty," called a racy looking mackerel in a checked suit—"let's get going. Now—who saw her last?"

"I did" squeaked a shrill little sardine at the edge of the crowd — "I saw her last night coming out of her apartment about six o'clock—all dressed up—and smiling like this—" he screwed up the corners of his mouth in what he evidently felt was a demonstration of extreme gaiety.

"Speak to her?" asked the mackerel.

"Sure I did—I said 'hello Alice'—just like that—and she said hello back—and I said—"

A pompous looking sea bass elbowed his way through the crowd—"If you'll allow me," he said puffing out his gills, "I'll take charge of this fellow—I happen to be a lawyer! Now, young man," to the sardine—"you say she said 'hello back'—"

"No, not 'hello back'—just 'hello.'"

"Nothing else?" suspiciously.

"Oh, yes — she said a lot of things—'Don't I look nice, Sardy,' she said—'See I've got on my ducky Esther Rothschild Spring frock—and my Summer fur from The Hudson Bay—and my darling new Frank More pumps with the reptilian trimming—Yrto Footwear, from the French shop! And I've had a piping hot bath (thanks to my precious Pittsburg heater), all full of Ladd's delicious bath salts—and a gorgeous Erickson and Swenson massage! And I feel like a million dollars!'"

"Ha," cried the sea bass in a deep voice —"she said that, did she—'I feel like a million dollars,' you're sure she said that—be careful, sir—this is very important—"

The sardine whitened around the gills —"Well—I'm practically sure—I—I—"

"Ah ha — he's only practically sure—he's—"

(Continued on page 29)

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Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone KEarny 8400

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Vol. IV April 1930 No. 3

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Thru Lands of Long Ago to.....

NEW YORK

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"Helen," the picture contributed to the Women's City Club by Matteo Sandona, San Francisco artist, who painted it as a tribute to the young American womanhood.

It was shown in the recent Bohemian Club Art Exhibit and now hangs on the west wall of the Women's City Club dining room.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nycean barks of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn traveler bore
To his own native land.

—EDGAR ALLEN POE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

April brings five choice programs for members of the women's city club and their guests, with subjects appealing to a diversity of tastes . . .

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

Music

Has "well-apparell'd April" been calling you all day Sunday to ride on the highway to the Blossom Festival, or have you remained indoors all day, reading some choice book or writing that long-delayed letter? Whatever it may be that has caused you to feel a bit of weariness as the evening of a busy Sunday draws in, remember then the Sunday Evening Concert that takes place in the Women's City Club Auditorium every second Sunday in the month.

"Then Music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

The Sunday Evening Concert for this month will take place on the evening of April 13. The Hostesses for the occasion are Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr., and Mrs. Jesse Wilson Taylor. Events on the program will be: two groups of piano solos, by Mrs. E. G. Smith; two groups of songs by Cora Woodward, mezzo-soprano; some numbers by the Women's City Club Choral; and two groups of songs, original compositions of Francesca Vallejo, by Eric Gerson, Baritone. Francesca Vallejo will accompany him at the piano.

▲ ▲ ▲

Pictures in glass

The promised reward is here. Mr. Charles J. Connick will talk on the subject of Stained Glass and Glass Design in the Lounge of the Club on the evening of Wednesday, April 16.

Mr. Connick is the designer of the stained glass windows that are now being placed in the Lady Chapel of Grace Cathedral. This distinguished master is very enthusiastic over his art and has gladly accepted the Women's City Club's invitation to speak. The lecture will be under the Special Chairmanship of Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart, assisted by a large committee so that the good news about the unusual opportunity of hearing first hand information about this fascinating art will be carried to the membership and their friends. There will be no fee for this occasion. A cordial invitation is here issued to the membership and friends to participate in this rare treat.

Remember, the Lounge, April 16, a talk on stained glass.

▲ ▲ ▲

Is table conversation an art?

Many good things come with the Spring. The first good thing that is coming to the Club this Spring is the dinner to be given in honor of Lady Agnes A. Adams, on Friday evening, at 6:30 o'clock, April 4, in the Main Dining Room. Lady Adams is a brilliant Scotswoman, who is an author and a lecturer affiliated with the University of California. She is the wife of Emeritus Professor Sir John Adams. She has lectured in five countries, is a regular contributor to the large daily papers in Scotland, England and the United States, and writes extensively for the Atlantic Monthly and similar magazines.

Above all, Lady Adams is a very human woman, and speaks with vigor and wit. She knows and loves humanity, with all its foibles. Her special subject on Friday evening, April 4, will be "The Art of Table Conversation." We all agree that this is a very apt topic. Members and friends are cordially invited to join with the Board of Directors in the enjoyment of this truly delightful and social evening. Tickets are $1.25. Reservations may be made at the Information Desk.

The last lecture

● With a seeming increasing tempo the months have slipped away and the last lecture in the series of eight monthly lectures on International Barriers to Peace is about to be enjoyed. This last lecture will take place as usual on the second Wednesday evening of this month, April 9, in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club. Dean Raymond G. Gettell of the Department of Political Science, University of California, will be the speaker. Dean Gettell has recently returned from a European Tour. His many friends in the Club membership are looking forward with great pleasure to hearing him speak and are waiting to extend to him a hearty welcome on his return. His subject will be "Institutional Barriers." Professor Gettell was called to the Political Science Department of the University of California in 1923. He was Recorder of the United States Shipping Board, 1917-1918. He holds a membership in the American Historical Association, also in the American Political Science Association. He is the author of several books on Political Science, especially one on the Constitution of the United States, and numerous articles in various periodicals.

It is hoped that those who have found profit and enjoyment in this series of lectures on Peace will put on their thinking caps and be ready with suggestions for a similar course of lectures next Fall.

▲ ▲ ▲

Noteworthy gift

The Women's City Club was the favored recipient of a very beautiful and valuable gift a few weeks ago. Matteo Sandona, the distinguished portrait painter, has painted an idealized portrait of a young woman, especially for the City

Club, and has presented it to the Club. This portrait is not that of any definite woman, but a painting that embodies the Spirit of the National League for Woman's Service. The picture hangs in the main dining room, on the west wall. The Women's City Club, in the name of the entire membership takes this further opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Sandona for his lovely gift.

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Anniversary meeting

May 14 is the fifth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Women's City Club. On that evening, a membership meeting will be held. Full details will be published in the next magazine. Save the time, mark your calendar — Wednesday evening, May 14.

Special French lessons

Mme. Olivier will again this Summer offer to the members of this Club the special course she has given during the previous Summers and have proven so successful.

20 lessons $16.00 for one *private* pupil.

20 lessons $25.00 for groups of two.

These 20 lessons must be taken between the first of April and the first of September.

There will be no other French classes until September first and in view of the popularity of those Summer courses, members who are interested will do well to register as soon as possible and see Mme. Olivier for the nominal hour.

Dr. Powell's talks

Commencing with Monday morning, April 7, Dr. H. H. Powell will give a series of talks on two special subjects, which will conclude his group of lectures on "Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God." They are:

April 7—Immortality.

April 14—Summary of the series.

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Available space

The City Club desires to bring to the notice of the membership that there is for rent, on the second floor, space that is ideal for headquarters for one or more organizations. It will be very much appreciated if any member, who hears of possible rentors, will so inform the Club.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, who, as President of the National League for Woman's Service assisted at the ceremony of turning the first shovelful of earth for the City Club Building. She is here shown standing on the platform of the great steam shovel, with serpentine flying. That was in December, five years ago. Then came the laying of the cornerstone, the fifth anniversary of which is to be celebrated May 14, next.

Bachelors are like that

—VOLTAIRE, III.

Women's City Club Members
San Francisco, Calif.
Dear Girls:

● A bachelor living at home with three Women's City Club members can't help seeing your Magazine around the house. It's a great little paper which you can well be proud of and if your editor will let me, I'm going to try and help keep it so by writing you a few lines each month, which I hope will be of interest.

I don't know what you girls think of a man's club, but surely you must have some idea. That's why I'm writing you to let you in on the real truth. I hope you won't be disappointed. . . . Yes, my club is just as exclusively male as yours is female. We too have a salt water swimming pool, only we calls ours just plain "tank". Our beauty parlor is just an old fashioned "barber shop" and our Gift Shop is our old bar where we now can purchase soft drinks, smokes and candy. However, our bar is truly a "Gift Shop" for the boys who play poker or bridge overtime and rush home to wifey with their tale of woe and a nice box of candy to appease her wrath. The later they leave the club the larger the box of candy. But the time at the club when the fellows are most natural is in the afternoon between five and six when the poor-rich-men drop in for a swim before returning home to receive orders for the evening. Here in the shower room one sees men of all shapes and wealth standing around drying themselves after their work-out sitting in the hot-room or steam-room and their swim standing under a shower. Yes, girls, clothes make the man, but no clothes certainly unmake him, even if he does wear a rubber cap instead of a toupe. Of course you girls have seen plenty of your men at the beaches, etc., but you don't know half of it. You'd be surprised to know what a boy your old man of sixty really is. . . . Many of you girls think that all men talk about when they're at their club is women. No, No, my dears, men love themselves too much to think of much else than themselves. You'd be surprised to hear what the really big men of the community talk about. Outside of their own physical condition and prospects for a narrow waist line, very often the subject of discussion will be safety razor blades in all their phases, after-shaving lotion or baldness, but when they get real vulgar they will discuss a certain rich salad dressing they recently ate or a place where you can get the best baked-alaska in town. These vital subjects, which you must admit are of much importance to the welfare of mankind are very fluently discussed by our biggest bankers, brokers and big-business heads. I do admit, however, that at times it's possible for the conversation to drift to stocks and bonds, but be assured in no time the subject is back to razor blades and hair tonic. Though this hour in the athletic department of a man's club is one of relaxation for the "tired" business man, it has it's distressing moments like every other pleasure. Can you visualize a man standing under a nice luke warm shower perhaps singing to himself in some strange key, when he is paged and has to go to a telephone booth about a hundred feet away, all dripping wet dragging a bath towel and upon reaching the booth and standing in it for a couple of minutes waiting for his connection, he is connected with his dear little wife who instructs him very carefully not to forget to bring home with him for dinner fifteen cents worth of nice fresh and crisp water crackers? Then a bachelor realizes what "This thing called love" really is.

If your editor will let me, next month I'm going to tell you about professional kibitzers and what a "work-out" in the "gim" really means to an important man of the business world.

Wishing you many bargains in your spring shopping, strength of character with your dieting and good luck in procuring the latest "good" books at the circulating library.

▲ ▲ ▲

Friends

I cannot pass a dog or horse
Without some form of greeting;
Glance catches glance, as if of course
To celebrate our meeting;
And I am joyful with the birds;
We know each other without words,
Life to life so well accords.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS.

I have been reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS; *by Thornton Wilder;* Albert and Charles Boni, N. Y.; $2.50.

● I have read a poem, a Greek play! But it calls itself prose. "The Woman of Andros" betrays some of Thornton Wilder's secrets. Since the appearance of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," its 250,000 readers have been asking questions, wondering how he achieves his inimitable effects. "Some of them are still arguing about what it all meant." We have all known that he is a stylist. But he is also a classicist. Having left Lawrenceville Academy, where he was a master in 1928, he is now lecturing on classical literature at the University of Chicago. *Time* says of him, "The secret of Author Wilder's success in his style,—one of the most readable styles ever produced by a United States writer. Highbrows call it limpid. Plain people call it pretty smooth." I suppose that expresses the opinion both of those who think they know what Wilder means, and those who do not! His style *is* "smooth,"—as smooth as a polished gem; so smooth, so flashing with radiant lights, that it is difficult to find a mark of the lapidary's tool. But here and there one finds a trace which helps one to guess.

I wonder how many hours, years, he has spent with Latin, Greek, Italian? There are lines that scan, lines that sing. The very first sentence of the book is music: "The earth sighed as it turned in its course; the shadow of night crept gradually along the Mediterranean, and Asia was left in darkness." Here and there in his pages, one falls, plump! into the very construction of Caesar's Gallic Wars: "Pamphilus, having helped his father in the warehouse and being in no mood for exercising in the field, started out to walk to the highest point on the island." Now listen! On one page of the Gallic Wars: "Caesar, having perceived the camp of the enemy deserted, covers the military insignia." "Caesar, having accomplished the object which he had in view, ordered the signal to be sounded." "Caesar, on being informed of this circumstance, sends several troops of horse."

One would not be surprised to find, in any one of his musical sentences, the very onomatopoeia of Virgil's running horses. His ear has been tuned, I am quite sure, to the rhythms of all the great poets of the ages, from the Latins and the Greeks down to the dreamers who wrote,

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to sunless sea,"

and

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn!"

And so he has won through to a style that is well-nigh faultless.

Everywhere through his prose recur beautiful little songs, like the choruses of a Greek play, which need only the re-arrangement of one of our "new verse" writers to make us recognize them as lyrics. Like this:

> "As the first lights appeared,
> The women retired;
> As the air was filled with the clangor
> Of the shop fronts being put into place,
> The boys' voices ceased;
> And finally only the murmur of the
> men in the wineshops,
> Playing at games with ivory counters,
> Mingled with the sounds from the sea.
> A confused starlight,
> Already apprehensive of the unrisen
> moon,"—

isn't that poetry?

And Socrates' prayer to Pan:

> "Beloved Pan,
> And all ye other gods who haunt this place,
> Grant that I may become beautiful in the inner
> man,
> And whatever I possess without
> Be in harmony with that which is within.
> May I esteem the wise men alone to be rich.
> And may my store of gold be such
> As none but the good may bear.—
> Phaedrus, need we say anything more?"

But I must not steal from you the joy of finding the songs for yourselves,—for they are many.

The book is so full of epigrams that it is tantalizing to choose. "He had made a fool of himself, but in good hands one does not mind." "When she left it the house was empty. The personalities of her flock were extinguished." "That resentment which is the complement of devotion. She did not realize that this wasting of love in fretfulness was one of the principal activities of the planet." "Lift every roof, and you will find seven puzzled hearts." "The caress of the hands in first love, and never so simply again, seems to be a sharing of courage, an alliance of two courages against a confusing world." "The most exhausting of all our adventures is that journey down the long corridors of the mind to the last halls where belief is enthroned." "Simo suddenly realized that he lived among people of thin natures and that he was lonely; he was out of practice in conversing with sovereign personalities whose every speech arose from resources of judgment and inner poise."

But you would like to know what the story is all about, perhaps? Why bring that up? "The places and dates he uses are to the fabric a device to hold the golden threads while the pattern is being wrought. Holding that the true function of literature is the notation of the heart, his theme is always the ageless problem of love and death." The first part of "The Woman of Andros" is based upon the *Andria,* a comedy of Terence (185-159 B. C.), who in turn based his work upon two Greek plays, now lost to us, by Menander (342-291 B. C.). The scene is laid on Brynos, a Greek island; and the story tells of Chrysis, one of the hetaira; and of Pamphilus, her beloved; and of Glycerium, whom he loved.

The philosophy of Chrysis is the heart of the story. "It was Chrysis's reiterated theory of life that all human beings — save a few mysterious exceptions who seemed to be in possession of some secret from the gods—merely endured the slow misery of existence, hiding as best they could their consternation that life had no wonderful surprises after all, and that its most difficult burden was the incommunicability of love." "She discovered a second way of making life more stable and her friends more constant: she adopted stray human beings that needed her." "If I love them enough, I can understand them. One never learns how to live, or one's lights on living arrive too late, when one has spoiled the situation, spoiled it beyond repair. But I am to be on the earth for fifty years, and I must do it." "Oh, such people are unconscious of their goodness. They strike their foreheads with their hands because of their failure, and yet the rest of us are made glad when we remember their faces. Pamphilus, you are another herald from the future. Some day men will be like you." "Some day, we shall understand why we suffer. I shall be among the shades underground, and some wonderful hand, some Alcestis, will touch me and will show me the meaning of all these things; and I shall laugh softly for hours, as I do now,—as I do now." "I think the gods have some mystery still in store for us."

And Pamphilus learned from Chrysis, some secret of joy. "He would soon be old. Time would have flowed by him like a sigh, with no plan made, no rules set, no strategy devised that would have taught him how to save these others and himself from the creeping gray, from the too-easily accepted frustration." "People like that have some secret about living.—They know something that prevents their blundering about, as we do." "The moonlight is intermittent and veiled, and it was under such a light that they lived; but his heart suddenly declared to him that a sun would rise, and before that sun the timidity and the hesitation would disappear.—And he laughed because he had been so long blind to what was so obvious. He strode forward, his arms raised to the sky in joyous gratitude, and as he went he cried, 'I praise all living, the bright and the dark!' "

Pools

—MARION RAMON WILSON
Vice-President of San Francisco Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association

Pools have been known to the human race as far back as Biblical days. We find them mentioned at Hebron, Gideon, Samaria and Heshbon. In Persia pools were found in the hanging gardens of Babylon, built by "a prince called Cyrus for a beautiful courtesan, who being Persian, coveted a meadow upon a mountain-top." These gardens were constructed in a curious manner: terraces thickly covered with earth and forming terraced groves with pools, fountains and masses of trees to give shade. In Greece the Greeks copied the Persian gardens and Theophrastus mentions, "that flowers and fruit were cultivated in the winter, and the violet was in profusion in the market at Athens while snow was upon the ground." In Pliny we find descriptions of his garden, which contained terraces, walks edged with box, shrubs and fountains and little flower gardens, with alleys and summerhouses bearing a close resemblance to the French and Dutch gardens of later date. In England pools and surrounding gardens were brought in by the monks in the eleventh century who planted their "simples" near the cloister.

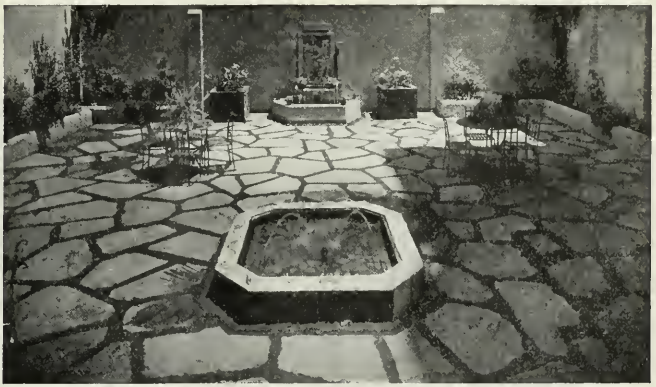
At first a pool was simply an overflow from a storm or rise in a river, but people soon learned that water could be confined and a pool formed for drinking water or bathing: in the latter form it soon assumed architectural beauty by being surrounded by a tile or stone path or columns on which vines grew and were reflected in the water. In this form they came to Rome where in places as the baths of Caracalla they assumed royal attributes.

In Africa the Nile was the source of many pools used for bathing and passing caravans on their various routes. From Egypt the knowledge passed to the different peoples in Africa among whom were the Moors who used the pool in connection with the home and its various water necessities, making it a beauty spot to be enjoyed by the family and visitors alike. When the Moors conquered Granada in the 13th century they embodied these ideas in the Alhambra which stands today with its many pools outlined by paths, trees and flowers to the enjoyment of everyone who is privileged to visit it.

When the padres came to California they naturally brought this idea with them and so we find the pool in the form of a drinking well in the courts of our many missions. After a period of nondescript architecture California turned more and more in its home building and landscaping to the Spanish ideas and the pool again appeared in its decorative form as a bathing pool or in small gardens as a pool for goldfish surrounded by such plants as iris or filled with the lovely lotus or the numerous Nymphaea family.

In 1927 the Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association first used pools in its Flower Show held after Easter. This idea grew in popularity until in a meeting after the 1929 show we decided to make them a specialty of the 1930 show. A small tin tub packed around with growing grass or moss makes an easy planting space for many forms of small plants such as Coral, Johnny-jump-ups, ferns or the bulbous plants such as Hyacinths or the many colored varieties of bulbous Begonias, in fact the variations are endless leading up to a background of something more substantial in the way of a shrub, flowering if possible makes a delightful plot for a garden show.

The pool in fact has been one of the world's best travellers. In Japan we find that since 700 A.D. the Ikenobu school has taught an appreciation of plant and flower life to make nature more beautiful and not to deface and spoil it. Let us learn from Japan whose pools are among its many assets.



Pool in Roof Garden of Women's City Club.

▲ ▲ ▲

Vulnerable

Never a wind that haunts the April skies
But knows the way to swing my soul's frail door;
My heart has tasted bitter-sweet that lies
In every grey and silver sycamore.

Never a white rain seeks the wistful earth
But asks and takes a precious toll of me—
Soul-laughter that knows more of grief than mirth,
Soul-sorrow that is sharpest ecstasy.

Come then! Brand me soul-deep with beauty, Spring.
Upon my heart let every raindrop fall.
Better to be a scarred and broken thing
Than plod on, deaf to April's urgent call!

—MARIE ROBERTA RINEAR, *in "Westward."*

Third annual decorative arts exhibition

—BEATRICE ROSENTHAL

● The San Francisco Society of Women Artists and the Women's City Club, invite the members of the Women's City Club to the opening reception of the Third Decorative Arts Exhibition, which will be held in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, Saturday evening, April 19 at 8:30 o'clock. The Exhibition will be open to the public daily thereafter until May 4 from 10 to 10 o'clock.

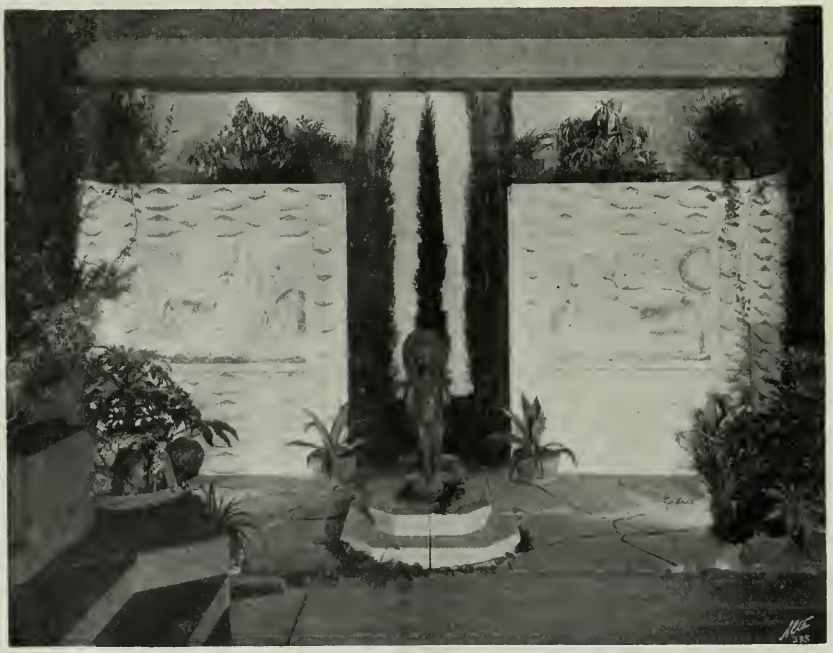
As this article goes to press it leaves committees completely absorbed in preparation relative to the opening of this Exhibition, which promises to add another page of glory in the annals of the two organizations that sponsor it.

It is interesting to observe, as one reviews the plans, the dissimilarity of this year's Exhibition to that of its predecessor. Though both have been drawn with the purpose of displaying Modern Arrangements in a harmonious atmosphere, they are utterly unlike in conception and approach; a fact that augurs well for future Exhibitions.

This year's show stresses the relationship between the artist and architect, and some interesting problems are being developed in this connection. Mr. William Garren, director of the general decorative plan of the Auditorium, has introduced eight stained glass windows, fourteen feet tall, which will serve to illuminate the upper portion of the Auditorium. The artists are painting directly on the glass and the difficulty of obtaining a clear transparent color has been the cause of considerable experimenting. The windows are being decorated by Ray Boynton, John Gerrity, Amy Fleming, Frank Bergman, Marion Simpson, Hamilton Wolfe, Florence Swift and Gustave Breuer.

The alcoves down stairs, which constitute the main exhibition galleries, have been designed by the following artists: Jacques Schnier will present a modern living room, embracing some of his recent sculpture in wood; Don Works will show a man's den; Carl Young a breakfast room; Rudolph Schaeffer a dining room, Rose Pauson and Florence Richardson a bath-dressing room; Margaret Schevill, Marion Simpson, Valerie Kann and Lucretia Van Horn are collaborating on a woman's dressing room; Jeannette Dyer Spencer will contribute a modern interior and Kem Weber has created a special unit for this year's Exhibition. Throughout the main floor of the Auditorium will be arranged a series of modern fixtures, which will serve to display the single exhibits from individual artists. Here will be assembled ceramics, textiles, frescoes, furniture, metal-work, wood-carvings and sculpture from California studios.

It is with a sense of pride that the San Francisco Society of Women Artists and the Women's City Club have developed this annual decorative arts display; pride in presenting to the lay public of California an exhibition of its artists that equals in variety and standard, similar shows held in the large centers of the East. Pride, also, in the knowledge that our Western Artists are presenting a sane, healthy and understandable contribution to American Art. The sponsors of this Exhibition are performing a signal service to our community, as well as to our artists, for it is only by an understanding between the artist and art patron that a live art can flourish! And so again, to members of the Women's City Club, many of whom have helped to make possible this yearly contribution to our city's cultural life, we bid you "Welcome".



A bit of Decorative Arts Exhibit of last year in Women's City Club Auditorium.

Soliloquy

—KATHERINE BARKER MEARS *Member of the Women's City Club*

● This morning, as I lay in bed, trying to make up my mind to get up and start the daily routine, a little breeze came whispering at my window. It blew through the mimosa tree, and wafted in to me the sweetest odor; mimosa, a touch of fog, and the clean night air.

Suddenly on the quiet of the morning, a bird flew by, and lighted on the branch nearest my window. He started caroling, and his song was so joyful, so full of life and love as he called to his mate, that I felt I had never heard such music. The first bird of the season! I lay there, listening to his song, and I knew that it was going to be a good day. The little bird's song rang joyfully in my mind, and I thought—"Ah, Spring is here."

* * *

As I walked up the canyon road from my house, later in the morning, the first thing to greet my eyes was a buckeye tree. Its stark, twisted grey branches stood out like silver against the dark rock, and out of each little twist shot forth a bunch of tiny leaves, the greenest of the green. Tight rolled up little wads they were, with here and there a feathery shoot longer than the rest.

The buckeye tree looked at me, its eyes twinkling, and seemed to say, "Behold me, am I not gorgeous in this my newest Spring gown? But—if you like this one, just you wait. In a few weeks I shall have a newer one. This one is short, and a bit skimpy, but soon I shall come forth in the newest styles, long, and graceful and willowy. Just you watch my wardrobe this year."

And, I laughed to myself at my fancy and made a little bow to the buckeye tree.

Just then a meadowlark settled himself on the rock above and poured forth his song. Did you ever hear a meadowlark sing, in February? His little heart seemed almost to burst with his gladness.

And, I strolled on my way. I knew that this was to be a good day.

* * *

I was not quite ready for lunch. I hated to leave my walk, and my garden, so I wandered down to the little formal garden, over the grey lichened stepping stones. The gardner had made a little border of purple and white violets. Such an odor! Ah! thought I, the mimosa is sweet, and the air is lovely, but what can compare with violets. The whole garden seemed permeated with their fragrance.

As I stooped to gather a handful of the little beauties my eye caught a gleam of yellow, over close to the garden wall.

Narcissus! Oh! you lovely things. Never have I, New England born and bred, overcome the awe and wonder of finding these exotic flowers blossoming in the earliest months of the year, here in California.

So I left my violet loves, to gather the narcissus and inhale its sweetness. Beautiful yellow and white waxy blooms, with your heavenly perfume.

Easter

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole long gusty lifetime
through,
Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall
restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh
and hill
That self-same arduous way
That you and he through many a
doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this
friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! the while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling as he sees you through
the brake,
Waits on a stile.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I went on, with the violets and the narcissus pressed close to my cheek. Indeed, I knew that this was a good day.

The lower end of my garden has a pool. Such a tiny pool, to go in a tiny garden.

Still putting off my luncheon duties, I wandered on down to the pool. Its feathery little green, grey and brown rock plants intrigued me,—they are such queer little fellows, so different from anything else. Here and there a branch of azelia made a bright patch of color.

I stood looking down at the bright red and yellow tiny fish, darting too and fro. They knew it was a good day too. What was that touch of white over there? I looked more closely, and went around to the other side of the pool. A ray of sun slanted across the white gleam. I gasped—could it be? Yes, it was indeed a waterlily, just one, who had started the Spring with a gay smile. There he sat, the clever little fellow, all by himself, smiling up at me, and I am sure I heard him say—"Ah! but aren't you glad that I came out to greet you? Isn't this going to be a perfect day?"

My luncheon was over. I started my car over the hill to the sea. The hills had never looked so green, although of course I say that every Spring. But it is entrancing to watch the little brilliant green shoots come up through the brown grass of last year. I searched carefully (as I drove slowly along), for the first wild flower, and sure enough, found a poppy here and there. Beautiful "Copa de Ora" as the Spanish call them—cups of gold indeed they are. And I thought how fortunate I am — I have my lovely garden, and my buckeye tree, and now here are the poppies too, greeting me.

As I turned a curve in the road, to my right, spread out like a gorgeous satin quilt was a tiny patch of wild iris. Wild iris. The orchids of the Coast Ranges. How the sun beamed down on the little field, lovingly, carressingly, and the iris looked up in worship as if to say "See Us! We have come out to greet you oh Great God Sun. You give us of your warmth and light, and so we rush out ahead of time, to greet you."

I stopped the car, and getting down started to gather the charming little things.

"No," thought I, "I shall not take you away. You shall stay here, all of you together, in your little sunny home, and I shall come each day while you last, and look at you."

I started off with a backward glance or two at the beautiful iris bed. Ah! I knew it was indeed a good day.

Health examination of the women's city club

● The semi-annual Health Examination of the Women's City Club is offered this year between the dates April 1 and April 15, inclusive.

To former patrons of the periodic health examinations we would like to emphasize that the value of a repetition of the examination is the meaning of the word *periodic*. A few members have appreciated this. But we want to educate all of our patrons to appreciate this point. Begin now to evaluate your health conditions and keep it up at from one to two year intervals.

The City Club committee on Periodic Health Examinations is as follows:

Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, treasurer, Dr. Ina Richter, and Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman.

The staff of Periodic Health Examinations is:

Medical Examiners: Dr. Ethel Owen, and Dr. Ina M. Richter.

Gynaecological Examiner: Dr. Alma Pennington.

Laboratory Diagnosticians: Dr. Aghavani Shaghvian and Dr. Hilda Davis.

This service is offered only to members of the San Francisco City Club.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone Number .....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

▲ ▲ ▲

The debut

FROM "TOP NOTES"

● The day when your teacher says, "I guess it's time for a recital pretty soon, eh?" The grandiose visions of triumph. The abject visions of despair. The plan to go slowly, make no mistakes, and bring it off with masterly carefulness.

The consultation with your uncle's old friend who used to be in Aborn's Opera company. The bachelorishness of his flat, where the curtains are red, and the windows have green glass diamonds in them. How difficult it is to make him stop telling about his famous past. The signed photographs you have to nuzzle before he shuts up.

The stating of your case. Does he think you're ready? You mean, that a New York recital is after all a pretty—

He knows all that; but how in the world can he say until you've sung for him?

Finally you're done. Your last note is a good one, and he has hit the final chord with conviction. This makes it seem like a grand performance. You compliment his playing, and he of course compliments your singing, with a murmur about "a *lit*tle more head resonance, and a touch of grand style. . . ."

He is very much nicer now. The offer to give you a letter to a very good manager, one of the old boys, really quite a shark, none better. So you depart with what seems like a vast encouragement.

Your teacher agrees; so the manager is seen, conquered after a grand audition in a big bare room with no curtains, and before you know it, the day of the recital comes along.

The morning paper and the announcement. The terrible encouragement of your own name in the advertising. The list of the tickets. The resolve to be perfectly normal all day, with the result that you walk too far, eat too much, and examine your tail coat once too often, when it falls on the floor and adds dust to its elegance.

The dinner, at five o'clock.

The snowy rain that begins to fall at seven o'clock.

The beautiful lights of the street that become ghastly when you drive up to your own hall.

The dressing room, with two limp telegrams.

The peculiar thirst that seems to possess you suddenly. The help of your accompanist in settling the waistcoat.

The blank forty minutes and the sudden summons, the changing of the lights, the menacing noises from the human beasts out front, awaiting their prey.

* * *

And then, the most valiant act of your life: the deep breath, the squared shoulders, the helpless look at the stony accompanist, and the first step beyond the proscenium on a floor that is made of rubber with a sideways spring.

The applause.
The hush.
The licking of the lips.
The nod.
The piano.
The moment.
You are singing.
(What!)
Yes.

Published Monthly at San Francisco
465 Post Street
Telephone KE arny 8400

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Volume IV April 1930 Number 3

EDITORIAL

● "Please be ready to step forward on the stage to read your report as your name is announced."

This request, of military crispness, yet courteous, was written at the top of the typewritten page containing the agenda of the day, handed to each department and committee head as she entered the City Club Auditorium, March 12, when the annual meeting took the form of a luncheon.

Every committee and department was represented, either by the chairman or an appointed proxy, and the luncheon was under way at 12:20, and the board of directors, with but one or two exceptions, seated on the stage. Those exceptions were directors who were out of town.

Each was "ready to step forward," and clicked with a minimum loss of time into her appointed place. The result was a complete picture presented to those present of the operation, administration, ways and means, surpluses and deficits of the various departments of the City Club. Succinct and informative, the reports are now on file, accessible to any member of the Club who was not so fortunate as to be present at the luncheon.

The precision with which the platoons of workers wheeled into action and the definiteness of the proceedings was remarkable. Each had been told to "boil down" her report to two minutes, and mostly each did. If one, in the excess of her zeal or enthusiasm extended to three minutes, the next was apt to be more terse, so that the composite stewardship had been rendered at an early hour and the channels cleared for the impetus of the new current of activity.

The meeting was a review of the past year. Achievement and satisfaction were the watchwords. The administration believe that it is well to have such summaries and that retrospection is salutary—occasionally.

But only periodically. The past is interesting, but the future beckons. The future is about the most insistent thing in the scheme of things, for it bears down upon us inevitably, and demands attention.

So the City Club is to have a meeting at which members and directors together are to gaze into the future "far as human eye can see." It will take place May 14, the fifth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone. Our heredity makes that meeting possible and is the derivative from which will spring "the wonders yet to be." Success is cumulative, grows by accretion, and the success of the years which have passed since that impressive ceremony have but proved that the founders builded better than WE knew. Not better than *they* knew for the very awareness of the possibilities of such an institution as the City Club was its really imperishable cornerstone.

Come on May 14 and share their vision of the next five years. "This is the true joy in life—the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one," says George Bernard Shaw.

▲ ▲ ▲

The reflection in the mirror

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● What have we gained by holding up the mirror to the accomplishments of 1929? Under such circumstances we do not always see what we look for, but we never fail to see what we look at. If it be the imperfections, let us look at them closely to correct them. For instance, the departmental reds, in the few cases in which they occur, can be wiped out in 1930, if we as individual club members do our share. If it be the beauty of the various activities or of the Volunteer Service shining through the year's program, let us linger a moment in admiration, and sense the inner glow of satisfaction which follows where unstintingly we have given of ourselves to others.

At the Annual Meeting it was a gorgeous thing for thirty-one chairmen to condense into two-minute reports the work which had cost them and their devoted committees hundreds of hours of labor. They wove their thread into the tapestry picture and retired. They asked no applause. They explained but made no apologies. The leaders of the future are thus qualifying for office. They are in our midst—these women of vision and accomplishment we see reflected in the distance. *They* are doing their alloted tasks—the results lie in your hands. The financial program of 1930 demands the same attention as that of 1929 from us all. With the same devotion and support from the *membership*, the experience of past committees can be capitalized. Simultaneously the Volunteer Service program demands constant vigilance, for never for one instant can a department be handicapped by a hiatus in the continuous flow of willing workers.

In other words, we are a unique group—we of the National League for Women's Service of California. We are engaged in the operation of a million-dollar business. We have met our financial obligations to date and intend to continue to do so. At the same time, despite the fact that the newspapers and the business world of men consider his operation of a million dollar business the most interesting and most important part of our program, we ourselves count this secondary in our consideration, for the real reason we are banded together is to support a service organization, to get the habit of working together, to be one eight-thousandth of a group which is not primarily selfish.

Let us look again into the mirror and behold ourselves still with the enthusiasm of youth, still stumbling along but with no serious scars from our falls, honest in expression, with eyes visioning the future, and with a beauty of countenance reflecting the spirit of this very soul of ours, this kindliness to one another while we learn to know the virtues of each other and step forward together on to the next rung of the ladder. The reflection inspires.

▲ ▲ ▲

Edith Daseking wins play contest

● Edith Daseking, 2800 Filbert street, San Francisco, is the winner of the Play Contest of the Women's City Club, launched a few months ago.

The judges went through a large number of manuscripts and after many consultations decided upon the play, "Graveyard Shift" as the one having the greatest number of points on the "counts" of dramatic construction, literary diction and climacteric effect. The manuscript, as submitted to the judges, bore only a numeral, which subsequently was identified as Edith Daseking.

Honorable mention was given to "The Slacker" by Dr. Charles D. McGettigan, and "House of Nuts" by John Morris Ellicott of Mare Island Navy Yard.

None of the playwrights is a member of the City Club.

Zanon . . .

a name to conjure with

For the matronly figure requiring costumes with moderate waist line and chic, Madam Zanon offers the skill of an artist in making and designing.

Robes
Manteaux
Tailleurs

As for materials, *exclusive* patterns in chiffons, printed silks and all the new materials not to be found elsewhere in the city and prices no more than for ordinary merchandise. Zanon turns out her customer nor only chic, but

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Swimming pool

Many members who were present at the membership meeting in March were surprised to learn that the swimming pool is not being patronized as it should be. Members left the meeting enthusiastically determined to alter this fact.

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, but it is not permanent. Make a habit of an occasional swim; then let the occasional swim become more frequent. Increased familiarity with this as with any sport means increased enjoyment. Guests appreciate the lovely pool. Do the members?

▲ ▲ ▲

Easter party

The Easter Rabbit appears each year at the swimming pool. The children of members of the Women's City Club and their guests are cordially invited to a party, Saturday, April 12th, at 11 o'clock. Those planning to come should leave their names at the swimming office before Friday, April 11th.

• Library of women

Quiet and peace pervade this room of luxurious and dignified beauty.

s p r i n g

• and the league shop

• Offering many new items that will enhance the charm of the home, or if it's a new bag, costume jewelry, pretty handkerchiefs, the colors of which will meet your need; the newest and smartest offerings arriving daily—come in and see what your own League Shop offers.

• You have a birthday you must remember to purchase a small attractive gift for. See the small French picture frames in miniature, some metal, some enamel inlaid. Bridge prizes of hand colored, handcarved wood that hold the colored matches—new glass, pottery and pewter for weddings and anniversaries.

• A new line of gift wrappings to complete your gift.

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cocktail
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ıb of san francisco •

Books line its walls and there is a competent staff to help members find their pet volumes.

In and about san francisco and mill valley

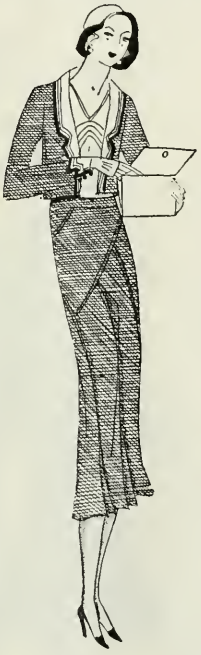
• Mill Valley, fifty-five minutes from San Francisco, has retained the atmosphere of a mountain town on the outskirts of civilization. If you ask a resident why he lives there, he has but one explanation—nearness to natural things, the stillness of the woodland. It lies in the midst of the towering sequoias that grow in the canyons and the valleys at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, which in the earlier times were a refuge for the Indians, as is indicated by the shell mounds in the vicinity. Mill Valley shared in the wanderings of different peoples who have made the story of California so colorful. The Spaniards were there and the Mexicans, the Russians from the north, and buccaneers from strange crafts anchored off Sausalito.

An enterprising Irishman by the name of Reed, who operated the first ferry from Sausalito to San Francisco, secured a grant from the Mexican government about 1833, which took in most of lower Marin, including Mill Valley. He it was who built the grist and timber mill from which the town has taken its name, buying basalt blocks from the Russian lime kilns further up the coast and finding his timber among the redwood all about him. Later the Tamalpais Land and Water Company created the township. The Blythdale Hotel, a sanatorium and summer resort was built which catered to the select people of the growing city across the Bay. It was a long, tiresome stage drive from Sausalito to Mill Valley, but the guests who came for the climate and the sweet water often bought property and built homes. The railroad penetrating to the foot of the mountain made these homes permanent, forming the background of the present population. The mountain railroad, a daring piece of engineering for those times, brought the tourist and the hiker who also, in many instances, were converted into residents. They settled in cabins or more pretentious homes and raised their families there.

Today the two wooded canyons, Blythdale and Throckmorton, which comprise the town of Mill Valley, contain the hidden homes of some five thousand people, and are built about a busy village of shops and public buildings. There are fine schools, churches, and other social gathering places, a Golf and Country Club, and a particularly active Women's Club, delightfully housed in one of the loveliest clubhouses of the Bay regions.

Every home in Mill Valley is picturesque. It could not be otherwise. The natural beauty of the hillsides and canyons offset the mistakes of architecture. There is a spirit too, of quiet contentment to be found there, which comes from nearness to reality, stillness and peace.

for suitable persons » » »



WORTH of Paris has created a darling little bolero suit of black and white tweed jersey . . with blouse and lapels of white silk crepe.

An original model, $135

◆

This Worth model is from our Spring collection of Paris originals and models . . . a collection which shows how charmingly fashion has become a lady, this year of grace, 1930

French Shop, Third Floor

HALE BROS.•

"201 guide to shops and service"

The Women's City Club Shopping Guide, known as "Two Hundred and One" is now off the press, a brochure of attractive design and a credit to the enterprise of the City Club Committee, Mrs. Ira Sloss, chairman, which assisted in its compilation.

A copy of the Guide is placed in each room of the City Club and may be procured by members at the Information Desk in the Lobby of the City Club, free of charge.

ANNOUNCING NEW ARRIVALS OF PAINTINGS AND ETCHINGS

COURVOISIER
474 POST STREET
[Directly across the street from the Club]

James G. Swinnerton

● One of the picturesque characters of San Francisco is "Jimmy" Swinnerton, President of the Bohemian Club, who spoke at the City Club, March 20. Swinnerton is a real "type" of the old West. A stranger meeting him on Fifth Avenue, New York, would know he had come out of the West. He is famous as a raconteur and a cartoonist, but his lasting reputation will be that of a painter of the Arizona desert, the land he loves. That is what he talked about at the City Club.

To furnish gowns

H. Liebes & Co. will furnish the gowns, wraps, hats and accessories to be worn by models at the Junior League Fashion Show to be given the afternoon of April 28, at one of the big hotels. Many of the Junior League models are members of the Women's City Club.

▲ ▲ ▲

Beauty salon

Owned and operated by
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Experienced operators in all kinds of beauty work. Expert hair cutter.

Manicuring—

Manicuring	$0.50
Hot oil manicure	.75

Shampooing—

Plain shampoo, short hair	.75
Plain shampoo, long hair	1.00
Special tar shampoo	1.50
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Curling and Marcelling—

Marcel	1.00
Marcel and bob curl	1.25
Finger wave	1.25
Paper curl	1.50
Water wave	1.25
Round curl	.75
Reset	.50

Hair Cutting—

Any style bob	.75
Neck trim	.35
Children under 12 years	.50

Permanent Waving—

Whole head, regardless of number of curls (including finger wave and shampoo)	10.00

Scalp Treatments—

For oily, dry or falling hair	2.00
Course of six treatments	10.00

Facial Treatments—

Plain facial	1.50
Course of six plain facial treatments	7.50
Course of six special facial treatments	12.00

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$19.50 and more

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What makes a best seller?

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS.

● A question haunts me. What makes a "best-seller"? A gift for vivid words? Photographic observation? The transcription of a bit of life which we recognize as true?

In an effort to satisfy that curiosity, I have read a group of entertaining books.

"Undine," by Olive Schreiner, is quite different from the books of today. Written in her teens, it is "Olive Schreiner mewing her mighty youth." A queer sensitive little child left Africa; and after a mercenary marriage in England, a disillusioned woman voluntarily goes back to a life of toil in the diamond rush at Kimberly, driven by an unsatisfied longing to live life at its fullest.

"Army with Banners"; by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, is a vivid story of the upbuilding of "Hallelujah Temple" by Angela, the evangelist, and of its overthrow by the innocence and truth of her little daughter — truth "more terrible than an army with banners." It cleverly escapes being a photograph.

"Bright Avenues" and "Outsiders" are by Josephine Bentham, another California writer. Miss Bentham is a young writer who made an instant success with her first book. She plays delightfully with words, and evidently enjoys it. But the books are episodical, not conclusive. Or, perhaps, one does not agree with her conclusions! In "Bright Avenues," the game seems not worth the candle; and in "Outsiders," one feels a sympathy for the Insider, the chatelaine who may blunder a bit in this strange new world, but who keeps for us something of gracious beauty from a world that is lost.

"Permanent Wave," by Virginia Sullivan, is Californian, too. There is a thread of mystery trailing from San Francisco through the Canal to New York, much humor verging upon farce, and an exuberant imagination.

"Scarlet Sister Mary," by Julia Peterkin, has met with objections from the people of whom it tells,—the negroes. But it sounds like a sympathetic and true portrayal of what remains from the life of the "quarters" on a plantation in the far South. We can never truly say, "This is a typical American." And how can we say of the negro, "This is true?" Like crystals, the forms of his life and character have varied in each section, according to the strain and pressure which life has brought to bear upon him. All honor to those of his race who have climbed far, mentally and spiritually, in the short days since African savagery! I think that Mrs. Peterkin's book was written in a spirit of patience and understanding, and does not condemn.

But I do not yet know what makes a "best-seller." I wish I knew!

Boats at twilight

(From Russian Hill)

I watch the boats at waning day
The silvery touch of night.
I see them sail to unknown sea
To fate, that lies in mystery
As forth they crawl through dimming light
That veils the sky with gray.

Across the bay in trailing mist
I see them slowly creep,
I hear the sea wind faintly cry
I feel its rude breath swinging by
Ere night has put the world to sleep
And dreams her lips have kissed.

While overhead the seagulls fly,
Like fleeting clouds they seem.
Dim shadows in the vague gray light
They take their level even flight
In snowy beauty, like a dream
They fill a moonless sky.

'Tis then I cry, in fancy free,
"O boats on pallid sea
Will you return to haunts of men
Come creeping, slowly, back again
From chanting seas—to me?"

And from an unexplored sky,
That veils its shimmering light,
I trace a hand, an eery thing,
Or is it lift of sea bird's wing
That flings to me in upward flight
A shadowy Good-bye?

—ISABELLA C. WOODLAND.

Swimming pool

The Swimming Pool Committee expects a record business this Summer. Saturday swimming parties have become vogue.

What about that old neck and chin?

You can have youthful beauty for ten minutes a day.

NEGLECT, not years, leaves the ravages and marks of time.

You once had a lovely skin only a short time ago and today—what does it look like? NEGLECT AGAIN! It made your clean-cut chin line droop. It altered the skin on your once lovely throat and you suddenly realized you were old looking. Avoid this tragedy—

Secret from India

VAHRAH BEVERLY

the woman who is past 60 and looks 30

with her beauty secret from India can eliminate those aging lines and help you to regain that youthful contour and lift up those sagging muscles.

By the use of her preparations and treatments you can make the tissues grow firmer, stronger, younger.

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Spring of 1930 brings a continuation of the mode for hats of individuality. Fitted to the head of the wearer. Wise women will think twice and have two hats. A new one of the popular Spring fabrics, and a second "new" one, of your last summer's straw or felt, with just a note added by Rhoda.

City club travel service

● The Women's City Club has added another department to its already long list of conveniences to its members — a Travel Service which will assist the membership in making any plans, large or small, for travel to any part of the United States or the world.

The Board of Directors has just appointed the C. C. Drake Company as the official travel service of the Club succeeding any previous arrangements. This firm has its San Francisco office in the lobby of the Hotel St. Francis which is immediately east of the Club building. Miss Alice Carr, manager of the C. C. Drake Company, is a member of long standing of the Women's City Club and for this reason is especially eager to offer to the membership the best service of the staff in the San Francisco office as well as that of the other offices in the United States and Europe.

Before making definite plans for a trip, members are urged to consult this Travel Service as to relative advantages of different routings, accommodations and rates. This is *your* travel service. Feel free to use it.

Telephone either DOuglas 1213 or through the Club Switchboard, KEarny 8400.

Round the world travel

—INGLIS FLETCHER

● Of late, a side trip into the interior of China while enroute round-the-world has been becoming exceedingly popular. China offers a wealth of interest to the world traveler.

Sightseeing in Korea is replete with new sensations and experiences. People, costumes, customs, and all features of the land seem to be entirely different than elsewhere in the Orient. The palaces, parks, and monuments are all worth while visiting but the most entertaining element is found in the people themselves; their

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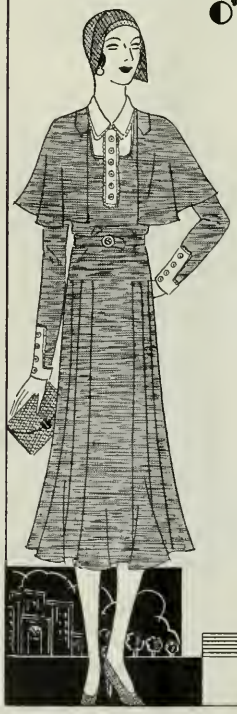

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It's a "soft woolen" fabric
It has lingerie touches
It is fitted and flared
It has a cape

Typical of Spring 1930 in every graceful line . . . this wool georgette frock! And it's warm enough to wear without a coat . . . so its debonair cape and clever cuffs can receive all the admiration due!

In powder blue . . .
beige and rose beige

THIRD FLOOR

shops, homes, and industrial products; what they eat, drink, and wear. The kindly feeling everywhere encountered will create a lasting interest in the Korean people.

Leaving Seoul on the morning of the third day, by train, Mukden is reached early in the morning of the following day. Mukden was thrown open to foreigners in 1906, after the Russo-Japan War. It is the capital of Manchuria, and the birthplace of the Manchu dynasty which dominated China for two hundred and sixty-seven years, and has now made way for the republic. Like all Chinese cities it is surrounded by a crenelated wall with watch-towers and huge gateways. The palaces of the old regime have fallen into decay and the city is covered with the dust and debris of ages, but it is typically Chinese and full of interest. The picturesque head-dress of the Manchu women with silver ornaments and artificial flowers will attract attention as will the quaintly-carved shop signs in the shape of fish, animals and birds. A drive out past the thousand-year-old Llama pagoda, through fields filled with the burial mounds of China's countless dead, leads to the stately tombs of the Manchus, which rival in magnificence those of the earlier dynasties.

• On the fifth day the traveler proceeds to Darien, arriving in time for dinner. On the sixth day the voyage is continued by local steamer to Tientsin. At Tientsin the traveler transfers to a train for Peiping, arriving there on the seventh day. Four full days may be passed pleasurably in this interesting vicinity. Opportunities for sightseeing are many. Among the suggestions of seasoned travelers are Peiping, formerly called Peking, and Nanking.

In a sense, Peiping is China. For hundreds of years everything Chinese has centered here and now there is a battle royal between the old conservatism and the new spirit, but modern democracy is crowding ancient imperialism to the wall. The traveler will be interested in the new order and fascinated by the fading glory of the Manchus and their mighty predecessors on the Dragon Throne. Even a prolonged stay in Peiping can give only superficial acquaintance with this most fascinating and interesting city in all the world.

The Temple and Altar of Heaven, the Winter Palace and Coal Hill, the Temple of Confucius, the Llama Temple and Legation Quarter, are a few of the numberless interests which engage one's attention. A visit should be made to the Forbidden City to see the marvelous art collection of the Manchus—carvings in lacquer and wood and ivory; embroideries, brocades and needlework; porcelain, cloisonne, crystal and jade stones. Thirty million dollars valuation give no conception of the grace of line, beauty of coloring and delicacy of workmanship of these wonderful art creations of the Orient.

An auto trip out to the Summer Palace, where the old Empress lived in regal splendor and a two days' visit to see the Ming Tombs and great wall—China's first line of defense over two thousand years ago should also be on the program.

Nanking has a fine location on the Yangtze-Kiang the greatest river of China, navigable fifteen hundred miles from the sea. It was the southern capital when the

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The tour cost covers every chief point of interest, including beautiful Honolulu — world-famous Waikiki—and LASSCO's 3-day Wonder Tour to Hilo and Volcano-land.

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LUNDY TOURS 1930

The Passion Play with Dr. Lundy

Our Tour "A" leaving June 6th and personally conducted by Doctor Lundy includes 96 days of Europe's wonders and the "Passion Play."

On June 20th a special tour limited to a selected group of travelers will leave for Europe to visit seven countries and the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau. Owing to limited party, early reservations are necessary to insure comfortable travel.

Introducing a Scandinavian Tour — Norway, Sweden and Denmark — in conjunction with our other Tours.

THE PROGRAM OF TOURS
The program of travel for each one of our tours this coming season will include a visit to Oberammergau and an opportunity of witnessing a rendition of the famous Passion Play.

LUNDY TRAVEL BUREAU
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Telephone KE arny 4559

Mings began to rule, but largely destroyed in the Taiping rebellion. Now there are orchards and gardens where royal palaces formerly stood. Of interest are the Drum Tower, the Bell Tower, the Flower Boats, and the Old Examination Halls with cells for twenty thousand students. The decay and desolation here and splendid schools and colleges elsewhere in the city, show how completely China has abandoned her ancient learning and is turning toward the science and culture of our Western civilization.

The traveler may make the trip from Peiping by way of Tientsin, thence by local steamer to Shanghai, calling at Chefoo and Weiheiwei, or by Chinese Government railroad service from Tientsin via Pukow and Nanking to Shanghai, the "Paris of the Orient."

- Shanghai is the commercial gateway of North China. It stands on the Whangpoo River not far from the Yangtze, and handles trade from the interior as well as coastwise and across the sea. Ships of all nations fill the harbor and great mills and storehouses line the river bank.

The International settlement has a European population of twenty-five thousand and boasts of a number of great banks, business houses and government buildings.

The old Chinese city of Shanghai is a maize of narrow streets accesible only to those who are willing to walk. The Bird Market, the famous Willow-Pattern Tea House and Mandarin Gardens, however, are well-worth a visit.

A drive through the residential section out along Bubbling Well Road to Siccawi is full of interest, for it gives a splendid idea of Shanghai suburban life. The famous Observatory founded in 1870 by the Jesuit Fathers may be visited on the way.

From Shanghai the traveler proceeds on the round-the-world route to Hong Kong, thence to Manila and to Singapore and Penang in the Straits Settlements. A most interesting fourteen-day side trip to Java may be made from Singapore or a thirty-eight day tour of India and Ceylon, proceeding via Straits Settlements, calling at Penang and Rangoon enroute to Calcutta. The voyage is continued via the Dollar Lines steamers from Colombo. The next ports of call are Suez, Port Said, and Alexandria in Egypt. Naples and Genoa are the two Italian ports visited on the round-the-world route. From either of these the traveler may start a journey through Europe, rejoining the Dollar liner at Marseilles. The course from Marseilles is to New York, thence to Havana, Canal Zone ports, and terminating the voyage at San Francisco.

If we may be allowed to paraphrase Kipling:

Yes weekly from San Francisco
Great steamers, white and gold
Go rolling down to China.

—and don't forget "Bel Paese Cheese."

One of Italy's greatest contributions to the family table of the world. A delightful, appetizing, full cream cheese with a flavor pleasing to every palate.

"BEL PAESE" CHEESE

Italy's Full Cream Cheese

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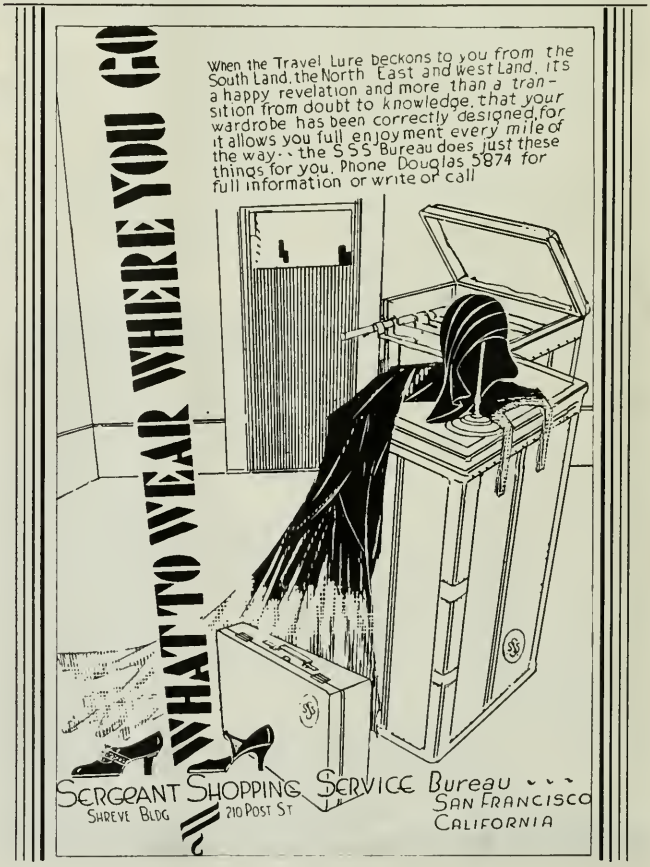
San Francisco


WHEN YOU GO WHERE YOU WEAR WHAT TO
When the Travel Lure beckons to you from the South Land, the North East and West Land, its a happy revelation and more than a transition from doubt to knowledge, that your wardrobe has been correctly designed for it allows you full enjoyment every mile of the way - - the S S S Bureau does just these things for you. Phone Douglas 5874 for full information or write or call
SERGEANT SHOPPING SERVICE BUREAU
SHREVE BLDG
210 POST ST
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

Couriers to the last frontier

● Her report may come in by telephone. More likely, though, it will ride into the distant home office in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in telegraphic form—a crisp message that all's well, or perhaps that her "dudes" have decided to stay out an extra week, that a wandering cloudburst has carried out an arroyo bridge ahead, or that she has just heard of a Fire Dance deep in the Navajo country, and is revamping her whole itinerary to take it in. The important thing is that somehow or other, from isolated trading post, ranger's cabin or Indian agency, she will find a way of keeping in daily touch with headquarters, no matter where the whimsies of her guest may have taken her in a Southwestern wilderness playground of 200,000 square miles.

Who is this very self-sufficient young lady? And why is she wandering about in the remotest remotenesses of New Mexico and Arizona? The answer is that she is part of perhaps the most interesting service ever born of the desire of travelers to see the unusual. She knows the highways and byways of her frontier as you know the streets of your city. She is saturated with its beauty and grandeur, its legendry and local history. Through her friendships she can take you behind the poker-face front of the Indian into the fascinating intimacies of his daily life. She is a pleasant, informative, and socially acceptable companion. Wherever she may lead you over

Henrietta Gloff

Back of Beyond, you will find her known, respected and made welcome at once.

It is to these Harveycar Couriers, thirty-odd unusual young women, that the Santa Fe Railway has entrusted the task of interpreting the infinite range of scenic and human interest hidden away in the mountains and canyons of the little known Southwest. Through the Indian-detour and the Harveycar Motor Cruises, they stand ready to guide you and me out into the blue, over a thousand seldom traveled trails. In comfortable private touring cars,

(Continued on page 31)

europe?

the passion ploy comes only once in every ten years . . . go this year.

let us help you compare the different steamships and rates

alaska?

book **now** for the time of the midnight sun . . . in june and july.

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japan . . . in cherry blossom time
norway fjords
panama canal

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Rates are $135 up Tourist Cabin, $300 up First Cabin ($275 after Apr. 16). Private bath, rooms en suite with private verandah, if desired.

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Alternate in fortnightly service between California and New York. Special fares for "one way water, one way rail" trips. Go by sea, return by rail, or vice versa.

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

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Please send me your free booklet — "Traveling Around America"

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Other Offices — Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver — or your local steamship or railroad agent

Women's city club hom

—CHRI

This fine flavored tea is served at the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

• April offers two motifs for special dinners. All Fools Day for those who like to play — when the menu may be turned around with the dessert as the first course; or in serving attractive looking dishes made of paper or cotton or sweets filled with red pepper. And Easter Sunday and Monday, which are joyous days for everybody. The meatless dinners will no longer be necessary and the menus may be as elaborate as desired.

Chicken, ham and Spring lamb are the accepted meats for Easter. The dinner hour is important in making a selection as lamb does not reheat successfully—so is best for an evening service, while chicken if fricasseed or in la Maryland style may be cooked after breakfast and kept warm in a slow oven or over hot water. Ham is excellent for those who plan an outing on Monday. It is also easy to prepare as it may be boiled in the morning and kept in its own liquor until time to remove the skin and bake; and the canned varieties are fine and they require but an hour to roast. A shoulder stuffed, a leg or a crown roast of lamb would offer but one change in the menu—that of filling the top of the crown with fluffy mashed potatoes instead of roasting them with the meat.

These menus are suggested as a working base; rice is best with fricasseed chicken, while mashed potatoes are desirable with the fowl a la Maryland.

Olives Celery
Fish (or fruit) Cocktail
Chicken a la Maryland
Mashed Potatoes Green Peas
Easter Egg Salad
Ice Cream Small Cakes
Coffee

■

Green Olives Celery
Cream of Tomato Soup
Baked Ham Cinnamon Apples
Candied Sweets Fresh Asparagus
Easter Egg Salad
Ice Box Cake Coffee

■

Radishes Celery
Antipasto
Roast Lamb Gravy
Mint Jelly
Potatoes Green Peas
Easter Egg Salad
Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee

■

Canned soup with the addition of hot milk and a spoonful of whipped cream to garnish each serving would solve that course with a minimum of labor. Olives—ripe or green or the stuffed pimolas may be purchased in glass or cans if one wishes to keep them on hand. The antipastos also come in cans and are served over finely

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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for all occasions

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Let that little be the *Best.*

succulence

the desirable element in food (particularly vegetables and fruit) which is so elusive.

Without succulence the sense of taste is not gratified and the meal is a failure.

By specializing in selection, we offer you the best. The best is cheap at any price. Our prices are consistently low.

◆

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Tuttle's Cottage Cheese

Serve it at any meal

Nutritious Delicious

ɔnomics department

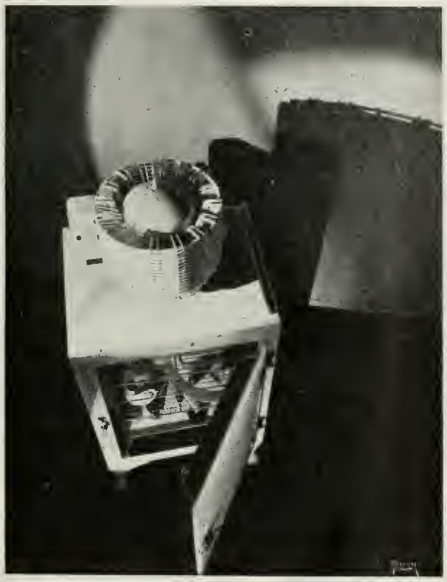
shredded lettuce with French dressing. One can will serve three, if the vegetable and fish are cut into small pieces. The pie shells may be baked on Saturday, if that dessert is chosen; the ice box cake would have to be made on that day to be firm, and cakes of any sort would be baked then. Either a white or yellow angel cake, iced in the contrasting color would serve both as a sweet and cake. For busy homemakers a frozen pudding or ice cream ordered from her neighborhood dealer would solve that course nicely.

Recipes for ice box cakes and cream pies have been published and most of the suggested dishes are easily prepared so the Easter salad and yellow angel cake will suffice for this month.

Molded Egg Salad: Have ready six hard cooked eggs; when cold cut in halves, remove yolks carefully, then devil them—that is, season highly with salt, pepper mustard and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce — then replace and put the halves together so the eggs appear to be whole.

Next dissolve one package of lemon flavored gelatine in one pint of boiling water. When liquid is cold, but not set, add one tablespoon of capers, one-half cucumber cut into dice, six olives cut into small pieces, one tablespoon of minced pimentoes and salt to suit taste.

Put one egg into each mold and cover with jelly. Chill until firm, then unmold on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.



m o d e r n

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NO UNPLEASANT ODOR.

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"CLEANS~ *clean as new!"*

Looking into "American Room" of San Francisco Women's City Club from the Library.

TOP NOTES

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You can take your doctor's word for it.

Sold at our Nipa Hut on the Highway at Redwood City, also at the Women's City Club Dining Room and Cafeteria.

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Certified Milk
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Eggs

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375 Potrero Ave.

St. Andrews-by-the-sea

a beautiful town on Passamaquoddy Bay, which with Newport and Bar Harbour, is one of the great summer resorts on the Atlantic Coast, beloved particularly by artists and wealthy folk of Montreal. The town is famous for its many sporting activities—deep sea fishing, surf and beach bathing, a marvelous golf links, and just beyond the town are the many streams which make New Brunswick the mecca of fishermen.

Women visiting St. Andrews are generally interested in the association formed by Miss Mowat to encourage handicraft in the home, one of the first to be instituted on this continent. Her success has been amazing, and the market for pottery, weaving and hooked rugs has grown so fast that little cottages cluster round the old Mowat homestead, and visitors from far and near gaze in awe at the work and the workers—and then dig deep for the pennies which will buy the loveliest things for the folks at home.

The Algonquin Hotel, one of the Canadian Pacific chain, is the center of social life in the summer colony, and the beach at Katy's Cove just beyond, the morning meeting place. Sir William Van Horne, artist, collector and railway builder built a lovely home here; Lord Shaughnessy, the Beauclerks, Hopes—a list of residents sounds like the Social Register! And with it all, St. Andrews has kept the quaint charm of small towns in the Maritimes and New England, sun-swept and wave-washed, age-old trees and gray cliffs, with fine roads wandering beckoningly hither and yon, and the sea breezes laden with the scent of new-mown hay.

▲ ▲ ▲

Evening membership meeting

Do not forget the date of the Women's City Club Annual Membership Meeting, May 14.

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Resources Over 15 Millions

What causes the "market" to rise and fall?

—AGNES N. ALWYN.

The course of commodity prices has a profound effect on security prices, both general and specific. As commodity prices decline a given amount of money will buy more things. Therefore, fixed income bearing securities, that is, bonds and preferred stocks, become more desirable.

A serious decline in the price of wheat which may impair the purchasing power of a great number of farmers may also seriously affect the earning power and therefore the values of securities of companies doing business with the farmers. Such companies, as agricultural machinery manufacturers, fertilizer companies and mail order houses would be unfavorably affected. At the same time milling, baking and biscuit companies, large purchasers of wheat and its products, would benefit by decline in the price of wheat.

Learn to appraise with discrimination the reported opinions of financial authorities and market observers. The men whose opinions are the most valuable are not always those who talk the most. For example, when Mr. Andrew Mellon was reported as saying "This is a pretty good time to be buying bonds." That was an opinion well worth noting.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

•

April Concerts
Curran Theatre

•

APRIL 4-6

Soloist,
MARGARET HAMILTON,
Pianist

APRIL 11-13

LAST PAIR OF CONCERTS

●

The greatest single factor in a successful business is management. Watch the financial columns for announcements of changes in management of banking sponsorship. Announcement of mergers and consolidations are also important. Do not overlook the advertisements featuring new issues of securities. Much valuable information for the general investor is contained in such advertisements.

When a responsible investment banking house offers a new security issue by advertisement to the public it gives the important and significant information relating to the new company upon which it relied in risking the bank's capital in the purchase of those securities and in placing a price on them which makes a security an attractive purchase under current market conditions.

The typical new security advertisement contains a statement of the capitalization of the issuing company, a description of its business and properties, a report of its assets and liabilities showing how much property there is behind the security that is being offered, and what, if anything, there is junior and senior to it. All the facts of the issue will be explained, the price and yield given.

In short, the security offering advertisement of a reliable investment banking house is a condensed and authoritative picture of the affairs and present position of the company concerned on the strength of which millions of dollars have already changed hands between the bankers and the corporation issuing the security.

All in all, there is no quicker nor surer way of acquiring a practical knowledge of finance than through the careful and consistent reading of the financial pages of a sound newspaper.

Finance has been defined as the application of money to practical ends. Those ends will be successfully attained if and to what extent the investing public makes its purchases on intelligent information.

Speaking for myself I will say that it is far easier, and certainly more pleasant, to handle investments for people who are well informed regarding securities than for those who know little or nothing about them. Ignorance generally breeds fear, distrust and uncertainty. For that reason it is well to educate yourself about bonds and stocks so that when the time comes to invest, your knowledge will protect you from the loss of money through the purchase of wildcat stocks or unsound bonds, and in addition, whoever handles your investments will enjoy transacting business with you. Truly—in investments as in other fields of human endeavor—knowledge is power.

Alice in wonderland

(Continued from page 4)

"Oh, tune down Funny Face" broke in the mackerel—"cut out the static! Now folks," jumping up on a ship-wrecked cracker box—and addressing the crowd—"let's form a posse!"

"Where'll we posse?" squeaked the sardine.

"How about The Saratoga Inn?"—said the smelt, wiping his eyes with the tip of his tail—"She always loved it so—she—"

"No use," said a quiet looking crab—"I've just walked over—her room's empty—bed untouched—flowers on the table—"

"Oh don't—don't" sobbed the smelt—"I can't bear it—I—"

"Will somebody just troll him off somewhere," said the mackerel disgustedly—"Now who'll lead the posse?"—he raked the crowd with his eyes—"Where's the Eel—he'd be good—"

"Where's the Eel?"

"Where is he?"

"Yes, he'd be a fine one—"

"Great friend and all that—"

"Seen him anywhere?"

But the Eel was nowhere. They called, they searched, they swam up and down all the main currents. In vain.

Suddenly a dark figure shot around the corner—he stood on his tail and brandished a revolver! It was the Seal! "Come on—you pack of shrimp eaters—" he cried—"You assorted conversationalists—come on follow me—I'll show you! Want to go headhunting?"—and he laughed hoarsely.

"Going for Alice?" quavered the little sardine.

"Double E, L,—that's who I'm going for first" shouted the Seal, firing off his pistol in mid water—"Come on you fish-eyed, scaly, double tailed floaters—come on"—and he flung off on a huge wave—

The crowd streamed after him.

▲ ▲ ▲

City club catering

With the approach of warm weather the cafeteria will feature cold plates and salads in variety.

Members are invited to send in recipes of favorite dishes which they would like to have included in the menu. Recipes must bear the name and address of the sender.

MAIN DINING ROOM LUNCHEON—$1.00

Celery Victor
Vegetable Soup Consomme, Vermicelli
Broiled Salmon, Lemon Butter Sauce
Grilled Saratoga Chop, Colbert
Half Fried Chicken, Country Gravy
Cauliflower au Gratin Parsnips Saute
American Fried Potatoes
Assorted Ice Cream or Sherbet
Home-made Apple Pie Jell-O
Boston Cream Pie
Date Layer Cake Soft Banana Custard
Choice of Beverage

PLATE LUNCHEON—75 CENTS

Broiled Salmon, Butter Sauce
Turkey Patty a la King
Fried Calf's Brains, Brown Butter
American Fried Potatoes
Cauliflower au Gratin Hot Rolls
Home-made Apple Pie or
Assorted Ice Cream
Choice of Beverage
Coffee Tea Milk

TYPICAL SUNDAY DINNER—$1.25 PLATE

Grapefruit Cocktail, Rubyette
Chicken Soup, Okra Consomme, Royale
Stuffed Filet of Sole, Joinville
Sirloin Steak Minute, Bordelaise
Roast Domestic Duckling
Celery Dressing Apple Sauce
Delmonico Potatoes
Asparagus, Melted Butter Spinach
Corn Saute-Green Peppers
Stewed Tomatoes Hearts of Lettuce
American Cheese Dressing
Assorted Ice Cream and Sherbet
Layer Cake Home-made Apple Pie
Grapefruit Cream
Choice of Beverage

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FLORENCE SHARON BROWN
The Russian Shop
Carmel-by-the-Sea
SAMOVARS MODERN ANTIQUE

"What shall I wear?"

Women of today lead such interesting, strenuous and epoch making lives . . .

There are so many places to go . . . so many things to do . . . so many things to see and hear, but with all this activity there still stands above all others one very feminine quality and desire, and that is: to be correctly and properly dressed for every occasion, place and time.

Of all the luxuries that service showers on women of beauty and distinction, none is more delightedly received than the service given by the S.S.S. Bureau.

Clothes that are becoming, colors and styles that make the individual more charming, are qualities of this service.

Travel with the pomp of a Marquise and the freedom of a Gypsy have your wardrobe planned and selected so you are free to see -- your world

Your taste will be applauded if you engage this thoughtful and experienced aid in your selections. This service will create for you an appealing satisfying color scheme in styles suited to your needs in any part of the world.

The very fact that in this modern day of easy travel, there seemed to be lacking a place where information on dress, correct dress usage in various parts of the world at a given time of year, hence the birth of the Sergeant Shopping Service Bureau, which will properly inform you of the correct clothes to be worn in each peculiar locality, country and climatic needs.

This Bureau is prepared to assist you in selecting your wardrobe and to make suggestions for proper traveling necessities.

Information that is most valuable in making your trip one of comfort and pleasure will be given to individuals, groups of friends, or clubs who wish to avail themselves of this service.

▲ ▲ ▲

Waiting

Not yet, O friend, not yet! The patient stars
Lean from their lattices, content to wait.
All is illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levels of the Eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear.
Not yet, O friend, not yet!

—BRET HARTE.

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MJOHNS

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YOUR WARDROBE

will be greatly

improved and freshened

by

periodical CLEANING

The clown

He was a powdered, gay buffoon
As he faced his gallant band
Of horns and drums and flutes of Pan
And there from out his stand
He smirked at women seated round
In shining silks and furs
Their breaths of idle tenderness
Soft as a cat that purrs
The silver notes dripped from his wand
And in his bitter heart
He crushed an April song
For one who sat apart
And looked upon his painted masque
His eyes like purple wine
Her face as cold and clearly white
As Mary's in the shrine.

Couriers to the last frontier

(Continued from page 23)

with skilled Harvey driver-mechanicians, you may visit great prehistoric ruined cities, work your way deep into the vast Indian reservations, drift out across the open range country, climb among the primitive Mexican settlements of the high Sierras, or call in upon the sunny, dust-colored modern Indian pueblos, where life goes on in patterns centuries old. Always you will find your courier a rare traveling companion, offering pleasantly and unobtrusively just the information you were wanting to know, caring skillfully and thoughtfully for every travel detail.

One of the pioneers of this courier service, one of the first who ever set out with her guests to cross desert and climb mountain, is Miss Henrietta Gloff, who is stationed this year in California, and will be here in San Francisco this month. There are few trails of the wide Southwestern country that Miss Gloff does not know. She is one of the thousand-odd whites who have ever seen the great lift of Rainbow Bridge; she has ridden along the wide aisles of Monument Valley; she has seen the midnight fires flickering on the strange shape of the Shalako Dance in the low Zuni houses. Many of her old guests hail from the Bay cities, and it is primarily to renew her pleasant personal contact with them that she is spending March in San Francisco.

Dressed in the striking outing uniform of her corps, with its wealth of Navajo hammered silver and turquoise jewelry, Miss Gloff frequently will be at the Santa Fe City office, and her intimate knowledge of the Southwest may be availed of.

▲ ▲ ▲

Trade name for women's city club beauty salon preparations

● The Women's City Club Beauty Salon manufactures certain Beauty Preparations of an excellent quality, a Cleansing Cream, Skin Food, Hand Lotion, Lavendar Lotion and an Astringent. The preparations are used in and sold through the Beauty Salon.

The preparations will be used and sold under the label of the Women's City Club Beauty Salon and it is desirable to use a distinctive trade name.

Rules of the Contest

Both members and non-members may participate in the Contest. The prize will be a $5.00 Scrip Book, which may be used in any department of the City Club.

The trade name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope addressed "Trade Name Contest" and enclosed in an envelope bearing the name and address of the sender.

There is no limit to the number of names which may be submitted by one person, but each name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed as above.

The contest will close April 10, 1930.

Police!

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Legend of the galliardia

The beautiful and touching legend of the Galliardia was told my grandmother, Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston, when she went to Texas as a bride, in the early forties, by an old Texan who had lived for many years among the Indians, both in Texas, and in different parts of Mexico.

When I was a child, my Mexican and Spanish playmates knew vaguely of the legend, and referred to the Galliardia as "the Aztec Flower". I have never seen the tiny, lovely butterfly marked like the flower, around unless there *were* Aztec flowers in bloom, and rarely (if ever) have I seen it hovering over any other flower in the garden. The dainty little insect was exempt from pursuit in our childish "butterfly hunts," and if, by oversight, someone snatched at the little thing, a warning call from a mate of "Cuidado! That is an *Aztec* butterfly" instantly stopped the chase. We did not regard the little creature with *awe* at all—we merely regarded it with a sort of respectful and affectionate interest.

"Originally the Galliardia was entirely yellow. It grew in profusion in many parts of Mexico, and was the favorite flower of the Aztecs. It was used in religious ceremonies, and on all festal occasions, and the young maidens loved to decorate their jetty locks with wreaths made of the bright yellow blossoms. Cortez came—and the lovely land was drenched with the blood of its confiding inhabitants. The loved flower in pity held up its petals to catch the sanguinary stream as it fell, and to this day has remained stained a deep crimson, with the exception of the outer edges of its petals which retain their original yellow hue. And now when the Indians see the tiny butterfly of the same color hovering over the flower, they say:

" 'See, it is the spirit of the Aztec, watching in gratitude, his favorite flower'."

—ELSIE G. JOHNSTON PRICHARD.

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Coils into strings and pipes that they can do
Such subtle violence to any brain?
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Or that a lip upon a whittled straw
Can wall a room with wings—by waving fire
Compel the languid pulse to drum in awe?
Now there are meadows in the mind with grain
Too bright for harvesting, too strange for bread;
Now there are stretches of a sea instead
Where gaunt waves crash upon earthly rock.
From heights where unimagined echoes fall
Fleet disembodied voices scarcely heard,
Crying in overtones a breathless word
Of incommunicable power, unlock
The gates which have been closed against us. Call
This intricate illusion what you will:

—GEORGE O'NEIL.

▲ ▲ ▲

The way

The way to write verses, indeed, indeed,
Is to follow some definite plan,
To learn about rhythm and accent and such,
To pore over rules and not feel very much.
If you wish to write verses, indeed, indeed,
Be sure that you know how to scan!

The way to make poems, indeed, indeed,
Consists in forgetting the rule,
It's to live and to love, to see and to think,
To write from your heart with its red drops for ink,
For the way to make poems, indeed, indeed,
Can never be taught in a school.

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD YATES in *Muse and Mirror.*

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

May · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 4

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MAY 1, 1930

APPRECIATION OF ART
Lecture every Wednesday at 12 noon. Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION
Every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, *Director.*

LEAGUE BRIDGE
Every Tuesday, 2 and 7:30 o'clock. Chinese Room. Miss Emogene Hutchinson, *Chairman.*

CURRENT EVENTS
Every Wednesday at 11 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Leader.*

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS
Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Chinese Room. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman.*

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS
Second Sunday each month, at 8:20 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, *Chairman.*

May 1—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mrs. Grace E. Pew.
Subject: "Central America and the Canal Zone."
(Illustrated with motion pictures)

2—Outdoor Section Field Trip to University of California Campus . . 10:00 o'clock
Take 9:20 S. P. boat and Ellsworth train to end of line. Meet at Sather Gate.

3—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Theodore Wores.
Subject: "My Experiences and Impressions in Art."

8—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 o'clock
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "The Great Meadow" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

11—Sunday Evening Concert . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:20 o'clock
Program arranged by Mrs. Carlo Morbio, Mrs. Francis Shaw, Mrs. J. V. Rounsefell.

14—Membership Meeting . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 o'clock

15—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Harry L. Todd.
Subject: "The Evolution of the Postoffice."

16—Outdoor Section

22—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. William Marvin.
Subject: "The Foreign Policy of the United States."

29—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Lewis F. Byington.
Subject: "Impressions of a Recent European Tour."

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Consider whether the program emphasizes the all around development of each camper; whether it duplicates city activities or is adapted to out-of-door life; whether your child needs to develop natural abilities or to have a program that will teach him to adapt himself to new experiences.

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ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 7

● "Open! in the name of the Law!"

There was a pounding on the door.

"Who's there?" cried the Seal stoutly through the keyhole. He and his followers had been searching the Eel's house, which they found dark and empty, in the hope of finding some clue to the whereabouts of Alice. They were now gathered in conference in the spacious vestibule.

"Open or we shoot the lock!" came sharply in answer.

The Seal motioned to the little Sardine to unbolt the door. Three fish burst in . . . two Perch in police uniforms, armed to the teeth, and a languid looking Octopus.

"Arrest the whole bunch," ordered the Octopus yawning, "and give 'em the third degree. You might start with that fellow" . . . pointing to the Sardine . . . "he hasn't any eyebrows . . . I dislike fish without eyebrows."

The Sardine blanched and started to faint, but the Perch policeman stood him deftly on his head, and his color came back. "Now . . . youngster . . ." they righted him and shook him by the shoulders . . . "what d'ye know?"

"Refuse to answer," hissed the Seal out of the corner of his mouth.

"Refuse to answer," faltered the Sardine, and started to faint again.

The two Perch stood him on his head again and kept him there this time.

"Possibly you don't know who I am . . ." the Octopus trailed gracefully over . . . "I happen to be Ernest Octopus" . . . he drew out a cigarette, lighted it and blew the smoke in the inverted Sardine's face.

"Not Ernest Octopus, the great detective?" gasped the Sardine.

"Quite so," answered the Octopus lazily curling and uncurling his longest feelers . . . "of the well known agency 'SNOOP & SNITCH-EM'."

"Oh my!" said the Sardine and shut his eyes . . . the smoke was very bad.

"Now perhaps you'll be good enough to tell these gentlemen anything they may wish to know."

The Sardine waved a feeble assent.

"Now, Kid" . . . the two Perch always spoke exactly together, like one fish . . . "Come across . . . where's Alice?"

"Oh, if I only knew . . . if I only knew," sobbed the Sardine breaking down.

"Cut the comedy, cousin, you're all wet! You saw Alice last, and we know it. Now wipe your nose and give us the goods! Make it snappy!"

"Could you . . . could you, just turn me

(Continued on page 29)

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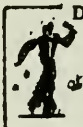
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

a college president travels to the orient

—AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT
President of Mills College, California

● Out of the colonial era comes down to us the sage prophecy that to function as a government, democracy would need enlightened public opinion. Out of that fact's acceptance has developed under the American constitution our public school system with its compulsory attendance laws for all and manifold opportunities for the ambitious.

In our day of international economics and politics, a greater responsibility than ever rests upon public opinion. It must be sufficiently enlightened to scatter the shadows of ignorance and prejudice in national matters as these matters move across oceans and become intergovernmental, inter-racial, international in every sense. It is a truism that the ability of public opinion to function is in proportion to the accuracy with which it ascertains facts. More than a minimum of public school education is needed to give information, to co-ordinate and effectuate the individual and public mind that public opinion will be enlightened. Indeed, for this enlightenment, effort must be made to search out facts, to bring these facts into printed form, and to arrange that the individual and public mind may have access to these facts.

Conferences and institutes, with their lay delegates, their research scholars, their data papers, and their specific agenda have come to be a recognized instrument in the creating of public opinion. Such an instrument is the Institute of Pacific Relations with its central international office at Honolulu and its national headquarters in the various nations bordering on the Pacific. Such a conference was the third biennial meeting of the Institute in Kyoto, Japan, October 26 to November 14, 1929. Full delegations of men and women were sent by Australia, Great Britain, Canada, China, Japan, New Zealand, Philippine Islands, and the United States. Delegates were chosen through the medium of national groups of the Institute, and were unofficial as far as government was concerned. Beside national delegates, observers were present from the League of Nations, from the International Labor Office, from Mexico, from Russia, as well as from France with its Pacific interest in Indo-China, and from the Netherlands, with its long-maintained activity in the Dutch East Indies. Taking part in the conference, then, were citizens of twelve nations actually bordering on, or interested in the Pacific area, as well as officers representing the most important organizations of world significance, the League of Nations and the International Labor Office. In addition to delegates and observers, an important group from the Central Secretariat included Mr. Hawkling Yen, once minister to the United States from China, Mr. Keichi Yamasaki, from Japan, and Mr. Chester Rowell of California, in charge of press.

From a score of countries these folk came to Kyoto where the maple leaves were crimsoning in an unusually early frost. The ancient city, which for a thousand years was Japan's capital before the Meiji era transferred the government to Tokyo, lies below the terraced slopes of Higashiyama. The delegates and their families, well-nigh three hundred in all, were housed in two hotels, the sightly Miyako with its hillside gardens, and the modern steel and concrete Caravancery that lies opposite the City Hall on the street called Kawaramachi. Except the formal welcome given to the delegates at the Municipal Auditorium, meetings were held in the Miyako Hotel, from whose wide windows one looked down on a scene of varied beauty. Below was the wide Yamashiro Valley, and at its center, with its homes and gardens, its temples and palaces and pagodas, the city, toward which and through which ran many streams and threads of far-flung road. Framing the valley were pine-clad hills of poetic name—Hiei-zan Kurama, Hirani, Mikumi. To see Atago-yama silhouetted against the western sky at sunset was to carry away a freer, richer gift than any conference debate afforded.

The method for conducting the conference had developed at the two previous biennial sessions. Long before the exact programs had been outlined, it was known that all delegates would be assigned to Round Tables, in which they were expected to take an integral part. Leaders would be assigned to each Round Table by the Program Committee, but opportunity for free and open discussion was unquestioned. Round Tables would meet in the mornings, national groups and committees would meet in the afternoons, and to these three types of meetings only accredited delegates might have entrance. The evening would be devoted to forum discussions, with distinguished speakers giving formal addresses to an audience made up of interested persons, citizens of Kyoto, families of delegates, as well as delegates themselves. And this plan was carried out meticulously.

Since the formation of the Institute, the Research Committee has busied itself deciding where investigation was most needed, upon what subjects of economic, political, or social significance in the Pacific. Moneys have been procured for making necessary researches, and scholars have been chosen to undertake specific tasks. So thoroughly had preparation been made for the Kyoto agenda, that almost a hundred books and other data papers were in the hands of the delegates before they left their homelands.

Another sort of preparation for the conference had been made by the hostess nation, Japan. In order that delegates might see for themselves the condition of agriculture and of industry which was to be part of their discussion, the national railroads gave to all delegates and their families free passes that they might come and

go with comfort and economy. In order that museums and temples, factories and studios, schools and hospitals, might be available at the proper time for intelligent visitation, special days were set aside and special arrangements were made for conference members. In order that the life of the Japanese family, and the customs of the Japanese people might be better understood by folk from other lands, unnumbered homes offered the most gracious hospitality, the tea ceremony was repeated and explained, the principles of flower decorations taught to those who could take time to learn, the festivals of the seasons, the drama in its feudal and in its modern forms—everything that could interest the beholder was arranged for his enjoyment and his information. That hospitality should lack nothing, it seemed that from Emperor to peasant, all Japan was ready to welcome the conference and to teach it what it would be well to know. How the Imperial Gardeners produced their miraculous chrysanthemums, how the lacquer artisan built up his flawless surfaces, how the silk worm spun his cocoon, and how the human worker at his silken warp wove the priceless textiles which the Japanese women use as Obis. Such hospitality gave everything and accepted nothing. With little oratory and no symbols of presenting strangers with keys to cities that were innocent of locks, Japan became a laboratory for observing student delegates, and what these learned cannot be crammed into a student theme.

One lesson that student delegates bore away may be interpolated here. The hostess nation is actually a subjective people, who for a millenium and a half have built up a homogeneous civilization based on the arts, even agriculture has been an art. In the seventy years since their ports were opened, and they have been adjusting themselves to intercourse with the capitalistic, industrialized west, they have put on economic and political garments woven on western looms, but at heart they are still artists, sensitive to beauty, concerned with the exquisite, interested in material possession largely as it ensures leisure for the arts of life.

And yet it was for the conference—conversations, discussions, and debates, that delegates had circled the globe, and it is with them that this brief account should deal. Suffice to say, no college seminar ever gathered about a table with so much punctuality and precision, so much sincerity of purpose, so much material for bases of argument, and so many thoroughly competent folk to set forth and maintain positions and opinions, as the discussion groups of the Kyoto Conference.

The daily bulletin shows activities from eight each morning until ten at night. At first the discussion groups numbered six, and later four. One learned each morning what leader would direct the argument in his own group, and what speakers would bring a period to the day's debates in the evening forum.

To name the leaders and speakers who seem best to epitomize the findings of the conference, would be beyond the limits of this article. Nor is there room to sum up the conclusions of the week-long discussions of conditions in agriculture and in industry in the Pacific, of the railroad problems of Manchuria, and the myriad difficulties in treaty ports of China.

I shall express the respect and the faith of the entire conference in the Chairman of the Conference and in his point of view, as I quote Dr. Inazo Nitobe: "Not for indictment of others, not for propaganda of our own faith, not for a passionate appeal for a national cause, not to settle a controversy, but for the deliberate orientation of problems that may cast a shadow over the Pacific, have we come together."

Such was the educational purpose of the third Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Kyoto. And this purpose was admirably achieved.

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so women can't work together?

—MARSHALL MASLIN
Editorial Writer San Francisco Call-Bulletin

● I have lawyer friends who say: "I don't like women clients. They're impossible to work with."

I have heard stock and bond brokers say they'd rather not have women customers because women "won't play the game."

I've heard working girls say they'd rather take less money and work for a man because "nobody can satisfy a woman boss."

No man of my acquaintance would think of having a woman for a doctor and I know plenty of women who will not, under any circumstance, call upon a woman doctor when they are sick.

I've even heard it said that women have no place in a newspaper office!

And always, all my life, I have heard people say: "If you want to get something done, get a man to do it. Women Can't Work Together."

But I've been talking to Marie Hicks Davidson and now I have an unanswerable argument for all those people . . . the "feminine" women and the exceedingly "masculine" men who think that women can't do things by themselves. Marie told me about the Women's City Club and how it happened to be born and how it grew and how it keeps going. I've been in the club only once or twice and I went in as a man always goes into a women's club. I wanted to see the exhibition of home decorative arts, so I mastered my self-consciousness and pretended to be very self-possessed and walked right in.

But I didn't know how the club was run. I assumed it was one of those organizations that collect steep dues and hire everything done. I noticed in a vague way that the women who were working about the club seemed to be cultured and intelligent and courteous, but it did not occur to me that they were MEMBERS. I didn't know it until Mrs. Davidson told me.

She said that the Women's City Club grew out of the experience of San Francisco women who maintained canteens during the war. In managing those canteens they did much for the men in the services, but they discovered after it was all over that they had also done something for themselves.

They had learned to work together and they felt empty afterwards without that work to do. They had developed a good faculty and the armistice took away from them the happy use of that newly-discovered ability. So they made a club for themselves. They began slowly, but by 1926 they had that beautiful friendly building at 465 Post Street.

And at 465 Post they still work together. Women lay aside costly fur coats to address envelopes. Women drive down town in limousines to serve tea to other members. Women leave homes in which they might sit in splendid libraries and read their own books to go to their own club and work in the common library. They still work like that and it has become a natural part of their lives.

Professional and business women also participate in "Volunteer Service." They insist upon it as their privilege.

It seems to me, a man, a wonderful thing, and a perfect refutation of that silliest of all the remarks Dr. Samuel Johnson made. That one in which he compared a woman preaching with a dog walking on its hind legs and said he did not marvel so much that she did it well as that she did it at all!

It was nonsense when he said it and it is still nonsense when men repeat it. And if all the men in San Francisco knew the story of the Women's City Club, there'd be less of that nonsense in our town.

Unless I go to Rio
These wonders to behold . . .
Roll down, roll down to Rio . . .
Roll really down to Rio
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old.

why not go and see?

—MARY COGHLAN

● Why be satisfied only to dream and wonder about this wonderful world we live in? Why not see it in its matchless splendor, its towering mountains, whose snowy peaks touch the heavens; its giant chasms overpowering in their configuration and breathtaking in coloring. Mighty oceans that deepen beneath the purpling rays of the setting sun; cities that roar with a deafening din of incessant human traffic . . . perhaps the silent, measured tread of camel caravans straining under their loads.

Traveling is wonderfully instructive. It is often said that a man should live through the world once in order to know how to live in it. Traveling lengthens the shining links of friendship, it brightens the human affections, enlarges our social nature and enriches our intellectual faculties. Like Tennyson, we should all exclaim: "I cannot rest from travel; I will drink life to its lees."

The summer months are for most of us "Vacation Time." It is probable the thought ever uppermost in your mind was of that happy crisp-bright summer day when you embark for a fair land as fresh as dawn and as vivid as sunset and you yearned for that glorious leisure-day which would release you from the hectic and complex pressure of business or professional life. And at last summer has arrived. Your dream, golden and superb, is about to come true. Already, perhaps you're studying that little globe in the library to decide upon your particular promised land. With an inquiring finger you trace the bright lines that traverse the fascinating little

globe, invoking the aid of Mercury, gracious god of inspiration and swift travel. You close your eyes and murmur contentedly, "Where shall I spend this glorious playtime? Where is the land of which I dream, that fair land as fresh as dawn and as vivid as sunset? Golden paths into romantic countries . . . ocean paths, deep and invisible! Pageant days and glamourous nights . . ." And your wondering finger rests dreamily upon that part of the little globe that bears the inscription "Spain."

Happy inspiration! Before you comes an enchanting picture. Romantic old Spain, ancient land of magnificence indescribable. Soft blue in sky and sea, houses of coral hue and terra cotta; houses of dazzling white with doors of Basque blue; flower hung patios and splashing fountains, romantic balconies, tinkles of music, echoes of song. Spain is the land of pageant days and glamourous nights of which you've dreamed. Spain is the land whose songs have called you, rare romance land.

Straightway you plan to arrange passage upon one of the splendid ships "richly built and ribbed with brass, to put a girdle round the world" . . . a ship on which the very voyage is a joyous vacation indeed. The keen delights of the fathomless deeps! What can compare with this tonic voyage. You sing with Byron, "The waves beneath me as a steed that knows its rider!" Surely you are the most fortunate and wisest to have chosen this season to go a-vacationing. Have you quite decided then to seal your fate and go on to Spain? You hesitate as the little globe twirls under your guiding hand and you ponder the weighty question . . . "Just where shall I spend these precious vacation days." Attractive as are all the places mentioned on your little miniature world no half-hearted assent of the will must be allowed to dictate action. . . . You twirl and wait, wait for the next and the next. When the predestined port looms over the horizon there will be a little "click" far down inside your consciousness.

Perhaps, it will be Honolulu that will draw you within its haunting beauty; Honolulu "that holds the magic mirror for man-kind." The very name of Honolulu is haunting and alluring, like a lullaby, and its curious position on the globe makes it a mecca for wanderers, who like Ulysses, desire to see men and cities before they grow too old. It is almost exactly antipodal to the capitals of Europe. Indeed, it is said, that if the Hawaiian Islands should drag their anchors and drift only 20 degress westward and southward over the empty ocean and then moor themselves forever, they would float at the only point on the globe where there is neither east, nor west, nor north, nor south. Honolulu is the hub of the Pacific, with sea lanes radiating spoke-like to the harbors of the four continents; yet, it is more than two thousand leagues away from the nearest mainland port. It is the most oriental of occidental cities . . . the most occidental of oriental . . . and since it is so distant from the customary center of human habitation, the eyes of weary men turn towards it wistfully as a haven of escape from the habitual.

Although Honolulu is only a little city seated on a tiny island half the world away from everywhere, it is so rich in interest and so infinite in its variety that it offers a response to every mood. The climate is impeccable, the landscape is indescribably lovely, the huge mountains and coral-sheltered seas, the wide vistas, the volcanic wonders, all tend to satisfy that longing you have had for a loveliness you thought lost. Whatever you seek, Honolulu gives it to you . . . for Honolulu holds the magic mirror . . . and perhaps while you are in that direction, the happy thought may occur to you to continue on to China, land of strange beauty and fascination not to be measured; a land where one can live in comfort and luxury on almost nothing; sweet land of perfect service and the almost perfect cook. You can stand at the Ch'ien Men in Peking . . . and Rome itself seems young in comparison. You may cross the precious Girdle Bridge in Silken Soochow with the waters sliding past the grey stone steps . . . and Venice looks new. You can also recall that the first of these streets were placed there just four thousand years ago . . . just so the silks were woven then, no doubt . . . crepes, like spun moonbeams, and brocades like tinted flowers. And so the jade was carved, and so it ever will be while this colossal country continues to endure.

And so it will be, no matter where you may decide to go. All have their charms to lure you on, and perhaps hold you. Rio de Janeiro, with its enchanting ways; Quebec or perhaps Bermuda calls you. You may decide at that to remain in our own lovely California, this enchanted State, set between the mountains and the sea. . . . But wherever you go, you will be delighted with your vacation for there is really no lovelier time of the year for traveling than now.

"Pilgrim footsteps, whither bound?
Pilgrim glances, whither bent?
Sandal shod and travel gowned,
Lo, I seek the way they went."

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Photograph by Alta Studios

Detail of Decorative Arts Exhibit held at Women's City Club April 19 to May 3.

Bedroom for professional woman, designed by Jeannette Dyer Spencer.

Textiles by Doris Day.

Crayon study by Robert Boardman Howard

Handbound book, Beatrice H. Kierulff.

Metal work, Eldredge T. Spencer.

Furniture, Don Wallace.

"how" san francisco entertains

—MRS. MABEL T. JOHNSON
Manager, Hospitality Department San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Member Women's City Club

Mrs. Mabel Johnson

Back in 1921, The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, feeling that city owes the same courtesy to its guests s does the individual to the personal uests within his home, formed the Hos-itality Bureau, later called Hospitality Department. The writer, then head of the Research, Statistical and Information De-artment was chosen to develop the idea nd organize the work. It was the first novement of its kind in the United States, o that there was no precedent to build on; t had to be original ideas and innovations, vhich over a period of years have been vorked out and continued or discarded, as peration proved advisable.

It is a fascinating bit of work, this con-acting people from the four corners of he earth, looking after their needs, mak-ng them feel and know that San Fran-isco rejoices in their presence, wants them o see her wondrous attractions and go away as did Kipling saying:

"San Francisco has but one fault
'Tis hard to leave."

And it is a hard job, too, for one knows no hours: the work covers so many angles of activity and programs are so varied that one's day is often from 5:00 o'clock until late at night, or on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Yet, the inner satisfaction of service rendered makes it all possible and gives one the strength and energy to go on when physically one might be inclined to feel weary.

Going back to organization, the first step taken in November, 1921, was to organize a *volunteer* committee of 100 comprising such outstanding men as Wallace Alexander, W. H. Crocker and James I. Fagan, sell them the idea and with them as a nucleus, build and expand until at the end of the first year the committee numbered 2000 men who had pledged themselves to serve three times a year in calling upon and extending some courtesy to guests as assigned by the Hospitality Bureau. The committee has never fallen below the 2000 mark and fluctuates between 2500-3000 most of the time, now including a large number of women. The courtesy extended may consist of a number of things: serving with one's car on a planned tour of the city for a group, serving at the dock or at the rail terminal to welcome guests, serving on a committee to board a ship at Quarantine in the early hours of the morning, serving to take some guest shopping or to a hotel or club for luncheon. Except on group activities, the type of entertainment is left to the committeemen or women as the expense is theirs and they, therefore, are accorded the privilege of determining its scope.

The work is divided into two distinct classes: group and individual, with the group again divided into conventions, delegations or trade groups, world tours, and visiting fleets. In the beginning, the individual end of the work was the largest, with a field man meeting every boat from the Orient, Central or South America and New York via the Canal. He boarded each vessel at Quarantine, interviewed all passengers, turning in a record of the name, business, where from, length of stay and hotel in San Francisco. By the time the guest had arrived at the hotel, a representative from the Chamber of Commerce was there to personally greet him. Through all members of our committee being catalogued according to name, business, languages, home state, automobile, hobbies and marital status, it was very easy to make congenial and intelligent contacts. A like procedure was followed with the hotel arrivals. But this detail required a staff of four stenographer-secretaries in addition to the field men and even after three very successful years the Chamber felt it necessary to curtail on staff to a manager and two stenographer-secretaries, so we reorganized and cut our pattern to fit a smaller cloth.

In working out a new plan, the writer hit upon group activity which she could handle with much less assistance. We discontinued meeting boats except on rare occasions when some celebrity is arriving, in which case Hospitality Manager goes out to Quarantine herself, and, started planning and executing programs for conventions and delegations. When a convention committee so desires, it may come to us and we will plan their whole entertainment program, arranging luncheons, dinners, teas, theatre parties, shopping trips, trips through Chinatown, automobile rides, etc., donating cars to supplement their own through our volunteer committee. Sometimes we plan the whole program, sometimes only part. This can be of tremendous assistance to a busy man who perhaps has such a responsibility once in his career, whereas we are trained in this work and know exactly where to turn and how to plan to get the most for the money expended. The Convention Committee of course, pays all bills other than Hospitality Manager's personal expenses in handling a program, but we are very often instrumental in saving the group a considerable amount. In such cases where we plan a program, we also take full charge of its execution and personally supervise and direct each function early and late. On motor tours, the San Francisco Police Department is most cooperative with traffic clearance and motorcycle escort, likewise plain clothes guides through Chinatown, and who among us, exists, who does not get a thrill at going down Market Street during rush hours and watching all traffic held for our passing! Some few years ago a lumber delegation from New England visited San Francisco. Hospitality Manager was sent North to meet the party at Ft. Bragg and took charge of them from that point to San Francisco, and during the four days of their stay. An extensive program had been planned for them and while they seemed pleased with each item of it, nevertheless with true Bostonian conservatism, they did not express any undue enthusiasm. This fact rather discouraged me, although I felt that they were perfectly satisfied. Toward the end of their visit, an automobile tour of the city was arranged for them, 25 volunteer cars being donated, and accompanied by ample escort from the Police Department, the group was taken over the city covering both scenic and industrial territory, which, of course, South of Market Street meant quite a feat. To wind 25 cars in and out through the industrial district along the Channel and in and out of lumber piles, was no small accomplishment, and without our good friends, the motorcycle traffic officers, it could not have been done. Returning from Twin Peaks at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon and coming down Market Street with its four street car lines, its

heavy vehicular traffic, its crowds of people swarming from all directions, with motorcycle officers in front clearing the way, holding up all traffic from arterials, stopping all street cars until we passed by, was a thrill enjoyed even by the writer, as many times as she has experienced it. Upon returning to the Palace Hotel, where the party was stopping, the leader of it descended from his car and coming over to me said, "Mrs. Johnson, I feel as though I should go into the Palace Hotel and put on my frock coat and high hat for never, in Boston, did everything stop until I passed by! We had aroused his enthusiasm and admiration at last.

When delegations from other Chambers of Commerce or trade groups come, we plan and the Chamber finances, their entertainment, as of course we are formed for trade promotion. In the case of world tours, sometimes we send committees to Quarantine or the Dock to extend a greeting to the Captain, Cruise Director and passengers, and sometimes just participate in shore entertainment. Individual entertainment now consists of celebrities, people of business importance whom we learn are in town, or persons who come with letters of introduction from other Chambers of Commerce or communities.

During the past four months, we have handled the entertainment of the group of world famous engineers en route to and from Tokyo where The World Engineering Congress was held; the Frigidaire Convention; Public Schools Business Officials Convention; California Wool Growers' Convention; Japanese Business Men's Trade Tour; Institute of Pacific Relations luncheon to James Weldon Johnson and John D. Rockefeller III; luncheon to Major-General Thomas Q. Ashburn, personal representative of President Hoover on Inland Waterways; Sir Henri and Lady Deterding; the group of young Japanese girls acting as "Envoys of Gratitude" for whom the Chamber of Commerce joined with the Women's City Club in giving a tea; and dozens of others.

Another interesting sidelight in our activities is the fact that we have entertained representative ships from every navy in the world: The "Hood", "Repulse" and five smaller warships from England, the "Libia" from Italy, the "Jeanne d'Arc" from France, the "Juan Sebastian Elcano" from Spain, the "Sumatra" and Submarine "K-13" from Holland, the "Hamburg" from Germany, the "Iwata" and "Asama" as well as the whole Japanese Squadron from Japan, and the Chilean Training Ship "General Baquedano".

This sounds like a veritable round of good times but of course back of it lies hours and sometimes weeks of planning and work. Anyone who has had organization experience realizes that the more smoothly a program goes, the more work has preceded it. In fact, my own definition of efficient organization is to have the wheels go round so smoothly, that one is unconscious of the machinery that motivates it.

While a goodly portion of our work is reception and entertainment, we are in fact a Service Bureau, for no matter what kind of request a guest makes, whether he be from out-of-town or local, it is granted if humanly possible. Sometimes it is compiling of statistics, sometimes taking groups through factories, as with the Swiss Industrial Mission from Zurich, Switzerland, sometimes compiling lists of important people for invitational purposes, sometimes making desired contacts for trade purposes, sometimes making a study of civic problems; there is no limit to the scope and possibilities of community service.

The Hospitality Department as we are now called has been very successful although there have been many ups and downs but perhaps the greatest tribute to its efficiency is the fact that nearly forty Chambers of Commerce in other cities, hearing of our activity through returning members who have been served, have written in for plans of organization.

In short, we are creators and purveyors of Goodwill, that commodity which is nonpurchasable at any price but infinitely necessary and valuable to any successful organization or city. During 1929, the department handled the planning and execution of reception and entertainment for 25 conventions, 37 delegations and one world tour, extending specific courtesies to 7081 visitors to San Francisco; 395 volunteer committeemen served in all day or half day capacity donating their time and automobiles to this work. In addition to this *group* activity, 134 persons of note visiting our city individually were extended personal attention and letters of welcome were sent to 7309 arrivals at hotels and to 312 steamship arrivals at Quarantine, making a total of 14,702 guests to San Francisco given personal notice.

The results of Goodwill are necessarily intangible, but if each person returning to his home talked to only one person, telling of happy experiences, observe the advertising of San Francisco; but he does more. Each returning visitor who has been well received and sent away contented, talks to his neighbors, his luncheon club, his church group, his community, and San Francisco reaps untold benefit.

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the mountain play at tamalpais

—MARCELLA RAND

● Production of the pageant-drama, every year, finds greater and more deserved popularity as a community enterprise combining entertainment, education and otfen inspiration.

California is assembling a long list of such open-air productions in which a community unites its efforts for the edification of the outside world.

In the town of Hemet, in Southern California, the "Ramona" pageant each year draws a crowd of 60,000 persons, distributed among three days of the play's presentation in an open-air amphitheatre among the hills.

At Palm Springs the Fire Festival attracts a similar crowd.

In the San Francisco region the annual presentation of the Mountain Plav has come to be an established institution in which the Bay District assembles theatre lovers and devotees of the mountains on the common footing of the out-of-door pageant.

The Mountain Play, has been given for 17 years in the lovely out-of-door theatre of Mt. Tamalpais which perpetuates the name of its donor, the late Senator William Kent, draws a yearly crowd of from 7000 to 8000 mountain lovers to the scenic slopes of the Marin County mountains.

This year's production, set for Sunday, May 25, will be the poetic, symbolic drama of Gerard Hauptmann, "The Sunken Bell" ("Die Versunkene Glocke").

The character of the Hauptmann allegory—which music lovers will recall as having been done last year at the Metropolitan with Martinelli as Heinrich, and the musical score by Respighii—lends itself admirably to production upon Mt. Tamalpais, for the scenes of the German fairy tale are set in wooded glades of the mountains, with the supernatural creatures of forest and stream as actors in the drama.

"The Sunken Bell" has brilliant theatrical traditions, as well, for E. H. Sothern, with Virginia Harned gave the first presentation of the poetic drama in this country. It was given a few years ago by Gilmour Brown and his Community Players in Pasadena.

Baldwin McGaw, who directed last year's production on Mt. Tamalpais when the players gave Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," will again direct this year.

women's city club and san francisco society of women artists hold decorative arts exhibit

—MILDRED ROSENTHAL
Mrs. Hyman Rosenthal

We are told, sometimes, that women are impractical, unbusinesslike. And as to artists! the layman's idea is too well cherished to be again repeated here. But it has remained for the San Francisco Society of Women Artists and the Women's City Club to present what critics are generally conceding to be the finest Decorative Arts display held in America, outside of New York.

Three years ago, when the idea of sponsoring a Decorative Arts Exhibition was conceived a few guiding principles were laid down that have been maintained and enlarged upon subsequently. First, that in sponsoring an exhibition of this kind, the San Francisco Society of Women Artists and the Women's City Club must insist upon a broad, catholic and versatile display. That the undertaking must be above politics of any kind, so that artists throughout California could feel free to contribute work for exhibition. That it must be representative of the best contemporary work designed and executed in California, thereby presenting an exhibition typical of the Western Artists contribution to contemporary American Decorative Art.

UPPER
Alcove designed by Kay Swan.
Lamp and bookends by Gordon Newell.
Chair and table by Don Works.
LOWER
Fountain designed by William I. Garren, A.I.A.

Photographs by Alta Studios

Previous to the first Decorative Arts Exhibition, held in the City Club Auditorium in 1928, there had been no place in which California Art in Industry had been displayed. The Fine Arts Exhibitions, valuable in their own field, had left untouched the problem of presenting the Artist's contribution in the fields of furniture designing, textiles, metal-work, glassware, etc., etc. And yet the artist has been steadily exercising a vital part in industrial designing and has proved his place in the planning and ornamenting of domestic and commercial structures.

Outside of New York, the American public has had little opportunity to appreciate the great strides that their artists have made in the fields of decoration. Although European art centers have sponsored Decorative Arts Exhibitions for years, the American public has been forced to resort to reproductions in magazines for their inspiration along these lines. In presenting a display of this kind to the lay public of California, the San Francisco Society of Women Artists and the Women's City Club are truly pioneering! The exhibition, as presented this year, shows again that the sponsors have kept faith with their public. It reflects the spirit of earnest experimenting that has been responsible for many new and interesting features.

If, being critical, we realize that we have not attained perfection, unreservedly we acknowledge that we have striven for it.

have you patronized the beauty salon?

● I'm going to talk about this unit in our Club, and, most of my talk is going to be questions, I'm afraid, so, I started it off with a question for its caption, as above. "Have you visited, and patronized the Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club?"

Do you realize that the Salon belongs to you? You, as a member of the Women's City Club, are a part owner in this unit. If it is not a financial success, then you, as a Club member, are the loser, but, if on the other hand, it is a huge financial success, then you, as a Club member, are the gainer, for every unit of your Club is part yours, and its success or failure is what determines whether it is a desirable Club, or otherwise.

As loyal members of the Women's City Club, I am asking you to at least give the Beauty Salon a trial. Of course, first of all, you know where it is, and that its location is most convenient. You do not have to get out your membership card to go to the Salon. It is the same as the Swimming Pool, just down the stairs from the main lobby, in the lower floor of the Club building, and, it is a bright, cheerful, cheery spot, with its green and rose color scheme, its quaint little window boxes, and its smiling, pink-robed attendants. This location has an added advantage too, for, if you like your own Beauty Salon, you can invite your friends to patronize it, no membership card being needed, as I said before.

Then, there is another thing, in fact, so many more things that I'm afraid I shall not get them all in. Do you know that when you enter the Beauty Salon, you are greeted by the smiling face of one of your own Club members, for the Appointment Desk is in charge of the Volunteer workers, who naturally, being your own contemporaries, are most eager and anxious to see that you receive every courtesy, attention and service there is to be had.

Then let's go on to the Operators. You, in your Beauty Salon have only the finest operators, and specialists in the City. An expert Permanent Wave Operator, and an up to date permanent wave machine, and best of all, right now, there is a special offer of a permanent wave for only seven dollars and fifty cents.

Expert facial operators too, are there, at your service. Operators, who have had years of experience, and who have their own clientele who would follow them wherever they might go. Manicurists. Ah! that's something I am enthusiastic about. Do you know that you can get, in your Beauty Salon, a manicure for fifty cents that could not be equalled in the city, for the price? Your Salon specializes in what is known as a special manicure, which, in the hotels you'd pay $1.00 for, plus your tip.

That's another thing. Of course, you know that your Club allows no tipping, and this system carries into the Beauty Salon as well. Do you realize what that means to you? When you get a manicure anywhere else, it is never, at the minimum, less than fifty cents, and if you add your tip, which would never be less than ten cents, there's sixty cents for your manicure, sometimes more, and in the course of a few months, if you patronize your own Beauty Salon, you save the price of many manicures, just on the tipping alone. The same thing holds good too, with all the other treatments, of course.

Then there is the supply department. Your Salon carries nothing but the finest specialties. The skin food is made from a famous recipe that was used by Sarah Bernhardt for many years, and is one of the finest skin foods, passed by experts, on the market today. The price of this one article alone is less than you would pay for a like quality elsewhere.

The powder, made especially for the Salon, at one dollar a box, cannot be equalled in price, for the quality, and so on down the line. If you are sceptical, just come in and price things, and then go elsewhere and compare.

Have I eulogized too much? I hope not, for as I said, and I still say, this is your very own shop, in which you as a Club member, hold a share.

And here is the time for me to add just one more thing. The rest is up to you, and I feel sure that each and every one of you who will read this article (and I am sure that all loyal Club members do read their magazine) will at least make up your mind to go down into the Salon, and give it a trial.

And this is my last shot. We have in this wonderful Club of ours, which is unique in the City, as you well know 8000 members. Just think of it 8000 members, all coming and going throughout the year in this big building of ours. Using the Pool, the Cafeteria, the Dining Room, the Card Rooms, the Library and the Lounge; having tea, attending lectures, and doing the hundred and one things that a Club like ours offers its members.

Now, if just ten per cent — think of that—just 10% of our members would decide that they want to patronize their own Beauty Salon consistently, then it will go on to a huge success. Just 10% of 8000—that's not very much of a percentage, is it?

Will you be one of those 10%? Will you give your Beauty Salon a trial? You will not be sorry, I assure you.

And so, here's to our success. If you will co-operate, we will succeed, but without it, success can never be achieved in any undertaking.

Who am I? Why am I so interested? Why, that's easy. I'm just a Club member; a Volunteer worker, and a patron of the Beauty Salon.

▲ ▲ ▲

the coin

Into my heart's treasury
I flipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin.

Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

—SARA TEASDALE

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VOLUME IV — MAY 1930 — NUMBER 4

editorial

● Members of the Women's City Club of San Francisco have recently been given another outward and visible sign of the spirit of co-operation which is the keynote of the Club and at the same time are reminded that they have opportunity of proving their appreciation of that spirit, which has been made concrete in the little book, the "201 Shopping Guide".

The Shopping Guide, distributed free of charge to each member of the City Club and to each guest, transient or permanent, of the Club, is accompanied by a sheaf of "stickers," small discs of mucilaged paper which also, in turn, become guides . . . not to shopping, but to good will toward the City Club. Here is how it works: When a member makes a purchase at a shop listed among the "201" she is expected to detach a sticker and paste it on the check with which she pays for the commodity. Each sticker bears an inscription stating that the purchaser was impelled to make that particular purchase because of having seen the advertisement in the City Club Shopping Guide. Simple as that. But so far reaching in its ultimate benefit to all concerned, the shop, the purchaser and the City Club . . . that it is like a widening circle in which each wave length spells a newer and more inclusive message.

Cash purchases, too, may be "gummed" with stickers as the salesperson writes the memorandum to go to the cashier. In fact, the little sticker may become a very present help in all marketing or purchasing done by members. The City Club would consider it money well spent if a new consignment of stickers were needed every few weeks.

The "201 Guides to Shoppers" was a stunning piece of Volunteer service work upon the part of a devoted group headed by Mrs. Ira Sloss.

Actual work of soliciting the advertisements in the brochure was begun in the late fall. Then, like a thunderbolt came the now well-known financial depression. So near were the approaching holidays that the Shopping Guide unit decided to cease activities for two reasons, to await the return of financial normalcy and rest over Christmas. The first week in January saw the workers out again on their "beats," signing up contracts and spreading the good word. The result is twenty-four pages of ads, a well-written foreword, a two-page map of San Francisco, street by street, and a general summary of San Francisco's shops, restaurants, amusement places and points of interest to visitors.

Not only is it a silent witness to co-operation in the City Club, but a testimonial to Volunteer Service, an example of the printer's art and a credit to San Francisco and the City Club. Not to mention the nice bit of increment to the City Club.

Volunteer Service is but in its infancy when it can do things like this, so quietly, well and joyously.

looking forward

—MARION W. LEALE

● "Characteristic of a woman" . . . a phrase used this week by a city editor in discussing with me a "story" he wanted to print about the City Club. He argued it was news in which the public would be interested and I argued it was not. He won, but . . . and here I admit that I am characteristically feminine with my mental reservation . . . . I know he would be wrong if he applied the same test to learn in what news the City Club membership finds its interest.

We have had two well-attended membership meetings this year, one in February, when we discussed finances in all the phases of our particular problem, and one in March, when we heard the history of past accomplishments. Each was valuable in its way . . . valuable as showing what to do and what not to do, and valuable too in the development of our character as an organization. So much for the past. The forward-looking phase of a program with its unfolding of the future is, however, the constructive part of any program.

Therefore, May 14, the anniversary of our corner-stone laying, has been chosen as an appropriate day for another gathering of the clan, when the hopes and plans for 1930 will be outlined and when you will learn how you . . . a member . . . can become this year once again an integral part of the City Club, for whose principles you stand.

The Board of Directors will dine at the Club on that evening and it will give your officers much pleasure if you also will set aside this date to dine at the City Club.

After dinner we shall adjourn to another room . . . either the Auditorium or the Lounge . . . for an informal presentation of practical plans which depend for their success on you. Eight thousand is a city in itself and yet never have we tested our enthusiasm by one hundred per cent attendance. As President, in the name of the Board of Directors, I address this to each member personally. May we meet together on Wednesday evening, May 14.

We have much to discuss.

▲ ▲ ▲

the very fine art of forgetting

Oh, is it worth while to remember too long,
The grievance that caused one small sorrow?
It darkened our day and it silenced our song—
Why carry it into tomorrow?
Strange that we should choose to hold fast to our heart
The thing that produces our fretting!
'Twould surely be better to take up the art,
The very fine art of forgetting.

Forget the unkindness that rankled a bit,
Forget the quick words that were spoken—
Shall we let the friendships we've valued so long
In one hapless moment be broken?
And why do we take precious time to lament
Our blunders that proved so upsetting?
If there is no mending, let's try for a while
The very fine art of forgetting.

Our yesterday's losses, our yesterday's fears,
Mistakes,—we have some way lived through them—
Our keen disappointments, our heartaches, our tears,
What profits us now to hold to them?
This world would be for us a happier place
And there would be less of regretting
If we would remember to practice with grace
The very fine art of forgetting.

from the holy land

—BETH LAUGHTON

Written from Jerusalem to "The Group"

Miss Laughton is one of the early members of the "National League for Women's Service," and a Volunteer worker in the City Club for many years. She is now traveling and living abroad and friends find her letters so enjoyable that it occurred to them to share this one with a larger group of City Club sisters.

● I think you know much of our doings in Cairo, they were not exciting but interesting, and having plenty of time we had opportunities of seeing much I didn't on my first trip. I did not think I would care particularly about a second visit to Cairo but was glad to go anywhere where we might find sunshine. We had plenty of sunshine and spent much of our time on the roof in it, but our rooms were like ice chests . . . the whole house cold because unheated and only at tea time did they have a coal stove lighted in the lounge to give any semblance of warmth. However, that is neither here nor there, we survived without trouble and had so much else to do we can forget that part. We had many delightful experiences and on the whole I was very glad to have the second visit. We visited most of the Mosques, went onto the old walls, and poked around through native streets without mishap . . . in fact, we met kindness everywhere and found someone always willing to help if we ever needed it, as we occasionally did for direction. We found we could go everywhere without a guide and that was a joy for they always hurry one around so. I have told some of you I think, that we had one moonlight night on the desert. The "Y" has a camp back of the Pyramids and we went out one night to stay all night. After dinner when the moon was up, Ahmed (the man in charge of the camp) took us across the sands to the "Spincus" (as he called it). It was Martha's first sight and she was thrilled, as I was although it was my second visit . . . for those monuments are as marvelous to me now as when I looked upon them for the first time. Guards watch about them now, so we were not pestered by suddenly appearing Arabs, and were left free to enjoy them by ourselves in the silence. We were without gaping facetious tourists, too, and you don't know how that adds to one's perfect enjoyment. Yes, we know we are tourists too, but we don't consider ourselves such when we remain long enough to have them know us, as they got to when we went down on the main street. The day we left we went out again to have a last look at the Pyramids and the inscrutable lady who has for centuries greeted the rising sun. I suppose she will keep on greeting it until kingdoms fall to rise no more.

● We had one heavenly week at Assuan and Luxor, and I saw much there I didn't see before. At Assuan our first trip was to the dam and the beautiful temple of Philae. Alas, we saw little of the latter as the water was up to the Capitals of "Pharoah's Bed" and at the temple we got out of the boat and walked on top of one of the walls. October is the month when the island is dry and the temples uncovered. The dam is being raised eight feet . . . for the third time . . . and when that is finished Philae will be entirely submerged during the time the water is held back. We walked across the dam, a mile and a quarter, then the motor met us and we returned. In the afternoon we had a delightful sail on the Nile, around Elephantine Island, a large island opposite Assuan, and to Kitchener's Island where we landed to walk around it; it's not very large and is like a small park now . . . it was given by the Government to Kitchener when he was in Egypt and he lived there much of the time. At his death it reverted to the Government and they keep it up as a park. The next morning we again took the boat to go down to the Rock Tombs, which were rather interesting, though we had to climb about a hundred rough steps to reach them . . . and the day was the hottest we had. We had a young Scotch girl with us, a teacher in the Government school at Cairo, on her holiday and she was bound to see everything. She was a fine guide and an inspiration. We also visited the Bishareen Camp outside of Assuan but were too late to see many of the natives. They come from farther down Africa . . . and either wear their hair very fuzzy all over their heads or else they do it in an infinitesimal number of corkscrew curls greased, stringing beads through the mess or filling them full of ornaments like daggers. They were a dirty lot but the children were beautiful and graceful. They wore bright colored dresses, mostly orange colored and were fine models for an artist.

"Luxor Was a Joy"

● At Luxor we had a busy time, too, and every minute was a joy, for the weather was heavenly. We visited tombs, temples and ruins galore, and felt by the time we had finished, we knew their gods fairly well. I wrote about all this before so will not bore you with a repetition of King Tut's Tomb, Karnak, Luxor, etc. But this time we went into many more tombs which had such beautiful wall pictures. After this week, Martha was quite thrilled with Egypt because, as I said before, one catches the spell of it when outside of Cairo, especially at Luxor where stand most of the monuments to its splendor, as Thebes. Should I ever go again I should want enough money to take the trip on a Nile boat and go as far as Char-

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town. I did love the additional features added to the Tut Ankhamen collection since my last visit and was able to get cards this time of the ones we liked the best. Shall show you a picture now of the one I once attempted to draw. I think Martha was rather sorry to leave but our time was up and we had to be moving on, then when we found such delightful weather here we were sorry we had not come immediately upon our return from Luxor because our last week there was so cold.

Now, what can I tell you of Jerusalem . . . the Holy City . . . so much has been told of it, and I should ask you if you should ever care to, to read Hichens "Holy Land" . . . he described it all as I would if I had his power. In the first place, all houses, mosques, churches and buildings of every kind, simple or grand, are built of this creamy, red-pink stone which is in everyone's back yard almost . . . never did anyone see such a stony, rocky country as this is, with small quarries everywhere of this creamy colored stone so commonly used. To look at the city from Mount of Olives is an unforgettable sight, it is truly the "city set on a hill" . . . gleaming, a creamy white, in the sunlight, its minarets towering aloft and an occasional splotch of color like the green of the domes of the Russian church or the blue of the big dome of the Abyssinian . . . the red tiles of the roofs soften the white effect and then in the center . . . the jewel of the crown . . . the Dome of the Rock, standing alone in the midst and the center of the temple area. The coloring of the hills about . . . the hills of Judea . . . is indescribable, they are like a rich Persian carpet. What makes it so I can't tell you, the red of the soil, the rocks, the atmosphere, yet when one is among them they are bleak and barren. If any of you remember the water colors of Jules Guerin which were exhibited at our Exposition, they were not exaggerated.

Virgin's Tomb

We had a guide for three days as we wanted some of the trips around the country. We really could have managed without him, but there was much he could show us which we could not easily find so we decided to let him take us first. We had one lovely day, going first to the Garden of Gethsemane, the old gnarled olive trees are there, but the garden is spoiled by a church which is built around two sides and almost completely overshadows it. Near by is the Virgin's Tomb which is *supposed* to be where she was laid. Most of the sites are "supposed" . . . some are authentic, some are fakes, but most are "supposed" . . . so one can believe as much as one chooses. The Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane are certainly the same. From there we drove to Bethany (also the same village) on the other slope of the Mount of Olives, and were shown the tomb where Lazarus was raised from the dead, the house of Simon the Leper, and the house of Mary and Martha, now a little enclosed plot of ground with the grass, weeds and flowers running riot. Just above and near Bethany is the site of Bethpharge, where Christ "cursed" the fig tree. I could give you all sorts of Bible references, but take Fosdick's book "A Pilgrimage in the Holy Land" and you can get all of those you want. We passed the wells of the Magi where they rested and saw the reflection of the Star . . . Rachel's tomb, the Inn of the Good Samaritan and finally came to the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab a hazy blue outline against the distant horizon. Here it was hot; our guide had a swim and we had our lunch. After leaving the Dead Sea we went to the River Jordan to one of the supposed sites where Christ was baptized . . . there are many such sites in the river! Anyway, it was the river, a muddy stream too, but we dipped our fingers into it just the same, but we didn't carry away any of its water. Leaving the Jordan we rode over the rocky plain of Gilgal, where the Israelites were encamped after crossing the river, to Jericho . . . four Jerichos were here . . . the modern village stands on the site of the city of the Crusaders, the Jericho of Herod's time was a little farther up towards the hills, and ancient Jericho stood higher. German archaeologists are working on the ancient site and are making some interesting discoveries and they have just unearthed parts of the old walls and some charcoal, remains of fires when the city was destroyed . . . buried all this time. Elisha's Fountain is at the foot of the mounds of this ancient city, now enclosed and used to irrigate the many banana plantations in the valley just below. The view is most superb, from the mounds one looks over the Plains of Gilgal to the Jordan and south across the Plains of Jericho to the Dead Sea . . . and the Moab Mountains, a rampart in the distance . . . at the back, the Mount of Temptation rises steep and bleak and half way up is the "Wilderness" (supposed) now marked by a Greek Monastery.

Another afternoon we rode to Bethlehem, also unspoiled, and are going again some day to sit on the hillside and poke around. The women of the village do very lovely embroidery and much crochetted lace work. Of course we were taken first to the Church of the Nativity and there, as here, one has more a feeling of disgust rather than reverence. The Church belongs to three sects . . . the Greeks, Latins and Syrians . . . and *Mohammedan* guards are there (as here) to preserve peace among the Christians! One descends into all sorts of subterranean passages and grottoes . . . with a lighted candle in hand . . . the spot which marks the birthplace is a semi-circular small grotto with a marked slab across the bottom in which is set a silver star. Around the inside hang the lamps of the three sects, guarded day and night by a Moslem, who sees that a Greek does not touch a Latin's lamp and so on! The whole place is tawdry with hangings, paper flowers, decorations, etc. One can easily see how Christ could have been born in the manger, for many people still live in just such dug out caves, which the animals share with the family, for nearly every family possesses a donkey or a goat, often both.

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Another interesting trip was to Hebron and Beersheba, both very old towns . . . the latter town has the three wells of Abraham, still used and worked in the old primitive way. At Hebron is the Cave of Macpelah which Abraham bought for a burial place for Sarah. He is also buried here as well as Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. A mosque covers the site and by paying 50 siastres ($2.50) one can go in to see only the monuments over the cave . . . a "dog of an Infidel" is not allowed to see the cave. We declined to pay that amount to look at monuments, but we were allowed to look through a keyhole at Jacob's monument. Hebron was the scene of one of the late massacres of the Jews when about 64 were killed down in cold blood, in fact the entire Jewish population was wiped out and families that had lived there for centuries in peace with the Arabs. There are many divers opinions as to the recent trouble and it is hard to believe what anyone says, as the Arabs say one thing and the Jews another. However, it is the Jews are having a hard time returning to the land of their fathers, yet the colonies are improving the land everywhere.

• Some day we are going over to Joppa, where is one of the largest colonies, Tel Aviv. The enclosed is a "lily of the field, which toils not neither does it spin" . . . I picked it on our way from Beersheba and a little later the hillsides will be covered . . . a mass of red. The wild flowers are beginning to come out and by the time we are ready to go on to Damascus, I think we will be able to see something of their beauty. Of course, we have "done" the city inside and out, and have done much poking about by ourselves . . . on our first walk we discovered the Jews Wailing Wall. We have been twice to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an amazing place of superstition and tawdry altars (five sects here and always fighting) have seen the room of the Last Supper, David's Tomb, Absolom's Pillar, the Pool of Bethesda and the Pool of Siloam . . . some the guide showed us and others we found by ourselves. We took our lunch and went one day for the day to the Mount of Olives. I climbed the 214 steps in the Russian tower which rears itself in the heavens from the crown of the Mount and such a superb view as I had . . . unsurpassable. I found the picture of the Christ with the blue eyes which Elizabeth talked so much of, and we went into the little Church where Christ was supposed to teach his disciples to pray. Around the walls of the cloister are 32 porcelain plaques of beautiful design upon which the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in that many different languages. Now we are going about as we choose and loving it, the whole country is so full of interest and never did I want a car as I do here, the only way of getting about. One has a sense of great simplicity about it all, while Egypt is more or less spectacular. When you receive this we will just about be leaving . . . Galilee, Damascus, Baalbek, Lebanon and Beirut. We sail from the latter place March 15 and reach Rome around the middle of April.

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the old swimming hole

• The Old Swimming Hole, long associated with summer vacations, has a greater appeal now than formerly. The art of swimming is no longer confined to a few aquatic athletes. It is now one of the favorite sports for both men and women.

Of course lake, river, and sea resorts are ideal for relaxation and recreation but one cannot live indefinitely at such places. For members of the Women's City Club are offered a splendid opportunity for relaxation and recreation in the Women's City Club pool. Come down and perfect your stroke before you leave for your vacation. Continue your swimming when you return.

Members will be interested to know that during the summer months the pool will remain open Mondays and Thursdays from 9 to 9 o'clock. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 9 to 7:30 o'clock, and Saturdays 9 to 6 o'clock.

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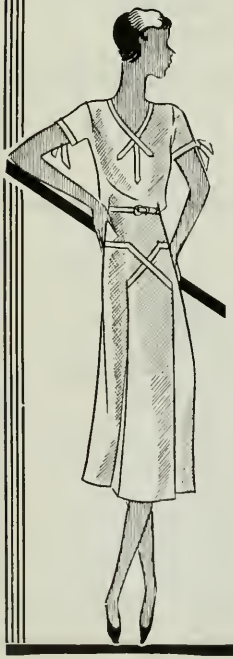
membership cards

In order to protect the privileges of Club membership, it is necessary to require members to show their membership cards upon leaving the elevator above the second floor. If a member comes to the City Club without her card, a pass may be secured at the Information Desk on the first floor.

Elevator operators are compelled to follow instructions and not permit anyone to leave the elevator above the second floor who does not show a membership card or a pass. For the protection of their own club house and the facilitating of elevator service, members are urged to co-operate by promptly showing their membership cards when leaving the elevator.



Polo sleeves are quite the newest thing in tennis dresses

. . . short sleeves are decidedly "in" for 1930 . . . it's a vogue that was made much of at all the smartest resorts this winter and one which is being taken up eagerly by smart Californians.

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Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio, associate editor of Women's City Club Magazine, in charge of Department of Music and Drama.

home sweet home

—MRS. CARLO SUTRO MORBIO

Some years ago, it was a foregone conclusion that if a talented young musician wished to make a success of his career, he must go abroad to complete his studies. Concerts there were more frequent, and less expensive; there were opportunities for operatic appearances, and of course the broadening experience of contacts with people of other nationalities, other ideas, and other ideals.

It is gratifying to realize that in a generation, many of these conditions have been brought to our own door. When one may attend a season of twelve symphony concerts for six dollars, and the popular concerts at the Auditorium for half of that, there is no reason why a student cannot become familiar with the best of orchestral music right here.

As to operatic opportunities, with two seasons of Grand Opera, and with the gracious attitude of the conductors in the matter of encouraging and favoring local talent, another advantage has come into our midst. Added to that, this season has also brought us the privilege of hearing the great Wagnerian operas splendidly given by the German Opera Company.

The world's finest concert artists are brought to us in great numbers by the various concert bureaus and managements here, so that the really eager musician despairs of hearing all that is offered.

Contacts with all manner of people are made possible by the increased facilities for transportation. Of course, the real flavor of travel and life in a strange land cannot be provided in any other way than by really visiting that country. Even this is not so difficult as of yore, for one may board a very good steamer here in our own harbor, and sail away in comfort and without great expense to the land of one's dreams.

When we look at an outstanding success like Lawrence Tibbett's, and realize that he took his place among the mighty Metropolitans with a "made-in-California" stamp upon him, and his work, it is surely cause for a glow of pride.

Last season, our own Eva Atkinson who has acquired her full musicianly equipment here in our city, stepped into the ranks of Grand Opera artists, and stood comparison with her more experienced colleagues most favorably.

We must not become provincial in our pride in our achievements, but it is heart-

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ening to feel that our young artists have a good chance to develop their talents right here. The Young People's Symphony starts them off with a thorough instruction in the use and character of the instruments, and in the principles of composition and orchestration. Thence the community carries them on to whatever heights they are capable of attaining.

So despite dreary predictions about radio usurping the place of concerts and movie tone eclipsing opera, we find ourselves living in a very music-minded community that bodes well for our musical future.

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choral club makes debut

—GRACE YOKUM

The Women's City Choral Club made its debut at the Sunday Evening Concert, April 13, and received enthusiastic applause from the audience. The Choral is now firmly established, and hopes to continue taking an active part in the Club's affairs.

During the last month we have greatly increased our membership, but there are still a few more places available. Any member interested in singing is invited to our meetings, held each Monday evening at 7:30, and as we are just starting to work on some new pieces, now is the time to join.

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sunday concert

• The program for Sunday evening, May 11, is to be a Garden Cycle. It will consist of four groups of songs: (a) Flowers, (b) Butterflies, (c) Fun in the Garden, and (d) Birds. These are to be sung in costume by Mrs. James Pressly, Mrs. Robert K. Malcolm, Mrs. James Resleure, and Mrs. Carlo Morbio with Mrs. Beatrice Anthony at the piano. Each group will be introduced by a dance, done by Miss Thais Garnette, and between the groups of songs, there will be selections played by an instrumental quartette directed by Miss Betty Marino. The members of the Music Committee who are in charge of the program are Mrs. J. V. Rounsefell, Mrs. Nelson Shaw, and Mrs. Carlo Morbio.

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leerdam art glass

• Much, of late, has been heard of modern French glass, of Bohemian and Venetian, but little has been said of the marvelously beautiful glass now being produced at the Leerdam works in Holland, exhibited to the world at Haarlem, Holland, in 1925, and now to be seen at Courvosier's, directly across the street from the club. There are pieces of this glass so distinctive in their sure simplicity and rarity of color, that it hardly seems possible that they are not within the reach of all those desiring such exquisite glass for themselves . . . which they are not.

Both gold and silver lustre is represented, in bowls, vases, goblets and glasses of extremely diverse and interesting shapes. Colors heretofore often merely painted on, are injected by chemical means into the white-hot glass itself, and the mottled effect obtained by the glass blower, working in the open air under the guidance of the designer himself, is extremely beautiful. Among the other colors to be found in this glass are amber, sea-green, Anna green, Bohemian, or Prussian blue, orange and amethyst.

One of the most interesting shapes in this glass to be seen at Courvosier's is a bowl-vase, which may be had in amber, amethyst or blue. It is about fourteen inches high and eleven inches at its widest part, having a curious, spiral-like relief running at a slight angle from base to top. Along with other pieces of more or less equal interest, it, too, is both useful and reasonably priced.

The Leerdam-Unica pieces shown at Courvosier's are of the greatest interest of all, as it is impossible to reproduce or imitate them in any way. This is due to the fact that each piece is freely mouth-blown in the open air, and not, as usual, produced through a definite manufactured mold which can repeat its form at a later date if so desired, thus becoming quite usual and common. So important a factor is this method of obtaining unusual and distinctive pieces, that the firm of Leerdam insist that each piece conceived in this manner, be engraved with the signature of the artist. Thus, to own one of these remarkable pieces is to have an objet d'art, which, like a painting or a fine etching, can never lose its intrinsic individuality.

Many of the leading designers of Holland and the continent are directly responsible for the unique and lovely forms produced by the Leerdam glass works. Among them is D. A. Copier, one of the leading younger artists, who through his genius and ability has become one of the most important men in the firm, and H. P. Berlage, the internationally known architect and designer. Although the later is now a man in his seventies, he is still submitting new and even more perfected designs to be worked out in the medium of glass un-

Specimens of Leerdam Art Glass

der his own personal supervision. He is well known to the American public through his lectures on architecture and the art of glass making in this country during the past few years, and holds with Frank Lloyd Wright one of the most cherished places in the minds of all those interested in modern design.

A few moments spent with this beautiful exhibit at Courvosier's would be well worth while, and, as has already been said, one should take particular note of the new and delightful forms used. They are so exquisitely simple and distinctive that, in many cases, color is almost entirely eliminated by the artist, as in the case of the lustre pieces, this being amply sufficient for its unique beauty.

▲ ▲ ▲

membership meeting

Chalk off May 14 on your calendar for that is the date of the Membership Meeting of the Women's City Club, where you will hear of the things being planned for 1930-31.

▲ ▲ ▲

lend a hand to the bookkeeper!

Will the City Club member who gave a $12 check on the Park-Presidio Branch of the Bank of Italy in payment of dues please call at Mrs. Duncan's office on the fourth floor to sign this check, as it was overlooked. Check is dated March 3, 1930 and numbered 7.

Mrs. Edith Daseking Branch, whose play "Graveyard Shift" won the Women's City Club Magazine Play Contest.

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In home furnishings, as in everything else, we believe in . . .

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. . . . and as evidence of our belief, we present this stunning Charles of London two-piece group (an exact copy of the furniture which Mr. Charles of London designed back in the 19th century, when he was upholsterer to the royal English family) . . . . a set that is massive in line, inviting in appearance, superior in construction . . . . covered in heavy rich colored tapestry . . . . a Hale home furnishings value at the low price of

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Soft and pliable straws for Spring and Summer wear. Rhoda has them all. Come up. Make your selection. Leave the old hat to be remodeled and ready for more wear. Good straws are worthy of Rhoda's attention when it comes to remaking.

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beauty . . .
charm . . .

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■

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177 Post Street

i have been reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

TIDEWATER VIRGINIA; *by Paul Wilstach;* Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.
THE GOOD COMPANIONS; *by J. B. Priestley;* William Heinemann, London.
ON PUGET SOUND; *by Robert and Jeannie Walkinshaw.*

● There is glamour in the name of "Virginia," to the exile, to the home-staying native, to the outlander who would like to have been born Virginian! In this quality, Californian and Virginian are akin, . . . their romantic love of their native soil. In neither is it a secret, silent passion, like "a worm in the bud"! Rather, it is the ruling passion, strong in life and the last word in death.

Paul Wilstach writes with affection and knowledge of "Tidewater Virginia." "If one asks the reason why, is not its very name enough? Tidewater Virginia is more than a phrase; it is an entity. It is one of those magic names . . . like the Chateaux of France, the Castles on the Rhine, the Bay of Naples, the Canals of Venice, the Lakes of Killarney, or the Spanish Main . . . which is both panoramic and legendary, an expectation and a promise."

"Tidewater Virginia is an honest name. . . . It is all that territory of Virginia contiguous to the Chesapeake Bay. A detached section of it, on the eastern side of the broad water, . . . is called the Eastern Shore. The great bulk of Tidewater Virginia, however, is on the western side of the Chesapeake. . . . Tidewater reverses one's conception of a river. A fresh-water river flows to the sea; but these tidal rivers

actually run over and into the land. . . . They are really estuaries of the Bay. . . . They are tidal. By anchoring a ship during the ebb periods, it is perfectly possible to navigate it the length of any one of these rivers without any other power than the flow of the tide."

This little triangle of Tidewater Virginia holds for an American, perhaps, more of history and romance and derring-do than any other equal area between the two oceans. Here at Jamestown was the first permanent English settlement. Here was the first truly representative legislative body; the first church of the thirteen original states; the first free school; the first trial by jury. On the shores of these tidal rivers were built the beautiful Colonial homes of the planters, Shirley and Westover, Chatham and Woodland, Stratford and Mount Vernon and Arlington. The plantation life is veiled from us by the mists of romance and tradition and adventure, but out of the haze shines the brightness of great names that can never grow dim, . . . the Lees, the Carters, the Randolphs, the Harrisons, the Nelsons, the Pages, Patrick Henry, George Washington. Of the first ten presidents, five were born in Tidewater Virginia.

The book is delightfully illustrated with photographs of the historic churches and homes that are still standing, and sketches of those that are gone. There are extracts from old manuscripts, and epitaphs from mossy tombstones, . . . even bits of old yellow letters which bring the great men

Zanon . . .

a name to conjure with

For the matronly figure requiring costumes with moderate waist line and chic, Madam Zanon offers the skill of an artist in making and designing.

Robes
Manteaux
Tailleurs

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As for materials, *exclusive* patterns in chiffons, printed silks and all the new materials not to be found elsewhere in the city and prices no more than for ordinary merchandise. Zanon turns out her customer not only chic, but

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of our history very near and make them human!

■

"The Good Companions"! One will remember this book with a laugh, and a sigh, and a good taste in the mouth. "Escape"! Which of us has not longed for it, at times! Unhappy he who has not found it, even in fleeting moments! I know the Head-of-a-Family, whose word for a holiday is "Let's escape away"! And the First-Mate of the same family has been known to leave home and husband and happy fireside, to go alone to Tamalpais and the big trees silent in mist and rain, just to escape away for a little from the things and people loved best in the world!

This is a book of escape. An impossible book, where "they all lived happy ever after," but a book full of real people, every one of them "thrillingly alive." It is a book to read leisurely in the sunshine of a spring day, to chuckle over, to keep and read again when the days are gray.

"A little clique of folk who in normal circumstances would be unlikely to meet come fortuitously together. There is the amiable Mr. Oakroyd, the Yorkshire carpenter, who finds it convenient . . . nobody will blame him . . . to leave wife and family very suddenly at night. There is the highly respectable Miss Trant of Hitherton Old Hall, who, on her father's death, decides that a holiday in a car, with no fixed plans, has been fairly earned. And there is Inigo Jollifant, a young schoolmaster who dares to play the piano in forbidden hours, and after an unholy row with the headmaster's wife and an unaccustomed amount of whiskey, walks out of the house at midnight. And in the oddest fashion these three come upon a little troupe of Pierrots, stranded in a small country town, and somehow join them, and under Miss Trant's direction, become metamorphosed into "The Good Companions."

In the style and wording there are joyful reminiscences of Dickens, and Locke, and Hugh Walpole, and De Morgan, and Lewis Carroll, . . . yes, not a little of the Mad Hatter! But why take any of the glory from Mr. Priestley? In a great good humor, he has concocted for us a perfectly delightful fairy-tale, which adds much to the gayety of the nations and the happiness of his readers.

■

"On Puget Sound!" There is a little wind of spring stealing in at the open window, and it must be responsible for the lure of the outdoor books! "On Puget Sound" is another book of escape, . . . escape from narrow streets and rooms that shut like boxes, into the wide space of the Northwest. Robert Walkinshaw writes with the same enthusiasm and intimate knowledge as Paul Wilstach wrote of Tidewater Virginia, as one who says, "It is my own, my native land!" But the Westerner splashes on his colors with a broader brush than the Virginian. He is a modernist, and there are vivid splotches of sunshine, and thick brush-strokes where one can feel the roughness of the redwood bark, . . . none of the misty impressionism of Indian summer on the Chesapeake. The Mountain looms through the book as Fuji follows the wayfarer in Japan. In the chapter which tells of the climbing of Tacoma, he attains a reminiscent reality which gives one the illusion of having reached the summit, a poignant memory of sun on a snowy peak. The illustrations by Jeannie Walkinshaw are like sketches on the letter-margins of a friend who has been travelling through the big woods and the high mountains. There is a peculiar charm in reading of our own trees, our own mountains, . . . to us of the Pacific Slope. Perhaps it adds to our self-approval. Tacoma and the redwoods give one the feeling of having grown a few inches over-night. Surely, if our trees and mountains are so big, we must be a bit taller than the rest of the world! We should!

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home economics department

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● High noon breakfasts, bridge luncheons or afternoon teas predominate in May. One may honor friends and club associates as simply or elaborately as desired. Crispy waffles and a luscious cup of steaming chocolate would be sufficient, while a fluffy omelet adds to the repast. If three courses are to be served a salad-plain or frozen-made of fish, fruit or vegetable; a hot entree and bread, beverage and dessert is the usual choice. Chicken fried, and served with hot biscuits and honey, peas and new potatoes, coffee and a sweet made of chocolate would be delicious indeed. Bouillon, broiled lamb chops, peas and pineapple fritters with beverage and a frozen dessert offer another menu. These foods are served between eleven-thirty and two o'clock.

The tea service depends entirely upon the hostess' preference and number of guests. Assorted sandwiches, tea and small cakes; hot biscuits, jam, tea and eclairs; or an entree such as creamed chicken or sweetbreads; or salad with tea, and a frozen sweet with petit fours.

Hostesses who are in doubt always choose chocolate for dessert. It is a favorite in confections, frozen dishes, puddings, cakes and cookies. Many recipes call for ounces or squares of cake chocolate which are confusing if one uses the sweetened ground chocolate and we are agreed that it is best to have a large can of chocolate in that form ready for instant use.

These recipes should be in your reference file:

Use one-fourth cup of ground sweetened chocolate for each square or ounce of cake chocolate. Use less sugar if you do not care for very sweet desserts.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE: Soak one envelope of granulated gelatine in one-half cup of cold water for five minutes. In the meantime scald one quart of milk—pour it over one-half cup of ground sweet chocolate, a few grains of salt and one cup (or less) of sugar. Stir until smooth, then add the soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain into a mold — first rinsed with cold water and place in refrigerator until set. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

This may also be used as a pie filling or in making an ice box cake and makes an excellent dessert when served in sherbet glasses which have been lined with split lady fingers. Top with whipped cream and decorate with two macaroons and a maraschino cherry.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE PUDDING: Soak one-half envelope of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes. Dissolve by adding another quarter cup of boiling water; blend with six rounding tablespoons of ground chocolate. Next beat three egg whites until stiff, to them add the three egg yolks, also whip-

After the last rubber

—it's the part of hospitality to serve steaming, delicious hot Ghirardelli's Chocolate, before sending your guests out into the cold. *You'll* sleep better, too. It's so easy to make, when you use Ghirardelli's!

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THAT CREAMY KIND

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Tuttle's Cottage Cheese
For Salads For Desserts

ped and when blended fold in the gelatine-chocolate mixture, a few grains of salt and one-third cup of sugar. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a wet mold. Serve with whipped cream or use as an ice box cake filling.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE: Soak one-half envelope of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes. Mix with six rounding tablespoons of ground chocolate and dissolve by placing bowl in a pan of hot water. When liquid, add one cup of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla. Set aside until quite cold; then fold into one pint of pastry cream, whipped until stiff. Turn into a mold and place in freezing tray of electric refrigerator or fill a chilled mold to overflowing, adjust cover and pack in chopped ice and rock salt, using equal parts and let stand for four hours.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE: Sift together one-half cup of ground sweetened chocolate, one-half cup of white sugar, one tablespoon of cornstarch and one-eighth teaspoon of salt. Blend with one and one-half cups of water, bring to boiling point while constantly stirring. Let cook five minutes, then add one tablespoon of butter and stir until well mixed. Let cool slightly, flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and serve while warm over ice cream or puddings.

This sauce may be made in larger quantities and kept in covered jars in the refrigerator for emergency use.

A delicious dessert may be evolved by serving two slices of sponge or angel cake with a filling of brick ice cream—sandwich style—and over each pouring some of this hot chocolate sauce.

▲ ▲ ▲

sewing machine wanted

The Sewing Committee is very much in need of another sewing machine with motor attachment. If any member has one that she would like to lend or give to the City Club it will be most welcome.

to a staring infant in his perambulator

Child, I surrender, and hereby declare
Whatever 'tis you think I've done—
I've done it:
Theft, arson, murder. You have laid bone-bare
My inmost reticence, and passed upon it.

I had some prideful secrets, and a pair
Of fond delusions, and a scheme or two,
But all have perished in that long, light blue
Appraisal, in that bleak, unbleaching stare.

They call you "blessed innocent" and "lamb."
I'd rather meet the Sphinx and Sophocles,
The Delphian Sybil and Demosthenes
And Einstein, all together in one pram,
If so I might evade, in any wise,
The inquisition of your awful eyes.

—NANCY BYRD TURNER,

You use but little Salt - - Let that little be the *Best.*

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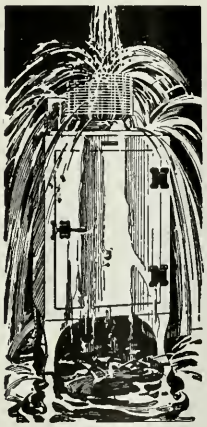

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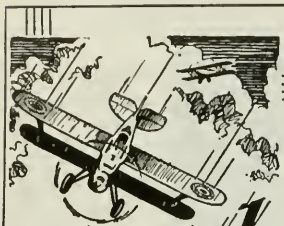

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Mrs. D. W. Mott, who calls upon her early recollections in compiling "Legends and Lore of Long Ago"

magazines wanted

The City Club can make use of extra copies of the better current magazines. Members who have any to spare are asked to leave them at the Executive Office, Fourth Floor.

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TURKEYS, CHICKENS, DUCKS
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"legends and lore of long ago"

—EDITH BRISTOL

When that commander of conquistadores, Don Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, sailed for the first time along the uncharted shore of California he noted an indentation on the coast-line which he named "the Place of the Canoes."

Here steep bluffs rose sharply from the water's edge. Above, tier after tier of rolling hills. Between, a winding valley, lined with trees, debauching onto a sandy beach whereon the rollers of the Pacific beat their never-pausing symphony.

You will find the same spot today, as you motor down El Camino Real, marked with the cross of Mission San Buena Ventura, where the valley's first settlement by the white man stands on the "place of the canoes."

It is about this locale . . . where today the magic of black gold, gushing from the ground has builded a modern city . . . that "Legends and Lore of Long Ago" has been compiled by a writer who has devoted many years to study and compilation of the early records of Ventura County.

The author of the new book is Mrs. D. W. Mott of Los Angeles, a woman who has lived most of her life in Ventura County, and who has been active in the work of the California Federation of Women's Clubs as a leader in its department of Pioneers and Landmarks.

The material selected by Mrs. Mott for her book has been carefully selected. Most of it comes from pioneers themselves who garnered the legends before the touch of modernity had so nearly swept the Indian lore from the region.

The shadow of Tiburcio Vasquez, notorious bandit and outlaw, whose name was a terror and whose cruelty was a byword passes over the pages of the book in what is one of its most graphic portions. It comes in a later period than that of the Indian legends, but is possibly the most significant chapter of the volume.

Written by Mrs. D. D. DeNure (Flora Walker DeNure) from her own experiences, when, babe in arms, she fled through

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the night to escape from the terrible Tiburcio. The simplicity of the narrative, vivid and graphic after fifty years, makes it a valuable contribution to the book.

In the steadily increasing numbers of books dealing with the rapidly receding days of the California of long ago, Mrs. Mott's book will assume an important place.

She has drawn from the most authentic sources . . . E. M. Sheridan, curator of the Ventura Museum, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, historian, and Hon. Robert M. Clarke, pioneer, are all included in her acknowledgment and she has prepared the book in most atttactive format to perpetuate dim and distant tales of a vanishing era.

▲ ▲ ▲

covered

Long hours it snowed in my heart to day,
Swiftly the white flakes fell
Until they covered the jagged scars
Of the lies I had heard you tell.
The stinking weeds of your perfidy,
The falseness I had to know,
Were hidden beneath the flying veil
Of softly falling snow.
The calm flakes drifted thick and high
Till your unfaith was buried deep
And all looked clean and truthful
To eyes that forgot to weep.
There was no mark of guilt nor soil
On the glittering mantle of white;
The lava flow of your scalding words
Was blotted out of my sight.

* * *

"Now, perhaps I shall love him again!"
(O Fool, to risk heartbreak twice!)
Then I laughed to feel that under the snow
My heart had turned to ice!

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS COSGROVE

doctor brown in east

● Dr. Adelaide Brown, health editor of the Women's City Club Magazine, is making a tour of eastern cities and before her return to San Francisco will attend the following health conferences:

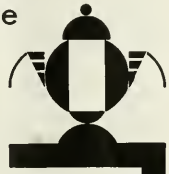
Children's Bureau and American Child Hygiene Association in Washington, District of Columbia, where she will read a paper.

National League of Women Voters in Louisville, Kentucky.

International Mental Hygiene Association at Washington, District of Columbia.

Social Agencies of California, where she will read paper on "The Status of Birth Control Clinics in California in 1930."

respectable silverware does not mean "new"



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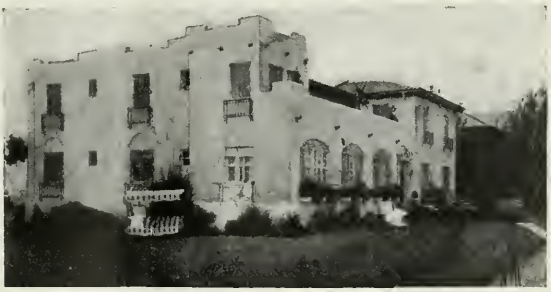

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based on an interview with

—F. J. BRICKWEDEL
Vice-President and Trust Officer Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

● "I'd like to go, Betty, but I simply can't do anything this week. I've got some bonds they call convertibles that something complicated has to be done with. And I've only got two days to learn what it's all about and decide. And then I'm all mixed up about my taxes . . . I'll call you up next week when things are straightened out."

Such a telephone conversation as this illustrates a situation in which many women find themselves. Without warning, without any helpful previous experience, they are thrust into the midst of managing the securities and other property left them by their husbands. Or they are called upon to invest a large amount of life insurance money—invest it so that it will be safe and will yield the greatest amount of income possible with safety.

It's no easy thing to manage a list of securities. It's really a job in itself. People spend lifetimes working with and studying investments . . . In short, the business of handling an estate is not a good job for the mother of a family or the busy woman of affairs. Too much time is required to do it well and too much specialized, highly technical knowledge is necessary.

And there's more to it than just the annoyance of a great deal of detail work. There's considerable danger—of partial or total loss of money which was designed to replace someone's earning power and carry on the family income. A mistake or two in investments, a bit of extravagance or overgenerosity, and it's gone.

No reflection on the judgment of the investor. Few people, even capable business women and men, have the time and experience necessary to become expert investors. They seek the advice of friends, which may not be sound. Or, in the press of other business, they make hasty, mistaken decisions.

To relieve their families of the hazards and burden of managing their insurance and other property, more and more men are putting their estates in trust. Under this arrangement a bank or trust company takes care of the money and other property, makes investments, pays out the income as it is directed and finally at a designated time, distributes the estate. The heirs then are relieved of all responsibility and risk, they receive regular worry-free income and such amounts out of the principal as may have been arranged for education, travel, entering a business and so on. When emergencies and unforeseen circumstances arise, the bank as trustee meets the expenses entailed without any drastic drain on regular income.

It is this last feature of trust service that recommends it to so many people. Certain forms of income-payment plans of the insurance companies provide a family with sure, regular income. But they lack flexibility and do not enable emergency expenses to be met without strain.

Men are utilizing the protection of trust services not because they lack confidence in their families' judgment but to relieve them of an unpleasant, time-consuming burden of responsibility. They are placing their estates in the hands of expert managers—trust companies and banks. Their plans for their families' futures are written into the contracts, or trust agreements, entered into by themselves and the trustees. And they know then that these plans will be carried out whatever happens to themselves—carried out with the scrupulously careful personal attention of the bank's trust officers, men whose lifetimes of training and experience have been devoted to the management of many estates, large and small.

Had the woman whose fictitious conversation is recorded above had the benefit of trust protection and management for her estate, her conversation might have been something like this:

"I'd love to go, Betty. I've got to go downtown anyway this morning. I'm going into the bank to see our trust officer about a military school for Junior . . . I'll meet you at the hotel at noon."

▲ ▲ ▲

women as investors

—AGNES N. ALWYN

● A series of surveys made by investment banking houses and insurance companies has brought to light some remarkable statistics concerning women as investors. It has been revealed that the major part of the wealth of the United States is slowly but surely being accumulated by women. This is not because of their newly developed ability in the realm of business and finance, but is due to various causes, many of which are entirely beyond their control.

In former days when women in general remained within the home the ratio of national wealth over which they had entire control was relatively small. At present approximately nine million women participate in the distribution of the nation's payroll. These millions of wage earners have helped to stimulate the growth of our savings banks, as women constitute a large percentage of the depositors.

It has been stated that there is ninety-five billion dollars worth of insurance in effect in America, and that 80 per cent of it is payable to women. A large trust company, after a careful investigation, learned

that 70 per cent of the estates left by men pass into the hands of women. A well known New York banking house estimated that 41 per cent of the wealth of America is today in the hands of women.

These are all significant figures. Still more impressive is the position of women as investors. They have become heavy shareholders in the great corporations of America. Their investment in railroads is enormous. The Baltimore and Ohio has almost sixteen thousand women stockholders, or 44 per cent of the total. The Pennsylvania Railroad has over seventy-nine thousand women stockholders, which is a little more than 50 per cent of all the stockholders. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is an outstanding enterprise, even in this land of big business. Women constitute 55 per cent of all the shareholders, there being a quarter of a million women who own the stock.

The United States Steel Corporation numbers over fifty-nine thousand women among its stockholders, or about 37 per cent of the total. General Motors pays dividends to almost thirty-seven thousand women, who own an aggregate of nearly four million shares of stock.

In addition to the great corporations mentioned there are hundreds of sound common stocks owned by women investors. Underlying this huge common stock holding are hundreds of millions invested in bonds and preferred stocks, owned by women who confine their buying to fixed income bearing securities. Most women watch their investments quite closely, many are sound students of finance, well informed about securities, not merely chattering stock market gossip, but having a real understanding of the fundamental principles of investment.

In the possession of such women a fortune is safe, with a good possibility of an increase of principal. To balance this pleasant picture is the statement that most insurance payments of five thousand dollars and over disappear in seven years. This, if accurate, most emphatically stresses the wisdom and foresight of the husband who encourages his wife to acquire practical knowledge about the management and investment of money. It is praiseworthy indeed for a man to leave his wife secure financially, but it is equally important that she should learn how to retain and safeguard the money left her, otherwise his work and plans may go for naught.

▲ ▲ ▲

compari

I would like a few men to be at peace with.
Not friends necessarily, they talk so much.
Nor yet comrades, for I don't belong to any cause.
Nor yet "brothers," it's so conceited.
Nor yet pals, they're a nuisance.
But men to be at peace with.

—D. H. LAWRENCE

alice in wonderland

(Continued from page 4)

right side up for a few minutes, do you think . . . I feel so . . . sort of upset."

"Reverse him boys," said the Octopus . . . "but kill him if he faints. Now" . . . to the Sardine . . . "get going!"

"Yes sir, thank you sir . . . I'm much obliged sir . . . I feel much better sir . . ."

"Get going . ." said the Octopus threateningly.

"Well sir," the Sardine folded his fins across his chest . . . "It was just this way sir . . . she was a comin' out of her little place all dolled up and looking so sweet . . . and she says to me . . . 'Sardy,' she says . . . she always used to call me Sardy . . . 'Sardy I've got on my new Esther Rothschild spring dress, and my Hudson Bay summer fur, and . . .' "

"Stop!" cried the Octopus, and got out his note book. "Now go on . . ."

" 'And my ducky Frank More pumps,' she says, 'and I've had a grand Pittsburg heater hot bath all full of Ladd's wonderful smelling salts . . . and . . . this is my beautiful new Shreve, Treat, Eacret pearl necklace . . . and . . . and . . . I feel like a million dollars . . . and . . .' "

"That'll do" . . . the Octopus snapped his note book shut. "Officers!"

The two Perch saluted.

"Kindly arrest at once Mrs. Esther Rothschild, Mr. Hudson Bay, Mr. Frank More, Mr. Pittsburg Heater, Mr. Ladd, and Messrs. Shreve, Treat, Eacret. Handcuff them and bring them here.

"Right, chief" . . . the Perch saluted and turned on heel.

"Stop, you gillies" . . . the Seal stepped out of the crowd.

"Fine pair of bloodhounds you are!" . . . he laughed scornfully. "You'd never catch Eliza . . . you wouldn't . . . the ice'd melt first! Now . . . just mark time and listen to me! I know the villain, the slimy skinned reptile, the crooked faced crocodile, the adulterated abductor who is at the bottom of all this . . . you just follow me."

(Continued next month)

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writing friendships into the hearts of children

JEANNETTE W. EMRICH

For four years the Committee on World Friendship Among Children has been steadily building understanding and good will among the children of two countries through a simple concrete expression of friendship. There has been a steady growth in its program since the promotion of its first friendship project with Japan.

Thirteen thousand doll messengers of friendship were sent to Japan. This remarkable response came from every part of our country and a still more remarkable one from the people of Japan. The Doll Ambassadors sent by 2,500,000 Japanese children to the children of the United States are now in the state museums of this country and Miss Japan is a permanent exhibit in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

Japan formed a Japanese Committee on World Friendship Among Children and completed its reciprocal project in 1927. The next year 30,000 Friendship School Bags made their way to the children of our neighboring country, Mexico, and with the co-operation of the Mexican Ministry of Education, were distributed in the primary schools.

Mexico established her own Committee on World Friendship Among Children and, not content with the National Committee, began forming them in every state of the Republic. Today there are twenty-eight Children's Friendship Committees in twenty-one of the Mexican States. Most significant of all, was the writing into the curriculum of the primary schools of a course on World Friendship Among Children. Lessons are given to the children each week on this subject which has become a vital and important one throughout the world. 1,250,000 school children of Mexico have united in sending the reciprocal project to the children of the United States which has recently been received in New York. This project takes the form of forty-eight beautiful and complete exhibits of the arts and industries of Mexico, one for each state.

The International Committee on World Friendship Among Children is now represented by 18 countries. The writer spent several months in Europe last year for the purpose of developing this International Committee on World Friendship Among Children. She visited 15 countries: Austria, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Irish Free State, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland and Wales. Fourteen of these countries have already established co-operating committees on World Friendship Among Children.

The English Committee has as its Chair-

SILLY MAN!

He—But, Julia, we can't afford a summer cabin.

She—Well, how much do you know about the cost of one? Have you been watching the Want Ads?

He—No, but you can't tell me.

She—Is *that* so? I *do* know. I've watched the Ads, and I can tell you lots of things.

P. S.—She knew. She told him. They got the cabin. Examiner Want Ads, of course.

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man, Miss Ruth Fry, a member of the Friends, and widely known for her work in bettering international understanding and friendship. Meetings were arranged before groups of people in each country, called together under different auspices. In England, some thirty organizations were represented and the meeting at which the English committee was formed was held at the home of the Honorable Mrs. Franklin, Porchester Terrace. In the Irish Free State the meeting was called by the League of Nations Union; in Scotland by the Sunday School Association.

In Austria invitations to the meeting were sent out over the names of Mme. Heinrich, Frau Dr. Beth and Herr Rudolph Klammt. Mme. Heinrich, the mother of the former President, is over ninety years of age and has been for sixty years one of the great pioneers in work for the recognition of women's rights. Frau Dr. Beth is a brilliant doctor of philosophy in the University of Vienna and Herr Klammt is Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

The projects the Committee sponsors, as those who share in them know, are entirely non-sectarian; for surely the bringing of peace into a world that so sorely needs it is a program in which Catholic, Protestant and Jew may join.

"Today we are going to talk about friendly nations," said a Mexican teacher of seven years old. "Can you tell me the names of some countries that are friendly to Mexico?" Said one small girl, "The United States is a country friendly to Mexico." "How do you know"? was the teacher's question. "I saw their friendship," was the emphatic answer, "I held a Friendship School Bag in my hand."

It is difficult to teach peace in the abstract to small children, but how simple and effective a thing it is to make possible for the children of the different countries the holding of friendship in their hands! To make dramatic the sending of messages of friendship from the United States to the children of other countries, a symbol is chosen to carry the good-will thought. This symbol must be of special significance for the country to which it is going. In the case of Japan the symbol chosen was a doll. For Mexico, whose interest and thoughts are turning toward education, a Friendship School Bag was chosen. In carrying out the third friendship project the gold of the children's friendship will be packed in a Friendship Treasure Chest.

The period of probation for the Third Friendship Project is from November 1, 1929, to August 1, 1930. The country selected is the Philippine Islands. This is essentially a project for children and should be so considered. It should be developed in such a way that children may have all possible educational value from it. This does not bar young people or adult groups from sharing in it, but programs should be

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worked out in co-operation with the children, and they should be made to feel that this is their friendship effort. Adults may co-operate by buying the Treasure Chests and giving them to the children to fill and send. The friendship greeting should be written by the child himself.

It was found necessary to make the Friendship Treasure Chests of a material impervious to white ants and, because of its decorative possibilities, metal was finally chosen. The chests are 10½ x 6¼ x 5 inches in size with handles of brass and lock and key.

A bibliography of 400 books suitable for children from six to fifteen years of age has been prepared. One book should be sent inside the Chest and if possible a second outside, to be wrapped within the Chest when it is mailed. Filipino children learn English in their schools, but as there are few public libraries available there is a great need of books. All books sent should be selected from the list prepared by the Committee and should be new or so slightly used that they appear new. The leaflet of suggestions for filling the Chest and the Chests themselves may be secured at a number of San Francisco stores.

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dean of chinese stage honors city club

Mei Lan-Fang, China's most distinguished actor, was the guest of honor Friday, April 25 at a reception and tea at the Women's City Club, with the President, Miss Marion Leale, at the head of the reception committee.

Dr. Henry K. Chang, Chinese Consul at San Francisco; P. C. Chang, interpreter for Mei Lan-Fang, and Miss Soo Yong, also of the Company.

Members of the board of directors who assisted were Mesdames Paul Shoup, Ira Sloss, Leroy Briggs, Louis Carl, Lewis Hobart, Edward Rainey, Misses Mabel L. Pierce, Elisa May Willard and Emma Noonan.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, California, April 1, 1930.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager and Editor of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The National League for Woman's Service of California, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Editor, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Managing Editor, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Business Manager, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: The National League for Woman's Service of California, which is a non-profit corporation. Address 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, San Francisco, California.

Secretary, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., San Mateo, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON, Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of April, 1930.

(SEAL) M. V. COLLINS,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(My commission expires April 14, 1933.)

SAN FRANCISCO

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

June · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 5

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JUNE 1, 1930

APPRECIATION OF ART

Lecture every Wednesday at 12 noon. Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION

Every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, *Director*.

LEAGUE BRIDGE

Every Tuesday, 2 and 7:30 o'clock. Chinese Room. Miss Emogene Hutchinson, *Chairman*.

CURRENT EVENTS

First Wednesday of each month at 11 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Leader*.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS

Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Chinese Room. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman*.

June 5—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 o'clock
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will discuss: "Australia Felix" and "The Way Home" by Henry Hadley Richardson. These complete the trilogy of which "Ultima Thule" is the last.

5—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speakers: Miss Lou Richardson, Miss Genevieve A. Callahan, Co-editors of Sunset Magazine.
Subject: "Editing a Western Magazine."

12—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Wm. F. Marvin.
Subject: "The Foreign Policy of the United States."

19—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Andrew Caldow.
Subject: "Scotch and English Literary Gems."

26—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Chinese Room* 8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Miss Aline Kistler.
Subject: "The Evolution of Modern Art in Decoration and Furnishing."

we recommend ▲ ▲ ▲

We are accustomed these days to sales and bargains and half price allurements, but seldom—if ever—are rare and lovely things marked down so that those of us of moderate means—even those affected by the stock market—can find museum pieces within our ordinary reach. And so we call the attention of our members to the collection of Persian Art collected by Ali-Kuli Khan—rugs, miniatures, paintings, Persian embroideries, tiles (16th century and modern) which Dr. Khan is now selling at moderate prices. As this shop is one of our tenants, we know personally of the stock and of the rare opportunities there offered and feel justified in calling the attention of our members to the advantage of purchases made at this time.

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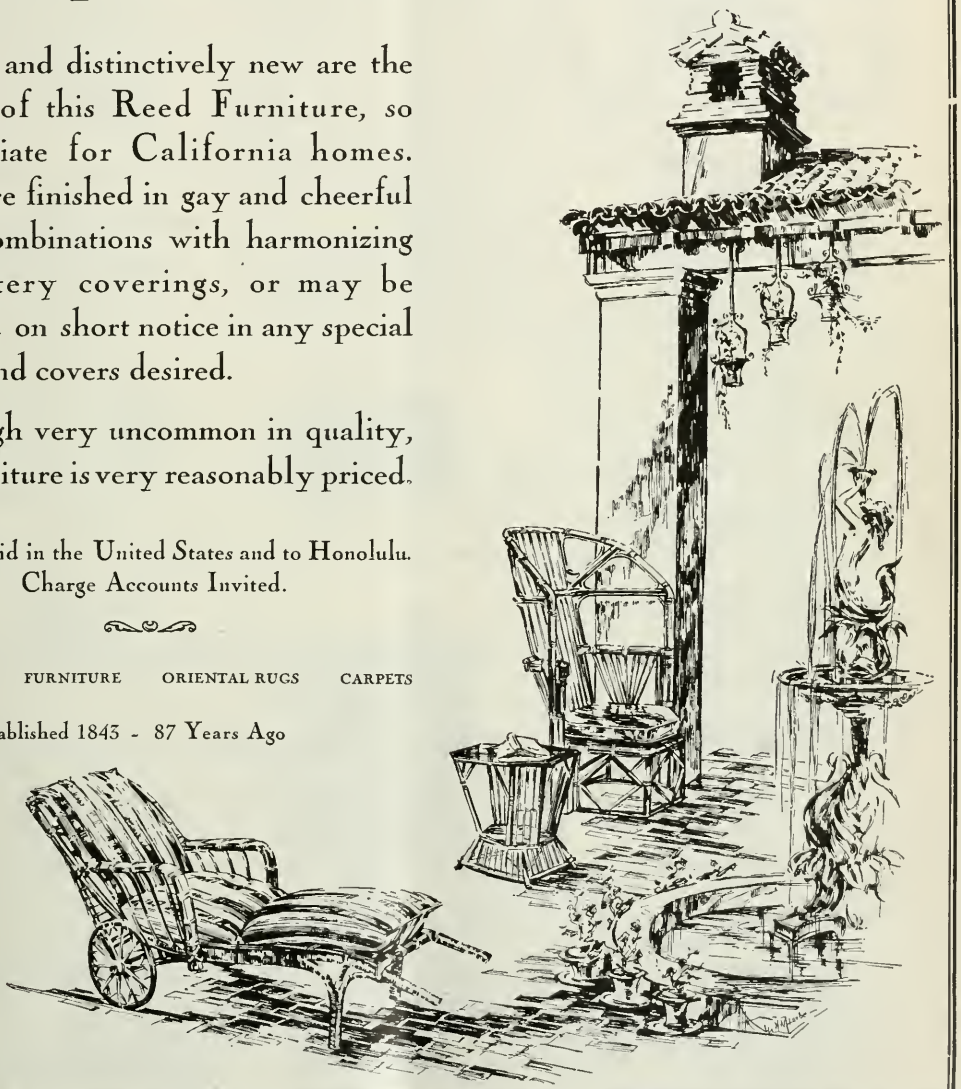

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The Women's City Club Magazine School Directory

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What progress have your children made at the school they last attended? A school may be excellent for one individual but not for another. Are your children happy, and do they enjoy their studies? These are questions worthy of your most careful consideration.

The Fall term will soon begin. If you feel that a change is necessary, or would be beneficial, write us in detail, and let us help you locate suitable schools.

We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages.

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CHAPTER 8.

● The Psycho-analyst Oyster gazed across his polished mahogany desk at the Seal who looked flushed and rumpled.

"Won't you sit down?" said the Oyster in a soft, plushy voice.

"No," said the Seal angrily swishing his tail.

"As you like," said the Oyster, smiling plushily — "we merely want to make the patient as comfortable as possible."

"Patient," snorted the Seal. "Patient nothing! I'm a prisoner and you know it! Didn't that wall-eyed, straddle-legged Octopus bring me here and lock me in?"

"Quite so, quite so," said the Oyster soothingly. "And now, my friend," he chewed the point of his gold pencil and stared thoughtfully at the middle button of the Seal's checked vest—"I want you to relax."

"Relax," shouted the Seal, fairly dancing with rage.

"Yes, relax — release yourself — burst these iron bands of pride and reserve—tell me everything—everything you ever felt, or thought you felt, or would like to feel—everything your mother felt, or your grandmother, or any of the ladies of your family—have you a sister by the way?"

"Shut up," yelled the Seal.

"Interesting — most interesting," murmured the Oyster. "Curiously persistent reflex, accelerated by the anger complex—battling with the sub-conscious urge for self help."

"Help — who wants help you old Chubby Cheeks" — the Seal was choking with fury.

"You do, my dear unhappy friend,—if not for yourself—then for Alice!"

"Alice?," the Seal started violently.

"Certainly," the Oyster stuck his pencil behind his ear, and folded his arms across his well-rounded stomach. "Whatever you may say here — whatever free expression you may give to your libido—all this may serve to clarify your relation to yourself, to the world, to the Eel, to Alice, Alice's relation to you—"

"She hadn't any," said the Seal almost tearfully.

"Now," said the Oyster—"I would like you to lie down over there,"—he waved toward a comfortable looking leather covered couch, "and shut your eyes."

"What for?" asked the Seal.

"Transference," said the Oyster tersely.

"Does it hurt?" asked the Seal.

"On the contrary, it relieves," said the Oyster.

(Continued on page 25)

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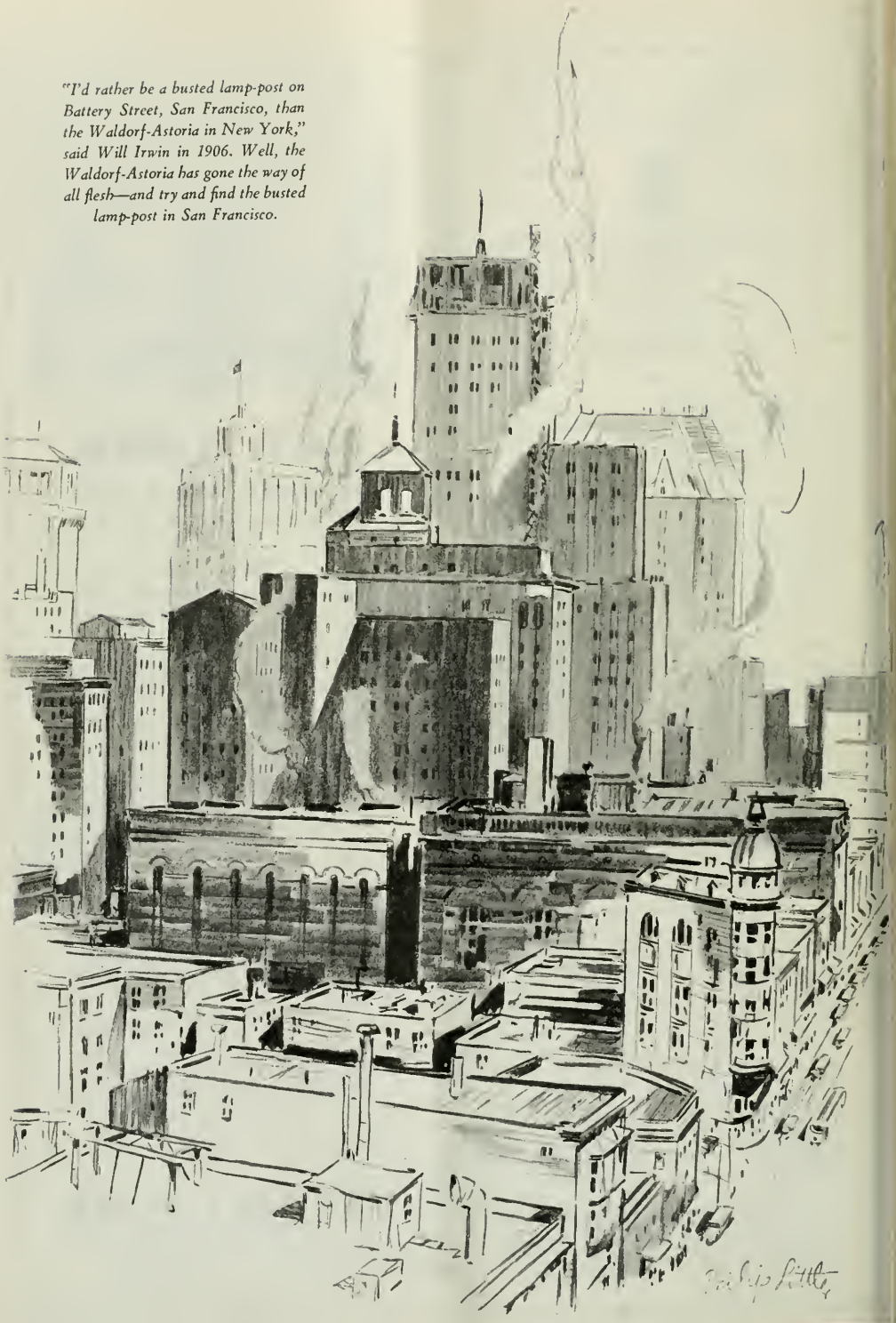

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

music and flowers in holland

—RICHARD M. TOBIN

Richard M. Tobin, former United States Minister to The Netherlands is member of the San Francisco Musical Association, which maintains the San Francisco Symphony, member executive committee San Francisco Opera Association and patron of music generally.

The Dutch people have a great love and an unusual knowledge of music. Their contribution to this art in the middle ages was very considerable. At a certain period music had been brought to a greater degree of perfection in the low countries than in any other part of Europe. The greatest of musical geniuses, Beethoven, was of Dutch origin. His family had come from Limburg and had been but a few generations in Germany. They never ceased to call themselves "van" Beethoven.

There has been for many years in Amsterdam an association called the Wagner Society. It was formed by some Dutch dilletanti who were among the first to recognize this great genius. They have, during a very long period, presented twice a year in Amsterdam one of the works of the immortal dramatic composer. The best artists in all Europe, and America, are assembled to fill the various roles, and the performance rivals those of Munich and Bayreuth.

Two years ago Richard Strauss and the artists of the Vienna Opera were brought to Amsterdam and gave in the charming old Opera House performances of this master's beautiful works.

The central position of Dutch cities, lying as they do on the road between Paris, London and Berlin, makes them a favorite resort for all the great artists, and there is a constant succession of concerts, surpassing those even of London or Paris.

But the climax of musical celebrations is reached in the performance given by the great choir of Amsterdam of the Bach music of the "Passion of St. Matthew." As is well known the master has set the recital by the Evangelist of this greatest of all stories to inspired music. It is performed throughout Holland, as all cities of any size have choirs of their own, but it is in Amsterdam that the finest performance is given. The Amsterdam choir numbers about six hundred persons. Admission to the choir is extremely difficult to obtain and may be maintained only by the strictest devotion to the tasks imposed upon the members.

The rendition is given upon the afternoon of Palm Sunday under the direction of Mengelberg, and with the assistance of his superb orchestra. It is carried out with religious solemnity. There is no applause, and at the conclusion the audience silently disperses. I wish I might give an adequate impression of the sublimity of this performance! The music, of a celestial character is rendered with a perfection that leaves one unconscious of its extreme difficulty. A feature of the choir is a chorus of 80 boys who are chosen for their fine voices and their musical talents. All who have listened to a boys' choir know how beautiful is the quality of tone produced. It has a certain golden, lustrous sweetness that one misses in even the best choir of women's voices.

Mr. Mengelberg pointed out that Bach had marked all the passages alloted to the boys' choir with two "Fs"—"Fortissimo." "The master knew," he said "how impossible it would be to persuade small boys to sing 'Pianissimo'—he knew that they were at their best when they were shouting with all their youthful vigor." With heads thrown back and their throats distended in magnificent bursts of melody, they recalled the beautiful profiles in the Cantoria of Della Robbia in Florence. I can assure my readers that a visit to Holland would be well repaid if there were no other delight than that of listening to the "Passion of St. Matthew."

There is however, another delight for the visitor to Holland, and it is one that may be fitly united to the enjoyment of the heavenly art of music. Holland is preeminently the land of flowers. They appear at the very season which is already rendered glorious by the performance of "The Passion."

The visitor to Holland in the early Spring sees on the road from The Hague to Amsterdam the marvelous spectacle of twenty-four thousand acres of the flat fields covered with variegated tulips. I have come to think them the most beautiful of all flowers. The tulip, which was brought into Holland from Turkestan, has always been the object of the enthusiastic love and study of the Dutch people. At one period in the 17th Century, when the Dutch were very rich, a sort of frenzy was excited in its cultivation. One hundred thousand gilders are said to have been paid for one rare bloom. The enthusiasm of the Dutch tulip growers led the people into such extravagance that the government was finally obliged to intervene to check the mania for speculation.

Dumas has given in his charming historical novel "The Black Tulip" a vivid picture of the tulips and tulip growers of that day.

The tulip has not ceased to be an object of enthusiastic love on the part of the Hollanders. Modern varieties have been produced of a rare and expressive beauty rivaling orchids in delicacy and variety. From the district around Haarlem, five million dollars worth of bulbs are exported annually to the United States, and something more than this to England. In addition large quantities are sent to France and the other continental countries.

My own personal conviction is that the Dutch are unequalled as gardeners. In spite of unfavorable soil and long, cold winters, I have seen such flowers in Holland as are unequalled elsewhere.

Here is a description of the roses of

Aalsmeer from the pen of the gifted Dr. Barnouw of Columbia University:

"There is is a district called Aalsmeer where there are thousands of acres under glass, where roses, carnations, lilies and orchids are produced in great quantities and are shipped by aeroplane to every part of Europe. Cold and frost are contended with by furnaces and by electrical heat, which is distributed through the soil in wires buried a few inches below the earth's surface. About four million rose bushes are grown under glass at Aalsmeer, and about half that number in the open. There are the dark-red Hadley, one of the most fragrant varieties, the Golden Ophelia, the Pink Columbia, the salmon-tinted Aspirant Marcel Rouyer, the creamy white Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, the yellow Souvenir De Claudius Pernet, the copper colored Wilhelm Kordes. They cut roses by the millions in Aalsmeer and ship them by aeroplane to Bremen, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Hanover, Berlin, Frankfurt, Basle, Brussels, Paris and London. Schiphol, the Amsterdam Aerodrome, is only a few miles distant from Aalsmeer. The flowers are taken there by auto trucks, transferred into the planes with little delay, and reach their various destinations within four or five hours, almost as fresh as when they left the nursery. The rapid growth of aviation in Holland has made Aalsmeer the cut-flower market of all Europe. The rose especially has benefited by this winged transport. Lilacs used to be the chief product of Aalsmeer some years ago, but they are too heavy for transport by air. Hence in 1928 the rose, for the first time in the history of Aalsmeer, yielded a bigger profit than the lilac. In that year the number of cut roses sold in the Aalsmeer market surpassed that of the previous year by more than seven millions.

"Lilacs are too heavy for transport by air. If you could see them in bloom in the Aalsmeer hothouses, you would understand why. They are the chief pride of the nurseryman. For nowhere else will lilacs flourish as they do in Aalsmeer. They thrive on the mud—bagger they call it in Dutch—which is dredged from the bottom of the Groote Poel, the big lake, whose edges are fringed by the nurseries. When you look down upon Aalsmeer from an aeroplane, the flower gardens look like square little islands dotting the mirror of the Groote Poel along its frame. As each nursery is surrounded by water, the flowers are carried to the auction house by boat. The barges with their fragrant cargoes

Richard M. Tobin

slip noiselessly into the very center of this spacious building where the flowers, in big bunches, are transferred on to movable counters, which one by one are wheeled into the auction room. You cannot hear yourself bid here, not on account of the noise, but because the bids are not made by word of mouth. No sound is heard in this model salesroom except the voice of the auctioneer. He holds up a bunch and appraises it. As long as there is no bid, he keeps lowering the price, until a buyer strikes the bargain. This is done by pressing a button in front of the buyer. Facing the audience is a huge dial, studded with little electric bulbs, as many as there are seats in the amphitheatre opposite. The bidder, by pressing the button, lights one of these bulbs and thus reveals upon the dial a number corresponding with the number of his seat. At the same time the hand of the dial indicates the price at which the item has been sold. The first bid is a purchase, no outbidding being allowed. Thus with the least noise and the least loss of time, tens of thousands of flowers are sold in a couple of hours.

"There are two of these auction houses in Aalsmeer, each the property of a co-operative society of nurserymen. These societies accommodate their members with money loans for the purchase of tools and supplies, repayment being made by deductions from the proceeds of the sales; they organize collective exhibits of Aalsmeer nursery products at international flower shows; they subsidize horticultural experiments, and award scholarships to students in the government college of Horticulture at Aalsmeer. The daily auctions which are held under their auspices attract hundreds of buyers to the village, causing a continuous stir and traffic strangely in contrast with its rural quiet. Co-operation is the very lifeblood of Aalsmeer's garden industry. The nurserymen have their own employers' union, they have a common garden for experimentation purposes, they run their own co-operative bank, and have formed a society for the collective purchasing of horticultural supplies; the exporters of cut flowers are co-operatively organized; and the graduates of the horticultural college have their alumni association. And all these co-operative societies are held together by one inclusive organization, the Aalsmeer Horticultural League (Aalsmeersche Tuinbouwbond) whose secretary, Mr. J. Mensing, is the busiest man among the seven thousand people that make up the village population. Nevertheless, he has never been found too busy to spare some of his precious working hours to act as a guide through the gardens and hothouses and auction rooms, and to tell the story of Aalsmeer's growth since the beginning of the present Century.

"Its history, indeed, goes much farther back than that. Aalsmeer, in the 17th Century, supplied the lindens and elms that were planted along the highways of the Republic, and exported plants and shrubs to the Baltic and to North America in the second half of the 18th Century. But the development of floriculture is of recent date and on that subject Mr. Mensing is the most reliable authority."

I feel assured I cannot render my fellow Californians a better service than to suggest a visit to Holland in the early spring. There is in The Hague a very efficient government organization "The Netherlands Tourist Bureau" where the traveller may not only receive advice but may even make definite arrangements for the details of his visit.

▲ ▲ ▲

skyscape

Black lace trees against the setting sun
The Universe through a lattice as the day is done.

—JULETTE S. GRAF

sidelights of san francisco summer symphony concerts

—MRS. LEONORA WOOD ARMSBY

● The picture of music in San Francisco and her neighboring cities is one which well may arouse interest and call forth some vivid praise. The achievements reached in this Art during the past five years by our Music Associations has been most remarkable. In this time, — thanks to the two Summer Symphony Societies—in San Francisco and San Mateo, our patrons have been introduced to the most renowned symphonic leaders of the world and to many of the orchestral compositions of music, which are the source of discussion among the musical intelligentsia of our great cities.

The summer concerts have served to give us an international and national reputation and have conferred honor and fame upon our city. I doubt if California yet fully knows what a factor she is in musical affairs nor to how great an extent her summer concert series influence the destines of the great leaders in the symphonic field.

Each year, early in the Fall, a group of managers meet in New York City to arrange a combined program for the following summer, which includes the three big summer musical activities of California, namely: The Summer Symphony Association of San Francisco; The Philharmonic Society of San Mateo County and The Hollywood Bowl Association and also the concerts given in the Lewisohn Stadium of New York City. It is like a large game of chess—on the board are the various theatres and to these theatres must be brought men to lead their orchestras. The directors live in all parts of the world and have their own orchestras. Also, they are guest leaders to many other cities. After they are chosen for our concerts in the West their schedules must be arranged so that they may reach each appointment when due there. Often they have to return immediately to Europe after filling their engagements with us, to play a contract there,

Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby

then returning to America for another series of concerts. So it is readily seen the outlining of this routine for our purposes is none to easy a task. The present day popular orchestra conductor travels here and there and everywhere, in the course of a year's work.

Bruno Walter said to me last year—"The problem of all of us will be solved, once we begin to travel in America, as they do in Europe — by airplane." He added that he flew in order to fill a great many of his engagements abroad and that he found it a delightful and restful as well as a rapid way of travelling. Undoubtedly a four day train trip, crossing to California and another four days for the return to New York, is a big investment in time and money for a busy artist. However, we have so far been extremely fortunate in attracting the talent we want. There are many thrilling and exciting moments during the arrangements for these concert season stars. Always there are breathless moments after an artist has been approached to know whether he will accept our offer, and if he fails, we must have alternatives ready.

Then too, the personnel of the orchestra must be assembled for the summer season. The eighty-five men must be signed up at the close of the winter symphony season and held together awaiting the new chief. This is for them a great source of interest and speculation. What will their new leader be like? Will he be patient and kind—or will he be nervous and exciting? The orchestra players are always excited and tense before a new man comes. Gradually, however, as they begin to understand his method—they stride off into a world of beauty created by the master. It is like a big ship under way to see the orchestra, all bustle and unrest, in the warming up, slowly making friends with their new director and finally become still and at attention, as the baton is raised, and the tap, tap for the first measure is sounded. I think those who only see and hear the finished production of a composition miss half the enjoyment of an orchestral work. The other part lives in seeing the conquest of difficulties which has been made during rehearsals by the leader and his men.

San Francisco may be justly proud of herself for contributing two months of brilliant and delightful symphony programs to her music lovers each summer. I am sure she has achieved a place of distinction through her promotion of this highest and noblest form of entertainment and I believe she must feel a sense of worth and dignity which would not be hers from any other source.

▲ ▲ ▲

concert

The house-lights dim. Only a golden glow
Illuminates the spot where halted bow
Waits to evoke the magic of the strings.

The maestro's baton moves—and hidden springs
Release their floods of harmony that brings
An anodyne for pain, surcease from woe.

In measured unison they fall and lift
And on their stream of melody I drift,
Oblivious as a lotus-eater, blest,
Finding here solace, consolation, rest.

Songs I may never sing by you expressed,
Players, I thank you for your gentle gift!

—EDITH BRISTOL

"Tears"—Drawing from the series "Mexico in Revolution" by Jose Clemente Orozco.

query

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● The Fifty-second Annual of the San Francisco Art Association, which closed this month at the Legion of Honor, was well worth visiting and revisting because it was a fair cross section of contemporary art in America today. Much of it was interesting, well painted if you wish, clever, yes, brilliant at times, but little imagination excepting in the handling of technique, nothing to stir the emotion, nothing that grips and holds, a sad lack of conviction.

Does it mean that we as a people are traveling away from sincere emotions? Have we nothing more vital to express than our individual viewpoint toward the technique of putting paint on canvas?

In writing on contemporary art in Art and Understanding John Galsworthy says "Slowly beneath our consciousness is forming a new philosophy and it is in times of new philosophy that art itself in essence always a discovery must flourish." This new philosophy Mr. Galsworthy defines as "a love of perfection, not for hope of reward or fear of punishment but perfection for perfection's sake." Are we reaching out to this new faith not yet crystalized? If that indeed be so, when it becomes a sincere and deep conviction, I wonder will it arouse in our artists an emotional response equal to that of the old order that is passing.

But all great art is at least the reflection of its environment. How many of our artists, I ask you, are producing because of a passionate desire to make understood the fabric of the life about them?

It is with the lack of this urge in mind that we turn with relief towards art in Mexico today. There we find that art is not a forced artificial thing. Artists have something to say about Mexico, about the spirit of the land, something to say about its people that is epic. This deep and stirring emotion toward the life about them cannot be denied when we look at their paintings. They have something that is vital to communicate rather than triviality clothed in paint technique.

I wish that San Francisco might have seen the paintings of Jose Clemente Orozco along with the drawings and lithographs brought within the month from New York to be shown at the Galerie Beaux Arts. Orozco was born in Jalisco, Mexico, and like Joya and Daumier, became a political and social power through the biting satire of his cartoons. This satire expresses itself now in the form of monumental frescoes applied directly on the walls of buildings. It is said of Orozco that he works rapidly, the force of his emotions forcing him on to create. This we felt even in the drawings and lithographs, "Mexico in Revolution."

In 1923 Orozco began the tremendous task of decorating the walls of the National Preparatory School. In 1925 he finished the "Fecundity" fresco in the "House of Tiles" and in 1926 frescoes for the public schools at Orizaba, and he is to be at work for the year to come on frescoes at Pomona College, California.

A New York writer says of him "there are two great lessons to be learned by these United States in the work of a man like Orozco and the forging of a country's such as Mexico. First and foremost stands the encouragement given a man of creative fire in his own land. Second the absolute freedom given in the expression of his idea."

In the emotional intensity of his composition Orozco gives the spirit of Mexico and through symbolism and satire tells the stirring epic of its birth throes. He has done for his country what no man has yet accomplished for the United States. Our historical murals too often resemble pictures in a child's history or photographs of an event. Why do we seem to lack the emotional sincerity to create and the wisdom to recognize that sincerity with the grant of free expression.

"El Fusilado"—Drawing from series "Mexico in Revolution" by Jose Clemente Orozco.

music as an educational factor

—PATRICIA MORBIO *(Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio)*

In a country like ours where music is not an established feature of every day life, it is most important that it be included as a part of each child's study program. Parents are prone to abandon the children's musical studies because of the extra effort required to enforce practicing. This is really deplorable, for just a short period of patient plodding will get the young student past the drudgery stage to the point where he will become really interested. There are so many clever methods of teaching children engagingly these days, that with just a small measure of parental cooperation, the subject can be made attractive.

The beginnings of any study, like the beginnings of a young life in either the plant or animal kingdom, require extra care, attention and patience. Once launched, however, development and growth proceed naturally. All cannot be prodigies or geniuses, but all can derive certain cultural benefits from the study of music. One cannot help getting a bit of music history and appreciation along with the technical study of an instrument. To understand what has inspired and suggested the various musical compositions, one must know something of the history and literature and customs of the period in which the composers have lived. This brings about a deeper perception of these related studies.

For instance, Schubert, born in the midst of what one might call the revolutionary period in modern history (1797) broke away from classic tradition, and gave the world an expression of romanticism and freedom that is an unmistakable reflection of this period. It gives color to dry facts to approach them through these various avenues of the arts in this manner. The study of languages takes on a new interest too, when one finds it a key to a better comprehension of the writings of the composers of the different nations.

With us in America, all our art study thus far is a somewhat superimposed phase of life. We do not breathe it in as do the people in the older countries in whose lives is is an integral and every day part. The only way that we can hope to achieve this desirable state of affairs is to implant a knowledge of music in the young, even if they seem at first unwilling to subject themselves to it. Neither our generation nor the next may see this artistic milennium, but if two or more generations persevere in the plan conscientiously and idealistically, we may hope in a not too distant future to see that cultural achievement for which we yearn.

We are past the pioneering struggles for food and shelter, now, and the newness of our ease makes life still a bit crude. The elders must be firm, and must weather through that dreary period of which the little boy in John Alden Carpenter's book of children's songs writes so feelingly:

"What's the use of practicing
For little boys like me?
It never does me any good
So far as I can see.

I play my scales both up and down,
I make my fingers sore—
And when I'm through, I play my scales
No better than before."

▲ ▲ ▲

our "old swimmin' hole"

—ANNETTE KELLERMAN, III

In the May issue of the City Club Magazine, some one wrote a small paragraph about "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

Do you know that your Women's City Club has an old swimming hole? Do you know what it offers to you as a Club member, what its advantages are? Do you even know where it is located? Right below the Main lobby, and do you know that it is one of the finest swimming tanks in the city?

Have you ever thought of having a Swimming-Luncheon party? Your Club offers you this privilege. It is such fun, and such a happy change from the everyday Bridge Luncheon. Most of your friends know how to swim, and, even if they do not, I am sure they would love to go into the lower part of the pool where the water is only three feet deep, and just "paddle around" in that lovely salt water.

I well remember the very first time that I was ever in the City Club. I was not a member then, and when I was asked to attend this kind of a party, what fun it was. There were twelve of us, who met in the Main Lobby at 11:30. We went down to the locker room, and changed into those good-looking grey swimming suits, with the insignia on the front — somehow or other, indifferent swimmer that I am, I always get a thrill at that insignia — it makes me feel like an Olympic star or something. Well—anyway, to go on with the party. The hostess asked who were Club members, and for those, she paid thirty-five cents, and for non-members, fifty cents. And, what a good time we did have in that gorgeous pool, for an hour. Then—a shower, and upstairs to the dining room to an especially set table for a delicious luncheon. And, — you bridge hounds after luncheon, we played bridge, and that we played a better game for that invigorating swim goes without saying. Does not this sound to you like an easy and different way to cancel some of those luncheon obligations?

Then too, the swimming pool is always clean—the water is changed every week, and best of all, to most of us, it is seldom that the tank is ever crowded. The temperature of the water is just right, in fact—everything about it is 100 per cent perfect.

There are many other reasons for using the Pool, too. After a long day's shopping, how pleasant to run up to the Club, go into the Pool for a short swim, then, your shower afterwards, and up to the Library for a cup of tea. You feel like a new person, and all of this for the outlay of a fifty cent piece—thirty-five cents for your swim and fifteen cents for your cup of tea. Can you beat that anywhere?

It's healthful to swim! If it's overweight that is bothering you, what is better for that than to swim? And, paradoxical as it may seem, if you are underweight, swimming will stimulate and develop the muscles. There is a splendid teacher always in attendance, who can teach you new strokes, if you already know how to swim, or, who can teach you how to swim, if you desire to learn.

Why not start in now, if you are going away for the summer, and concentrate on swimming lessons, and perfect your stroke. Wouldn't it be a thrill to meet some of those summer friends you haven't seen since last year, and who could always far outswim you, to start in and show them a few things about swimming? You could take ten lessons and be so greatly improved that it would amaze you. Or, if you have always been one of those who always had to sit on the shore and watch the rest having such a whale of a time in the water, wouldn't it be simply great to calmly walk in among them, and swim off—just like that—nothing to it. There is a class in life saving, too.

i have been reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

A Room of One's Own; *by Virginia Woolf;* Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

The Great Meadow; *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts;* The Viking Press, New York.

● "A Room of One's Own" is based upon two papers which Miss Virginia Woolf read to the women students of Newnham and Girton. The walls of their staid colleges must have re-echoed their chuckles! She had been asked to consider the very indefinite subject "Women and Fiction." Her first sentence is a dive off the deep end: "But, you may say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction—what has that got to do with a room of one's own? I will try to explain." She does,—in one hundred and ninety-nine pages of wit and satire and an unembittered humor which will add to the gaiety of the feminine half of the nations, and even cause the other half some moments of thought, perhaps.

Her style is facile, whimsical, (apparently) effortless,—"sunlight of the mind!" To facilitate the development of her subject in the subconscious, she sits upon the bank of a river. "Thought—to call it by a prouder name than it deserved—had let its line down into the stream. It swayed, minute after minute, hither and thither among the reflections and the weeds, letting the water lift it and sink it,—until—you know the little tug—the sudden conglomeration of an idea at the end of one's line: and then the cautious hauling of it in, and the careful laying of it out? Alas, laid on the grass, how small, how insignificant this thought of mine looked; the sort of fish that a good fisherman puts back into the water so that it may grow fatter and be one day worth cooking and eating. But put back into the mind, it became at once very exciting, and important; and as it darted and sank, and flashed hither and thither, set up such a wash and tumult of ideas that it was impossible to sit still. It was thus that I found myself walking across a grass-plot. Instantly a man's figure rose to intercept me. — His face expressed horror and indignation.— He was a Beadle; I was a woman. This was the turf; there was the path. Only the Fellows and Scholars are allowed here; the gravel is the place for me."

But you must accompany her on that delightful voyage of discovery through the mythical University of Oxbridge, be excluded with her from the famous library because she was a woman, and watch with her fancy the stone-masons ot centuries piling up the gray stones and the kings pouring gold and silver from their leathern purses, that this University might be built and one-half the race be educated. You must enjoy with her the luncheon in the men's dining-hall which "began with soles, sunk in a deep dish, over which the college cook had spread a counterpane of the whitest cream;—the partridges, many and various, with all their retinue of sauces and salads, the sharp and the sweet; potatoes, thin as coins, but not so hard; sprouts, foliated as rosebuds but more succulent; and a confection which rose all sugar from the waves. The wineglasses had flushed yellow; and flushed crimson. And thus by degrees was lit, half-way down the spine, which is the seat of the soul, not that hard little electric light which we call brilliance as it pops in and out upon our lips, but the more profound, subtle and subterranean glow, which is the rich yellow flame of rational intercourse. No need to hurry. No need to sparkle. No need to be anybody but oneself."

You must sup with her at the woman's college of Fernham, built with the hundred and fifty thousand dollars that was raised by women with such infinite effort and anguish! — sup with her on beef and prunes and custard. "The lamp in the spine does not light on beef and prunes!" You must go with her to the library of the British Museum, be appalled with her by the thousands of books written about women by slightly peevish men,—and no books at all written about men by women! And in the end, perhaps, through the blessings of Miss Woolf's humor and subtlety, you may find out what Shakespeare's mythical sister was doing while he wrote his plays, what the unrecorded women of the Elizabethan age found to do while their brothers and husbands were writing their famous books. You may reach her conclusion that a woman must have "$2500 a year and a room of her own" to write fiction. And you may see that, although your maternal ancestors have been mute and inglorious, you still have a chance to become a famous ancestor yourself!

● There is a seventeenth century map at the beginning and the end of "The Great Meadow." Winding over it is a green pathway, "Boone's Trace," going down from Albemarle, through the foothills of the Alleghenies, through the blue mists of the Blue Ridge, past Laurel Fork and the Block-House, through Moccasin Gap and Big Stone Gap, turning north then to Kentuck, the "great meadow." This is the story of the trek which Berk and Diony made over the Wilderness Trace, in the footsteps of Boone, to find for themselves a place in the sunny land of Kentucky. For it is now and it was then a fair and sunny land, though the Indians called it "the dark and bloody ground," and believed that it was haunted by the spirits of warriors slain in their unending conflicts. And so it was held by them as a great game-preserve, and over it roamed bear and deer, and the wild-turkey's call was heard.

The New York Times says of "The Great Meadow," "This book is the stuff of which enduring literature is made, and —it will have its place among the American classics.That she is a writer of strongly individual gifts, Miss Roberts has already shown in her earlier novels, 'The Time of Man' and 'My Heart and My Flesh.' She has very evidently been working toward a synthesis of the arts of poetry and prose fiction, and has so far succeeded that she may be said to have created a new type of novel. The form she has evolved is not one suitable to every subject, but for each of her own books it has proved a fitting medium. — Miss Roberts' work gives the effect of being orchestrated, and her use of the recurrent theme (in the musical sense) is one of its major characteristics. She has employed it in this novel with superb effect."

I think that in that last sentence I find a clue to the feeling which mingled with my very great admiration of "The Great Meadow." It has the sweep, the bigness, of grand opera, the rhythm of music, and the haunting sweetness of the recurring motif. But it has the same aloofness. The characters march across their stage of adventure like figures of history, and they are as far away from us today as Wotan and Brunhilde and the halls of Walhalla. One hesitates to suggest a criticism of a thing so big and fine as "The Great Meadow." Perhaps it is the bigness of theme and character which makes them seem not quite three-dimensional. But heroes are human, after all, and they should not walk too much like the gods. I hope that in Elizabeth Madox Roberts' next book there will be all the charm of her remarkable technique, and more touches of our humanity so that her men and women will be not "too good for human nature's daily food."

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enroute east, after the above was written in palo alto

● This morning when I pushed up the curtain of my sleeping-car berth, the sun was rising over the green rolling hills of Kentucky. And indeed I had forgotten how fair is the Spring in this emerald-green land of "The Great Meadow."

After our mighty redwoods, the trees look so tenderly young and slim, the undergrowth so lace-like.

There is a little white church in the

woods! And I smile at a winey-red farm house, whose barns are winey-red, too, and even the bird house on a pole; and the cows grazing under the trees are buff-colored and the chickens picking in the grass are a pale buff, to match. There goes a farmer boy in blue overalls, down a winding path to the red chicken houses that match the rich red earth. There is a winding road through the leafy trees, and a little winding river, and a cliff against the sky. And a field of wheat whose green is like the morning song!

I peer eagerly among the undergrowth. Is it too late for arbutus? Is it too early for the rhododendrons?

It all looks so gay. No wonder the adventurous hearts braved the dangers of the wilderness trail, if so be that they might win through to Kentucky!

Later in the day, I am driven by a young Kentuckian, through the streets and parkways of Louisville, home of the Kentucky Derby. We go out through streets lined with young oaks and maples to lovely Castlewood Place, whose beautiful homes, veiled in leafy green, indicate that all the Kentucky fortunes have not been lost on the race track.

Cherokee Road, and Cherokee Parkway and Cherokee Park recall the Indian battlefields of the "dark and bloody ground," hard to remember here, unless an arrowhead is brought in from the spring ploughing.*

My driver asks, "Would you like to see the race track?" *Would I?* The loose brown earth of the track is soft, having been newly surfaced, and around the oval the slim-legged thoroughbreds are exercising, small jockeys standing in the stirrups to urge them on. Across the green, beyond the track, opposite the grandstand, are the roofs of palatial barns for the housing of the equine kings, and we pass the paddocks whither they are brought before the race. Around the grandstand's eaves are paneled the names of annual winners of the Kentucky Derby for decades upon decades.

This is Derby week. The famous race will be run on Saturday the 17th of May, and the preliminary races are already on. The blue, blue sky tempts me to stay! But when the trainloads of horse-lovers come down from New York and Chicago on Friday, my pillow would have to be stones!

So I go on unwillingly to Lexington, center of the blue-grass district, country of vine-covered stone walls and fields of "blue grass"—which is really blue-green with a dusting of white cows and horses and sheep and little calves are grazing,—and fat pigs, whatever it is that they do! Stock farms abound. My Baedeker says, "The American trotting horse was here brought to its present high state of excellence, the blooded horses of Kentucky exhibiting a remarkable combination of speed and endurance."

One wonders whether they gained any of that endurance from the horses which Berk and Diony rode over Boone's trail to "The Great Meadow?"

Yonder run the long white fences of the great Bradley stock farm "Idle Hour," immaculate as an Eden before the fall, —where "Black Gold" was bred, and "Whiskery" who won the Derby in 1928, and "Whimmery," favorite for the race which will be run next Saturday.

Some of the older names are more romantic "Flying Ebony," and "Pink Star" and "Startle."

Four miles from Lexington is the J. B. Haggin stock farm, the largest in the world, and here "Man o' War" was born and here too, by Mr. Haggin's good mill, is the "Quiet Haven" of all good race horses, a cemetery where they may be brought from afar, and buried with the honor due to kings.

Woodburn, fifteen miles away, was the home of the famous "Lexington," and the birthplace of "Maud S." "Dictator" was born at Ashland, once the home of Henry Clay.

Blue grass and barns slip away over the horizon as the train begins to climb among the cabins of the mining country. There one sees poverty. Even in Kentucky there is much unemployment now, and the little towns show it, and the hill "settlements."

But it is still a lovely land. One tries to recall the whoops of the redskins which sounded in the ears of Berk and Diony, shut safe in their blockhouses. We have been seeing Kentucky of today. For contrast, turn now to the vision of its past, which Elizabeth Madox Roberts saw when she wrote "The Great Meadow," the tale of that adventure which first began to turn "the dark and bloody ground" into this smiling land. It is like a cut-back in a motion picture, so vividly has Miss Roberts made the past gleam through the overlying present.

*In California, Cherokee means a race, but in Kentucky it means an Indian.

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the troubadour

He came at dusk
With his lyre
In thonged sandals
His bright hair in a wreath of bayberry leaves
A silken masque on his face
His eyes burning torches
His mouth a red flower of beauty
The perfume of spangled valleys on his robe
The wild arpeggios of high hills at his throat
The lure of silver water in his voice.
At dawn the gray ash fell into a crystal well.
Ghost dreams rustled in the wind
To the echo of faint laughter.

—FRANCIS ELLIOTT

sonnet

Across the bar, within the Golden Gate
There widens into quiet, generous reach,
Circled by mountains of the Golden State
A city-bordered, island-studded stretch
Of magic water—San Francisco Bay!
In dreaming mist or sparkling, radiant light
Its surface mirrors back the changing day,
And mystic visions thrill the raptured sight.
Most blessed the stately ships, the myriad craft
In harbor safe to rest or safely ply
Upon these peaceful waters' ebb and flow,
Whose opalescent moods in turn reflect
The rolling fog, the sun thru rain-swept sky
Where airship fleets in rainbow circles glow.

—LAURA MUNDY KINKLE

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VOLUME IV — JUNE 1930 — NUMBER 5

editorial

● To the new members recently admitted to the Women's City Club of San Francisco this June number of the City Club Magazine is the first issue to be sent as one of the emoluments of membership, and through its pages the board of directors extends a welcome.

In every club there is an annual "turnover" which permits of the waiting list being moved up, thereby conferring membership upon those whose names have been proposed. Some have waited many months for this annual admission time, for the percentage of names eliminated from the roster is notably small, resulting mainly from families moving away or from deaths. Few, if any, resign. That is why there has been such a lapse of time between the proposal of candidates' names and their inclusion. There is consolation, however, in the reflection that all good things are worth waiting for.

The Women's City Club of San Francisco is unique in its Volunteer Service. It offers advantages and features more or less similar to those of other clubs. All modern clubs have material comforts and attractive externals, as a matter of course. But Volunteer Service is so rare in an institution, so gracious in its radiations, that it has made the San Francisco City Club a thing apart.

It may be summarized as a development or outgrowth of the spirit which animated women during the war to give their services in the canteens.

In the National League for Woman's Service that spirit was so selfless that it impelled women to work in groups and shifts with a minimum of duplicated effort. So agreeable were their jobs that after the armistice the workers were loth to relinquish them. The system which held them in such remarkable coordination was therefore continued, but for the benefit of women instead of regiments of embattled men. Now, more than "twelve years after," women are still pouring coffee and serving trays of food, without remuneration. They do other things in the same fine spirit. They attend the library desk, or the League Shop in the main corridor, do the clerical work in the Beauty Salon, serve tea in the Lounge, receive distinguished guests. And after a time, when you have become familiar with the surroundings and customs, privileges and comforts of the City Club, perhaps you will find a place where you will experience the joy of serving. In any event, the others will take pleasure in serving you, and the City Club extends to you its hospitality, and the City Club Magazine will be the courier between the Club and you.

looking forward

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● Summer vacations in San Francisco begin earlier and end later each year in this land of sunshine, it would seem. The general exodus of many of our members made impractical the meeting planned for May 14. But postponed pleasures have the added tang of anticipation and so the Board of Directors has said that in September we shall foregather to hear concrete plans which the extra weeks will have allowed to develop. These can then be carried forward by a membership renewed in mind and spirit, in body and in soul, by a summer holiday. Announcement of the exact date of this meeting will be given in the September issue of the magazine.

In the interim what? Use the Clubhouse.

As your guests from afar spend their vacations for the first time in California, let them see and enjoy the Women's City Club of San Francisco, for it is your privilege to entertain them by securing guest cards at the Information Desk. We also hope a continuous use of the departments will be made by those who stay in the city over the summer, for those of us who have responsibilities which keep us at home will be cheered by seeing other members who will dine or swim or play cards with us. And too, as gardens burst into bloom we hope you will share with us a bit of the out-of-doors.

With such use of the Clubhouse itself, we shall find a justification in keeping open all departments until we meet again officially in September.

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god speed

The membership join the Board of Directors in sincere good wishes which follow Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson, as she leaves us for broader fields. Miss Tomlinson has just been appointed the only woman salesman in the firm of Chase Securities Corporation, one of the largest investment houses in the United States. She severed her connection with the Club on May 2, after three years as Executive Secretary of National League for Woman's Service. Her interest in our organization began in the days of the Defenders' Clubs, and later when the League opened its clubrooms at 333 Kearny Street, she was elected to the Board of Directors, where she served from 1921 to 1924. She carries with her the hearty good wishes of us all.

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With the resignation of Miss Catherine Murphy as she goes to International House on the Campus of the University of California comes a mixed feeling of sentiment to those of us who will miss her quiet efficient presence in the clubhouse. Her promotion to a position which many coveted rejoices us all; her "absence from our midst" saddens us. She holds a unique place in our hearts and from the days of the furnishing of the clubhouse until now, we have taken for granted her presence among us and her service to us. Board of Directors, members and staff join in a cordial Godspeed to our dear "Miss Murphy."

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welcome

It is appropriate at this time to welcome three new members to the staff: Mrs. Stapff, who comes to us as Evening Secretary and in whom the authority of the Clubhouse will focus after five o'clock; Mrs. Cline who as Housekeeper will be responsible for the continuance of our reputation for immaculate attire, and Mrs. Mooney who will serve us at the Room Secretary's Desk.

summery and subtle

—DORIS PESHON CHISHOLM

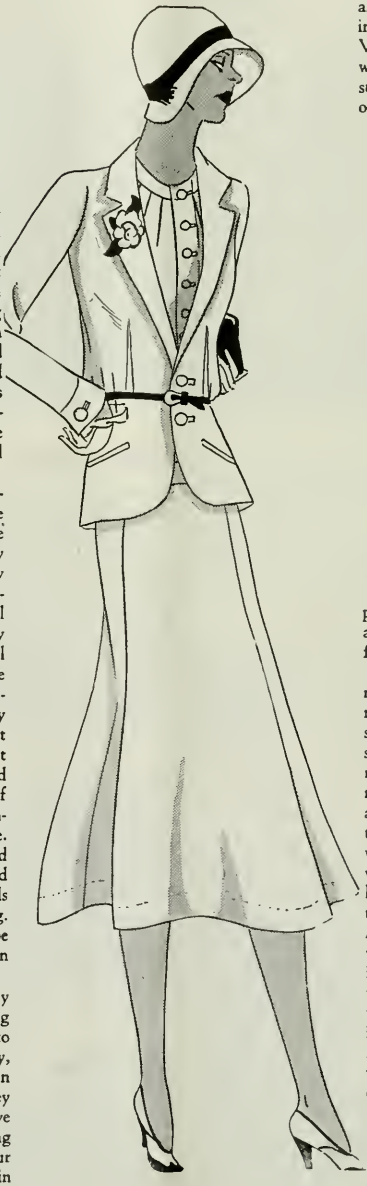
● How fortunate for us in San Francisco that the tailleur in its innumerable versions has again come into its own. During the coming summer months of cool trade winds and bracing foggy mornings the suit will be found especially comfortable, stylish and economical as well.

Paris proclaims it as the proper costume not only for morning and luncheon wear, but also for early afternoon functions. In fact, it may be worn with every degree of correctness until one dons the restaurant dining frock of which I will write more fully in a future issue.

There are many devotees of the dressmakers' suit, which is really our old friend the ensemble rejuvenated to conform with the newer ideas in silhouette and line. It is favored by many of the leading French Couturiers and one of the most charming models I have seen is from Schiaparelli in closely woven tweed of black, pink and white with a becoming standing collar and a pale pink silk jersey blouse. Vionnet has created one in dark red and navy blue—toile de laine. This particular color scheme is chic no end and is irresistible when well executed.

The popularity of the uniform-like tailleur is well deserved and its utility for the business or professional women cannot be too highly esteemed. It comes in so many materials, both in "old standbys" and new weaves, that a complete list would be impossible. Men's materials such as flannel in grey, white or navy, fine checks, heavy tussores and the inevitable tweeds are all acceptable. To me the piece de resistance of these adorable suits is the endless variety of smart lingerie blouses which may be worn to suit one's mood. Getting out of the wrong side of the bed is a frequent occurence in these days of Prohibition and late parties, but the mirror's reflection of a crisp organdie blouse and a tailleur comme il faut is an almost certain antidote. The pink blouse has been revived. It used to be greatly featured before the war and is sometimes a pleasant change that lends quite a holiday touch to tailored dressing. The "blousettes" illustrated are to be found in both pink and white and come in silk and cotton fabrics.

Although the cotton and silk suits may be found a bit chilly for our invigorating climate, they are entirely too important to be overlooked. The cotton suits in navy, brown or black linen are usually made on very similar lines to the woolen ones. They are ideal for travelling. Do not fail to have one this summer if you intend going South. Patou has designed a silk tailleur of black faille which is the dernier cri in style. The jacket has the most engaging scallops running down the front. A sharply flared peplum starts at the normally belted waistline. The many frills on the heavy crepe blouse add just the proper dash of youthfulness. The silk suit may be worn with or without a fur and it is an ideal costume for our occasional warm days. One of Vionnet's models with a light top and dark skirt is lovely in silk as well as in light weight wool. Characteristically Vionnet the jacket is intricately cut. It is worn with a narrow leather belt. Many suits are belted and the model illustrated on this page has a natural waistline. The placing of the belt, however, is optional and should be subject to the individual figure.



Trim as a speedboat. This is how she'll appear when shopping or traveling.

Was ever a season so full of delicious blouses and frills?

Hats for the tailleur are of many varieties. Felts, straws, tweeds, linens and moirés are all widely used in as many shapes and styles as can be imagined. We still have the beret in every conceivable material. This season's version of it is more sophisticated than that of last fall and winter and has the effect of more material used in its making. Many very smart women are wearing cloche-like hats with very shallow crowns in felt or straw. The long backed brim is particularly becoming to those blessed with long graceful necks. A contrasting grosgrain band usually in white (if the blouse is white) adds a stylish note. Agnes has invented the ideal tailleur hat. It is a fine white straw sailor with a double fold of black taffeta crossing the forehead and tieing over one ear. It is tailored and yet feminine and is somewhat reminiscent of the hats worn in olden days with elaborate riding habits. You can almost see it on a dashing picture-book heroine riding to the hounds.

As to shoes, there is nothing new. The usual black and white and brown and white with the sports tailleurs are correct. It seems that the opera will never completely

lose its vogue and with the street suit it is in perfect taste in dull kid, patent or reptile combinations. Stocking shades slightly darker than last summer's "suntan" continue to be popular.

Although all of our clothes are leaning toward the fragilely feminine, our accessories, especially bags, are just the opposite and of more generous proportions than heretofore. This explains the new costume jewelry whose bits of glass and mirror frankly do not even attempt to imitate real stones. The wide range of color and design found in this jewelry will not fail to provide the livening touches to what might otherwise be a somewhat somber street attire.

This is a new department of the Women's City Club Magazine and I will be very happy to receive your criticisms and suggestions as to form and subject matter. Do not hesitate to call on me for assistance with your dress problems.

Simply write me care of the Magazine, 465 Post street.

Hats are of infinite choice, yet if a little old last year's chapeaux dares to lift its head how "de trop" it is made to feel by the smart headgear of 1930

fashion notes

—MRS. WILDER BOWERS
Director Women's City Club
—with Ransohoffs

● What with summer coming on rapidly, and one lovely day after another luring us out of doors, the playtime wardrobe comes in for first consideration. Sports togs this year are a happy combination of practicality and smartness, but manage to retain considerable feminine appeal. The straight line chemise type of frock is a thing of the past, and this year flares and pleats and novel detailing introduce a pleasant diversity.

●

There isn't any question but that the knit suit is an indispensable part of the sportswoman's stock in trade. They are the perfect solution of what to wear for golf . . . their elastic weave allows absolute freedom of movement, and they are warm without being weighty. Ransohoffs are showing some recent arrivals from Scotland, of a soft silk and wool mixture, in delightful pastels. The skirt is ribbed to give the effect of pleating, the V-necked sleeveless sweater may be worn tucked in or not, and the cardigan ties saucily at the neck.

●

Sweaters become more interesting every day. We've borrowed from the polo player one very smart idea, and the new polo shirts, with their short sleeves and turned back collars are winning the popularity they deserve. They are shown in horizontal stripes, in just about any color you could desire. Another new sweater is of cotton mesh with either short or long sleeves.

●

The tennis dress takes on so many new versions that it answers the purpose for about any sports occasion. Pique is particularly smart, for it is so crisp and cool, and launders easily. And no longer are you confined to white, for peach color, sea green, nattier blue and pale pink are being worn a great deal. Men's shirting and shantung are also in great demand. Even though the dresses are very simple, they show original details . . . crystal buttons, odd belt buckles, tiny cap sleeves ,and the necessary skirt width introduced in pleats or circular effects.

●

All in all, you'll find many new suggestions as to what to pack in your weekend case, or take along on a vacation jaunt.

Another variety of the genus blouse, with the modish cape sleeve.

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many entertain at city club

Mrs. Alice Stauf was hostess at a bridge luncheon in the Board Room, Wednesday, May 14. Among those present were Mrs. Harry Mann, Mrs. J. E. Brandon, Mrs. Peter tum Suden, Mrs. Albert Lansberger, Mrs. Paul Shattuck, Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., Miss Edna Osborn, Miss Leonide Von Hagen, Miss Gwen Jones.

The following members have been hostesses at bridge luncheons recently: Miss Mary Donnelly, Miss Dorothy Rathjen, Miss Elsie Thompson, Mrs. Duane Tweedale, Mrs. E. B. Pressley, Mrs. G. E. Roe, Mrs. B. Sieroty, Miss Alice Ryder. Mrs. Helen York had twenty-three guests for a bridge dinner in the Mural Room on May 7. Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, Mrs. W. S. Hyde, Mrs. John Borba had luncheons. Mrs. D. E. Piper had nineteen guests for dinner in the Mural Room, Miss Pollock had twenty-eight for dinner on May 14.

Many organizations entertained during the month: The English Speaking Union had its regular monthly tea in the Auditorium on Thursday, May 15, when Mr. Richard Tobin was the speaker. There were over 150 present. The Daughters of the American Revolution, the League of Business and Professional Women, The Women's Traffic Club, The Business and Professional Women's Club, the Women's Auxiliary of the Musician's Club, the Alpha Chi Omega, Theta Sigma Chi and last but not least our own Book Review Dinner, when Mrs. Stoddard reviewed "The Great Meadow." More than sixty members attended. At the Smith College Luncheon in the National Defenders' Room, May 15, twenty-two were present.

tells of thrills of egypt

—KATHERINE M. BALL

On board the "City of Hongkong", March 30, 1930

● I have just passed through the Suez Canal and am now in the Red Sea, enroute to India. I plan to spend the summer in Kashmir, where I hear the climate is cool at this season. Then in the autumn I shall travel through the country.

My five months in Egypt gave me the opportunity of realizing the dream of my life to see this historic country.

Alexandria, where I spent but a day and a half, had little to interest me, but Cairo, with its museums, mosques, and bazaars had sufficient to keep me busy for a long time, while Upper Egypt with the attractions of Luxor and Assuan, I found wonderful.

I was fortunate on my arrival in Cairo to meet in the pension where I stayed, a number of people who most thoughtfully included me in their parties for sight-seeing. I also met at the Thanksgiving dinner given under the auspices of the American Women's Club, a number of congenial people which resulted in my being invited to a number of functions. Then, in consequence of my having written a book on Oriental Art, I was given free passes to the Cairo and Arab museums, the Monuments of Antiquity, and the mosques—all of which was a great saving, since every admission to the museums costs 50 cents, the ticket for the monuments $10.00 and the entrance to the mosques ranging from 15 to 25 cents.

There was, therefore, much to fill my time in a most interesting and absorbing way. But the weather became very cold. It rained a lot and there were many depressing days. When the sun shone the climate was very similar to that of San Francisco; but even then, the mornings and evenings were most uncomfortable, for outside the best hotels there is no provision for heating, so one must either suffer or resort to the undesirable bad-smelling oil stoves.

Learning that it was warmer in Upper Egypt I decided to go south, and at Assuan, found the clime I was seeking. There I stopped at a camp in the desert about a mile or so from the town; and it was a novel experience to live in the open in an atmosphere of glorious, healing sunlight, and soothing stillness with an expansive outlook in every direction.

Then with little to do I had the opportunity to sense this much written about spell of Egypt; this singular influence that intrigues the alien; this mystic omnipresence that stirs the questioning spirit. Yes, I too felt it and felt it quite strongly all along. But I asked "Is it a reality or only a psychological reaction to an expectation borne of a dominant historical association?"

Lounging idly in the morning sunlight, which seemed like nectar from the gods; or dreaming gently in the twilight, while revelling in an exceptional scene of beauty, gave me ample opportunity for the deliberation of this inviting theme.

One picture associated with the camp, I shall never forget. A brilliant sunset had just faded into a drab sky revealing most prominently the Moslem Symbol of the

• • •

Katherine M. Ball, one of the early members of the Women's City Club, is Superintendent of Art in the San Francisco Public Schools and is on an extended leave of absence. She has written many interesting letters to friends in the City Club.

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Faith "The Crescent and the Star." Then suddenly there burst upon the scene the usual afterglow, a chromatic symphony that from a single point, radiating in a semi-circular area, scaled from a roseate orange through the adjacent spectrum hues into a deep Egyptian blue; against this scintillating mass was silhouetted a skyline of Shiek-tomb domes and scattered palms, leaving all below one flat unbroken colorless mass.

But the supreme picture of this locality, that quickened my esthetic sensibility was that of the submerged kiosk of the Temple of Isis at Philae. This building under all conditions is beautiful, but—when only partially revealed and seen in the morning hours when its lights and shades are strongly contrasted against the azure sky, and the whole mirrored in the quiescent waters of the blue Nile—it becomes a thing unearthly and ethereal, as fragile and celestial as the fairy palace floating above the clouds, shown in Chinese paintings. So thrilled was I with this vision that, in order to impress it permanently into an enduring memory, I insisted upon sailing around it, a number of times.

One form of diversion while living at the camp was donkey-riding, with a friend, over the desert or along the banks of the Nile passing through native settlements of sun-baked brick hovels nestling picturesquely amid groves of tall palms. And such palms! Nothing in Egypt has so delighted me—and ever with a renewed thrill as these great fronded plumes that so unstantly greet our eyes. In these rambles we would meet droves of goats and sheep and sometimes long trains of camels which, with their keepers, would offer many a picture for the camera. And everywhere we went we were a source of great curiosity, particularly with the children who, ragged, dirty, and most unsightly, would follow and surround us, insistently and persistently beging for "bakshish."

Again, I would amuse myself by mousing around the native bazars looking for treasures in Egyptian antiquities, Nubian embroideries, and Persian wares, which abound here; or from the verandahs of the tourist hotels contemplate the various aspects of the landscape so conspicuously dominated by the Nile. I had already succumbed to the charm of this river of rivers, having actually indulged in the extravagance of a Nile cruise. But it was worth the money and an experience of a life time; for, a greater delight it is difficult to imagine than travelling leisurely in these de luxe boats, gently gliding along on a placid body of water — as still and blue as the heavens above and reflecting like fluttering, mothlike, white-sailed feluccа and groves of royal palms that rise confidently from its banks—while simultaneously revelling in an ever-changing scene of sandy wastes and fields of verdant vegetation.

After Assuan I spent two weeks most happily at Luxor. The weather had become warmer and the hotel was most homelike and attractive in its great garden, beautiful with trees and a terrace overlooking the Nile, that offered a daily opportunity to enjoy the much-famed Egyptian sunset.

The town itself is very interesting with its imposing Temple of Luxor and its attractive bazars at the center; its great Temple of Karnak, the most extensive in all Egypt, at the north end; and Thebes with its many monuments, temples, and tombs just across the river. So much has this vicinity to offer that one could remain months and yet not see satisfactorily even the things of most importance. Those of Luxor are easy of access, but those of Thebes, after crossing the river, entail a ride of seven miles over the desert by donkey, carriage or auto. But the journey is always a joy stimulating and inspiring, almost exalting; for the landscape with its vast extensions of rolling sands and its ranges of lofty, precipitous cliffs is most beautiful in its glowing golden light.

Among the tombs, to the casual tourist, that of Tutankhamen is outstanding in interest. The publicity given to its discovery has brought many visitors to Egypt. So great has been the demand to see it, that no one is permitted to remain in it longer than two minutes. This is, however, quite sufficient for there is but one chamber and it is inconsequential. Its single exhibit consists of the sarcophagus containing the lavishly gilded outer mummy coffin in which the remains of the youthful Pharaoh still repose, the inner gold mummy coffin having been taken to the Cairo museum.

On the river between Assuan and Luxor are located the ancient Temples of Kom Ombo, Edfu, and Esna; and between Luxor and Cairo, those of Dendera, and Abydos, all of which I was fortunate in seeing.

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In the vicinity of Cairo, at Giza, are the Three Great Pyramids and the Sphinx, so familiar to everyone from early geography lessons; while about twenty miles north at Sakkara are the Step Pyramid—the oldest stone building in the world—a number of tombs, and the site of the ancient city of Memphis.

At Giza, more than elsewhere, one finds the atmosphere of Egypt as it is generally known from pictures and books. Here you are confronted, not only by the great and mighty monuments that rise so majestically from the billowy sand dunes, but also by new and strange scenes of human life. For the place simply swarms with Arabs—guides of every manner and kind, fortune tellers, camel men, donkey boys, carriage and auto drivers, vendors of every kind of article from scarabs to fly-chasers—who lie in wait for you, pounce upon you and scream at you with their loud unpleasant voices, soliciting patronage, until in despair, you beat them back and flee in search of a policeman.

Here, to one's amusement, is enacted the tourist drama in its most spectacular form, where old and young — either independently or in parties, alone or conducted by beguiling, elegantly attired and groomed dragomen—bob up and down on donkey backs or rock uncomfortably on camel humps in their tense endeavor to see the sights of this foreign land.

I first saw the Pyramids at night in the full of the moon, but it was a disappointment, for there was a slight mist in the air and the scene lacked a definite carrying quality—a picture so different from my first view of the Parthenon at Athens some years ago under similar conditions, when the marbles of this impressive ruin, in illumination and in shade, stood out so effectively against the deep but clear blue of the Grecian sky.

Upon this first visit to the Pyramids I had, what almost proved to be an adventure. Being a little weary with much walking I concluded not to accompany my friends to the Sphinx, which seemed quite a distance away; and there being quite a few people about, I decided to wait for their return. But in a short time everybody disappeared and suddenly I realized that I was entirely alone—not a soul in sight, not a sound audible. I began to feel uncomfortable and wondered what I should do if one of the dreaded Arabs should appear—when suddenly a head rose above the nearest mound and a white figure made directly for me. I was sitting on the sand and my heart almost stopped beating, I did not move but was ready for almost any emergency, when he stammered in broken English "Madam, you want fortune told?" I soon found my voice and emphatically said "No," then he said something I did not understand and I replied "I want nothing" and, pointing in the direction of the Sphinx, continued "I am simply waiting for my friends, so begone," whereupon he left, disappeared behind another mound. I then rose and with my cane in my hand, ready for any other manifestation of Arab impudence, vigilantly watched every mound in sight until I heard the welcome sound of the voices of my party.

I subsequently made a number of visits to the Pyramids and the Sphinx and, of course, was profoundly impressed by the immensity of these monuments, but I found the entire scene so different from its familiar representations that I did not thrill as I had expected to do. In pictures, these great structures are always shown rising above the level plain of the desert, but now, on account of the excavations, the place is in such disorder and confusion from scattered heaps of rock and rubble that their pictorial effect is seriously impaired. The Sphinx in particular suffers from the removal of the sands about its base and now appears as lodged in a deep hole.

There is little architectural beauty in the Pyramids at Giza; the Step Pyramid at Sakkara is far more interesting, but none of them moved me as did the Pyramid of the Temple of the Sun at Teotihuacan near the City of Mexico.

For Cairo, I had anticipated much, and during my first weeks I was so enthusiastic that I concluded to remain until the autumn weather became sufficiently cool to travel in India. But by degrees this interest began to wane and when I learned that Kashmir offers a haven during the summer months, I was not only quite ready to leave but realized that I had no desire to return.

The art I came to study has been exceptionally illuminating and I feel repaid for all my expenditure of time, energy, and money. I have seen everything that has been so intimately associated with my early lessons in Egyptian art, except the growing papyrus and lotus plants. These I am told no longer exist. But the life in Cairo I did not altogether enjoy. I found it very costly; for many people derive their income from the tourists and the season being short, it is necessary to charge prices that will cover expenses for the remainder of the year.

The whole system of living seems impractical and one is in a perpetual state of adjustment to meet conditions. I had expected to find English customs and the English language spoken, and I found everything mostly French with Cairo a poor imitation of Paris. The city, is no

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nly most irregularly planned but the treets rarely have signs or the houses num- ers, in consequence of which it is most difficult to find either public or private places and, what is worse, the residents do not seem to be of any assistance. Then he telephone book has no addresses. You are expected to use a city directory, but I was never able to find one.

On the street one is perpetually harassed n different ways. For example, immedi- tely upon leaving your residence you are ccosted by taxi or carriage drivers who, ot only follow but actually drive in front f you at cross streets and block your assage in their insistence that you engage hem. Several times I came near to being un over by an automobile on account of ne of these pests. Then, the speeding of utomobiles in the heart of the city is the orst I have ever seen. Tooting their horns or a full half-block most strenuously, the hauffeurs look neither to the right nor eft but speed their machines over cross treets and around corners in an alarming anner.

Again, in the shopping districts, not nly are the sidewalks crowded, with no ne adhering to any rule as to going to the ght or left, but every minute you are opped by some vendor who, in the most miliar and impertinent manner, arrests our passage and directs your attention to is commodities. It is beads, postcards, garettes, stamps, canes, lottery tickets, ntiquities, embroideries, Coptic veils, con- ections, foods, and things too numerous mention that he shoves under your face hile insisting, by every known argument, at you buy his wares. And he will not ake "No" for an answer but runs along side you for some distance before you n dispose of him. Nowhere have I ever ncountered such a nuisance. They are filled by the regular merchants "The leventh Plague of Egypt."

Then, there are the dragomen also who ollow you, asking if you do not need a uide, and innumerable beggars who dis- astingly display their infirmities to lure coin from you.

One place that might be a source of in- rest and delight were it not for similar nditions, is the Musky, the section in e native quarters where the bazars are cated. Here are displayed wonderfully ttractive and beautiful wares from all rts of the Near and Far East. One ould enjoy examining the ambers that e shown in one lane, the wrought gold welry in another, the hammered brass d copper in another, the leather goods another, the antiquity shops with every- ing from inlaid ivories, porcelains to iental paintings in another, if the shop- en lined up on both sides, did not bom- rd you with their vocal ammunition. nd no matter where one is battling with ese battling humans one is at the same ne obliged ot wage a war on the flies. These dreadful desert flies! Is there anything, anywhere in the world like them? They are said to be the incarnation of the ancient Egyptians, but I am sure they are imps of darkness direct from Hades. A single one is sufficient to make one very miserable. It will light on you and sit—just sit. The way it clings, you are quite sure it has tentacles like the octopus. Only by extraordinary means can you dislodge it, and even then it returns again and again quite defiantly to the same spot. Imagine writing with one hand and shooing flies with the other.

And not only out of doors, but indoors as well is one subjected to all kinds of inconveniences and annoyances. First, all the servants are Arabs, with whom you communicate by pantomime. Then the telephone is a perpetual source of irritation. On account of its costliness very few private houses have one. The operators are obliged to speak five languages, none of which can be understood. If you succeed in getting a call you generally find an Arab at the other end. The elevator also is a trial. If it really does run, for so often it is out of order, you only ride up but always walk down, even though you live on the sixth floor.

choral news

● Members of the Women's City Club Choral, under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, are quite enthusiastic over an Indian operetta which they are now rehearsing, and meetings will be held as usual each Monday evening during the month of June.

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taxi news

The Yellow Taxicab Company, which has a call box just inside the main corridor door of the Women's City Club and is the official "taxi" of the Club, announces a new rate for patrons buying books of coupons.

One may purchase a $10 book for $9, five $10.00 books for $8.75 each, ten or more $10.00 books for $8.50 each. On $100.00 worth of books, if taken at one time, the purchaser will save $15.00.

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from athens to sleepy hollow

—BEATRICE SNOW STODDARD
(Mrs. T. A. Stoddard)

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● Athens! What stately beauty of aspect and what dignity doth spell us when we muse on that name—and a certain glistering whiteness, too! So it is with Santiago de Chile—the Athens of Chile. And Sleepy Hollow! Oh, those thrilling childhood days with our lanky friend Ichabod! So might we be in Santa Rosa de Los Andes. Can you spare a quarter of an hour for a glance into this largest and leading city on the West Coast of South America, and also for a peep into one of the tiniest towns, only three and a half hours distant?

Command your good fairy to bring before you a wide plain, seventeen hundred feet above sea level. Across its farther edge runs a magnificent chain of snow-capped mountains. Several peaks tower their shimmering lovliness thirteen thousand feet up to the lustrous blue sky. Through a lush green valley on this plain pours the Mapocho river, which has been caught in stone, into a man-made channel and spanned by five mammoth iron bridges. In full view of these mountains, *Las Cordilleras de los Andes* perpetually, gloriously white, except when stained by the setting sun, on the banks of the Mapocho river, Santiago de Chile lies serene, stately and modern.

The climate is temperate, but consists of only two seasons. Christmas comes in the summer, and Easter in the Winter. Fashioned after the Spanish pattern, the center of city life is *La Plaza de Armas* with its cool fountains, shady cocoa-palms, and lawns crossed by rose tiled walks and dotted with yellow and green iron seats. Here on Sunday and Thursday evenings the band plays, and here is the best *Paseo* in South America. The girls walk around and around the Plaza in one direction, and the young civilians and officers of the army and the navy walk in the opposite direction. Brown eyes gleam, pretty heads toss and white teeth flash, as smiles and flirtations go on apace.

However, there is no lack of urban modernity. The streets are well paved, many with rose colored tiles. Indeed, refuge from the heat and rain is provided —*Gallerias,* wide passages are built from one street to another, roofed with glass, tile-paved, often ornamented with statuary, always brilliantly lighted, and lined with elegant shops, small and exclusive. Electric street-cars and auto-buses run in all directions. We found, to our amazement, that all business stops between the hours of twelve and two.

Our luncheon over, we stepped forth to shop a little before the afternoon tour started, but we stood shocked and rooted to the spot. The streets were deserted. Not a soul was in sight, save here and there men in white uniforms were flooding the pavements and roadways from mammoth fire hoses, giving a good mid-day cleansing and cooling. Down over every shop window and door heavy corrugated iron shutters were drawn and padlocked to the pavement. We stood in a strange dead city

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of iron walls and silent, moving ghosts with swords of water flashing in the bright white sunlight. With almost a shudder we sought the friendly shelter of our hotel. From the hours of three to seven o'clock this same lonely city was a buzzing beehive again.

Santiago's heart is cut in two by a great avenue fashioned like a long garden, extending for three miles, *La Avenida de las Delicias.* This Avenue of Delights, bordered by handsome residences, luxurious clubs hotels and shops, truly fulfills its name. Here our imaginations take wing at the many life-size statues of the national heroes, San Martin, O'Higgins, Mackenna, those soldiers of fortune with their Scotch-Irish names, their love of adventure, their clear-headed bravery, who led South America to freedom from Spain.

Come to luncheon with me at the Hotel Savoy, where I am stopping. Note the liveried flunky," rigid in his dove-grey and gold, as he bows us across the marble entrance. On our left is the Coffee Room, with its Spanish leather furniture, on our right swing the frosted glass doors of the bar room. Other swinging glass doors are opened for us and we enter the dining hall. Suddenly we seem to be looking straight out to sea at foaming waters over rugged black rocks. It is that the entire side of this long room is covered with great mural paintings, sea-scapes, set apart like mammoth windows looking on the sea. We cross the gorgeous inlaid floor to our table glittering with snowy napery and silver, and red, green and crystal goblets. On the table's center rests a bowl of giant roses and carnations, which, alas! lack fragrance, in this land of prolific growth. To honor us, the orchestra, on a balcony, across the room from the "windows," breaks into deafening American jazz. This finished, another orchestra, in an adjoining balcony, swings into an alluring tango. All during the meal these two orchestras alternate with North and South American popular music. I applauded most for the tangoes!

This is the "wee bit luncheon" that our slave waiter sets before you whether you will or no. Beware! Do not offend him. Willy-nilly accept it all. Eat what you can,

(Continued on page 28)

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—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● With the approach of warm weather, tinkling, cooling beverages supplant hot tea or coffee when friends gather after a round of golf or a game of tennis. Those who live on the Peninsula frequently entertain the younger set after polo, the horse races and Gymkhana affairs. Then again, those who have country homes enjoy porch parties and at dances, chilled beverages are always in demand.

Smart hostesses must be ready for all occasions. The ensemble idea has spread to refreshment sets and these come in every tint. Soft cool greens, dainty topaz or the darker amber also rose, black and white and clear crystal, either plain or etched. Some combine two colors—black and white; white with green base; and amber and white. The footed tumblers are preferable for lemonade, iced tea or punch. The twelve ounce size is correct. New types of highball glasses are being shown in Swedish glass. Complete sets of tray, six glasses and jugs for punches of all kinds are to be had in rose, green, blue and amber. Other sets consist of cocktail shaker or decanter and ice bucket to match the glasses. One may choose either container. Tall glasses, rather than tumblers accompany this set. A definite type of glass for each beverage is the present vogue, just as the water goblet is used for dinner, while the footed tumbler is correct for luncheon.

It is well to be ready for any emergency. Several bottles of charged water, oranges, lemons, crushed pineapple, maraschino cherries and bottled fruit juices should be kept in a cool place.

Sometimes we are at a loss when quantities are necessary, the majority having made only a quart or two and perhaps a gallon of punch will be required. These recipes should be filed for reference as they may be needed during the coming months.

FRUIT PUNCH: (For fifty servings.) Make a syrup by boiling together two cups of sugar and one cup of water for ten minutes; then add one cup of very strong tea, two cups of strawberry juice, the juice of five lemons and five oranges, and one can of grated pineapple. Let stand for thirty minutes, then strain and add enough ice water to measure one and one-half gallons of liquid. Lastly add one cup of maraschino cherries and one quart of charged water.

SUNSHINE PUNCH: Boil together two cups of sugar and one cup of water for ten minutes to make a syrup. To it add the juice of six oranges and six lemons. Pour into punch bowl over a block of ice and lastly add two quarts of ginger ale and one quart of charged water. Serve at once.

LEMONADE: Make a syrup by boiling together one cup of sugar and one cup of water for ten minutes. Set aside to cool. Then add one-third (or more) cup of strained lemon juice and charged water to suit taste. Garnish each tumbler with a thin slice of lemon and a cherry.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH: Make a syrup of one cup of water and three-fourths cup of sugar by boiling together for ten minutes. Let cool. Then add one cup of canned pineapple juice and the juice of three lemons. Dilute when ready to serve with three cups of charged water. Garnish with thin slices of oranges and a spoonful of grated pineapple.

RED FRUIT PUNCH: (Sixteen to twenty tumblers—thirty to forty punch glasses. Boil two and one-half cups of sugar with one quart of water for a few minutes. Le

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ool. Then add two cups of fruit juice, ither cherry or raspberry—the juice of ix oranges and six lemons, one pint of rated pineapple and one cup of strong lack tea. Just before serving add one uart of charged water. Pour over a block f ice and serve in either tall narrow lasses or punch cups.

MINT JULEP: Crush four sprigs of mint, dd one quart of charged water, one cup f red cherry juice and one-half cup each f pineapple and orange juice. Pour over rushed ice in each glass, garnishing with int. Tall narrow glasses should be used.

ORIENTAL PUNCH: Make a syrup by oiling together one cup each of sugar and ater for ten minutes, then add six cloves, ne stick of cinnamon and one-half table- oon of chopped ginger. Cover and let and until cold. Then add the juice of ree lemons and three oranges, one drop oil of peppermint and a drop or two of een coloring. Let stand one hour before uring into punch bowl. Add charged ater to suit taste. Garnish with fresh int leaves. (This punch is often served parties where Chinese decorations fur- sh the motif.)

GRAPE-PINEAPPLE PUNCH: Mix two ps of strained juice from canned pine- ple with two cups each of grape juice d charged water. Serve in tall glasses led with crushed ice. Sugar should not required—add it to suit taste.

GRAPE-LEMONADE: Prepare one quart lemonade by boiling together one cup sugar with one quart of water for ten nutes. Then add one cup of grape juice. rve ice cold.

alice in wonderland

(Continued from page 4)

"What do I do if I do it?" the Seal looked undecided.

"You tell me everything," said the Oyster, popping his eyes — "every time you sneezed, or went fishing, or had trouble with your liver, or wanted something you couldn't have, or made a radical change in your underwear—"

"Tommy rot," said the Seal.

"Not at all," said the Oyster.

"Well I won't do it," said the Seal.

"Is that final?" said the Oyster.

"As final as that," and the Seal threw a book at his head.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

▲ ▲ ▲

league shop

To make room for a shipment of novelties coming from Europe in July, the League Shop is offering some remarkable values this month. Many of the lovely articles are one-fourth and one-third off.

Engagements, graduations and weddings. You cannot fail to find a lovely offering to make on these important dates.

Lamps suggest a constant reminder of the giver and the League Shop has many to choose from. Or shades without the standard.

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Ask at the Information Desk about special rates for "Swims" if purchased by the book.

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New Feature on Cafeteria Menu

A seventy-five cent chicken dinner is served in the City Club Cafeteria every evening. This special dinner consists of salad, a half chicken, choice of vegetable, dessert and beverage.

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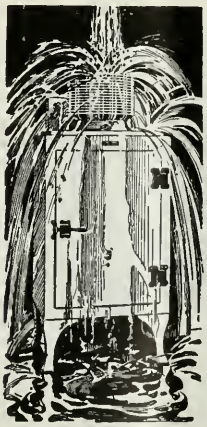

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women in finance

—BERTRAM E. ALANSON
President San Francisco Stock Exchange

Bertram E. Alanson

● It is with more than ordinary pleasure that this article is written for the Women's City Club Magazine. The women of this community, as in other sectional financial centers of the United States, have become important factors in the securities markets. In great numbers they have become shareholders in our corporate enterprises. They have joined intelligently and effectively in the economic movement of recent years which has resulted in making the people of this country owners of stocks and bonds to a degree never before known. They have acquired a proprietary interest in public utilities, in industrial enterprises, in banks and investment companies and they frequently have displayed in their dealings an acumen and keen judgment equal to that of men in the financial field.

A national study of women in finance, compiled by New York statisticians revealed the tremendous increase in the wealth of the women of the country. The estimate was made that approximately 41 per cent of the individual wealth of the United States is controlled by women. It was discovered that women comprise the majority of the stockholders in some of our largest corporations. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company reported over 50 per cent of its 454,596 shareholders to be of the fair sex. The Standard Oil Company of California found 39.80 per cent of its stockholders to be women and in the United States Steel Corporation there are more than 50,000 women stockholders, over 50 per cent of the total, a proportion that is paralleled by the women shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This same report found that in 1926, the most recent year for which income tax returns have been fully tabulated, women making individual returns paid taxes on $3,297,527,089, 41 per cent of the total of individual returns. The women of California, according to the tax returns rank fourth in wealth among the states of the country, reporting a total income of $253,967,205. These rather startling figures.

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taken at random from the detailed report, show why women in such large numbers have entered the investment field.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange's interest in these facts is an immediate one. A stock exchange is, in its simplest terms, a market place for the buying and selling of stocks and bonds. It is *quasi public* in character. It is committed to the aims laid down in its constitution, "To maintain just and equitable principles of trade and business and to promote and enforce high standards of commercial honor and integrity." To accomplish these ends the Stock Exchange seeks to give fullest publicity to its operations in order that a "free and open market" may ever be available to the investing public and that kind of market is possible only when the public is put in possession of all the facts regarding the price history of listed stocks during trading sessions. Market information data is at the instant command of the buyer or seller of securities wherever he may be.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange disseminates a record of sales, prices and quotations throughout each trading session over its telegraph ticker system. This system radiates from a transmitting instrument placed in the center of the trading floor. Its wires reach to approximately 200 receiving instruments placed in offices in Seattle, in Portland and Tacoma, in Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, San Jose, Los Angeles, and nearer home in Oakland and San Francisco. Further widespread market information is given investors through the direct wire services of member firms of the San Francisco Stock Exchange between their main offices and branches located in every part of the United States. A map of this telegraph system shows a network of wires spreading from San Francisco. Even to far away Hawaii San Francisco market data is available, a radio report carrying quotations and sales prices of leading stocks being filed from the Exchange daily. The result of this far flung service is to bring together the seller of Pacific Coast stocks in Seattle for instance and the buyer in Fresno or Chicago just as effectively as if they stood face to face in the market place in San Francisco. Each has the current information as to stock prices, each knows the last sale price and the prevailing bid and offer. The modern stock exchange knows no geographical boundaries within the limits of its telegraph communication.

The Stock Exchange tabulates each day's transactions and supplies to the local newspapers and to the national telegraph news associations the sales range in price, closing quotations and other statistical data of value to the investor. These reports are broadcast by the telegraph agencies to newspapers and financial publications far and near. In addition, the Stock Exchange makes public as it develops, information regarding listed stocks and the operations of the Exchange itself in accordance with its long established policy of providing full publicity on securities questions of public interest.

The Stock Exchange regards itself and so functions as a necessary link in the chain of financial agencies that operate for the promotion of the prosperity of San Francisco and the entire Pacific Coast region. Corporations are formed for manufacturing, for production oil, for banking or mercantile purposes—for any of the manifold activities that produce wealth for the community. They issue stock and start operations. Their stock is given distribution through underwriters until a substantial part of it is in public hands. The holders require a market place where they may at will dispose of their shares. The issues are listed by the corporations upon the Stock Exchange and the desired market is at once created. The corporations have received the capital funds needed for their development, the investors hold their share certificates and the Stock Exchange, by providing the market facilities, has conferred upon the stock issues that stability and saleability without which their value could not be sustained. The Stock Exchange has literally contributed to the upbuilding of the community thus performing a public service of vast common benefit.

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from athens to sleepy hollow

(Continued from page 23)

but eat. Do not say him nay, for the food is very good and choicely prepared. If too abundant, do not say so. Let us "carry on," as the waiter punctiliously places course after course of this little luncheon before us. First, fruit, oranges, small and rough-skinned. We would call them culls in California. Then, apples, somewhat scrubby, but the bananas are immense and luscious, also the cherimoyas, a treat, especially served with orange juice. This is a native fruit, on its outside like a large rough brown potato, filled with "eyes," but on its inside, in texture like a soft white, uncooked Irish potato, is a delight for an epicure! Next, a bounteous plate of cold ham, tongue and beef, third, meat soup with a large piece of meat and a bit of potato therein, fourth, half a juicy baked chicken and browned potatoes, fifth, a sizable plate of cold asparagus, large, with mayonaise, and silver tongs to hold the same, sixth, two or three inches of tender broiled steak with more browned potatoes, seventh, salad — lettuce with French dressing, eighth, ice cream and lady fingers, ninth, black coffee "demi-tasse." Mineral water and wine lubricated this repast meanwhile. Never cake, never pie, no fresh water, unless demanded. These latter are merely tea-time confections. Is your hunger appeased my friend? You would enjoy a refreshing cup of tea because of your long motor ride this morning! Alas! It can not be. You dare not lay yourself open to ridicule. Give ear to my experience. Just such a moment occurred to me. I was weary with much sightseeing. I ordered tea. While I waited I noticed four Chilean women at a nearby table. They were smart, sophisticated, dressed in the latest approved Parisian mode, with smooth pale olive faces and dancing black eyes. My tea arrived, served in an exquisite silver tea-set and tray. The haughty flourish and half-concealed disgust of my waiter caused me to follow his departure with my eyes. Then it was that I caught the four pairs of scarlet lips, rounded over shimmering teeth with a hint of a sneer, enjoying a good laugh at me. I felt my cheeks flush. What was wrong? Alack! The outlandish Norte Americana was drinking TEA with her luncheon. While the word Norte Americana is in mind, I must tell you that the owner of this comfortable spacious hotel with its long white marble staircase is a native of New Jersey, U. S. A. She has lived in Chile for twenty-five years and owns and manages successfully three large hotels, the Savoy in Santiago and the Savoy and the Royal in Valparaiso. She employs women clerks who are all well educated and speak Spanish, English, French, and German fluently. My chats with her added much to my already over-flowing store of pride in women's achievement.

Since Santiago is the capital city of the Republic of Chile it offers the usual public buildings, such as the Government Palaces, a notable Cathedral, the University the National Library, the Museums, and Art Palaces, most notably the unusually luxurious Union Club of magnificent black and white marble. Other than the handsome Municipal Theatre, the several everyday theatres are meagre. The entrances are nearly lost under the very large

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nd glaring electric signs that set forth in arish and flashy colors the name of the erformance, more often than not, a mov-ıg picture made in Hollywood with title ranslated into the most sensational terms. nside the theatre, the walls of the main oor are plastered thickly with advertise-ients of every commodity good for man, om meat to automobiles. The seats are f taudry red plush and iron. Four tiers f galleries bank the two sides and the ick wall. The first performance is at alf past six in the evening, primarily for omen and children. Since the dinner hour regularly from eight to nine o'clock, the oors open for the second performance at alf past nine. This performance is mainly tended by men. The men occupy all the ont rows, the women all sit in the back. t each "Revista" or musical comedy, we ounted never more than twenty-five omen. Many were in splendid fur coats, owever. The orchestra pit and drop cur-ins are very crude. Generally the or-estra is crammed into a little space un-r a wooden platform built out over their ads. Down and along this platform the ncing and singing girls run about to rform more intimately for their audi-ce of admiring and applauding men. popular stage dance is the Cueca dance. veral couples of men and women dance th much stamping to gay tripping music, aying arms and heads in violent rythmic otion. Each dancer waves a handker-ief overhead. Then just before the close th deafening enthusiasm the girl drops to her knees before her swain and balances a jug of wine on her head; this he gallantly snatches and quaffs, clasping his lady in a dizzy whirl meanwhile; then all dancers suddenly stop and bow one to the other. The audience is told that the show is over by the startling appearance of a large, rough board covered with a big paper poster advertising coming events, suspended, lop-sided from a hole in the board as it is let down from the topmost regions by an old worn rope. As the board dangles from side to side we file out past the gaudy signs, past the janitor assiduously polishing each ornate solid brass rod on the ticket office wicket.

After all is said, the most striking features of Santiago are its two hill-parks, the *Cerro Santa Lucia* and the *Cerro Cristobal*. The city lies between these two hills. Santa Lucia Hill is a jagged stone cliff which rises sheer four hundred feet. Valdivia, the Spanish conquistador in 1541 selected this hill, then known by the Indian name *Huelen* which means disaster, as the most likely spot for defense and built his fortress upon its summit. From this rocky mount he resisted the Indians. The settlement of Santiago grew up at its base. Later, when the Spanish ruled supreme it was used as an isolated cemetery for Jews, Protestants and all "banished from both heaven and earth." Today it is one of the world's most glorious parks, embellished with stone balustrades and balconies, level tile walks, statuary, splendid gushing fountains and exquisite blos-

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soming gardens, giant rows of pepper trees dripping with rose pink berries, a motion-picture theatre, historical museum, restaurant and dancing pavilion. The view gives over the whole panorama of the city's roofs and spires, away across the Mapocho to the still loftier *Cerro Cristobal.* Instead of stone, this hill was a mammoth heap of muddy soil. Now its nine hundred feet of height have been converted into a natural park, reached by spiral driveways and a funicular railway ascending to the summit, where a great white marble statue of the Virgin stands alone and benign and lifts her hand in blessing over the city. Grass steps leading into flag-stone steps, then to wide stone steps lift one to the doors of the chapel, beautiful with three highly decorated altars, that are built in the base of this towering and awe inspiring statue. From this lovely place one can see far out over the vast fertile valleys of vineyards. The scene of this enchanting countryside carries one's eyes in a clear line to the glistening snow caps of *Las Cordilleras de los Andes,* the far-reaching range of the Andes mountains.

Now for your peep into one of the tiniest towns—Santa Rosa de los Andes. You must journey thither to this Sleepy Hollow if you wish to cross these Andes mountains.

The trip lies through a wide fertile cultivated valley. Our broad gauge train steams past orchards, vineyards short swift streams dipped by willows, fat cattle and horses, vegetable gardens, little old towns whose old old cobble-stone streets were worn smooth and round, few automobiles but many ancient victorias drawn by skinny little horses. Arrived at Los Andes, we did not take a victoria but dashed in elegance to the Central Hotel in an old Ford newly painted gray. Along the cobbled *Avenida Progreso* we bumped in Mr. Ford's worst, and stopped sharply in front of two long narrow, elegant, black walnut doors set in dirty old pink walls. The polished brass knobs and knocker gleamed like gems in the bright white sunlight. Our Swiss host was waiting on the very narrow pavement. His blue-eyed clean shaven intelligent face spelled a cordial welcome as he greeted us in excellent English. We followed this stocky little well-groomed man into his patio. Where tubs and barrels, just about ready to fall to pieces were bursting with flowering plants, ferns, and dwarfed trees. Half the floor was tiled and half packed dirt. Six old dilapidated thatched roofed latticed summer houses huddled together at the farther end. A young, pretty "ayuda," an Indian maid conducted us to our somewhat shabby room. The wallpaper was torn, the metal beds, shaky and squeaky, and lacquered to look like brass, dresser and wardrobe were of black walnut, late Victorian, about as ugly as can be; no carpet on the black worn painted floor. In

back east and back

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He—Sure.

She—All right. Put on your hat. Because I've already found it—in Examiner Want Ads.

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contrast, the bedding was scrupulously clean and the coarse lace curtains stood alone with starch. The sheets and pillow cases were coarsely woven real linen.

Our short stay in this Sleepy Hollow of Chile was a series of violent surprises. On the faded papered wall of the long narrow clean dining room with good silver, glass and real linen napkins, hung a beautiful gilt-framed mirror, and two excellent German lithographs of scenes from the opera Faust. Native Indian maids served the meals which our host personally cooked. At dinner, I noticed that a long especially well appointed table was set apart. Presently, *La Senora,* the wife of the host entered and sat at the long table. As she passed, she greeted us in English with a cultured accent. She was a tall stately woman with short iron grey hair cut close to her head in the best fashion. Her black silk crepe dress and long black silk coat were also in latest fashion. She wore black ear-drops.

Her children followed, a strapping fair-haired young man about twenty-three, then two slender handsome fair-haired, fair-skinned girls of nineteen and twenty; both wore black with pearl earrings, bright necklaces, and hair in latest cut, then another pretty girl of fifteen and a girl of ten with very gold hair and very blue eyes.

The next morning, La Senora told that she had been born in a mining town. Her father was a mining engineer. The mine was owned by an English company. The owners had lived with their wives and children in the settlement at the mine. She had been educated with the English children by the English tutors brought from England. Her parents died, the mine was worked out, the English went home to England and she found the young Swiss the best man of all her suitors to marry. He was a prosperous hotel keeper.

But fortune had not always smiled on them. Her children would not speak English because none of their companions knew that language, there had been no good schools for them in the little towns in which the father ran his hotel. The son was learning to be a farmer so there was some hope for him, but the girls did nothing but gossip, go to church and to the movies. Her story impressed me greatly, she had struggled against great odds, and the appearance of her daughters proved that she had succeeded thus far, but what of the future for these lovely girls who would have graced any company? All that I could suggest to her was the North American Y. W. C. A. secretary in Santiago, who was an unusually resourceful woman. As I travelled further on this southern continent I found that the Y. W. C. A. is doing a magnificent work of just this sort.

Of course this quaint little town had its pretty plaza fragrant with orange blossoms and roses, but the greatest surprise was the theatre—a new concrete building.

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one good turn deserves another

The City Club Magazine last month published a small paragraph asking a careless member to "lend a hand to the accountant." Some one had made out a check, which she failed to sign. The Magazine published the number of the check, the bank upon which it was drawn, and date. Within a few days the member called and "signed on the dotted line," thereby proving that the Magazine IS read from cover to cover.

Now comes another case, with clues just as slender. Will the member who gave a dollar to the Employees' Christmas Fund, a check dated December 9, 1929, number 112, on the Crocker First National Bank, please call and sign it?

▲ ▲ ▲

honor to music chairman

Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, chairman of the Music Committee of the Women's City Club, has been elected to the state chairmanship of the California Federation of Music Clubs.

Mrs. Stoll's committee has given the monthly Sunday Evening Concerts which have been such a gracious addition to the City Club's entertainment of the last year, and at each has been present to extend a charming hospitality to guests.

There will be no Sunday Evening Concerts during the summer.

▲ ▲ ▲

new members reception

A reception in honor of the new members was held in the American Room, Monday, May 12. During the afternoon more than two hundred new members called. They were greeted by the members of the Board and groups of volunteers showed them about the building and served them tea in the Lounge.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

July · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 6

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JULY 1, 1930

APPRECIATION OF ART

Lecture every Wednesday at 12 noon. Card Room. Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

CHORAL SECTION

Every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, *Director.*

LEAGUE BRIDGE

Every Tuesday, 2 and 7:30 o'clock. Chinese Room. Miss Emogene Hutchinson, *Chairman.*

CURRENT EVENTS

First Wednesday of each month at 11 o'clock. Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Leader.*

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS

Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Chinese Room. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman.*

July 1—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
8—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
9—Current Events	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.		
9—Lecture on Appreciation of Art	*Card Room*	12:00 o'clock
Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Lecturer.		
10—Book Review Dinner	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clock
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "Gallow's Orchard" by Clair Spencer (A first novel).		
10—Thursday Evening Program	*Chinese Room*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Joseph Marr Gwinn. Subject: "Outstanding Advance Movements in Education."		
15—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
17—Thursday Evening Program	*Chinese Room*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. Homer Henley. Subject: "Contacts with Genius in Art and Literature."		
22—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
24—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mr. C. F. Paignon. Subject: "A Trip to Paris." (With motion pictures.) (A special French Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room, preceding this lecture, at $1.00 per plate.)		
29—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
31—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Colonel Wilbur S. Tupper. Subject: "Observations in South America." (An illustrated lecture.)		

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Franc Pierce Hammon Memorial Window at west end of corridor on fourth floor of The San Francisco Women's City Club, shows vista of cliffs, sky and sea of San Francisco, warden of the Golden Gate.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

The consciousness of the romance of science was borne in on us last week, as, sitting quietly in our homes in San Francisco, w listened to the international broadcast, and heard the very vc es of such eminent scientists as Mr. Marconi, then in London, ar Mr. Edison in New Jersey. As our imaginations played, we le ed ahead to the day when television will accompany this elim in ion of space by sound and the world will be one. Abreast of th times, our Club has friends in the far corners of the earth, fr ds who have visited us and friends whom we have visited.

ly mind reverts to the day when I wandered across a square in Gl gow and the door of No. 5 Blytheswood Square was opened in an ver to the resounding echoes of a knocker through empty en trce hall and reception rooms, for I was arriving during August wle a real "Spring cleaning" was in process—the kind of Spring cleing in which the British Isles revel and of which we in this co try have only the vaguest notion. The austerity of the tall ne woman who opened the door melted into a friendly smile as I a nounced myself from San Francisco, and I was invited in. The Se etary was "on vacation" but this housekeeper had lived for fiv years in Berkeley, and she greeted me as a friend. Later cor- res ndence with the Club Secretary established for our respec- tiv club memberships reciprocal relations between the "Lady Ar ts Club of Glasgow" and the Women's City Club of San Fr cisco. A week later I stepped out of a victoria (and mind you, thi was only five years ago) in front of a charming house in Ch lotte Street in a delightful square just off the famous Princes Str t of Edinburgh. Here the greeting was from a club member wh showed me through a delightful clubhouse with its summer gar of chintz coverings, and two weeks later, the Honorable Sec- ret y wrote that our request for reciprocal relations with this Lad s' Caledonian Club of Edinburgh had been gladly granted.

Lndon, with its beautiful American Women's Club in Groves- nor treet, and its homelike Halcyon Club behind the Burlington Arde, and its delightful Pioneer Club; Paris, with its attractive Am ican Women's Club in one of the most charming districts of hat amous city; Shanghai, with its Eastern atmosphere of inti- nat and cordial association of women far from their native land; Dun edin and Wellington in New Zealand; Brisbane and Sydney n Astralia, an ever-lengthening chain of friendship—this recip- ocal relations association, each link established on its own merit.

Four years ago when the Board of Directors of the Women's City Club of Boston invited twelve club presidents from Canada and the United States to be their guests for conference, I had the privilege of representing Mrs. Forbes, who was unable to go East at that particular time. The splendid spirit of these women made the informal discussions more than valuable, and the interchange of ideas and experiences brought out the fact that where great groups of American women are gathered together, as they are in City Clubs, the results are practically the same (if we eliminate the modifications necessitated by local peculiarities)—the problems are the same. The one outstanding cry at the conference was, "How can we arouse the individual club member to her obligation to the group?" As this discussion ensued, the comments on the volunteer service of our club were most flattering. Since then I have wondered many times how many of our members appreciate that they as individuals are responsible for this reputation abroad of the organization whose personnel they are.

How many of us can answer the questions asked of the staff by visitors from afar—guests from Europe, Africa, Asia and the United States—such questions as "What is the difference between the National League for Woman's Service and the Women's City Club of San Francisco?" "Who gives the volunteer service —is it the leisure woman or the business woman?" When a member is suddenly confronted with such questions by her guest to whom she is proudly showing the clubhouse, she invariably apologizes and hunts up some one who can supply the information, and one more member is educated into this thing of which we are vaguely so proud. Guests from reciprocal clubs are always thus interested and it behooves us as hostesses to be informed of our home news, lest we be embarrassed as we boastfully show the departments of service which our modern building encompasses.

It is appropriate that at this season we think in terms of reciprocal clubs, for travelers come to us from afar and our own members travel afar. The broadening horizon takes us out of our winter quarters and we find the stimulus of contact with new friends who step forward with outstretched hands to meet us at home and abroad. Reciprocal relationship—in its truest sense—is a privilege. It is one of our Club blessings, for friendship means understanding and international understanding means the peace of the world.

Club Magazines Reveal Reciprocitys' Many Facets

● Members of the Women's City Club will find on the library tables current numbers of magazines of other City Clubs, from the American Women's Club in Paris, the American Women's Club in London, from Shanghai, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, from cities in Canada and the Antipodes.

These publications are silent but eloquent messengers of good-will and tokens of reciprocity between the clubs by which they are published and the Women's City Club of San Francisco. A glance through their pages provides a very entertaining afternoon or evening and informs one of

Providence Plantations Club, Rhode Island

the things other women are doing and planning. But the big fact implied by the presence of these magazines is that their clubs and the Women's City Club of San Francisco exchange privileges and prerogatives besides the magazines. "Reciprocal Relations" is a generic term, one heard so often that there is, perhaps, a possibility of the member losing sight of all that it means.

This summer, for instance, when hundreds of City Club members are traveling abroad, the City Club of San Francisco has issued to members hundreds of guest cards which will entitle those members to go to other clubs and there enjoy all the privileges which they have in their own club.

For instance, the American Women's Club in London: We will take Mrs. A from San Francisco, member of the City Club. She arrives in London, drives to the beautiful building in the smart section of the city which is the American Women's Club. At the desk she presents her card from the San Francisco City Club, and at once she is given a card which permits her to become a guest there at the prescribed charge per week or month for a room—to dine there, entertain there, in short, do there as she would here. It is a notably beautiful place, luxurious to a degree, and pervaded with an indefinable atmosphere which the traveler could not hope to find in a hotel.

Art exhibits held from time to time in the galleries of the clubs whose magazines come to us tell of what each specific part of the world is doing in the creation of beauty. Cuisine and other phases of homemaking are set forth. It is highly probable that our magazine's occasional recipes may serve to dissipate the foreign idea that apple pie, ice cream and succotash are the chief articles of American diet. They may even route the firmly fixed notion that corned beef and cabbage is (or are) the great American "dish." Surely a nation's edibles are worthy of consideration in the general summation of a people.

Fashion's devotees find entertainment in reading the Club's exchanges, for a notably strong bond of sympathy exists between all women, regardless of nationality, who take pleasure in the wearing of fine clothes.

Detroit City Club

Articles of interest on subjects as varied as the tastes of individuals are reproduced from time to time in our Magazine, thus contributing to the aggregate of reciprocity.

The editor of this Magazine is indebted to the magazines of American Women's Club of London, American Women's Club of Paris, the Plantations Club of Providence, Rhode Island, for articles in this number. The story of "Oberammergau," seemed particularly timely, inasmuch as a number of members of the Women's City Club of San Francisco will be present next month in the Bavarian Alps when that beautiful and solemn pageant will be presented.

The article on "The Basques" has an ethnic application in a composite of "reciprocal relations," as does almost any travel

Beautiful vaulted vista in Illinois Women's Athletic Club, Chicago

article, for it sets forth the music, the dances, the theatre and family life of this group which, for all its isolation, has influenced world history.

What women are thinking is, of course, more important that the luxury of their club houses or details of the financial coups which made those buildings possible. But it is good to know that their thinking has materialized into concrete things of beauty and usefulness. To make life more abundant was the mission of the One whose story is made visible at Oberammergau.

That, it seems, is the purpose of the chain of clubs which reaches around the world, encompassing in that girdle what each has in its own unit. They do not all function alike and several have unique features, as the Volunteer Service and the Vocational Guidance Bureau in the San Francisco City Club, but all, undoubtedly, have trimmed their sails for a port of gracious beauty.

"Ships sail east, ships sail west,
With the self-same winds that blow;
It's not the gales—it's the set of the sails
That determines the way ships go."

New York City Club

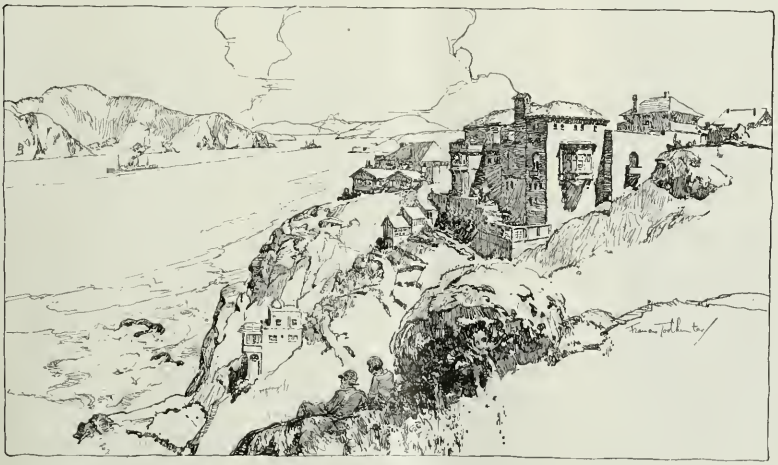
Reciprocal Clubs

Here are the Clubs, the world over, which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco

Akron, Ohio	Women's City Club	30 South High Street
Boston, Massachusetts	Women's City Club	40 Beacon Street
Chicago, Illinois	Chicago Woman's Club	72 East Eleventh Street
Chicago, Illinois	Women's City Club	Tower Building, Ninth Floor
Chicago, Illinois	Illinois Women's Athletic Club	115 East Pearson Street
Cleveland, Ohio	Women's City Club	826 East Thirteenth Street
Detroit, Michigan	Women's City Club	2110 Park Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri	Women's City Club	1111 Grand Avenue
New York City, New York	Women's City Club	22 Park Avenue
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Women's City Club	1622 Locust Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Women's City Club	William Penn Hotel
Providence, Rhode Island	Providence Plantations	77 Franklin Street
Rochester, New York	Women's City Club	29-31 Chestnut Street
St. Louis, Missouri	The Town Club	1120-22 Locust Street
St. Paul, Minnesota	Women's City Club	345 Minnesota Street
Washington, District of Columbia	Women's City Club	22 Jackson Place

Abroad

Brisbane, Australia	Brisbane Women's Club	Albert House, Albert Street
Dunedin, New Zealand	Otago Women's Club	Stuart Street
Edinburgh, Scotland	The Caledonian Club	13-14 Charlotte Square
Glasgow, Scotland	The Lady Artists Club	5 Blytheswood Square
London, England	American Women's Club	46 Grosvenor Square, London W. I. England
London, England	The Halcyon Club	13-14 Cork Street
London, England	The Pioneer Club	12 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, London W. I.
Montreal, Canada	The Themis Club	1336 Sherbrook Street W.
Paris, France	The American Women's Club	61 Rue Boissiere
Shanghai, China	The American Women's Club	66 Szechuen Road
Sydney, Australia	Women's Club	77 King Street
Vienna, Austria	American Women's Club	Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel
Wellington, New Zealand	The Pioneer Club	Lambton Quay, Wellington No. 382



"And the fair ports of home."

The Basques

—STEFAAN COUWENBERG
From Bulletin of American Women's Club of Paris.

● Shall I tell you about the music of these people, their dances and their theatre? or their sailing in olden days? Or about their marriage customs and primitive family life?

I shall try to tell you a little of all these things, for I lived and painted for two years in their midst.

First of all let me tell you something about the women. Their position in the home is quite different from that of the usual housewife. For the Basque man formerly was not only the *pater familias* but also the priest in his home. His God was the Fire-God, his fireplace was his altar and . . . his meals were therefore sacred. The women served him but did not sit down with him, and the custom persists to this day. By this you must not misunderstand the position of the Basque woman, for the mistress of the house, the *Etcheoco-Andrea,* rules the house, silently and almost in the old testamental way. Her husband takes charge only of the fields. So great has been the Basque woman's power that a nearly absolute matriarchy has always existed. The eldest daughter inherited the whole mansion with its belongings even if there were elder sons. Her husband assumed the name of the house, which was her name, and gave up his own. One has still this feeling of the supremacy of Basque women over the men, who often seem to be less intelligent.

Their oldest houses are low and broad and built of natural stone, but the newer ones, from about 1600 on, are of cottage construction, larger and with several stories, very stately in appearance.

These big houses if possible never go out of the family nor are they ever divided. If the whole family cannot exist by means of their farm, some of them quite often emigrate with a small sum of money to the Argentine. In ancient times these younger sons of the Basques made excellent seamen. As early as 1400 they had already reached Iceland, and Columbus seems to have been greatly inspired by his Basque friend de Huelva.

Some of the Basque adventurers became so wealthy that they possessed whole fisher-fleets, protected by their own battleships. They built palaces such as *Lohobiaque* and *Goannoenia* in Saint Jean de Luz, where Louis XIV and his bride the Infanta were their guests.

Nobody can tell you where the Basque race comes from or why the grammar of the exotic Basque language is somewhat similar to Chinese grammar. As in all Eastern theatres, no women take part in their drama, which is largely symbolical. Like the Japanese, they represent battles, even sea battles, with rhythmic movements. The chorus creates the symbolic atmosphere. Unfortunately the plays have been changed and mutilated, and now have little literary value.

Their old mysterious dances are not at all Christian, although the Catholic Church has adopted them and even permits them to be danced before the altar in the Church on special occasions. Nevertheless one feels that old idols are symbolized in the naive red costumes of the dancers; sceptres with black horse-tails and tiaras of flowers and feathers do not seem to be Christian symbols, but rather the relics of some not completely forgotten Fire-God.

As to the Basque furniture, most of it dates back to the seventeenth and eighteenth century. It is sober and dignified, made of fruit-tree wood, sometimes with a little carving in the middle of a panel. The highbacked firebench is their loveliest piece of furniture, and their bedsteads are also very fine. Their hangings of dark blue and white linen handwoven "toile flammée" are beautiful, so is their table linen—not the checked linen, known everywhere as *toile Basque,* but the old white damask of small pattern with a heavy dark blue stripe at the end.

The Basques have always been clever metal workers, clumsy yet expressive sculptors and peculiarly moving singers. Their songs are sung in a high vibrating tone, and although the melody seems queer at first hearing, it charms you in the end through its reality. Their instruments, the "chula" and "chirula," flute and harp, indicate the antiquity of their music.

You may call my hot-tempered silent Basque a hypocrite; you may call him an Eastern nobleman. His narrow skull, his long jaw, his deep orbits and slightly oblique eyes might be Egyptian. The woman, if her blood is not mixed up with French, Bohemian, or Spanish blood, seems quite Biblical.

Nothing is more graceful than the Basque *pelote* game. It is at its best in the remote Basque mountains, where one gets the intense feeling of the most archaic landscape France possesses.

Foyer and Registration Desk in American Women's Club in London. This is the desk where San Francisco City Club members present their guest cards.

Pan Grows Weary

—PATRICIA MORBIO

Some years ago, a New York pianist, returning from a tour that had included California, said: "California is much Pan country. The people can take so much of their pleasure out-of-doors—and they have such a joyous spirit about everything they do." This has become increasingly true with the artistic developments of the years, and we are blessed with being able to be fairly sure of our weather when we plan our out door programs. One can appreciate what this means if he has ever once had a thunder storm crash in upon the beauties of the Ravinia Park concerts, or has been driven to cover in the midst of a summer symphony in the New York stadium.

We Californians can experience all sorts of added loveliness while we are listening to our out-of-door music. One lad told of riding his horse down through the Berkeley canyons one moonlit night when strange and lively sound came up the ravine. He paused and recognized the call of the Valkyrie. Gadski was giving a concert in the Greek theatre. What a thrill to meet that eerie music wandering alone and detached the woods!

At the Hollywood Bowl concerts at night, there is a mystic atmosphere that enhances all the symphonic selections. The stars seem very near indeed, and the people about one very unreal like persons in a dream. A gentle fragrance floats in from the gardens and fields nearby, and one's senses are lulled and charmed into a veritable lotus-land.

The Woodland Concerts are set in such greenness that it is like being at the bottom of a sea of marvellous sound. The stirring of the leaves and boughs are like the soft lapping of waves, and the sunlight filters through just as one would fancy it does to deep sea caves.

All our world here seems to go mad for play and for expression in our summer season. Our most staid of city fathers disport themselves at the Bohemian Grove. The Berkeley savants and students have the Sunday Half-Hour concerts in the Greek Theatre. The visitors at Golden Gate Park sit beneath the plane trees to listen to the band concerts. And now in these beautified days there is scarcely a corner of romance in all this glittering sunny land, and poor Pan must be utterly breathless with such a lot of piping to do.

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"Current Events" Change

Mrs. Parker S. Maddux will give her Current Events Section but once a month hereforth the next meeting being Wednesday, July 9.

Close Harmony

This reads like a leaf from our own Magazine, a page from our very own typewriter. But it isn't. It is "lifted" from "The Bulletin of the American Women's Club of Paris, Inc." It was contained in the annual report of the committee within the Club which directs the affairs of the publication.

"We cannot too strongly stress the importance of those few little words, 'I saw your advertisement in The Bulletin.' The repetition of that simple statement by Club members is the only way by which an advertiser may know that his reclame in The Bulletin is producing results, and his only reason for continuing the advertisement is the satisfactory result obtained . . . On the other hand, we have lost some very desirable advertisers because no club member has become a client by reason of The Bulletin's advertisement. Some thousands of francs have been lost to us for this reason during the year."

So, you see . . . We are not the only ones who harp on that one string.

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Choral Gives Musicale

—GRACE O. YOCUM

The Women's City Club Choral, under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, gave a musical in the Club Auditorium, Monday evening, June 16, open to the Club membership and their friends. Besides the selections rendered by the Choral, solos by members of the Choral, accompanied by Miss Ethel Krauss on the piano, were an added feature. Numbers by City Club members were as follows:

HAZEL HEYL

"Gray Days" ..... *Noel Johnson*
"The Pine Tree" ..... *Mary Turner Salter*
"Cradle Song" ..... *Alexander MacFadgen*

KATHERINE CAREY

"Sing, Sing, Birds on the Wing" ..... *Godfrey Nuttin*
"At Dawning" ..... *Cadman*
"Absent" ..... *Metcalf*

MINNIE MANNERBERG

"I Love the Moon" ..... *Paul A. Rubens*
"Dreaming Time" ..... *Lily Strickland*

ALYCE ROSE HINK sang:

"Come Sing To Me" ..... *Jack Thompson*
"Believe" ..... *George Rosey*

ELIZABETH BENTON

"Trumpeter" ..... *Kessler*
"Ballad" ..... *Chadwick*

The Choral will discontinue during the months of July and August, but the season will start the first of September, and a big program is outlined for fall work, open to all City Club members.

A Trip to Paris

On the evening of July 24, the Women's City Club is going to have a French dinner, a repast as really French as if it were set on the sidewalks of Paris, or under the chestnut trees of a fascinating town in Brittany.

And to carry the illusion further into realms Gallic there will be an address by Mr. C. F. Paignon on "A Trip to Paris." July is a gala month to La Belle France, beginning with July 14, anniversary of the Fall of the Bastile. To have the epic quality extend ten days speaks well for the temperament of local French enthusiasts.

Reservations for the dinner should be made as early as possible and may be made now. It is not too early to begin.

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New Books in City Club Library

Many new books of literary quality and fine craftsmanship have been added recently to the library of the Women's City Club, books not in the fiction classification, but of special editions to delight the soul of the bibliophile.

Volumes of travel and pertaining to the arts, histories and biographies have been placed on the shelves by a discrimination committee. Many of these books have been purchased from the Nuttall fund, bequeathed to the City Club for that purpose.

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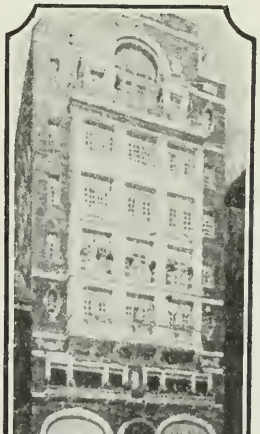
League Shop Bargains

Notable among the League Shop Summer bargains are a number of beautiful lamps and shades.



The Town Club of St. Louis.

Summer Theatre at Stanford

—HAROLD HELVENSTON

● Summer dramatics at Stanford University is distinctly a promise to everyone concerned. To the regular students of the University it offers an opportunity to indulge a luxury of courses necessarily omitted from their programs of regular quarters—it gives them a chance to express themselves in a new field. Students from faraway states find Stanford a dramatic mecca, a veritable laboratory or testing-ground for their ideas and theories. Many of the teaching profession find summer work at Stanford a fitting complement to their dramatic experience — a fresh point of departure for their work of the coming year. For everyone Stanford offers a pleasant place to carry on serious work, and this in a spirit of complete relaxation. The days are sunny, the nights are cool—the terrain everywhere is picturesque if not inspiring. Studying itself is recreation at Stanford in the summer.

Academically, Stanford provides for the needs of the dramatic student in direct relationship to his ability, desire and prescribed course of study. There are comprehensive courses in the theory and practice of Acting and Stage Direction. In these courses the theoretical point of view is transmitted by way of lectures — the practical side of it taking the form of individual exercises, classroom productions of one-act plays and experimental scenes from long plays. Student actors and directors combine in an ideal manner toward clear, smooth-running and sometimes brilliant performances. If one wishes to learn the ways and means of the backstage he will find an excellent course known as Theatrical Workshop. There he will learn of the basic elements of production by taking an active part in the technical presentation of campus productions. Students in Scenic Design class direct their attention to the visual factor of production spending their time in scenic research and turning their practical thoughts into the designing and modelling of stage scenery. Their efforts are combined with those of Theatrical Workshop class in the construction and painting of settings for public presentation. There are excellent courses in other subjects of the drama all of which help to create a better rudimentary background for those who teach dramatics or direct the work in experimental or college theatres. The classic as well as the modern is stressed in subject matter, plays and methods of production. In conducting these courses, each student is regarded individually as far as possible and is encouraged to develop along the line of his natural talents.

Stanford is blessed with an unusually appreciative audience who, for the greatest part, take their drama seriously. Interestingly enough, playgoers are derived from three main sources: students, residents of Palo Alto, and people of other sections of the peninsula including San Francisco and San Jose. In a typical audience one finds the ultra-critical as well as the ultra sympathetic and therein lies a great endowment to dramatics. This audience is quick to show its approbation of anything outstanding or inspired, and is generally fair in its judgment of productions. Its response is vigorous and sincere whatever its opinion may be and by such a token it forms an excellent pulse for those whose duty and privilege it is to perform or produce for them.

By the same reasoning a Stanford audience demands a fine standard of worth in its dramatic fare. This high standard of appreciation is due largely to the pioneer director of Stanford dramatics, Gordon Davis, whose painstaking efforts and sincerity of purpose did much to attain the position Stanford now holds in the field of the Little Theatre.

The Stanford summer colony is always eager for the best in drama and are hearty supporters of all productions. A brief review of programs for the past two summers reveals the general type of plays presented. Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband," Evreinov's "The Chief Thing" and Pirandello's "Right You Are" constituted the program of the summer of 1928. The plays of the following summer were Rice's "The Adding Machine," Behrman's "The Second Man" and Capek's "The Makropoulos Secret." The Sherwood and the Behrman plays are notable examples of plays chosen for their sheer entertainment value — brisk dialogue, smart situations and a fine flow of comedy throughout. Evreinov's "The Chief Thing" and Rice's "The Adding Machine" unfolded unique themes and both offered an extraordinary chance for experimental staging. The philosophical niche for the two summers dramatic programs was ably filled with productions of the plays of Pirandello and Capek.

This summer we are looking forward to an amusing array of plays and a novelty as the climax of the summer season. The first major production will probably be Bernard Shaw's charming phonetical travesty "Pygmalion," a play not lacking in the usual Shavian rascality and delightfully smacking of the quaintness that is Barrie.

The second play of the summer will either be St. John Ervine's fine comedy labeled "Anthony and Anna" or that inspired work of Anatole France known as "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," a play written originally "merely to entertain the members of the 'Society of Rabelaisian Studios' at one of their meetings," and the play, which, in its original American production sent the young theatre artist Robert Edmond Jones on his way to fame. The playing dates for these productions are July 11 and August 1.

The usual third long play will be supplanted this year by a distinct innovation in the form of a public bill of one-acts selected on the basis of pure merit from the work done by the summer production classes. The production in its entirety—the acting, directing, the mounting and management—will be executed by the advanced students under faculty supervision. The purpose of this production is an academic one—to provide a distinct outlet for the greatest number of active students of the drama. As a type of entertainment, one-acts have been found successful by formidable groups all over the country, especially in schools of the theatre. At Stanford—it is an experiment pure and simple. It will be interesting to study the reaction of a paid audience to such a production and by virtue of its legitimacy as a summer production—it will undoubtedly offer an added stimulus to students thus piquing them to their best efforts. The date for this production is August 15.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

NTERIORS OF VIRGINIA HOUSES OF COLONIAL TIMES; *by Edith Sale;* printed by Wm. Byrd Press, Richmond, Virginia; $15.00.

OLONIAL VIRGINIA; *by Mary Newton Stanard;* Lippincott, Phila.

ISTORIC VIRGINIA HOMES AND CHURCHES; *by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.;* limited edition; $100.00.

EFFERSON AND MONTICELLO; *by Paul Wilstach.*

NCLE SAM; *by John Erskine;* Bobs-Merrill Co.; $2.50.

ANDELION DAYS; *by Henry Williamson;* E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y.

OODBYE TO ALL THAT; *by Robert Graves;* Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, N. Y.

TKA; *by Barrett Willoughby;* Houghton Mifflin; $3.00.

HE DOOR; *by Mary Roberts Rinehart;* Farrar & Rinehart, N. Y.

HE TRADER'S WIFE; *by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie;* Coward-McCann, N. Y.; $2.00.

Vacation days have come again! Days of wanderlust! If by chance you ould have the great good luck to drive e length and breadth of Virginia, on its een leafy highways, I recommend that ju bracket the first four books listed, and clude "Tidewater Virginia," by Paul ilstach, which we have recently re-wed. Unfortunately, the one that is the ost complete and most attractive has be-ne by reason of its limited edition and high price, the rarest. Mr. Lancaster's "istoric Virginia Homes and Churches" ntains pictures and descriptions of Co-ial homes which cannot be found else-ere. But it may be found in the houses one's Virginia friends, and if not there, the libraries where it has been placed for reference.

The books by Edith Sale and Mary Stanard are text-books for the lover of olonial architecture and furniture. All Virginia goes "antiquing!" For the sake o the family pocket-book, I am glad that I ve far from the lure of the Virginia antique shop. Sheraton and Heppelwhite, Sandwich glass and Steigel glass, lion compotes and hen butter-dishes, candle-moulds and weathervanes! I know an "Old Stone House" whose lady-mistress lives there surrounded by her own ancestral sideboards and secretaries and portraits, and corner-cupboards filled with rare old china,—which are not for sale, of course. But by day she takes a truck and driver, and goes into the remote highways and byways, and comes back with many a lovely old piece, to be refinished and sold.

And to another century-old house come the women of the mountains, bringing their hand-woven rugs, and pine-tree-pattern coverlets, to be spread upon four-poster beds, and to bring in the dollars which restore the ancient beauties of the old home.

"Restoration!" It is a magic word. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is restoring Williamsburg, the second capital of Virginia, and when his workmen have ceased waving their magic wands, it will be again the little Colonial town which was built ten miles inland, after the burning of Jamestown in Bacon's Rebellion, three hundred years ago. To drive down the long shady street, with the white Colonial cottages, the palace of the governor, Wythe House, the college of William and Mary, and the old, old Bruton Church, is to read a freshened page of history.

The memories of Westover, the ancestral home of the Byrd family, and of Monticello, built by Thomas Jefferson, are folded away in lavender. There are no words lovely enough for a thing of perfect beauty. If you cannot stand on Westover's lawn, where the waters of the James go stately by; if you cannot look out from Monticello's hilltop over the valley of the University of Virginia, as Jefferson watched through his field-glass the rising of its walls,——then turn the beautifully illustrated pages of the books I have listed, and see for yourself their beauty of column and capital, of arch and stairway, of fanlight and frieze.

• In vacation days, when we hurry from train to boat, or lie in the sun on the seashore, or in the shade under a mountain pine, we need vacation books,—friendly books, informal books, intimate books.

"Uncle Sam," by John Erskine, is novel and satire and allegory. This college professor who in his middle years turned from textbooks to the bringing of Greek stories up-to-date, and thereby burst into fame, sounds as if he had such a good time in the writing of his books!

They are meticulously wrought from the rich material with which his mind is stored, but he draws upon his storehouse with little effort. Dorothy Canfield Fisher says of "Uncle Sam," "It is a book that could have been written only by a man at once wise, witty, and tolerant, with a powerful, informed, and disciplined mind which has made its own the culture of several nations, and moreover with a warm, stout heart, unchilled by learning, which is capable of real affection. For this novel is based on–I won't say patriotism, a word which is coming to have some unfortunate associations connected with it and is likely to be misunderstood — on an American's affection for his own country. The present literary situation, full of farewells to America by writers too civilized and artistic to go on living here, creates what might be called a scarcity-value for this story-allegory composed by a writer civilized, cosmopolitan, subtle, who yet loves These States." As we go away to mountain or seashore for the Fourth-of-July holiday, it will do us no harm to read what Erskine thinks of "Uncle Sam!"

• In "Dandelion Days," Henry Williamson lets us read another chapter in the life of Willie Madison, the lonely child of "The Beautiful Years," and the mature genius of "The Pathway." This is his adolescence and youth. The author quotes from Robert Bridges for his characterization of the growing boy: "Shock-headed dandelion that drank the fire of the sun!" And from Richard Jeffries: "I hope in the days to come future thinkers will unlearn us, and find ideas infinitely better—let us get a little alchemy from the dandelions." Henry Williamson brings the glow of out-doors into his study of little-boy life, — his own memories, without doubt, and his own familiar acquaintanceship with Nature. Willie Madison, battling through public-school life, and robbing birds'-nests with his pal Jack, joyously "drank the fire of the sun." But later came youth and romance, and its long, long thoughts, and sadness. 'Willie, you know I'd die for you,' said Jack, looking away. 'I would for you, too,' said Willie, but he was thinking of a face that was slowly drawing the heart out of his breast."—

• Of the making of war-books there is no end. But "Goodbye to All That" is one of the best, and very well worth reading. Robert Graves had a many-sided

preparation for writing this his autobiography. A poet with three volumes of verse to his credit, an editor, a biographer of Lawrence, an infantry captain in France, a shop-keeper (to feed himself and his family!), a printer, a University professor in Egypt! Educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, author of more than thirty books and pamphlets before he was thirty-three, he gives us an accurate and quite unembarrassed account of his life, and a vivid and disillusioned picture of the Great War as he saw it. He is "more fearlessly candid than Remarque."

From Robert Grave's autobiography, as from the other war-books written by these sad young geniuses, one conclusion stands out clearly through the veils of charm and talent: anything which could so warp and cripple and disillusionize and embitter these young idealists, as War has done, is a Wicked Thing.

If vacation pathways turn northward, to Alaska and the Inside Passage, take "Sitka," by Barret Willoughby, to read on deck. Miss Willoughby is one of our own young writers, yellow-haired and rosy-cheeked as if she had just come from a steamer-deck, and full of enthusiasm for the northland, which she knows so well. She has a light touch, and her book is informative of Sitka's past and present, in the days of Indian, Russian and American.

- Vacation days are idle days. Is it a detective story that you would take with you? Then by all means choose "The Door," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart does not give away her secrets, and even in the shadow of daily murders she keeps her sense of humor.

- For the last and best, I bring you "The Trader's Wife," by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. It is a little book, but a gem, carefully polished. Since her return from fourteen years in the Cameroons, Miss Mackenzie has written "Black Sheep," "African Clearings," "African Adventures," and "An African Trail,"—all classics. You have not forgotten how we watched for her verse and her sketches in the Atlantic Monthly? Steadily her style has grown more lucid, more limpid, more compact. Not yet, perhaps, is it able to create so perfect a thing as "The Woman of Andros." But I think that she and Thornton Wilder are akin in the spirit. "The Trader's Wife" is little sister to "The Woman of Andros." One is African in its setting, the other Greek. But of either author it might have been written, "Just as Conrad wrote of the Universal human spirit, against whatever dark and turbulent background, upon whatever wide and alien seas, so Jean Mackenzie writes not alone of Africa, but of loneliness and of passionate conscience."

Women's City Club of San Francisco, half a block from Union Square, the Heart of San Francisco

Salt Water in Swimming Pool appreciated by Guests from Inland Clubs

The Swimming Pool at the Women's City Club is filled with water fresh from the Pacific Ocean, salt water with the tang of the sea as pronounced as if the bather were taking her dip at the Beach. Guests are especially appreciative of the salt water bathing provided at the City Club.

No Guest Card Issued Within Certain Distances

Although guest cards are not issued to clubs within a radius of fifty miles of the City Club, there are the most cordial relations existing with all neighboring City Clubs, whose members are to be often found in the San Francisco City Club lunching and dining with local members.

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VOLUME IV JULY 1930 NUMBER 6

Editorial

The "chain system" of institutions with inter-locking or merely similar interests and purposes apparently are here to become a part of the texture of modern living. The chain grocery, bakery, newspaper or what have you is accepted as a phase of the present way of arriving at the greatest common good.

And so, logically, we come to the system of "reciprocal clubs." Like the letter of introduction its horizon widens as we use it. The Women's City Club has reciprocal relations with sixteen American clubs and thirteen abroad. The long arm of reciprocity reaches across the Pacific to Shanghai and over the south seas to New Zealand and Australia.

In the last few weeks, during the annual summer hegira of vacationists, the secretary of the San Francisco City Club has been kept busy writing guest cards for members going east or abroad, cards which will admit them in other cities to clubs in which they will have the same privileges as in their own.

And, conversely, the City Club of San Francisco has had the pleasure and distinction of entertaining interesting and charming women from all parts of the world who come to San Francisco with cards from their own clubs, institutions which are corollaries, as it were, of the San Francisco City Club.

Only women may live at the Club, but that rules does not prevent the directors from entertaining men at receptions, dinners, luncheons or teas. Or supper parties, as when Thornton Wilder, author of "The Woman of Andros" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" came to San Francisco to lecture at the City Club and later met members at a delightful buffet supper in the American Room. Or as when the celebrated Chinese actor, Mei Lan-Fang, was the guest of honor at a tea in the same gracious room. And Sinclair Lewis and a dozen others of world renown who have come to California in the last year.

In the early summer a distinguished guest of the City Club was the Countess de Buyer, formerly Miss Daisy Polk of San Francisco, now living in France. William L. Finley, naturalist, whose home is at Jennings Lodge, Oregon, Anna Bird Stewart, New York author and lecturer, Miss Soo Yong, Chinese publicist, Helen Howe, New York monologuist, were guests of the City Club at especial affairs planned in their honor.

Then there is the continuous stream of guests who "put up" at the City Club for a day, week or fortnight, tourists passing through San Francisco, strangers who depend upon the Club's Shopping Guide to direct them to places of amusement and tradition. They find the booklet a silent and sturdy friend, just the kind of cicerone they need. Members whose menages do not permit of an extra guest in the home find the City Club a convenience and this guest oftimes proves to be a woman who has been entertained at other City Clubs. And thus the "chain" lengthens ad infinitum, carrying the torch of hospitality from city to city, across seas and through barriers of sectionalism and nationalism.

Were it a unit of itself, by and for itself, the City Club of San Francisco, or any club of any city would be an institution of usefulness to the community and satisfaction to itself. Aligned with other clubs over the world, with reciprocity radiating like a warm glow, suffusing relationships and cementing friendships, its influence is incalculable.

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The First Women's Club

There are so many women's clubs these days that some of their members may be interested to hear how the first women's club came into being.

The oldest women's club, probably in the world, certainly in England, was organized 118 years ago last June. It is still held at Bridgwater, Somerset, England. Strangely enough it was a man who formed the first club, a great man, too, Samuel Thayer Coleridge, the poet.

At first the club was held in a small village a few miles distant from its present habitat. Every year its members have a parade and still carry the banner, inscribed for them by Coleridge, at the head of the procession.

The first meeting of this club was held during the midsummer of 1807. The first parade of its members (attired in hoop skirts and poke bonnets) almost caused a public scandal. But as every woman in the village from the titled lady of the manor to the humblest villager's wife, was a member, what could the poor men do but submit with as good a grace as possible. Every year the parade is held. As far as is possible it is similar to the first one, even to the costumes.

The youngest member leads the procession carrying the precious banner, each of the other members carrying a small bouquet. Last summer a girl of eight was the proud banner bearer, while the older girls scattered flowers in the village streets.

A church service is always held at the close of the parade, followed by an entertainment at the village inn, to which the men and boys are invited.

Sydney Morning Herald, E. M. S.

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D'Avalos' Prayer

When the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,
When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

Oberammergau

—MRS. A. E. MANN
Magazine of American Women's Club of London.

● You can go to Oberammergau any way you please so long as you let me take the old Roman road, which is the old pilgrims' way, that leads up the hill from Oberau, a few minutes' train journey from Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the gem of the Bavarian Highlands.

Two years ago, when the valley was carpeted in snow, I set out for Oberammergau, climbing up the steep incline that is a rugged short cut to the new highway that leads through Ettal. Every pilgrim makes a halt at Ettal, not only to pay a visit to the Benedictine monastery that is in a perfect state of preservation, but to sample the famous Benedictine liqueur made by the monks there and called Ettal, and sold at the old inn called Ludwig der Bayer, across the road.

Ettal past, you wind in and out the valley of the Ammer Mountains, passing a shrine here and a shrine there till you come to Oberammergau, now the Mecca of all lovers of the drama, as well as religious pilgrims.

Oberammergau really has the Romans to thank for the fact that its Passion Play became renowned throughout the world. This may sound like a paradox, but it is history. For it was the Romans who built the first road leading through Oberammergau, connecting Parthanum (today's Partenkirchen) with Campodunum (now Kempten); and they erected the military station Coveliacae near the Celtic settlement Covelius. The name of this settlement is still preserved in the Kofel mountain.

As the trade routes of the Middle Ages followed the roads built by the Romans, the time came when the wood carvings of Oberammergau found their way to the outside world along the same routes by which the wares of Italy and the Orient reached Germany. With packs on their backs the Oberammergauers peddled their carved figures of the Saviour and the saints throughout the country. So industrious were these mountain peasants that by the beginning of the eighteenth century they had stores of their pious applied art products in Holland, England, Scandinavia, Russia, and Spain. In fact, their wood-carving art became renowned in Europe long before their dramatic art was known, and it was their carvings of Christ and other Biblical figures that first directed the attention of the outside world to their Passion Play.

The Oberammergauers had long been performing this play, although not so long as they had been making their wood carvings. Their deep faith sought another field of activity and found it here. They had learned wood carving from the monks of Rottenbuch. They learned the sacred drama from the Augsburg monks. The oldest text of the Passion Play (dating from the fifteenth century, is found in a manuscript of the Augustine monastery of St. Ulrich. This was an ecclesiastical mystery play, which the monks presented on special holy days for their own edification and to the glory of God—a sort of secular and divine service and worship combined. Thus the dramatic representation of the Passion became a regularly recurring custom.

But not until 1633, when the plague came, brought in by the armies of the Thirty Years War, and swept away a great part of Oberammergau's population, did the Passion Play become so famous in Oberammergau. Then the survivors made a solemn vow that if God would preserve them from the further ravages of the plague, they would present the Passion Play every ten years. The vow has been kept for almost three centuries. In 1934 the 300th anniversary of the play will be celebrated. From 1634 on it was presented in the fourth year of every decade until 1680, when it was changed to the last year of each decade. This plan has been adhered to ever since, with a few unavoidable exceptions.

Naturally it has not always been easy for the Oberammergauers to keep their vow. In 1770 the Electoral Bavarian Government, influenced by the Rationalist school of philosophy, forbade all plays dealing with the Passion of Christ, but the Oberammergauers sent a delegation to the Elector, which, after long and fervent supplication, induced him to revoke the prohibition for their village. In 1810, Minister Montgelas forbade the Passoin Play "for cultural reasons," but the Crown Prince, later King Ludwig I, interceded for Oberammergau, and the decree was rescinded.

The Passion Play of today, however, is far removed from the simple mystery play of the Middle Ages. The text was materially altered even for the first production in 1634. A century later, a priest of the Ettal Monastery rewrote the play in Alexandrines, verse of twelve-syllable lines, and elaborated it with allegorical figures, songs and instrumental music, and usages of the Italian operatic stage. At the beginning of the nineteenth century another Ettal priest, Father Ottmar Weiss, wrote a new text which did away with his predecessor's florid additions, kept strictly to the Biblical account of the Passion, and with inherent instinct made use of all the dramatic elements of the story. Dedler, an Oberammergau teacher, wrote for the play instrumental music in the style of Mozart and Haydn.

In 1830, when the fame of the Passion Play already attracted visitors from all over Europe, the first stage was erected on the site of the present theatre. The drama has ceased to be merely a local affair.

The Passion Play Theatre has been enlarged and improved again and again. During the last few years more than a million marks have been expended to enlarge the theatre to meet the requirements this summer. The new theatre seats 5,000 persons, or 800 more than when the play was last performed. It has thus become one of the world's largest theatres. The stage has been greatly enlarged, and the main stage now has a glass roof.

When I was in Oberammergau the villagers were following their various crafts, now they have become Biblical figures. Hair and beards have for months been untouched by shear or razor, for a village decree forbids clean-shaven faces and bobbed hair. Apostles and high priests sit before workbenches and in the village inns Galileans and angels pass through the streets. The whole town is again living its great mission.

One wonders how such talent can flourish in Oberammergau. But how can the inhabitants be anything else but actors? Traditions of 300 years have created them a race of actors. Theatrical blood courses in their veins. The Passion Play has become a part of their very existence. They begin their acting career as small angels or Jewish children, and mature into pious matrons and apostles, and it is both their human and religious ambition to be found worthy of a great part in the sacred drama.

The village Council and the Passion Play Committee together choose the players, and the choice is difficult. More than a hundred apostles, high priests, Nazarenes, Romans, etc., have to be chosen from a population of 2,300, and also a substitute for each player.

Alois Lang, a distant relative of Anton Lang, the Christus of the last three Passion Plays, is the Christus of today. Anton, who is now 55 years old, felt himself no longer equal to the demands of the part, but in accordance with old tradition he speaks the Prologue.

The new Christus, who played the part of Nathaniel in 1922, is a woodcarver. He has made many thousand representations of the Saviour whom he is now to personify, and he is thoroughly familiar with his

new role, for he was the understudy for Anton Lang eight years ago. He is a slender, stately figure, with nobly formed features and dark-brown hair, and a member of the large Lang family whose name is borne by more than 300 of Oberammergau's 2,300 inhabitants. In fact, Oberammergau is full of Langs. The largest export firm in the village is also a Lang firm. Almost half of Oberammergau works for it, and it maintains its own offices in America and England for the sale of wood carvings. Many members of the Lang family devote themselves to applied art. The last Christus was a potter. One Lang, recently deceased, was a noted sculptor, whose works include, among others, a memorial monument to Li Hung Chang, made for China.

The John of 1922, Melchior Breitsamter, plays the part of Pilate this year. Peter Rendel, the sculptor, formerly Joseph of Arimathea, is Peter. Guido Mayer, also a sculptor, plays the part of Judas, and Caiaphas is played by the blacksmith Rutz.

Tradition requires that the Maria be a maiden of spotless character. The choice fell on Anni Rutz. Her father, now dead, was an exporter of Oberammergau carvings. Her mother comes from the Rhineland. Fraulein Rutz, a sympathetic blonde of 23 years, has not only had an excellent education, but is very musical. She did not take part in any former presentations of the Passion Play, but her theatrical talent was discovered in the rehearsal theatre where the Oberammergauers train themselves as actors by producing peasant and Biblical plays. She regards the opportunity to play the Virgin Mother as a divine service.

Hansi Preisinger, who had been named as another candidate for the part of Maria, plays Mary Magdalene. A slender brunette of 21, she is the daughter of the village postmaster. She also is well educated, and is an actress of rare talent and temperament. She has been the star of the rehearsal theatre, and dreams of the day when she can make her first appearance on the professional stage.

But you must go to Oberammergau and see for yourselves the wonder of the Passion Play. Only linger a little at Ettal by the way.

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Women's City Club Possesses Historic Clock

—MADAME OLIVIER

The antique clock in the American Room of the Women's City Club, San Francisco, which was presented to the League Bridge Group of 333 Kearny Street, has an interesting history which should prove of interest to all members of the Club. The details of the life of the manufacturer have been supplied by P. Olivier, whose research has uncovered the following facts:

The clock is entirely made by hand, each piece being cut from steel or brass in the sheet or small ingot form. The bell was cast in a hole in the ground in a sand mold as was the practice in the days of its manufacture. Time was not an element in the manufacture of such clocks unless unlimited time can be elemental, for days and often longer periods were required by the clockmaker to properly finish off each piece of the intricate mechanism. The large main cogwheel, for instance, has one hundred and twenty teeth as nearly absolute in their regularity of measurement as human ingenuity could develop and days were required to divide the circular metal before the first cut was made. Small files were used in this cutting process and progress was extremely slow in order to avoid cutting too deeply.

The "Father Time" that moves on the top was made by the clockmaker and not by a professional engraver whose work would have been much more refined, for the clockmaker was not a skilled engraver as a rule.

The name on the dial, "BENNETT EDWARDS" is the name of the merchant jeweler who originally sold it. The clock was made by his brother, William Edwards, about 1790. William Edwards died in 1794.

The Edwards were long a family of English clockmakers. Bennett and Williams' grandfather, Isaac Edwards, made clocks as early as 1719. After him are half a dozen generations of clockmakers until 1849. At this date the manufacturing of clocks by machinery and in quantity forced the retirement of the small shop clockmakers and we lose track of the Edwards family at that time.

Courtyard of American Women's Club of London, Grosvenor Square.

Where City Club Members serve tea every afternoon.

"Things and Things"

—ANNE C. E. ALLINSON
(President of The Providence Plantations Club)

From Bulletin of Providence Plantations Club.

By "the way things are" the heroine of a very new novel is safely anchored in harbor instead of buffeting the high seas of emotion. The "things" prove to be the details of the nursery, the Monday laundry lists, the accustomed routine of her domestic occupation. Every occupation shows a similar string of things and their ways.

But as I read the novel I was haunted by the old familiar phrase of Kipling's: "Things as They Are." These Things are the absolute Beauty, Truth and Goodness, unobscured by money values and fame values. They are the Things which we could see were we to climb up out of the cave, where there are only reflections, into the sunlight of Reality. They are the Things which every poet and artist and also every high-spirited person would prefer to see and to reproduce in poem or picture or life.

I think it may be true that life must be a compromise between Things and things. Or, if "compromise" is a hateful word, perhaps "balance" better expresses the beautiful equipoise of a nature aware of both the unseen and the seen, the abstract and the concrete, the mysterious and the obvious, the real and the reflected.

We live, as it were, on the shore of a sea where waves break up into little pools among the rocks—waves which sweep in from depths beyond the horizon line. It is possible to meditate on those depths so exclusively as to lose our balance, to totter, baffled and unproductive, through the appalling mystery of the universe. It is more possible still to look at the pools so closely as to forget that they are "dewdrops in the shining sea" of Being. I feel sure that those are happiest who have both kinds of eyesight, one for the way things are, and the other for Things as They Are.

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Let Miss Carr Do It

If you are going to the Yosemite, to Honolulu, Shasta, China, Lake Louise, Lake Tahoe or anywhere in the world, Miss Alice Carr of the Women's City Club Travel Bureau can arrange all details, tell you about trains, boats, connections, baggage and save you many small annoyances. Main Lobby, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

In Virginia

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

I think that I have never seen
Homes that are statelier than a queen
Save on the James' gentle shores,
Or where the Blue Ridge softly pours
Its violet shadows everywhere.
The homes of dream lie dreaming there!

Never, I know, shall I forget
How comely is Westover set,
A jewel in the river's ring!
And "Evelyn!" the thrushes sing,
And "Evelyn!" the wood-doves call
Where white syringa-petals fall.

What courtly footsteps passed of yore
Beneath the fan-light of its door!
Its red wings stretch in welcome wide
To priest and pagan, knight and bride.
And still I see their figures dim
In box-wood walk, by river's rim.

The brow of Monticello's hill
Is crowned with beauty shining still.
Rounding the road, its sweet surprise
Bursts upon unexpectant eyes.
Still sunshine lies where shadows play,
Where walked the great of yesterday.

I think that I have never seen
Homes that are fairer than a queen
Save these that call me back again,—
To "Walnut Grove" and "Locust Glen
To "Mountain Home" and "Reveille,"-
Homesick as sailors for their sea!

Emissaries of Good Will

● Emissaries of neighborliness are members of the San Francisco City Club who go abroad with cards to the London, Paris, Shanghai and other clubs, for they go right into the homes of those distant clubs, there to be accorded the same privileges and perquisites as if the travelers were in their own familiar "465 Post Street."

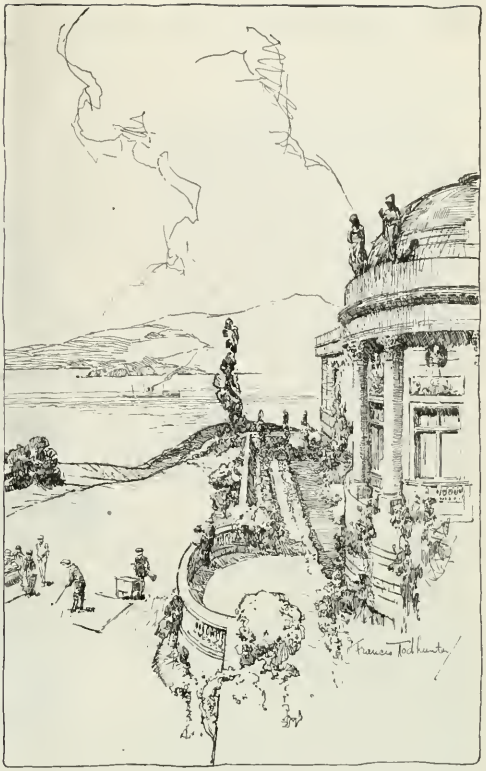
And this without financial outlay, to be had for the asking. Then, when women come from other clubs with cards to the San Francisco City Club we have opportunity of returning the courtesies extended to us.

The number of interesting and distinguished women who passed under the arch of the San Francisco City Club door last year included many of world-fame, all with something to offer or absorb of the world's total of knowledge.

A glance at the guest book discloses registrations of eight from England, ten from Canada, three from Paris, three from Australia, two from China, one each from Indo-China, Mexico, Holland, Peru and Guatemala, three from Manila and eight from Honolulu. Several hundred came from other American cities.

It is interesting to note the names of members now traveling abroad and who have in the last four years been issued cards to clubs in European and Asiatic cities.

Music Arch, Golden Gate Park.



Where the Golden Gate swings open to admit the commerce of the world.

Dr. Adelaide Brown, health editor of the Women's City Club Magazine, has recently returned from a tour of two months in leading cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and whenever her engagements permitted she was guest at clubs which have reciprocal relations with the City Club. Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, another City Club director, left San Francisco only last Thursday for Toronto, Canada, where she will preside at the annual convention of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, of which she has been president for two years. After the convention Mrs. Moore will go to New York and Boston and in both places will avail herself of City Club reciprocal privileges. Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, former president of the City Club, is in the east having accompanied Dr. Lucas to the several medical conventions of the early summer, and will undoubtedly find much pleasure in making use of the guest cards which were issued to her by the City Club.

Five members have recently asked for guest cards to the Shanghai Women's Club, and three to Australia.

And so the spirit of friendliness treads through softly carpeted lounges and pervades the dining rooms and libraries of clubs of many nationalities, organizations founded not for propaganda nor used for any other purpose except that of making life more abundant, builded as we cultivate our gardens or decorate our living quarters, just for the sheer joy of achievement.

Reciprocity in the Mode

—DORIS PESHON CHISHOLM

● Reciprocity in fashion is one of the most spontaneous reactions in the world. Ideas are exchanged, adopted or adapted as the cables flash and the radios broadcast. What is seen in the American Women's Club in Paris today is soon worn here, and what originates here may be vogue in Vienna next day.

At the moment the lobbies of Women's Clubs the world over are gay with vacation clothes, Madame San Francisco is cool and groomed as in London and Mrs. G. Britain is very much at home here in her tweeds.

The first requisite of a pleasurable vacation is the feeling of being properly dressed at all times. Be it in the mountains, the valley or at the seashore, outing togs comme il faut play a very important part in the enjoyable fulfillment of summer plans.

Summer dressing in California is as varied as are the many types of resorts to be found here.

If the mountains are chosen, it will be wise to take along several skirts and sweaters. The early mornings are apt to be chilly and I would suggest that the modern version of the polo skirt is very chic and comfortable. This is made in a very fine jersey weave, with short sleeves (just above the elbows) and comes in innumerable pastel shades as well as the ever-smart white. A charming combination is a white polo shirt tucked into a well cut flannel skirt and brown and white or black and white walking shoes with solid leather heels. Brimmed hats in linen, straw or felt are appropriate. A cream colored hat of bakou fringed at the edge will be found very useful in its application to sport dress. The spirit of informality reigns supreme and the cockey beret in white, brown or navy jauntily perched on the head is quite in order. The skirt and shirt combination has many possible variations. A grosgrain belt in plaid, checks or stripes is a brightening touch. A scarf may be nonchalantly worn or carried.

For those active in sports, nothing is more up to the minute than the adorable tennis shorts that are so very practical. I saw a charming pair in pale pink linen. They are to be found in all materials but in my opinion the washable materials are a trifle smarter due, of course, to their fresh and cool appearance. Suits of this type were introduced at Palm Beach last winter. The vogue for them has spread like wildfire. They are very popular at our beaches and on the tennis court. They make delightful sunning suits when made with an extremely low cut back.

Linen riding habits in a natural shade are undoubtedly very good for the dusty trails of the mountains. However, at the "swankier" places, some very chic equestriennes wear white shirts and breeches with colored belts and scarfs. Any sports hat is acceptable. I have even seen the "elephant hat," as the tropical cork helmet is often called, worn at Palm Springs and other desert Spas.

At many of California's resorts it is unnecessary to "dress." A printed chiffon with a capelet or bertha collar is an ideal dinner costume. It is most flattering to the wearer and is nice and cool for warm summer evenings.

Printed crepes and pastel solid color frocks with short sleeves are always popular.

For the more dressy places, which require something more formal, the available range of color and material is almost unlimited. Organdie is delightful but, of course, hasn't the packing qualities of the simple little chiffon that can be slipped into the bag, takes no space, and comes out fresh instead of woebegone and wilted. Kurzman's black Chantilly-like lace evening gown is ideal. When it is removed from the trunk or bag it has a "fresh as a daisy" look. This particularly youthful model touches the floor and has a tiny ruffle around the decolletage which blossoms into a jabot in the front.

Whether hiking is indulged in or not, a comfortable pair of walking shoes is indispensable. Aching feet are the death of romance and the young man who might walk a mile for anything will run further than that from the sweet young thing handicapped by high heels on an active country day. Instead of being attractive and helplessly feminine, as she might think, she will appear rather ridiculous in this era of common sense in fashion.

The tennis dress is a dependable frock to have in its newer and nicer version. A tennis highlight is from Maggy Rouff of pure white pique with double shoulder straps and fitted accent. This is given by means of inverted plaits which lace and tie at the waistline. From Schiaparelli there is white linen with set-in front and cap sleeves. This model has an all-round plaited skirt. The illustrated sleeveless model is always good but it is also very attractive with short cap sleeves.

Now to describe my pets: Pyjamas. They are so lovely this year and the opportunities for wearing them are so varied and numerous that I would advise having as many as the pocket book will allow. The inspiration for the backless model drawn for this page, is the good old overall. It is so simple in "motif" that its chic depends largely upon the casual manner of its wearer.

On a recent visit to Santa Barbara, I noticed that the younger generation favor the wider models. The trousers are copious in material and the effect is enhanced by plaits, godets and circular flaires. The one I saw are ravishing and the beautiful combination of riotous color they made against the blue Pacific is indescribable.

The very becoming large floppy straw hats worn with the pyjamas are darling and they are also very utilitarian in as much as they shade the eyes from the glare of the sun.

Bathing suits have graduated to swimming suits. They have become sleeker and skimpier and fit perfectly. The deep decolletage is cut in a U or V in many cases for the ultra violet treatment is more popular than ever.

To tan or not to tan. It depends entirely upon the individual's taste. With a white or eggshell evening gown, the mahogany skin is very alluring and particularly so on blondes and demi-blondes.

For yachting I can think of nothing nicer than Patou's oyster white shantung pyjamas. They have a double breasted tuck-in blouse and very full trousers that fall like a skirt. They are nautical but nice.

Many of the thin young girls find ordinary white duck sailor pants over a low cut bathing suit a practical costume for very active participation in the sport.

Of course, this is the charm decade and as the old saying goes, "it's not so much what you wear as the way you wear it." A whole trunk-full of costly sports things can be taken on the vacation but only a frumpy result will be seen if great discretion is not used in their wearing. For charm is becoming to very woman. It flatters her no matter what her silhouette, the shape of her nose, the size of her feet, or the tone of her complexion. Women should cultivate the art of good taste in everything—clothes, conversation, home decoration, make-up, coiffure. They should be alive, energetic, enthusiastic and have the will for worthwhile accomplishment—but they should always remember the importance of cultivating charm.

Attractive as are the furnishings and appointments of the American Women's Clubs of Paris and London and charming in themselves, they are but a reflection of the charm of the outstanding personalities of the leaders of these organizations. If you go abroad do not fail to visit these two delightful clubs where you will meet the type of women who have made the American women's reputation for charm and personality a byword.

If you are planning to go to Hawaii, through the Panama Canal or on the enjiable "Round the Pacific Cruise" and ish advice as to clothes, I shall be only so happy to make suggestions and aid ou in your selections. Write me for adce or for no reason at all, in care of the lub, 465 Post Street.

Fashion Notes

MRS. WILDER BOWERS
—with Ransohoff

● Now that nearly everyone is suffering an attack of wanderlust, and travel circulars seem almost too fascinating to pass by, what to wear on a journey and what to take along is of primary importance. And even though your travels are confined to an occasional weekend jaunt out of town, you'll want something new to satisfy yourself that your appearance is above reproach.

Some version of the ensemble is just about the smartest thing you could choose for the actual trip. Tailored suits this year are more interesting than ever before, and softer lines, flaring or pleated skirts, and frilly blouses keep them from being too severe. Covert, tweed or men's suiting are the favored fabrics. Of course, if you don't like the tailleur, there are an infinite variety of ensembles in soft woolens or silks, which are dressier, yet still suitable for travel. If you're bound for a warmer climate, you'll want silk of course, and a dark, small patterned print is very cool looking, as well as comfortable.

If you travel by boat, you'll want to tuck in two or three flowered chiffons for dinner and dancing. The colors are simply entrancing, and many of them have capes or bertha collars to add grace and take away from their formality.

Here's a tip for the lady who is always bothered about how to carry her shoes. Delman is showing a separate shoe trunk . . . about the size of a hat box, in either black or brown. The inside is separated into sections, and there is space for twelve pairs of shoes . . . so you may rest assured your footwear will arrive at its destination safely.

What you take with you depends of course on your objective, but these few suggestions will be helpful for any kind of trip.

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"The Old Kitchen" in Women's City Club of Boston.

Mrs. Hugh Bradford Guest at Women's City Club

● Mrs. Hugh Bradford, of Sacramento, recently elected president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, was a guest last week of the Women's City Club, having come to San Francisco for a conference with California leaders in the "P. T. A."

Mrs. Bradford, wife of a Sacramento attorney, was elected to the P. T. A. presidency in Denver at the national convention of that organization, now one of the world's important regimentations of women. She stands at the head of a unit of nearly two millions of parents and teachers, a body that is gaining membership at the rate of about 90,000 a year.

Mrs. Bradford who is a graduate of the University of California and a young grandmother, has several new projects for P. T. A. achievement in the next two years, and a number of plans for furtherance of the time-honored policies of the organization. At an informal luncheon with friends at the City Club she sketchily charted the work of the next two years, in the following paragraphs, delivered not as a long interview, but at intervals in the many-sided conversation which she adroitly piloted:

All education should teach us how to live.

The Parent-Teacher movement is highly organized in California, but as yet has just begun to approach the heights. The possibilities are boundless for membership and service. Twenty-two universities and colleges are giving credit courses in the Parent-Teacher movement. Columbia has recognized us for eight years.

Educational problems — the changing age, has brought to educators the plan for continuous study and learning with adult education an important factor in the scheme of things as they are.

"What does it matter," she mused "about dates and the history of the past if they do not help us to live today? I'd rather not be able to spell than not to know how to live with my neighbors in a friendly fashion. Crime prevails where people know the least about adjusting themselves to others. The school has to be supplemented by the home in a continuous program and that is the work and purpose of the P. T. A. Parental education, which is the chief objective of the Parent Teacher movement, will stamp out much illiteracy."

Mrs. Bradford will present two courses this summer at the University of California. During July she will lead the joint committee program of the P. T. A. and the National Education Association at the convention in Atlantic City and later will open offices in Sacramento to supplement the national office of the P.T.A. in Washington, D. C.

Recipes for July

—ELIZABETH CRAIG
Magazine of American Women's Club of Paris.

Pommes de Terre

Rub a stale chocolate cake through a fine wire sieve. Put the crumbs in a basin with 2 tablespoons sieved apricot jam, and mix to a stiff paste, flavoring mixture to taste with brandy. Now turn on to a board lightly rubbed with rice flour, knead a little and form into oblong lumps, one inch long by half an inch wide, with a cherry in the center of each. Next mix together ½ lb. ground almonds with ½ lb. icing sugar, 2 drops almond essence, sherry to taste, and just enough white of egg to make a soft paste. Cover the cherry lumps with a coating of almond paste quarter of an inch thick and roll in grated chocolate, working them into shape with palm of the hand. Make eyes to finish with the prongs of a fork.

Salade des Roses

Gather ½ pint fresh pink scented rose-leaves, pick them over carefully to see they are perfectly fresh, then add them to ½ pint thick cream and bruise them with a wooden spoon. When cream is delicately flavoured and fragrantly scented, pile up some large sound hulled strawberries in a crystal dish, sprinkle them with castor sugar, strain over the juice of a lemon and pour over 2 glasses of sherry, chablis or grave. Whip the cream, sweeten slightly with castor sugar, and pile up rockily on top.

Pommes d'Or

Peel six cooking apples. Slice them thinly, removing cores. Place in layers in a well-buttered fireproof dish, sprinkling between each layer crushed macaroons and castor sugar. Pour over all a little melted butter, and bake in a moderate oven till apples are tender. Beat up 2 eggs in a cup of cream. Add a pinch of sugar, flavour with orange-flower water, and pour over apples. When golden brown, serve at once.

Petits Choux

Put ½ pint water, 2 oz. butter, and 2 oz. castor sugar on to boil. When boiling fast, stir in 5 ozs. sifted flour and boil well, beating thoroughly. Then remove from the fire. Add 3 eggs well beaten and 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, and place in dessert-spoonfuls on a greased tin. Brush over with beaten egg, dust with castor sugar, and bake in a steady, moderate oven for 45 minutes. Meanwhile, simmer ½ tin apricots in their syrup for 5 minutes, then remove from pan, and when cold put an apricot in centre of each choux and cover with a spoonful whipped cream flavoured Marsala. Sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts and glacé cherries and serve with whipped cream.

Champagne Cup

Mix well in a large jug 1 quart champagne, 2 liqueur glasses curacoa, 2 liqueur glasses brandy, the strained juice 2 lemons, and 1 quart soda-water. Sweeten to taste with ½ lb. sugar dissolved in just enough water to melt it, then allowed to cool. Then add 4 stalks mint, the thinly cut rind of 1 cucumber, ½ cup sliced strawberries, and a pint of chipped ice.

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Shortcake Season's here! Why not try something besides Strawberries?

● One of the sure-fire topics for getting a man to discuss cooking is to start up the shortcake controversy. Defend the modern shortcake and he'll talk with a catch in his voice about the good old fashioned kind his mother used to make. But why be partial when both are possible if you follow these recipes of Dorothy Kirk in McCall's Magazine.

"When it comes to a choice of short cakes a light sponge cake or a delicate white cake are sweeter than the biscuit dough type and are a little less hearty. Any of these shortcakes can be baked in large or individual sizes and in sheet, layer or shell pans.

"Strawberry shortcake is probably the one which comes first to our minds, but we must remember to give raspberries, peaches, apricots, cherries, and rhubarb their turn. Really there is no closed season for shortcakes because with canned fruit, we can serve them the year round."

Old-Fashioned Shortcake

4 cups flour
8 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
⅔ cup shortening
1½ cups milk

Mix and sift twice, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in shortening with tips of fingers or pastry blender. Add milk gradually to form a soft dough. Knead lightly and *quickly* for a few seconds only. Separate dough into two equal parts; pat and roll out to about ¼ inch thickness. Grease a round layer cake pan and fit one piece of dough into it, brush with melted butter and lay other piece patted out to the same size, on top. Bake in a quick oven (425 degrees F.) about 15 to 20 minutes. Separate layers and put any desired fruit filling between. Top with more fruit and whipped cream. To make individual shortcakes cut the dough with a large biscuit cutter and lay two rounds together with melted butter between. Bake in quick oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

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A particularly opportune event for alert summer shoppers, featuring special offerings and remarkable price reductions in every department..the values are amazing!

"A Time of Unexampled Prosperity"

In view of recent financial events the following paragraphs are worth reading. They were written by Washington Irving about a hundred years ago as a preface to his famous story: The Great Mississippi Bubble.

"Every now and then the world is visited by one of these delusive seasons when the credit system' as it is called expands to all luxuriance; the broad way to certain and sudden wealth lies plain and open; and men are temped to dash forward boldly from the facility of borrowing."

"Everyone now talks in thousands . . . speculation rises on speculation; bubble rises on bubble; everyone helps with his breath to swell the windy superstructure and admires and wonders at the magnitude of the inflation he has contributed to produce. Speculation is the romance of trade and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It renders the stock jobber a magician and the exchange a region of enchantment. . . The subterranean garden of Aladdin is nothing to the realms of wealth that break upon the merchant's imagination. Could this delusion always last the life of a merchant would indeed be a golden dream but it is as short lived as it is brilliant. Let but a doubt enter and the 'season of unexampled prosperity' is at an end. The coinage of words is suddenly curtailed; the promissory capital begins to vanish into smoke; a panic succeeds and the whole superstructure built upon credit and reared by speculation, crumbles to the ground, leaving scarce a wreck behind."

"The foregoing remarks are intended merely as a prelude to a narrative I am about to lay before the public of one of the most memorable instances of the infatuation of gain to be found in the whole history of commerce. I allude to the famous Mississippi bubble; I have thought that an authentic account of it would be interesting and salutary, at the present moment when we are suffering under the effects of a severe access of the credit system and just recovering from one of its ruinous delusions."

Trucks will Deliver Flowers to City Club

Use of trucks of Samarkand Ice Cream, one of the advertisers of the City Club Magazine, have been offered to collect flowers and greenery for the Club by suburban residents who want to contribute from the largess of their gardens and have no means of delivering cut flowers and greenery to the Club. The trucks will at certain hours pick up flowers at designated stations at the ferry from commuters from Marin, Piedmont and San Mateo.

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Tea in Women's City Club

Daily in the Lounge of the Women's City Club members serve tea to guests at the nominal charge of fifteen cents per service.

Probably in no other club in the world is its friendliness of membership to guests so apparent. For the women who serve are not remunerated employees, but hostesses as truly as if they were serving in their own drawing rooms. They are part of the Volunteer Service and take turns at their pleasant duties.

▲ ▲ ▲

An Lecture in July

Mrs. Charles E. Curry will give her only lecture in July, on the "Appreciation of Art" Wednesday, July 9, at 12 o'clock, in the Card Room, Women's City Club.

Women's City Club Swimming Pool

Salt water, fresh as the breakers that dash against Seal Rocks.

Classes in Swimming and Life-Saving for children and women... Summer is the time for swimming.

◆

Information as to rates to be had in the Lobby.

◆

The Beauty Salon

on the Lower Main Floor is one of the many departments, owned and operated by the Women's City Club for the benefit of the members and their friends.

ANNOUNCING . . . .

a change in the management of the Beauty Salon. The club has secured the services of an executive with an experience of more than twenty-five years.

Also a permanent waver with nine years experience who is capable of giving complete satisfaction to an exacting clientele.

Members are invited and urged to make use of this department. They are assured of a courteous service and the personal attention of the new manager.

All operators are experts and patrons are assured of excellent service at all times.

APPOINTMENTS . . . .

Open from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Phone GArfield 8400

Does your voice do you justice? Trainer tells how to better it

● Your voice tells the world what you are, but your voice betrays you unless it reveals you at your best. Every word you say can be made to add to the good impression you make, if you follow the secrets of Jane Manner, the teacher who taught such actresses as Vilma Banky and Muriel Kirkland to speak and thousands of women to express their personalities in their voices. These secrets and helpful exercises for self-improvement were told by Miss Manner to Mary Lena Wilson and are published in McCall's.

"I can tell you what you are in five minutes' conversation with you, or merely by listening to you read a poem or story. I could do it even if you spoke in a language I did not understand," said Miss Manner.

"Your appearance is not good enough until it is as good as you can make it. Neither is your voice. Face the facts. Go into a room by yourself. Close the doors. Take a book and from it select a passage. Read it aloud. Is your voice beautiful? Is it pleasing and expressive? Is it at your command to convey the feeling you wish it to convey? Is it such a voice that you know you could appear in any gathering and let it speak for you? Is it an asset—as much of an asset as a silver fox scarf or a Paris frock? And if it isn't, don't you wish that it were?

"God made our faces; and our pocketbooks, to some extent, make our clothes. But we ourselves make our voices.

"Voice faults are of two kinds. There is the basic fault of bad tone production —the voice is throaty, high-pitched, rasping, nasal. The other is the fault of poor diction, the words are badly pronounced.

"Slovenly speech, or poor enunciation, is probably the commonest speech fault. Too rapid speaking, carelessness, the habit of slurring familiar phrases make a literal transcription of our everyday speech almost dialect.

"Faults in tone production are more difficult to remedy and more disastrous in their consequence than those of poor diction.

"Someone with a passion for computation has said that one-third of all American voices are nasal. I am sure a third of all I hear are. Is yours? The nasal voice may come from fatigue or an adenoid condition, but usually it is a confirmed habit of speech acquired in childhood.

"The following exercises are for the correction of a nasal condition: Touch your fingers to your nose and hum. Note the vibration. Follow this by *oo* and *ah*. Your fingers should feel the vibration. Adjust your voice as you would radio dials. Make it louder or softer, deeper, or less deep, until the words come with little nasality and your fingers feel the swelling vibration.

"There are strident voices that suggest unpleasantly dominating personalities from which you instinctively shrink; whining voices that depress you invariably tiny whispering pussy-foot voices that make you want to shriek.

"One of the most common causes of bad tone is tenseness. The jaw is constricted, the throat squeezed. Put your hand to it and feel if the muscles are drawn tight. The very first rule in tone production is a relaxed body. Stand up. Let your whole body go limp from the waist up. Drop your jaw listlessly. Then say: *wa-wa, wa-wa*. Do this for ten minutes. Do it every day for ten minutes. This is one of the most fundamental and important voice exercises. Before long you will find that the tenseness of your jaw and throat muscles has disappeared and your tones are mellow and full."

▲ ▲ ▲

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.

The New Store ● STOCKTON AT O'FARRELL STREET ● *SUtter 1800*

Wear This Tusca Frock Country Clubbing!

$16.75

One glance tells you it's everything a country club frock should be! Casual, light, and new . . . with a "doffable" jacket over a sleeveless crepe blouse (attached). Two glances make you realize it is indispensable to the complete Summer wardrobe . . . for it perfectly solves your clothes problem for spectating . . . bridge, tea or club dances! Blouses in pastel shades.

Moderate Priced Dress Shop • Third Floor

The Death of Chopin

Ye who would help me in my agony
Waste not your breath;
I fain would hear not speech, but melody
Then yield myself to Death.

Of earthly solace and of earthly charm
Music is best;
Sing then, and lull me first to gentle calm
Then to eternal rest.

They weary me, the tongues that strive t
cheer
With chattering cry;
Better the notes that I need only hear
To know they cannot lie.

O sing to me, Delphine, and bring relie
From bitter pain;
While I return from out a world of gri
To nothingness again.
—J. W. B. in London Morning Po

A Consecration

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ramler, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

THEIRS be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.—Amen.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

Eighth Annual Season
San Francisco Opera Company

•

Sept. 11 MANON (French)—Mario, Gigli, Picco, D'Angelo, Sandrini, Oliviero.
Sept. 12 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas.
Sept. 13 LA TRAVIATA (Italian)—Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 15 GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (Italian)—Jeritza, Marlo, Jagel, Viviani, Oliviero, Picco.
Sept. 17 LA BOHEME (Italian)—Mario, Farncroft, Gigli, Viviani, Pinza, Picco.
Sept. 19 HAENSEL AND GRETEL (German)—Mario, Manski, Atkinson, Sandrini.
A NAUGHTY BOY'S DREAM (French). (American Premiere.) Cast to be announced.
Sept. 20 CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA (Italian)—Jeritza, Atkinson, Jagel, Viviani.
I PAGLIACCI (Italian)—Jeritza, Rayner, Thomas, Picco, Paltrinieri.
Sept. 22 MIGNON (French)—Mario, Gigli, Clairbert, Marlo, Pinza, Paltrinieri, Sandrini. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 23 TANNHAUSER (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Rayner, Thomas, Pinza. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 25 FAUST (French)—Hampton, Jagel, Pinza, Thomas. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 27 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas, Oliviero. MATINEE.
Sept 27 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (Italian)—Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani, D'Angelo, Oliviero. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky. EVENING.

Reservations now being received at the company's office
153 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO ✦ DOUGLAS 2416

A Blue Ribbon Fashion!

This herringbone tweed riding habit, nipped in at the waist, flared at the hips, and expertly tailored is a prize winner an every caunt.. and is a marvellous fashion value at

$29.50

Sports Shop
Third Floor

HALE BROS.

THE NEW ADVENTURES of ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 9.

● The court-room seethed with excitement. The case was the State versus the Seal. The Seal was accused of the secretion of Alice. Secretion implies seduction, and seduction in the under-sea world is a crime of the first degree, punishable by death.

The trial had lasted three days, during which there had been three faintings, two fights, and one assault. The end was now approaching. The attorney for the prosecution, a shifty stingaree with a cast in one eye had made a brilliant close—The counsel for the defense, a nervous looking Sandab was seized with an unfortunate spasm of hiccups which rendered him totally unable to reply.

The judge, a white haired Walrus, with gleaming tusks now addressed the jury. "Gentlemen and lady of the Jury—I now charge you to ponder well the facts of the case which you have just listened to, and you may arrive at a true and just verdict."

The jury composed of five anchovies, two barnacles, one female snail, and four shrimps with beards, filed slowly out of the jury box and disappeared from view.

The crowd in the courtroom relaxed, yawned and chewed gum. The tension had been great. Seventy-five witnesses had been called by the prosecuting attorney, and the sum of the testimony had been exceedingly damning. Esther Rothschild for instance had testified that the defendant had accompanied Alice on her first visit to her shop and on many subsequent visits, and had himself bought and paid for one evening dress, two sport suits, three hats, and five morning dresses.

"Morning or mourning," the judge interrupted.

"Oh, morning," Esther Rothschild answered—"in other words—for the early matutinal hours."

"Dear, dear — that's bad," murmured the judge—"I hoped it was mourning."

The Hudson Bay had testified that Alice had bought three coon skin coats just because the Seal particularly fancied her in coon skin.

The Shreve-Treat-Eacrets reluctantly affirmed that the defendant had been heard to say that if Alice felt that she must have pearls, he guessed he'd be the one to buy them.

Mr. Ladd swore that the Seal had ordered enough perfume for Alice to drown in.

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458 Geary St. FRANK MORE SHOE SHOPS 285 Geary St.
Footwear for Fashionables

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Birthday Favors : Gifts
THE LEAGUE SHOP
465 Post Street

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251 Geary St., Opposite Union Square

Saratoga Inn
Saratoga, Calif.

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CHEMIST
Around the Corner
AT POWELL STREET

Joseph's
FLORIST
Flowers for the Debutante
233 GRANT AVENUE

Popular . . .
in Every Way
The Cafeteria
of the
Women's City Club

"Drown," exclaimed the Judge— "Oh hat's bad—I'm afraid that's very bad."

Even the Superior Blanket and Curtain Cleaners had been supoena'd to testify as o the alleged blood stains on Alice's little hite pillow.

The evidence was somewhat impaired, owever, by the admission that there was bare possibility of the stains being from he juice of strawberries. Alice was re- utedly very fond of strawberries.

Now—a ripple of excitement ran over ie court-room—the Jury was about to eturn! They filed in. The judge rose—

"Gentlemen, have you reached a ver- ict?"

"We have, your Honor," said the fore- an.

"Call the prisoner," said the Judge, icking his tusks.

The Seal came stumbling in, between vo Perch, policemen. He looked as ough he hadn't shaved for a week.

"Gentlemen, of the Jury, your verdict?" id the Judge.

"Guil-t . . . ."

A commotion in the court—loud cries "Alice! Alice!" and Alice herself came tpping down the aisle!

"What's all the fuss?" she asked first e and then another.

The court gasped, the attorneys went low, the Judge glared,

"Where have you been, young lady?"

Alice stood on tiptoe, took hold of the Jdge's tusks one in each hand, and whis- ped something in his ear.

"Not really?" He started back and b st into loud laughter.

"Yes, really, Wally," said Alice, and k ed him on both cheeks.

"Case dismissed," said the Walrus, a l hooked his arm cosily in Alice's.

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olunteers in New Work

● Cooperating with the National Flower Guild, a group of members of the C Club's Volunteer Service may be nd at the Ferry Building on the second Friday of each month receiving flowers fr n donors who have gardens and want to hare their largess with town shut-ins an hospital patients.

ommuters and others bringing the flcers to the National Flower Guild's de- powill find the Volunteers there to box an tie them and prepare them for their pr er distribution.

olunteers who wish to help in this pie of work are requested to register on the irst or fourth floor desks. Possessors of ardens and country estates are hereby enabled to disburse loveliness and grace whh otherwise would literally "waste its fra ance on the desert air."

Wedding Anniversaries

● The June bride now being away on her honeymoon or busy establishing herself in the new home, it is fitting that the symbolic wedding anniversaries again be published. Here they are:

One year, cotton wedding.
Two years, paper wedding.
Three years, leather wedding.
Five years, wooden wedding.
Seven years, woolen wedding.
Ten years, tin wedding.
Twelve years, silk or linen wedding.
Fifteen years, crystal wedding.
Twenty years, china wedding.
Twenty-five years, silver wedding.
Thirty years, pearl wedding.
Thirty-five years, lace wedding.
Forty years, ruby wedding.
Fifty years, golden wedding.
Seventy-five years, diamond wedding.

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Two Aged Men

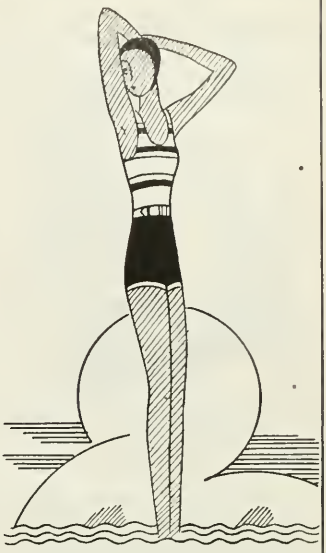
Two aged men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave and wept—and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
Then wept again the loss of all those years.

—FREDERICK TENNYSON

RANSOHOFFS
Importers
259 Post Street

Travel Smartly
in a
RANSOHOFF
costume

Whether it's a round-the-world tour or a week-end trip you're contemplating, you'll find the correct attire at Ransohoff's. And no matter what group you find yourself in, you will always be assured you are the most irreproachably garbed person there.



If you want to be the "only pebble on the beach"

Wear this Roos Hollywood swim suit

$6.45

A suit to swim in...a suit to bronze in...a one-piece, belted model with upper of purple, yellow, blue or green stripes and plain colored trunks.

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You pass thru the gigantic Panama Canal, visit Balboa, historic Old Panama. Then under tropic skies to Havana, gay pleasure city of Old World charm—and on to New York.

The great electric fleet of Panama Pacific Line, the largest vessels ever built in America, herald a new era in ocean travel, affording unbelievable comfort at sea. All staterooms are outside.

Rates are $135 up Tourist Cabin, $275 up First Cabin. Private bath, rooms en suite with private verandah, if desired.

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"Traveling Around America"

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Address

Other Offices — Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver
— or your local steamship or railroad agent

Tuscany

—ADELA VALLEJO GANTNER
Member Women's City Club.

• So much to see, so much to do, and oh! so little time to spend in feasting. Only with tears can one pay tribute to Firenze. The five senses are gratified each in their turn and then all together. Thus creating a sixth condition that becomes a state of harmony.

Life flows by as a golden river. Motoring is always a keen delight. The villas one lovelier than the other, moulded atop olive clad hills and encircled by festooned grape arbors. Tall cypress, sentinel accents in color and form.

Beautiful Fiesole, resting on her ancient heights crowned by the sun. The Arno cooling the soles of her sunburned feet.

A feeling of tragic beauty is so often expressed by the cities, towns and villages. Memorial monuments of surpassing delicacy gleam in hallowed spots, like the face of life upturned to God, exalted by sacrifice.

Galleries and museums. The Florentine school of radiant color. So over-powering are the melting greens, the reds and the blues that clothe the virginal forms of women, so pure the flesh tints on infant bodies, that I must close my eyes for a moment, lest the slender fingers of the madonna entwine and the rosy infant breathe.

Oh! The wonder of it all: That so much glory can be contained within old grey walls. The spirit of genius glows with an unearthly power, upon the sons of Tuscany.

Artists who have imprisoned life so that a chiselled form, in marble is oftimes more real than life itself.

Titian, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rafael—The very bells from their towers ring out their praise in melting tones. Lippi, Donatello, Del la Robbia—the music of names. Names that ravish the senses with a certainty of fulfillment.

Here the people are joyous, virile. The glorious past still lives. Idealism mellowed by the years, and powdered with the dust of Cararra.

And such noses that I have seen; sharp and arched and long noses that call to mind blood red velvet and laurel leaves.

I met a delightful youth who ran the elevator at our hotel, he was so altogether boyish, so eager to practice his English upon me, and quite as interested that I should remember a few needful phrases in Italian, in exchange. One day I asked him from which part of Italy he hailed. With the greatest dignity and pride of race, he replied: "Madame I am a Florentine." An answer that I shall treasure in my memory interlaced with tradition.

No wonder the Italians express themselves in color in song and in babies. The essence of the soil, the sun, the trees and the flowers must flow like a melting stream through their blood.

I have a handful of tiny rose-red pinks that I have gathered from the roadside. There are also some pods filled with shining little seeds that I shall tuck away so very carefully and when I reach the city of Saint Francis, the canticle of the sun, may bring to life the infinitesimal germs that they may brighten into flowerhood and gladden my heart with their vibrant bloom.

The lush-green plains of Lombardy spread before us, golden poplars tremble in the breeze, but some intangible part of me remains behind as tribute to lovely Tuscany.

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Womens' City Club Travel Bureau

• In the main foyer of the Women's City Club, in an alcove between the elevators is a new department of the Club, and a new departure by the Board of Directors, a Travel Bureau.

Miss Alice Carr is the representative and the City Club shares in profits of the volume of business which undoubtedly accrue to the Bureau from the eight thousand members in their annual or occasional peregrinations. Every courtesy of the most adequately equipped travel service will be at the disposal of City Club members. Information and advice, derived from long association with a similar bureau will be graciously given by Miss Carr and her staff.

SACRAMENTO
Leave 6:30 p.m., *Daily Except Sunday*
"DeltaKing" "DeltaQueen"

One Way $1.80. Round Trip $3.00
De Luxe Hotel Service
THE
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Creditor or Partner—which should I be?

—AGNES N. ALWYN

This is a question that one should thoughtfully consider and decide when buying securities, or when planning an investment program. Much of one's mental calm and financial security may depend upon how clearly the fundamental difference between being a creditor or partner is understood by the novice buyer of corporation securities.

There are two general classifications of investment securities, namely: bonds and stocks. In choosing one or the other for investment the buyer of a bond becomes a creditor of the issuing corporation, the buyer of shares of stock becomes a partner.

The bond buyer has loaned money at a fixed rate of interest to be repaid one hundred cents on the dollar at a definitely stated time, the maturity of the bond. Each one thousand dollar bond is a section of a mortgage, so to speak, on the properties and assets of the borrowing corporation. The soundness of the loan depends upon (a) the financial strength and business stability of the borrower, (b) the equities which secure the loan, (c) the type of loan, i. whether it is a first or second mortgage, a debenture, a collateral trust loan or what. Since the bond buyer is in reality lending money the two necessary assurances are, first; that the money loaned will be repaid in full when due, and, second; that the interest will be paid regularly while the loan is outstanding.

These two essential requirements are termed, in investment parlance, as "Safety of principal and certainty of income." This phrase occurs so frequently in financial conversations and articles that repetition has somewhat dimmed its brightness, but the woman or man who truly wishes to be a real investor should regard this seven word phrase as their Polar Star in the sky of finance and steer their investment course by its steady beam.

Good bonds have long been advised as the basis of a conservative and solid investment plan. People who work to earn and save should avoid . . . so we are told . . . the shifting sands of speculation, and build their financial structure upon an investment foundation of well chosen bonds.

This is not intended to disparage stocks, nor to deny the good features of sound

Continued on page 32

CENTRAL-ILLINOIS COMPANY

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AGNES N. ALWYN

associated with this national investment organization will be happy to cooperate with members of the Women's City Club in working out their individual investment problems.

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With each new account of $10, or more, this Association will give a fine-quality Fountain Pen—which is guaranteed by a nationally known pen manufacturer . . . FREE . . . provided the Saver maintains a balance of $10, or more for six months.

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555 SUTTER ST.

A Glimpse of the National Health Program in Washington

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.

After a vacation of 2 months this column begins again

For inspiration and a measuring-rod for local work, there is nothing more educative than attending conventions of fellow-workers.

A series of four with intervening transportation occupied most of my time from April 5 to May 18.

From April 10 to 12, the Children's Bureau in Washington furnished the personnel, its chairmen of Divisions of Child Hygiene from 45 states, and the American Child Health Association, of which Pres. Hoover was chairman till 1927 called the group together for May-Day, (Child-Health Day) plans. Miss Grace Abbott of the Children's Bureau gave the program on April 12, and my paper on "The Place of the Infancy and Maternity Program in the Full-time County Health Unit," was part of her program.

We have had ten to twelve such units in California. Our conclusions from twelve years' experience, the group was glad to hear. Briefly in California the Infancy and Maternity program prospers in those counties where it is under a physician who has special training and is a full or part-time person. In the other full-time county units, this program has to be carried on, to be efficient, by physicians sent in by the State Bureau of Child Hygiene to conduct well-baby clinics, pre-school and pre-natal clinics. This same method covers counties where there is no full-time unit developed.

Otherwise mothers and babies will have no attention paid them, unless contagious disease, typhoid, etc., invade their ranks.

In developing full-time county-health units the women of each county must stand for a health program for women and children, as a unit of such work—or the work already developed will be lost. Controlling typhoid, malaria, tuberalunia, coccidiodale disease, undulant fever will take precedence over keeping babies well, and lessening maternal deaths.

640 women died in California in 1929, of diseases comabed with pregnancy, before and after the child was viable (could live).

Had we had 640 deaths from plague our commerce would have been paralyzed and a national quarantine against us have been declared.

Had we had 640 deaths from typhoid, our state would have been boycotted as a national play-ground and health resort.

As women we must stand firm for a continuous growing national and state program for health of mothers, babies and children.

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Home Economics Department

● Culling over the Club magazines which come to the City Club each month as "exchanges" with the City Club Magazine, it occurred to me that a fitting contribution to a "Reciprocity Number" would be the reprinting of a number of recipes from their household departments.

Here is an article from "The American Women's Club Magazine of London on "French Cuisine." They come, therefore, from France with the stamp of English approval, and are contained in an article by Elizabeth Craig. It is rather apt in view of the fact that the City Club is to have a French Dinner July 24. The article follows:

We may flirt with Italian food, we may are richly on the dishes that are German, but when we want a perfect and artistic meal, perfectly balanced, delicate, yet satisfying, we have to go to France. No other cuisine is quite so *soigne*. You may tire of every other cuisine, but not of the French.

You have only to look down the ages to see how France has influenced the world cuisine. In no other country have so many illustrious men and women been associated with food, perhaps because in no other country has eating become such an art.

The Marquis of Bechamel, who acted as steward in the service of King Louis XIV, invented a cream sauce which is recognized as one of the world's four sauces. In the days of the Marquis it was served chiefly with cod or turbot. Now *bechamel* sauce accompanies many fish and vegetable dishes, besides forming the basis of other sauces.

The Maria Leczinska, wife of Louis Quinze, invented *Bouchées à la Reine,* small puff-paste patties filled with creamed chicken, to which you can introduce a few chopped mushrooms if you please. Sometimes they are labelled *petites,* as they are only supposed to be as big as one mouthful.

Madame Du Barry not only gave her name to an exquisite shade of rose we know, but to a rich dish of creamed cauliflower as well, and to oysters served in potato cases, and to other dishes. One Du Barry soup recipe is that of thickened chicken stock mixed with a *purée* of cooked cauliflower and garnished with a few tips. Another recipe similarly titled is to thicken a *purée* of cauliflower with potato and enrich it to taste with cream, and pass fried *croutons* round with it; while the third method is to dilute a cream of cauliflower with *bechamel* and serve *croutons* with soup.

Grilled Chicken

One of the most delicious dishes you can make with a fowl is *Coq-au-vin Crillon,* a dish that was popular in the Crillon family, of which Captain Crillon, the friend of Henry of Navarre, was a member. Joint as many fowls as you want, then simmer small cubes of lean bacon, some button mushrooms, a *bouquet garni* (thyme, laurel, parsley, and garlic), in a little melted butter for a few minutes; and when bacon is ready, remove herbs and bacon, also mushrooms, place the chicken joints in the fat, add just enough water to keep from burning, put on cover, and cook for half an hour in a closely covered saucepan. Now skim fat from sauce, sprinkle a few drops of brandy over the chicken and set a match to it. Add red wine to taste when flame has died down, and simmer gently along with mushrooms till tender, then return the bacon to sauce, and serve.

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In some French kitchens this *Coq-auvin* is cooked *en casserole* and served in the same dish at the table. Sometimes it is prepared in the morning and re-heated in the evening. The French consider that the longer it simmers and the oftener it is re-warmed the better it tastes.

If you want to tempt an invalid, or a gourmand past his prime, prepare *Cotelettes de mouton à la Maintenon,* called after the Marchioness Francoise d'Aubigne, a great patroness of cooks, and a favourite of Louis XIV, for whom she invented the dish to tempt his failing appetite. The favourite, who did everything in her power to guard the digestion of the Grand Monarque against the evil of too much fat, used to cook the cutlets in an envelope of paper. Today they are usually fried or grilled lightly, then masked on one side with thick onion sauce and on the other with cream sauce mixed with a *purée* of mushrooms. They are then sprinkled with cheese and browned under the broiler flame.

Famous "Crêpes Suzettes"

We have to thank the French chef Henri for *Crêpes Suzettes,* which he invented in honour of the late King Edward for his lunch one day in Cannes. The King was so delighted with the pancakes that the chef was summoned and asked for their name. He told the King that he had not thought of one, so, deciding to christen the *crêpes* right away, King Edward sent for a little girl who was lunching with her mother near by. "What is your name?" he asked. "Suzette," she murmured with a curtsey. So *Crêpes Suzettes* are these delicious morsels to this day.

To make them, following Henri's recipe, place about three ounces of flour in a bowl, mix in two eggs, a tablespoon of powdered sugar and a glass of brandy. Stir in enough cold milk to give a paste-like cream. Melt a small piece of butter in a frying-pan, and then spread a little of the paste on the bottom of the pan, just enough to cover it. Cook for a minute, turn over, cook another minute, then withdraw the pan from the fire. There should be eight pancakes from this quantity. They must be thin. Opinions vary about making the sauce. Some authorities recommend that you melt a little butter in the pan, squeeze in the juice of half an orange and a few drops of lemon juice, add two or three lumps of sugar, a little Benedictine and Curacao, if you have them, and cook this till it becomes the consistency of syrup. Then with a fork lift the pancake into sauce, turn it over, roll up and serve at once. These should be eaten as soon as prepared.

In Paris they sometimes simply butter the pancakes, with butter moistened with orange or tangerine juice, roll them, sprinkle them thickly with sugar, then

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burn them on top with salamander and serve with quarters of orange.

Steak Highly Honoured

The good King, Henri Quatre, wished that every man jack of his subjects might have a fowl in the pot every Sunday, so *Poule au pot Henri Quatre* became the fashion.

King Charles II is supposed to have knighted the loin of beef. Being on one occasion well pleased with his beef, he asked the name of the joint, and on being told, he said: "For its merit, then I will knight it, and henceforth it will be called Sir Loin." Such interest did this incident cause that a poet of the time composed a stanza about it.

Prince Charles Soubise—who served as a field-marshal in the reign of Louis XIV of France—was another epicure who gave his name to certain dishes. He was very fond of onions, so when a garnish of onion *purée* accompanies our meat *entrée*, or when onion flavour figures strongly in a sauce, it is generally called *à la Soubise*.

If, when in France, you order a *Châteaubriand*, do not imagine that all you should get is a thick steak. The usual idea is that a *Châteaubriand* is a steak cut from the best part of the filet, and that it should be from two to two and a half inches thick. That is wrong. It was the Restaurant Champeaux on the Place de Bourse in Paris that first served *Châteaubriands*. It was not a thick steak, but a delicately chosen one, cooked between two other steaks. In this way it absorbed the accumulated richness of the meat juices.

If, when in Paris, you wish to sample the French cuisine in its most informal form, why not go to La Mère St. Catherine, or L'Ecrevisse, where you can have your chicken cooked on the spit for you before your eyes; to Berry's, where the food is just as good as the champagne cocktails, and the service as quiet as the gourmet likes?

Or pay a visit to Marius, and ask Jules to prepare for you one of his famous lobster dishes. Or, if you want to eat at one of the most fascinating restaurants I struck when in Paris last Christmas, cross to the left bank and try to find it if you can. But as I want to help to keep it as "French" as it now is, I am not going to help you find it. Too many visitors sometimes have the effect of spoiling a national cuisine.

▲ ▲ ▲

Independence

At some time or another
Try to attain perfect freedom—
Then sit back wondering
If freedom and loneliness
Are not synonomous.

—JULETTE S. GRAF

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(Continued from page 27.)

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SAN FRANCISCO

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

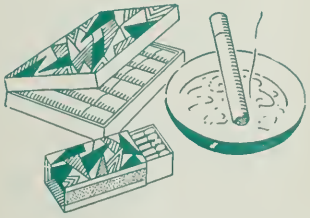
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

August · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 7

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

AUGUST 1, 1930

August 5—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
6—Lecture on Current Events . . . . . Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
6—Lecture on Appreciation of Art . . . . . Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.	*Card Room*	12:00 o'clock
7—Book Review Dinner . . . . Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: Katherine Mansfield—A Sketch of her Life and Writings.	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clock
7—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . Speaker: Mr. Harr Wagner. Subject: "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
12—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
14—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . Speaker: Mr. H. H. Hart. Subject: "Peiping and Its People" (an illustrated lecture).	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
19—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
19—Luncheon in honor of Helen Dare . . . . . San Francisco newspaperwoman who recently arrived home after brilliant professional triumphs in Europe.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:30 o'clock
21—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . Speaker: Doris Conner. Subject: "Planning the Furnishing of a Modern Home."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
26—League Bridge	*Chinese Room*	2:00 and 7:00 o'clock
28—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . Speaker: Mr. Henry J. McCall. Subject: "Experiences in Brazil."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock



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ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 10

"You look awfully," Alice said, over the edge of her tea cup—they were in the charming new tea room of the Saratoga Inn.

"Pooh," said the Seal, reaching for the cream—"it's my thin season, that's all."

"I'm afraid you suffered a lot—jail and all that"—she sighed gently—"and all on account of me."

"Bagatelle, mere bagatelle, my dear," said the Seal with a flourish of his spoon—"do as much for any lady. Have some more toast?"

"No thank you," said Alice staring down into her cup.

"Wonderful toast," said the Seal crunching cheerfully. "Ritzy little place, isn't it—think I'll drop down here often—golf, garden, girls—what more could you ask?"

Alice didn't answer.

"Anything wrong?" asked the Seal.

"Certainly not," said Alice, and bit into a piece of toast.

"Hear they've got a fine sun-porch," said the Seal conversationally as he dropped two more lumps of sugar into his tea. "Ever take sun baths?"

"Oh sometimes," said Alice pushing her chair back impatiently. "Aren't you through yet?"

"Through, my dear—why I've just begun—the drive down gives you a great old appetite!"

"Apparently," said Alice coldly.

Neither spoke for a minute. The Seal busied himself spreading tomato marmalade on his toast, and Alice looked off into the greenery of the garden.

"You've never asked where I went—" she said at last still looking off into the trees. "Aren't you the least bit curious?"

"Nope," said the Seal, going after a 'ground' in his tea—"never curious—bad thing—emotionally weakening."

"Oh," said Alice, breaking a sugar wafer between her fingers, and looking as though she were going to cry.

"But—now that you mention it"—he drew out a package of cigarettes—"where did you go, by the way?"

She still stared into the trees—"I went up to Earth."

He started—but pretended to slap at a mosquito — "Have a Chesterfield" — he thrust them at her. Then—"Up to Earth—well, well—how interesting! How did it hit you?"

She looked down at the toe of her shoe without answering. He followed her gaze

(Continued on page 27)

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The Women's City Club Magazine School Directory

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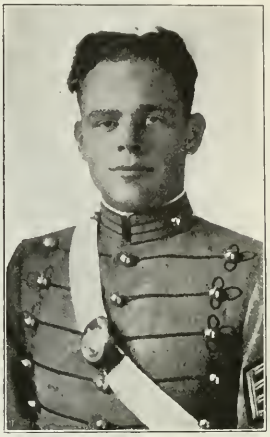

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

It may seem a far cry to November but where anything of real importance is afoot there are weeks of preparation necessary, be it a scientific fact to be proved, an exploration to be carried through, or a project involving many people to be undertaken. Now, in the August number of our magazine we are forecasting the outline of a plan (adopted by the Board of Directors at its last meeting) which embraces the entire membership and which I know will stimulate each of us with a very real enthusiasm.

Commander Byrd in his eulogy of his men of the South Pole said that far from civilization each job assumes its own proportion, and what is ordinarily termed menial assumes a dignity all its own and becomes as important as any other in the sale of "things as they are." We are reminded of this levelling of talents in this new idea of ours, for on this occasion when our teak wood front door will be closed to the public and we shall play together, the talent of each member will be as important as that of any other. I ask that this message now be considered a personal one to each member and that she heed this initial bugle-call and of her own volition follow through to learn the details as they unfold in order that she may contribute her talent to this occasion, which we believe has possibilities far beyond our wildest hopes.

On November 5 and 6 we hope you will come to the clubhouse to find displayed there, and on sale if you choose to buy, the finest of handcraft. From Lower Main Floor to American Room there will be articles appropriate to the setting, and not one single thing will be imported for the occasion, i.e., imported from the world outside of our own membership. Each thing will have been passed upon by a frowning Jury, as formidable indeed as any customs official. Each room will be a revelation of the talents of members which up until now have been hidden under a bushel as far as the City Club has been concerned.

The secrets of the plans will be told in later issues of the magazine. Suffice it now to say how these articles are to be collected, (and this is where each member is asked to play her part). Each member is now asked to contribute the thing she makes best—nothing "just as good" or "made by a friend," but something which will pass the august Jury and be declared in keeping with the high standard of our club, something she herself has made.

The slip on this page is for your personal use. We ask you to use it immediately and mail it from your vacation home so that the Central Committee (Mesdames Chapman, Eyre, Koshland, Shoup) will have the data in hand as soon as possible.

Members of this committee will have luncheon in the Cafeteria on each Thursday in August, September, and October, and herewith invite you there to talk over with them the plans you and they have in mind.

These days in November will be as gala as opening day in the clubhouse. You do not want to be forgotten by the committee in charge who now asks your immediate response to this preliminary call. Your responsibility to your own clubhouse is involved. Your response to it will bring you active participation in days which will be the high light in our Fall program.

I will attend luncheon with the Central Committee in the Club Cafeteria on the Thursday I have checked below:

August	7	14	21	28	
September	4	11	18	25	
October	2	9	16	23	30

The product of my talent to be offered the Club will be.....

.....

Name.....

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Please fill in and mail to the Club

Nothing is Permanent . . . Not Even Change

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

● Education has evolved into so many more things than schooling in classes, into so much more than training of the young, that the subject includes nearly every phase of modern life.

With the assimilation into American consciousness of whole cross sections of Europe, Asia and Africa there has been created to meet the exigency a system known as adult education. There is the radio, the extension and correspondence courses of reputable universities, there are popular and, on the whole, sound short cuts to knowledge. Universities are teaching young men and women how to earn their livelihoods, how to adapt themselves to modern conditions. Academic learning has had impinged upon its elegance the practical and the technical. The three r's have been increased to six and now include reading, 'riting, 'rithmatic, radio, rationalization and recreation, the latter classification comprising the vast variety of sports, professional and amateur, which are a by-product but none the less belong under the heading of education.

Over the face of the world has passed a new dispensation, and education, as such, is no more like the education of fifty years ago than are transportation, manners—or morals, for that matter.

Handwriting, for instance. The educated person of a few years ago laid great stress upon his chirography, or upon the flourishes of her "fine Italian hand." We now talk into dictaphones when we sit down to write theses, plays or novels. This is, by a miracle of mechanism, transcribed onto paper by a typewriter and eventually to the printed page. Why waste time practicing Spencerian rhythms and why standardize one's handwriting? If individuality be the aim, then regimentation is banal. And one's signature on one's bankbook check is about the only place in which actual handwriting is seen anyway. Letter writing is all but a lost art in this day of the night letter and telephone. Belles-lettres is an archaic term.

This is just a case in point, and for all its exaggeration has its application.

Specialization in the professions and even in the arts has made for a different technique of education. Postulants no longer want to know all of a subject. They take what they think they need, half portions or less, to fit them for the business of earning. Competition is so keen and cruel, art is so long and time so fleeting that it seems the best way to arrive at results, say those who must needs swing into the big procession.

Superficiality then rears its head, and the academicans have a joyous time tilting. But modernity is only mildly amused by this jousting; factories continue to supplant guilds and standardization continues. Schools continue to be polytechnic institutes, the classics are tabloid and science takes the hurdles set up by "machinal."

The little red schoolhouse is a tradition. Night schools, social centers, recreation for youth and adults, manual training institues, stadiums and auditoriums, universities and conservatories have supplanted it.

San Francisco offers all these things as generously as once she opened the doors of the frame schoolhouses on the sand lots of the fifties and sixties. Two universities of world renown are within a few miles of the Ferry building, the University of California and the Leland Stanford University, alma mater of the president of the United States.

The California School of Fine Arts offers to budding genius as much as the Beaux Arts of Paris, if the student has the stuff within himself. The San Francisco Conservatory of Music, public schools and parochial, half a dozen private schools of high academic standard, symphony and opera, two great art museums, the Palace of the Legion of Honor and Golden Gate Museum, the splendid Carnegie Library and its branches, the Mechanics' Institute, normal schools and private colleges give San Francisco the stamp of culture and make the city the educational hub of the Pacific Coast of America.

▲ ▲ ▲

Certain Educational Trends of Interest to Women

—EDITH WALKER MADDUX

● At the outset the reader is reminded that the Women's City Club is primarily a service club and not an institution exclusively educational. Its educational program is but one phase of its comprehensive contribution to the community, and any consideration of this particular aspect of the Club is made with that relationship in mind. Contemporary women are aware of an emptying concept of education by precept rather than by absorption, and it may be that education by indirection is a more stimulating guide to the searching mind than is dreamed of in the old philosophies.

In discussing educational trends for the readers of the Women's City Club Magazine I assume that the clientele have passed the stage of personal entrance into the modern schools of "Self Expression" (or "self-exposure," as some skeptic has dubbed them). However, inasmuch as they have children or grandchildren for whom they want the best in education—and this is sometimes the newest—it is well to understand the whys, wherefores and whithers of the advanced experiment of so-called progressive education. Anything that I could say on the subject would have to be a paraphrase of the articles which have been appearing in *The New Republic* entitled "The New Education Ten Years After," and I would especially commend the sixth article of the series, "How Much Freedom in the New Schools," by the greatest living expert of them all, John Dewey, whose fair and sane summary appears in *The New Republic* of July 9. It is to be assumed that the term "New Education" needs no definition here, and yet perhaps it would be as well to quote at least one paragraph of Dewey's in explanation of the "progressive schools."

"Their common creed is the belief in freedom, in esthetic enjoyment and artistic expression, in opportunity for individual development, and in learning through activity rather than by passive absorption. Such aims give progressive schools a certain community of spirit and atmosphere. But they do not determine any common procedure in discipline or instruction; they do not fix the subject matter to be taught; they do not decide whether the emphasis shall be upon science, history, the fine arts, different modes of industrial art, or social issues and questions. Hence the diversity of the progressive schools, and hence the great difficulty in appraising them. Adverse criticisms may be readily and often effectively answered on the ground that they do not apply to specific schools."

Away from standarization in education is a trend to be welcomed by any thinking parent, and the teaching of *children* rather than *subjects* is a glorious achievement. And even when some conservative grandparent discovers that "some of these schools indulge pupils in unrestrained freedom

action and speech, of manners and lack of manners," still it in no sense should be a weeping condemnation of all progressive schools. Indeed the best educational ventures for adults (my readers!) are based upon these very principles of freedom laid down for the New Education, but of course the dangers of "anarchy, egotism, cockiness, impertinence, and disregard for the rights of others" (to quote Mr. Dewey again) are minimized in the application of a system to yearning groups who have reached the age of habitual intellectual control as well as genuine intellectual interests. In any case there is no possible argument against the adoption of the new progressive methods of education and "significant subject matter" for adults, and the burden of this discourse will apply to general view of educational programs as offered by and for the members of some of the women's organized groups. Finally we may ask: How do these courses of study (or information?) measure up to progressive standards?

• Take the continuous program of the Women's City Club: Appreciation of Art; Choral Study and Singing; Bridge, Current Events; Book Reviews; and a Thursday evening lecture every week, by a specialist, on his own chosen subject . . . travel, art, culture, history, industry or any human problem of interest, often with pictures. There is verbal encouragement in general of these classes for the application of the discussion-group method, but there has not been much progress in genuine individual expression and the lecture-method is frankly preferred. The supplementary program of events in the "club-season" embraces again the lecture-method, pure and simple, with current literature, the Bible, and international dissertations making the most popular appeal and generally though the personality of the lecturer. Questions are encouraged but not often voiced.

Or again, take the regular program of the local San Francisco Center of the League of Women Voters. This is frankly based on the discussion-group plan, with the subjects of course limited to the adopted program of the national organization, and with listed chairmen functioning in the following subjects: Charter Revision (of the City); City Government; City Planning; Cooperation; Education; Finance; Get-Out-the-Vote; Hospitality; Indian Affairs; International Relations; Legislative; Library Study; Membership; Program; Public Dance Hall; The Public Health. Obviously, continuous meetings are not held for study under all of these headings, but supplemental meetings during the club-year present specialists in all phases of this comprehensive civic interest. Specific subjects such as the World Court, Mussel Shoals, and the Maternity and Infancy Act, are enthusiastically and exhaustively studied; and questions at every meeting are not only encouraged but even exploded in continuous bombardment. It is quite to be expected that an eclectic membership devoted to a specialized civic program with a "Make-the-world-better" urge inherited from pre-suffrage days would exemplify self-expression in all its concourses much more articulately than a club organized for the daily use of a great club-house in the cosmopolitan sense.

Again, in the case of the Parent-Teacher Association, numerous classes for study and discussion are advertised and patronized naturally along the special lines of child-study, psychology and school methods, with the enforced restriction that all political subjects be omitted. Oftentimes there is apparently some confusion as to where the line should be drawn between civic interest and political application, but the aim of the organization is the noble one of keeping partisan, racial, religious and political controversies out of the program, which is frankly one of service to the schools and education for the parents.

• Undoubtedly the most inclusive program of all is that adopted by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which, although devoted as is the Parent-Teacher Association to a democratic clientele whose expression must preclude partisan controversies, still is consigned also to a legislative program which endorses and works for certain frankly political measures of reform and progress. Consequently the Federated clubs encourage educational classes and meetings with a diversity of subjects; and generally speaking, the lecture-method is followed, with a definite trend toward discussion-groups in some of the more advanced clubs. Traditional "cultural" subjects have been surprisingly discarded in favor of such topics as child welfare, international relations, public health, better homes and better films; and whereas formerly, according at least to masculine satirical authority, the club-meeting presented a diligent member in a truly encyclopedic discourse on "The Lake Poets" or "Doric Art," nowadays we women know that the day is much more likely to bring forth sparkling answers to the questions: "What are we going to do about the garbage situation?" or "How can we get more playgrounds for the children?"

• We are of course frankly talking about trends, and certainly the following paragraphs quoted from the announcements of the impending Women's Conference of the Pan-Pacific Union, to be held in Honolulu in August, are most significant.

"The conference will be divided into five sections, education (sub-divided into *general education* and *home economics*), women in government, health, industry and professions, and social service. Five main subdivisions have been planned, based on the age periods—pre-natal and infancy, pre-school, school, adolescent and adult.

"Each subject will be considered at the round tables, where summaries of papers previously submitted will be given and discussed. At the conclusion of the round tables two speakers from each will present a general summary to a forum of the whole conference. At this forum the international chairman will preside. Open discussion will follow and at the conclusion any resolution evolving from the forum deliberations will be put to vote."

Is it diffuse? Over-inclusive for a two-weeks' conference? Is it true that leisurely women of the modern world may be spreading thin rather than digging deep? In answer and in summary I turn again to John Dewey in *The New Republic*: "No one can justly decry the value of any education which supplies additions to the resources of the inner life of pupils. But surely the problem of progressive education demands that this result be not effected in such a way as to ignore or obscure preparation for the social realities—including the evils—of industrial and political civilization . . . . The time ought to come when no one will be judged to be an educated man or woman who does not have insight into the basic forces of industrial and urban civilization." I am inclined to believe that measured by this authoritative standard the women's organizations, no matter how superficial at times may seem to be their methods and results, are taking real strides toward genuine education for their members of a very progressive type. The world's their subject!

Petition

Oh Lord, I pray You, let my soul not be
Subdued in bondage to my foolish heart.
Let not these bordered walks and flowered lawns,
And lacquered pools, whereon the long-necked swans
Float by like silent music, seem less rare
Because one bitter word, uttered perhaps
In jest with no intent to wound, yet stirs
Within my memory like poisoned air.

Oh let me look at loveliness content
To fold my hands like gentle nuns at prayer,
And watch the brown leaves scuttle through the grass
Like frightened rabbits to their secret lair,
While healing scents of jasmine and of myrrh
Bind up the edges of my discontent
With perfumed threads. Oh how the world is fair.

—DOROTHY TAYLOR

The Unfinished Business of Education

—JOHN ERSKINE
Educator and Novelist

• If your child goes up from kindergarten to college, you observe that he is constantly introduced to subjects which are abandoned almost as soon as begun. In our system, something must be dropped. If the student is not industrious, the school drops him. If he makes progress, he drops the subject.

When children begin their education in any good school, they are developed in all their talents, encouraged to realize their possibilities in all directions. They are stimulated and to some extent trained in the arts and crafts; the education of their bodies is correlated with the development of their minds; and their curiosity is excited over their relation to their fellows and their opportunities and responsibilities as individuals in a society. In other words, they are encouraged to believe that man's natural enthusiasms and out-reachings to the world about him are proper and important.

The moment, however, they take a step upward in their educational career, their studies become narrower and the results of them less evident. When they enter the high school, they must drop many of the subjects that stimulated them in the grades; when they enter college, they must drop some of the fruitful subjects of the high school, and almost everything that interested them in kindergarten; when they reach the graduate school, they drop everything except the pursuit of the subject which is supposed to be good for their profession. The implication is forced upon them that their arts and crafts and their social curiosity are after all less important as a preparation for life than the traditional subject-matter.

• There could be no reasonable objection, of course, to specialization for a career, but the narrowing process leaves some of us at present with the suspicion that the subjects dropped are more important than those retained, and that the student as he advances in our educational system retires from a good education. Certainly he retires from that part of his education which fits him to live in peace and harmony with himself. And whether the ability to follow a profession is more valuable than the ability to live happily, at least we observe a break rather than a connection between early and later studies.

Children seem to be, on the average happier in the kindergarten years than in high school or college. As they grow up, their zest for learning dies, or is taken away from them. The success of the early period is at least partly explained by the fact that the subjects there pursued appeal naturally to the average child. They would also appeal, however, to the average adult. But by the time the student has reached his senior year of college, an immense effort has been made to transfer his interest from a direct concern in life to an indirect preoccupation with it. We ask him to be critical and reflective where before we asked him to be creative. We invite him to live less that he may think more, and he frequently responds by neither living nor thinking.

Why should we not educate by developing continuously the subjects begun in kindergarten? Imagine a system in which the arts the children practice, the plays they write and act, the songs they compose and sing, the stories and verses they make up, were really the basis of their later studies. High school and college literature, for example, could then be studied from the point of view of life, of the experience, immediate and esthetic, which the works express, from the point of view of human beings who are themselves creative and trained to live in the imagination. In kindergarten we realize that life supplies the most insistent matter for study. Why not continue with this theory?

• It may be said that it is all very well for children to practice the arts in their idle years, but that when they are of age to do serious study, they must master history, philosophy, and literature; and that the reading of these books takes a great deal of time.

As a person who is primarily a maker of books I object violently to what is implied by such a curriculum—that to understand literature you must read all the great writers, that to understand history you must then and there, while in school, make a survey of the history of all countries.

Is it not more sensible to hold that if once we give the student an intelligent love of reading, he may continue to read for the rest of his life? Why must he cover the entire field before he is 21? Too many of our students finish their college course with less interest in reading than they had in elementary school.

Let us examine another peculiarity of the educational system: We teach boys separately and girls separately, and we also teach boys and girls together. Nobody knows which way is best, or whether there is any real difference, but there is a general unwillingness to inquire, because to do so would raise the question of sex which American education officially ignores.

Our colleges used to follow the monastic ideal. Dean Van Amringe said once that you could not teach a boy mathematics if there was a pretty girl in the classroom, or if you could under those circumstances, he wasn't worth teaching. Perhaps the remark implied some truths we haven't yet reckoned with. Coeducation has come to stay; yet we are strangely reluctant to observe the consequences.

• Older educators who regret the passing of the monastic ideal complain that the young people now have an obsession on sex. In the monastic ideal there was also an obsession on sex, but under an inverted rather than a natural form. The interest in sex is no greater than it has been for centuries, but certainly the education of the sexes together has produced a new condition to which we are not yet adjusted.

While we resolutely ignore sex, we require young people to fill their minds with the greater secular literature of the world We upbraid them for their petting parties, we are scandalized by their emotional adventures; yet we expect them to read "Romeo and Juliet," "The Iliad," the songs of Burns. So long as outward appearances are fairly correct, we make heroic efforts to believe that all is well. Should these young people quite openly get married, however, we dismiss them from college. Fortunately there begin to be many institutions where marriage is no longer considered a desecration of the monastery, but in most places still the undergraduate who marries is expected to abandon his studies at once. In other words, we are not yet prepared for the effect of the education we give.

If you attend a college prom you will see young people extremely busy falling in love. I don't know how deep some of them fall. I am sure, however, that they could go no further than did the heroes and heroines of the books they are asked to read in literature classes. Some wise people would remedy the inconsistency by banning the classics. This advice is in effect a suggestion that we restore the monastery. Perhaps we should either restore the monastery completely or begin to understand that into the old monastic shell a new life has crept, very secular, very natural, very, you choose, pagan.

This new life is nothing more or less than the modern world, and in spite of our pretense to be scientific, to be sympathetic to our environment, the gravest insufficiency of our education, in the upper stages of it, is our failure to carry out resolutely the training in social observation and responsibility to our fellows which we begin in kindergarten. The question which ought to concern the educator is not the wild behavior of occasional youth, but the

sistent blindness of our tradition to the forces which make them wild.

The young people in college are at an age when Nature sees to it that they fall in love. The experience may be infinitely sacred, or infinitely shabby, and in either case it will probably have more influence upon their character and upon the outward circumstance of their character, than all their studies; but American education so far considers this matter outside its province. It refuses to step across the threshold of the monastery and teach life.

You may say that these children are too young to make so serious a choice, that they are the victims of a passing mood. In seriousness, and with much sadness, one may ask what reason is there to believe they will choose more wisely later, if meanwhile we withhold from them what little subject? The conditions of human happiness in all the social relations ought to be wisdom there is in the world on this vast worthy of study, and those serious men and women who try to make available for the young the experience of their elders, bought often at a heavy price, ought to be welcome. The fact is, however, that those scientific men and women who have tried to clear the ground for some wisdom in this field, writers of the stature of Havelock Ellis, for example, have been in most academic circles frowned on, as though they were rendering the ideal of marriage less noble by studying the conditions in which it can be happy.

Just because these pressing social problems are not adequately treated in the curriculum of high school and college, there is a tendency on the part of many teachers to digress from their proper fields and discuss these more urgent matters. Sometimes the digressions seem justified by the results. In most cases, however, they produce little besides irritation, on the part of either the students or their parents, or of the authorities in charge of the school or college. The teacher is criticized for not sticking to the subject he was engaged to impart. On the other hand, he has passed, by quite natural steps, from that subject matter to the theme which clamors for treatment by somebody. Every such controversy between teacher and institution indicates some fester in our intellectual life which our educational system is trying to conceal, instead of lancing it boldly and effecting a return to health.

▲ ▲ ▲

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

apistrano Nights; *by Charles Francis Saunders and Father St. John O'Sullivan;* Robert McBride and Co., N. Y.

Flock of Birds; *by Kathleen Coyle;* E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y.

he Days of Her Life; *by Wallace Irwin;* Houghton Mifflin Co.; Riverside Press, Cambridge; $2.50.

mily Dickinson; The Human Background of her Poetry; *by Josephine Pollitt;* Harper and Bros., N. Y.; $4.00.

ng Mob; *by Frank K. Notch;* Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y.

In California, we like to turn the pages of our history backward to the days before the Gringo came. The long, leg thoughts belong to youth, and as a State we are young. Perhaps that explains our delight in going dreaming back to the hay times of the Missions and the Padres and the Spanish rancherias,—the gracious, courtly days of "buenas noches" and "hasta manana si Dios quiere."

We have had too few vivid tellers of tales that lead us back to early California. Charles Francis Saunders is building a bibliography of his own about our State that has its feet in the Pacific and wears upon its head the crown of Sierran snows. "Finding the Worth While in California" is wise guide for the tourist; "A Little Book of California Missions" tells the story of the Spanish Missions strung like golden beads along El Camino Real; "Under the Sky in California" is a picture of out-door life; and "With the Flowers and Trees of California" is a hand-book for the nature-lover. "Capistrano Nights," fresh from the press, is a quaint little sister of the thousand-and-one Arabian Nights turned Spanish. It is written in collaboration with Father St. John O'Sullivan, who since 1910 has been the priest and rebuilder of the Franciscan Mission of San Juan Capistrano. Built in 1776 by Fra Junipero Serra, the pioneer missionary, the mission was for sixty years surrounded by the primitive Indian population for whose sake the Franciscans had braved perils by land, perils by sea. After sixty peaceful years, the missions were secularized by the Mexican government. Vandalism and neglect followed, and the Indians, poor sheep without a shepherd, perished of disease; and the mission buildings were ruined by an earthquake. Not until Father O'Sullivan, of the loving hand and the seeing eye, came to restore the ruins, could the time-stained, crumbling walls whisper the tales of those years.

He says that they are "Sparks from the anvil of his daily labors." As he has gone to and fro among his people, they have told him their dreams, their traditions, their folk-lore. Night after night, year after year, Charles Saunders has wandered back to the Mission, and sitting with his friend by "the old fireplace of brick tile, smoked and blackened by long usage, where on the hearth a fire of olive-wood cheerily glowed and sparkled," he has listened to these tales of another day. They still keep the "hasta manana" atmosphere of their time. There is no hurry. Dropping in fragments, like gossip from the lips of an old, old woman, they bring back glimpse of ways and days that will come no more. "Of how Dona Polonia Led the Children out to Pray for Rain and had to be Rescued from the Floods:" "Of Juan Manriquez and how he Sometimes Told the Truth;" "Of the Coyote who was not Himself;" "The Story of the Man who Sold his Soul to the Devil and yet Kept it;" "How Jose Antonio Murillo Paid his Grandfather's Debt of a Horse to Mission San Gabriel;" "Of the Dawn Hymn," "The Story of the Ungrateful Alligator and how the Coyote Lost Faith in Man;" "The Mission Swallows and how they Arrive every Year for the Feast of Saint Joseph."

Broken beads, they have been gathered up into a chain of memories.

Among vacation books, among books sent for review, one stands out from the rest, alive. The others amuse, pass a waiting hour, rest a tired mind. One grips us where we live.

Kathleen Coyle has written "A Flock of Birds." She has written other books of Ireland. This one was chosen by Hugh

Walpole, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Frank Swinnerton as one of the four best novels out of six hundred entries in a $5000 contest. The action takes place in Dublin during the regime of the Black and Tans, in 1919.There is a delicacy of touch by which the political situation is implied, not discussed. The drama is of the spirit. It develops within the strait limits of a mother's heart, whose son is an innocent martyr to his political beliefs, his loyalty to his brothers in the faith. Its emotional intensity, compressed, restrained, reverberates like an underground charge of giant-powder.

One wonders what Kathleen Coyle has lived through. Has she faced the death of a son? Has she given up a son to death or sacrifice because of his allegiance to some cause which she could not follow? It seems hardly possible that a merely poetic imagination could so strip naked the inner fibers, the life centers of a mother's heart. All mother-love from the silent Mary at the foot of the cross to the beggar-mother who gives her child the last crust and pretends that she is not hungry, is painted on the canvas of this book. It is poignant. Her choice of words is exactly right. "To be hanged by the neck until you are dead!

"It had to be taken in. What a phrase in which to see clearly and feel nothing! She had never felt less emotional in her life. She was like a river that had flooded its own length and lay calm and damned at the foot of the mountains by which it had passed. She suffered the stillness. Her only wonder was about Christy. She wondered what he was making out of it; if he, too, was like a river flooded and still. No, he was too young. He had not yet come down from the mountains. It was strange that she felt nothing." . . .

• "The calmness was overpowering. It was like an anaesthetic under which the idea and thoughts of Christy ground away in terrible impotence. . . . She was not unhappy. . . . She was just deadly clear. Her thoughts were turning, turning. . . . She did not feel like going mad. On the contrary she felt excessively sane." . . .

"She found herself saying, 'You know, Cicely, it may be only a black cloud.' She would have liked Cicely to think that it might pass, after all. 'When Christy was a tiny boy of four he asked Kathy: what is that black cloud in the sky? And Kathy said: it isn't a cloud, it is a flock of birds.' 'A flock of birds?' 'Yes, Cicely, it was only a flock of birds.' " . . .

"She was so close to Christy. Her thoughts opened as doors opened and he could go through every room, on and on, until her house was finished." . . .

"Underneath, within, deep in the depths of the soul lay the source of this sweet music. The man who had heard this sweetness was held up above all that was mortal. . . . She was upheld. . . . She wanted Christy to be there, instantly there, so that she could take him in her arms as she had taken Cicely, but differently, for she would hold him until the miracle would pass through to him, and he too would hear the voices and be no longer afraid."

It is not quotable, . . . its suppression, its selflessness, its poignancy. But I should think a mother might like to have this book for her son, that he might know the silence of his mother's love.

• "The Days of Her Life" is another kind of well-written book. It is the story of her life, told by one outside, looking in. Poignant, too, in places, with action that marches, and carries one untiring to the end. An interesting tale of a girl in a mining-town, "with wide, gray eyes upon the wide, gray north, which was hers to love because the king was there;" vivid pictures of our gray city of San Francisco. And the development of a personality that stands always squarely upon its own feet, —follows its little gleam.

Indian Summer

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.
These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.
Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,
Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!
Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,
Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

—EMILY DICKINSON.

" 'What have I?' she asked. Yourself, her spirit answered. Myself. I made that dream, she thought. All under my own skull I made distances far greater, ah, far greater than the orb of the world. Myself, myself. I was created to be what I am. Love has blown me here and there,—yes, but it was my own love, fixed in its quality as the cell from which I sprang. He didn't give love and he couldn't take it away." . . .

• "I can tell you this much. Your life's worth the number of days you've actually lived. . . . Something happens, something strikes you into life. . . . You throw away the junk, and stand out for what you are. Yourself . . ."

But its philosophy falls short. "She must deny the things she did not choose to see, and beatify her own illusions. That, after all, is what faith is."

Does a writer put into a book only what he has within him to give?

• A lover of Emily Dickinson feels a dissatisfaction, a sense of resentment, in reading the book which throws a flood of speculative light upon her inner life, so sedulously hidden from the world outside her own garden. In "Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of her Poetry," Miss Pollitt "tells very plainly the story of that emotional life," and gives us many interesting facts about the men who loved sweet Emily, and the man whom perhaps she loved. But Emily never told us. Never were rose-petals more closely folded. We know that some love lit for her a flame of beauty and rhythm and song. Miss Pollitt's book is not conclusive. It would be unkind to say that its speculation remotely suggests back-fence gossip. Emily is gone. "Requiescat in pace!" Peace? Is this peace? Her song is here. Why dig up her little bones, to dissect them?

• Harcourt, Brace and Company have published an interesting list of books which cause one to think: Keynes' "Economic Consequences of the Peace;" Tawney's "Acquisitive Society;" "Civilization in the United State;" Siegfried's "America Comes of Age;" Kayserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher;" Mayo's "Mother India;" The Lynds' "Middletown;" and Krutch's "The Modern Temper." And now, "King Mob," which is, according to its advertisers, "a cry of protest against the organized power of modern advertising current catch-words, and high-pressure salesmanship,–against the organized mob It is more than that, I think. It is a little book which says a great deal in a short space.

Frank Notch traces the contagion of the mob spirit from the ancient mob of Roman days, the outbreaks of mobs in cities the mob fever which seizes upon the intelligence of whole nations in time of war,– to its latest development, the World Mob. This world delirium has come into being he thinks, since our world, and space, and time, have shrunk by reason of telephone telegraph, radio, wireless.

There are those who drift with any tide There are others who delight in breasting a current, in swimming up-stream to find the sources of things,—those to whom is not a sufficient argument that "Everybody's doing it!" To these the wit and satire of this little book will appeal.

Mr. Notch stresses the swing of scientific thought from the mechanistic age which Man is reduced to a Thing, to the latest outreachings of thought-antennæ into the Unknown which lies between metaphysician and scientist. He finds evidence of their closer rapprochment, and aligns himself with the small thrilling group to which Millikan and Eddington belong,—those who, beyond atom and electron, deduce the presence of an Ultimate Unknowable.

New Sub-Chairmen of Volunteers

● Mrs. Booth, Chairman of the Volunteer Service Committee, announces the appointment of two new sub-chairmen.

Miss Amy Cook has taken the place of Miss Mabel Clay, who served so faithfully as head of the Night Cafeteria Group. Miss Cook has for a long period captained a well organized and loyal crew and in her new position deserves the whole hearted support of the City Club. We therefore ask those who are available for service between the hours of 5:30 and 7:30 to communicate with Miss Cook, Prospect 1020, or address Miss Cook at the Women's City Club. Many who are unable to serve one evening a week gladly give two evenings or in some cases one evening each month.

Mrs. C. J. Goodell is the first Chairman of the Volunteers of the Beauty Salon. This department demands a combination of accuracy and graciousness of manner, qualities none need hesitate to claim to possess. Mrs. Goodell's telephone number is Montrose 4091 and she will be glad to receive names of members to whom this service appeals.

During these, the summer months, the Chairmen of all departments of Volunteer Service are daily wishing a happy vacation to members who have served regularly and faithfully throughout the year.These good wishes are heartily and sincerely given, yet each volunteer responsible for the service of either group or individual, wonders where others may be found to fill the many vacancies.

This is a service club; to many it offers much, from many it receives little. Each worthy member plans some day to set aside a part of her time to serve where needed. Why not offer now when any extra service would mean so much? Those spending even part of their summer in the city will find serving in almost any branch of Volunteer Service a pleasant recreation and will be more than repaid by obtaining a greater knowledge and understanding of the spirit and ideals of the Club.

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Charter Revision for San Francisco

—WILLIAM H. NANRY
Director San Francisco Bureau of Governmental Research

The need of revising San Francisco's thirty-year old charter for the purpose of improving our governmental process, which has been considered and discussed by individual organizations over a period of years, has attracted much public notice during recent weeks.

During May, the Bureau of Governmental Research invited a number of representative citizens to meet and to discuss the matter. The practical unanimity of opinion expressed at this meeting resulted in the formation of the San Francisco Committee on Charter Revision. Randolph V. Whiting was selected as Chairman, Miss Ruth Turner and Jesse H. Steinhart as Vice-Chairmen, and the writer as Secretary. Others on the committee are Robert M. Searls, Philip J. Fay, Dr. Arthur M. Flood, Mrs. Ludwig Frank, Milton Mark, E. A. Walcott and Mrs. S. G. Chapman. The press was unanimous in emphasizing the city's need of charter revision. Consequently, the Board of Supervisors voted to call a special election for August 26, the date of the primary election, for the election by the people of fifteen freeholders to prepare a new charter.

The Citizens' Committee has proceeded on the principles (1) that the charter should be considered as a fundamental law and that "ordinance" matters should not be included therein; (2) that legislative and administrative functions should be separated; (3) that the powers of the board of supervisors should be restricted to legislation and the determination of policies; (4) that responsibility for the coordination and direction of administrative affairs should be centralized along the lines of the city-manager form of government; (5) that improved budget and fiscal procedure should be worked out, based upon the aforementioned organization changes; and (6) that the office of mayor should be given more importance than is usually the case in city-manager charters (Cleveland, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Rochester, etc.).

Conclusions of the Citizens' Committee to date would shorten the ballot and restrict elective offices to those of mayor, assessor, district attorney and the board of supervisors. Superior and municipal court judges would also be elective and the present method of selecting the school board—appointment by the mayor and ratification by the voters—is left unchanged.The committee has reached no conclusion as yet as to the number of supervisors to be proposed, although a smaller number than the present eighteen has been recommended.

Under the committee's conclusions, the mayor would be the ceremonial head of the city and presiding officer of the board of supervisors, would appoint members of the civil service, the city planning and other commissions in charge of activities not placed under the manager, would nominate the city manager subject to confirmation by the supervisors, would have the veto power, and would be paid a salary of $10,000 a year.

The city manager would hold office at the pleasure of the board of supervisors. His powers and duties would be restricted to those of an administrator and adviser, and to carrying out programs and policies formally adopted by the supervisors. He would have the power of appointment and removal of his department heads; below those, the personnel would be subject to civil service procedure.

The Citizens' Committee has not as yet reached its conclusions as to what administrative functions and departments should be placed under the manager. As tentatively agreed upon, these include the departments of law, finance, purchasing, real estate, public works, public welfare and health.

The Citizens' Committee on Charter Revision is hopeful that the amendment or amendments that will be drafted on the basis of its studies may be submitted to vote of the people at the November election. If the amendment is submitted to and approved by the voters at such election, San Francisco's governmental affairs can be reorganized and a modern and effective basis of operation installed in January, 1932. The proposals involve a change in method rather than men, under which our city officials and employees and their successors can conduct their several governmental functions more effectively and expeditiously, and to the greater benefit of the citizens served.

Midsummer Salute of Committee on Progams

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

● This is an appropriate title, for when good soldiers are on duty they always salute. Just so it happens with the Committee on Programs and Entertainments. This Committee has been "on duty" all summer, meeting regularly every two weeks.The personnel of the Committee is: Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Mrs. William Lynch, Mrs. H. A. Stephenson, Mrs. Payson J. Treat, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.

In case there may have been conjectures as to the outlook for programs for the season of 1930-31, the Committee greets the membership with the mid-summer salute, "All's Well!"

What of the coming season? The policy and plan adopted by the Committee this year is to present first, only four or five programs of lecturers of marked celebrity instead of a greater number of programs of lecturers less well-known; second, to offer at most, not more than three courses, at fixed fees.

The sincere work of the Committee on Programs last year has brought about such confidence in Eastern bureaus that this season the Women's City Club has been offered several special opportunities to sponsor the exclusive appearance in San Francisco of speakers of marked distinction.The committee has therefore arranged to present an English novelist of world renown. This celebrated speaker has chosen to speak in only nine cities in the United States. His appearance under the auspices of this Club will be the only lecture that he will deliver on the Pacific Coast.

The subjects of lectures will include such absorbing topics as India, Italy, Russia, Modern Fiction, Irish Humor and Animals of the Air, Earth and the Sea, illustrated with motion pictures.

Next month a full schedule of events and dates will be published in the September magazine, thereby enabling members and their friends to mark their calendars in readiness for signally entertaining and stimulating Club-program of lectures for the nine months from October until May.

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Miss Brico to be Guest of Women's City Club

● Miss Antonia Brico, San Francisco girl who is home from Europe to conduct three symphony concerts in California this summer, will be guest of honor at a luncheon to be tendered her by the Women's City Club the second week in August.

Miss Brico will conduct the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in a concert of the Municipal Summer Symphony Series at Exposition Auditorium, August 26. On September 5 she will conduct a symphony concert at the Greek Theater, Berkeley and shortly thereafter will return to Europe, where her career appears to be on the threshhold of great distinction.

Antonia Brico

Miss Brico's story is almost that of a Cinderella in that her path to fame has been strewn with many obstacles and hard work which would have been dreary had she not been so certain that success was to be her portion. She generously accords deep appreciation to the friends who made her struggle less arduous and names among them the late Paul Steindorf, San Francisco conductor of light opera, Sigismund Stojowski, pianist, Dean Lucy Ward Stebbins, Dean Charles B. Lipman and Professor E. G. Stricklen, all of the University of California. Dr. Karl Muck, the former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Professor Julius Pruewer, head of the conducting department of the Berlin Academy of Music.

Miss Brico is still a young woman, and is endowed with tremendous energy. She is mentally alert to every phase of intellectual expansion, not only in her chosen field of music, but in every aspect of modern life. Her vitality and keen sense of values should make her an interesting speaker at the Luncehon at the Women's City Club, as well as a dynamic conductor at the concert of August 26.

Luncheon for Helen Dare

● Helen Dare, San Francisco newspaperwoman, who has recently returned from Europe,where she interviewed some of the leading men and women of the world, will be the guest of honor at a luncheon to be tendered by the Women's City Club at 12:30 o'clock, Tuesday, August 19.

Newspaperwomen who are members of staffs of San Francisco newspapers will be asked to meet Miss Dare and will also be guests of the City Club. The luncheon will be open to Club members and their friends at $1.25 per place.

Helen Dare is one of the outstanding figurants of American journalism, a woman whose keen insight and clarity of diction have made her "interviews" valuable not only as "scoops" to her paper, but as documents illuminating the unfolding of history. She has been "correspondent" in Washington, London, Paris, New York and Rome and for a number of years was commentator for the San Francisco Chronicle. Her recent interviews from Europe were published in the Chronicle and syndicated for other publications.

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For Girl Scouts

● Mrs. Paul Shoup, one of the direc tors of the Women's City Club, wil open the grounds of her home at Los Alto August 16 for a garden party which ha been arranged as a benefit for the Girl Scouts of San Francisco.

The park surrounding the beautift Shoup home is admirably adapted to th form of entertaining, the spacious lawr being dotted with lovely old tress, many c them oaks.

The affair will be open to the publ and all proceeds will go toward the wor of the Girl Scout organization. Ticke will be sold at the gardens and at locatiot in San Francisco to be specified later.

The program will include cards, mus and refreshments, and entertainment l the San Francisco Girl Scouts themselve it is announced.

Mrs. Shoup will be assisted by the fc lowing members of the San Francisco G Scout Council: Miss Vaal Stark, regior director; Mrs. J. R. R. Hannay, comm sioner; Mrs. Karl Kraft, Mrs. J. L. Hin Mrs. William Bowes, Mrs. Bernard Bri den, Mrs. H. Witt, Mrs. Alson R. K gore, Mrs. Elsie Muller, Mrs. Edwin Sea Mrs. C. J. Hulsewe and Mrs. Richa Newman.

Girl Scouts, Inc., Big Tree Region, n has its headquarters at the Women's C Club, second floor.

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Editorial

An Education Number of the Women's City Club Magazine were incomplete did it not remind Club members that they have been privileged, directly or obliquely, along educational lines.

Lectures, concerts, courses of various kinds and symposiums have been given in the Club.

The Club is non-partisan, non-sectarian and non-political, and its premise has been a factor rather than a hindrance in the presentation of intellectual fare to members. It has made for a catholicity of subjects and liberality of approach.

Education is ofttimes so sugar-coated that the recipient is unaware of having partaken of it. This may be said to apply to the teas, dinner and luncheons which punctuate the year's activities in the Club. Does a visiting symphony conductor come to the city, or an explorer, a great actress, a journalist, aviator, novelist, publicist, potentate or commoner?

Any of these has his own point of view, little or much to contribute to the aggregate of knowledge. The Club invites him to speak informally, and both speaker and audience is aware that the occasion implies no responsibility or endorsement upon the part of the institution which has afforded the "right of assembly."

The Thursday evening programs which have been a feature of the Club's activities have touched upon nearly every phase of modern thought, and the attendance week after week has been noteworthy.

Lectures under the direction of the Committee on Education have brought persons of international repute to the Club, and nearly every phase of contemporary thought has been presented. The list includes some of the most illustrious names in the world and more are promised for the coming winter by Mrs. Stoddard, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Programs.

New books are added to the library of the Club every month, and the tables of the library and lounge contain magazines of high standard. Classes in French, Italian or any language suggested by a group of sufficient numbers are conducted by teachers of high authority.

Thus, without avowedly making a business of education, the City Club is custodian and clearing house of facilities for human improvement, that very slow and painful process which will never be finished, but which every unit of society is bound to shoulder if it assume to be a vital part of the present moment.

Each in Her Separate Star

● Wednesday, November 5, and Thursday, November 6, are the dates set aside by the board of directors of the Women's City Club for a unique festival to be held in the Clubhouse.

It will be an occasion upon which each member will have the privilege of bringing to the Women's City Club the piece of work of which she is most proud, in which she takes the keenest satisfaction. She will lay her "magnum opus" on the Club altar, so to speak, as a harvest offering and as an expression of her particular bent.

On page seven of this magazine the Club member will find a "blank" which is to be filled with her name, address, telephone number and the Thursday of August, September or October upon which she can be present at weekly luncheons being arranged for discussion of the festival. The luncheon tables will be placed at a farther end of the cafeteria, and each member is urged to attend once before November to discuss ways and plans.

Remember this couplet:

"Each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star;
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

For the joy of the working it is probable that every member has some one avocation which is quite apart from the routine of her daily existence.

There are so many things that an ingenious woman can find to do that it will be exciting to watch the results of that doing as they are brought, one by one, to lay at the feet of the Goddess of Achievement, who is to be the presiding spirit and tutelary genius of that display.

"Votive Offerings" is not exactly the term to be applied to the exhibition, nor yet bazaar. But it will be a garnering of the best efforts of the darling hobbies of the members.

A classic story which has been done into an opera tells of a certain hunchback juggler who, upon seeing beautiful and healthy men and women strewing gifts upon the shrine of their Savior in an historic cathedral, was disconsolate because he had nothing to offer to his God, whom he loved with a devotion as fervent as that of the wealthy who brought gifts. He sorrowed at his lack and was ashamed that he could not bestow as did more fortunate persons.

Then came an inspiration.

He would bring to his God the one thing which it was vouchsafed to him to do by way of earning his living.

He would perform his feats of juggling.

And so, in the dusk of the dim winter evening, when the aisles were cleared of all but him and his Deity, he went into the cathedral and put his poor misshapen body through the postures which had entertained the street crowds. And then the juggler went his way. He had offered his choice gift, an ability—no more, no less.

The offerings brought to the Club will be sold, according to the plan as it is now worked out.

More will be told about the exhibit in the September issue of the magazine.

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Invictus

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as the birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird."

—"Paracelsus," ROBERT BROWNING.

Art Keeps in Step

—EDGAR WALTER

● Gazing retrospectively into those dimly lit and nebulous recesses of the past, thousands of years beyond what is known as recorded history, we discover a period termed paleolithic or the old stone age and become alive to the fact that even then art was an important factor in the life of man. Fifteen or twenty thousand years is a long stretch as measured by the yardstick of human life and experience, and still that is the generally accepted estimate of time which has elapsed since a race known as the Cromagnon, living on the verdant river banks of Central and Southern Europe hunted the Mammoth and the Bison, decorated caves with lifelike representations of these creatures and made flint artifacts for their daily needs.

From that remote time down to the present through the long processional of the centuries art in one form or another has punctuated the march of man towards enlightment, a true barometer of his cultural status, rising at times to the height, at others falling to low inspirational levels.

So down the years to one day and proportionate at least in quantity to the geometric ratio of increase in the human race art has travelled man's way and indelibly marked the milestones on the highway of experiment and discovery. From all of this we can make but one logical deduction; that some form of art expression is inherent to man and barring his biological needs is as fundamental to his progress as are science and religion.

● Beyond these estimates we must be sentient to the fact that apart from the question of quality there never was a time when the practice of the arts was as far flung and had as many adherents both professional and amateur as it has today.

In the past art expression was limited, with the exception of portraiture, as to subject by church and state, whereas today the gates are wide open, yielding an almost unlimited objectivity, a range without limit and allowing of a much broader field in art education. An analysis of these differences between the past and the present may be of interest and it is with them that this article has mainly to deal.

By and large it is the passing of the apprentice which marks the greatest change in art education. Academies have taken the place of the deeper and more intimate association between master and pupil and on the whole specific art instruction starts at a more advanced age than in bygone days. There may have been and probably was some selectiveness on the part of a youth in assuming his apprenticeship, but once there he became an integral part of the master's studio and oftentimes of his home. He helped with the mixing and the preparation of colors, the cutting of stone and marble and casting in bronze, for the sculptors did their own foundry work. In short he did what work there was in and about the studio, maturing in an atmosphere entirely consecrated to art, absorbing the manner and method of a tradition as seen through the eyes of the master and eventually, having shown industry and worth, allowed to help in the execution of his larger commissions and enterprises. Among the apprentices, those of common clay developed into unimportant but useful reflectors of the master, while every now and then a truly gifted pupil, having absorbed all that was essential to his career as an artist and a craftsman, grafted on to the manner of the teacher a personal expression of his own and in the course of time became in his turn a master, with his own workshop and followers. From this radiant atmosphere certain highly important characteristics emanated. First of all there was a reverential adherence to tradition, changing slowly through an evolution born of time and individualism but never with a preconceived and wilfull idea of change for the sake of change. Craftsmanship was always held in high esteem. In fact, the artists above all things considered themselves craftsmen, formed their guilds and lent glamor and inspiration to the minor arts and crafts.

From this rather ideal condition to the art academy of today is a far cry. These are conducted and maintained by educational institutions or individual artists and are patronized not only by those who wish to follow art as their life's work but also by those who desire to add a degree of art accomplishment and understanding to their cultural equipment. In many of the larger academies not only are the arts of painting and sculpture taught but also the lesser and applied arts and crafts. From these varied courses the student can make his or her choice. Unlike in other educational institutions, there is no compulsory attendance or hours of study imposed and lack of progress in the individual is the only penalty that the indifferent student pays.

In the not far distant past academic instruction was of a most arbitrary character, the instructor insisting on certain methods often based upon his own manner. There was great stress laid upon a knowledge of structural anatomy and a mistake in that was considered a cardinal fault. Lacking an intimate contact between master and pupil the academy as a rule produced a perfunctory quality in the work and little of inspirational character

● Today the more advanced schools are in view of a prevalent and rampant individualism, steering a broader course, making an effort to be less academic and more elastic, and turning to a more general and less autocratic form of instruction. No effort is made to warp the pupil into a particular manner, method or technique, the instructor simply stressing fundamental and basic principles.

The successful art school must of necessity take into consideration the great changes that the modernism of today has wrought in contemporary art consciousness and allow for a catholicity of taste and expression. An insistence upon a slavish adherence to the classic tradition would be out of focus with the tendency of the times.

The great traditions will nevertheless not be lost but will ever form that vital background upon which the evolution of art depends, for no art however individual is entirely independent. Innovation and colloquial expression are essential to the life of art but they can never eliminate the past from which they sprung.

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A Wanderer's Song

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.
Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.
Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

As to Teachers' Salaries

JAMES W. MULLEN

In approaching the problem assigned to it by the Board of Education the Citizens Committee for the Study of Teachers' Salaries determined at the outset that the investigation leading to the reaching of conclusions should be as complete and thorough as available resources would permit in order that the report, when submitted, might be based upon an accumulated set of facts which would warrant the confidence of the Board of Education, the teachers and the general public, and in the carrying out of this program the members devoted time without stint to meetings, hearings and study of the broad question of education and the relation of pay to results obtained.

Out of these labors came what the members of the committee believed to be a splendid plan for the stimulation of growth and development on the part of administrators or leaders and the entire teaching staff. Under the then prevailing salary schedules all increases in pay were automatic and based solely upon length of service so that all teachers, the listless laggard and the ambitious striver for increased capacity in the profession, were placed upon the same level so far as advanced remuneration for service was concerned.

The committee in order to reward merit and provide an incentive of material character for efforts toward improvement, decided that the time required to reach the maximum should be lengthened from twelve to twenty years and that increases in compensation should be automatic each year except that evidence of growth or improved teaching ability must be demonstrated for progress on the salary schedules on the seventh, eleventh, fifteenth and the eighteenth years. Any teacher failing to show additional training or experience definitely related to the work of the teacher in the position occupied to be denied advancement beyond the levels fixed for these years. However, in order not to work hardship upon those who had given many years of service in the department and who had reached an age where it would be very difficult for them to make satisfactory showing in this respect, it was recommended that those who had been in the department more than twenty years should not be obliged to meet the requirements for additional training or experience, since time would ultimately cure any defects in the system resulting from the humanitarian consideration shown to the small number of teachers of long service who might not be able to get over the hurdles at the stated periods.

The committee entertained the hope that the Board of Education might see the wisdom of adopting these recommendations in order to provide a financial incentive to improvement over the major portion of the teaching career, which the old schedules completely ignored.

The committee felt confident that the acceptance of the educational philosophy established in its recommended schedules would result in the raising of professional standards within the school department and thereby render a real service, first to the pupils, second to the parents, and finally to the community, the state and the nation, in an improved and more competent citizenship. When the product of such schools began taking an active part in governmental affairs all these most desirable betterments can be ushered in by the Board of Education putting the recommendations into full effect, and this without the slightest unfairness or injustice to the teachers or the taxpayers, both of which elements the committee kept constantly in mind during the eighteen months required to make the study and formulate the report.

The completed work was not the product of any one mind, as the committee was made up of individuals from widely separated walks of life, each indicating courage and independence in thought as well as in approach to problems, so that it become necessary for each, at times, to yield to the judgment of the others, with the happy results above set forth.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The committee comprised Bruce Cornwall, H. U. Brandenstein, Frederick Dohrmann, James W. Mullen and Mrs. S. G. Chapman.]

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Extension of Museum Education for Children

—MURIEL PETTIT, M. A.
Girls' High School, San Francisco.

In 1915, the year of the World's Fair, there was born a vision in the mind of a man in our city. The man was Dr. B. W. Evermann, Director of the Natural History Museum of the Academy of Sciences, and the vision was the broad possibilities of greater educational service for children through extended use of the Natural History Museum, adapted to the needs of our education department, and of the type offered in all of our largest cities. However visions remain more or less stationary over long periods of time, unless financial aid brings them to actuality.

Spasmodically, groups of interested people in the Department of Education and elsewhere, have given time and effort to arouse the interest of the educators and the philanthropically minded, in a project of this type which would become an everlasting monument to an individual, as the Field Museum in Chicago is today, and the Raymond Nelson and Harris foundations within the Field Museum, are for these widely known Chicago families.

Recently, some of the members of the San Francisco Science Teachers' Club, whose President is Mr. C. A. Colmore, combined with Dr. Evermann and some of the members of the Academy Scientific Staff, in the inauguration of a broader movement in museum education. A story hour, through volunteer service has been established every Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Museum of Natural History, in Golden Gate Park. Any child is cordially welcome. This is to be a permanent institution.

The Academy of Sciences has functioned to the limit of its power for the school child, but the power it can have if the right provision is made, is still untapped. The one thing necessary, is more money.

We hope that the day will come when San Francisco offers to the school child and the public at large, the same breadth of opportunity that such museums as the Field in Chicago, the American in New York, Brooklyn Museum of Arts in Buffalo, and many others are doing. If our efforts in any way, aid towards producing such results, we will feel that the reward far out-weighs the service rendered.

Mental Hygiene—an International Program

To Be Studied by Our Membership

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.
Public Health Editor

● From May 6 to 10, 1930, Washington was filled with the members of the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene.

Delegates, five thousand strong, gathered from the continents of the World, and the programs played up the *World Congress Idea,* by having representatives of the five continents and Australia talk at various general meetings. The language of the Congress was English, an excellent interpreter helped the audience out when its equipment was short in understanding French, German, Spanish or Italian speakers, as is always the case in our land. The speakers presented summaries of their papers, the paper in full, in English, was printed in brochures by the courtesy of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and could be read by the membership before each meeting of the Congress. This gave *time* for discussion and was a new idea to the American membership.

The hero of the Congress was Clifford Beers, who himself once a mental patient, on his recovery voiced the first idea of a mental hygiene association and a mental hygiene program as part of all educational and social service work for its preventive value.

A National and now an International Association are the product of "The Mind That Found Itself."* No greater contribution to public health in the last twenty-five years has been made.

The great specialists in psychiatry, psychology and psychiatric social work; in care of the feeble-minded; child guidance of the normal, endowed, the neurotic child and the problem child (whose greatest problems are often the parents), were all leaders of the divisions of the Congress.

*Autobiography of Clifford Beers.

An initial banquet of fifteen hundred and a final luncheon of over nine hundred, with the thermometer at 105 degrees plus shows what the interest was. Here in California our interest in the whole subject has been evidenced by the Mental Hygiene Survey for which twenty thousand dollars was granted by the last legislature, and by the fact that on our Health Bonds, in San Francisco, we voted Five Hundred Thousand Dollars for a psychopathic hospital. The City of San Francisco has, through its Board of Education, established Opportunity Classes for ill-adjusted children, dotted over the City, and has a staff of trained psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers who, in a special school, study and help the cases needing more detailed observation and guidance.

When we have a psychiatric hospital and handled our insane with the same special study and medical care that a few of them are receiving now at the San Francisco Hospital, we shall, by providing an elastic tension in the psychopathic hospital of from two to four weeks, be able to send a possible fifty per cent back to the community. Today, three months is the shortest time for which a case may be committed to a State Hospital.

What we all need, as Citizens of California and of the United States, is to remove the prejudice of ignorance toward the mentally sick and to cease to regard insanity as an opprobrium. We need to change our own mental attitude to realize that some people stagger under too great a life burden of care and worry; some break on account of disease, the mind is only part of our vital equipment and can be intolerant of its burden and give way. It has its sicknesses, many preventable, some modifyable, and some inevitable. Some mental disease is *acute* with complete restoration to health, as in pneumonia or typhoid. Some cases need a *modified program* for a patient to live in the hectic modern world, much as the program is modified for recovered tuberculosis. Some cases are *permanently crippled* and need permanent care. But we must feel and know these things and offer an understanding and sympathetic attitude to the new State program in all its details. To put this program over, to demand the many reforms the Mental Hygiene Survey will suggest, will need legislation and *long continued support* from our citizens.

I always visualize this sort of development of the State agencies for the care of the people, as expressing women's deepest in government. As League of Women's Service members, you will be interested to know that 85 per cent, at least of the Congress members, were women. Most of them under thirty-five years of age, thus showing that in social psychiatric work and child guidance work new professions for women have been opened.

It was a privilege to announce at a dinner of women psychiatrists the fact that Dr. Margaret Smythe had been appointed Medical Director of the Stockton State Hospital. Several of those present were first assistants, but at this time they knew of no woman in the United States holding the executive position in the State Hospital for the Insane, though several had, in the past.

So again California recognized its whole citizen body when our governor gave to an equipped woman, this appointment.

If the study work suggested by this article interests you and as members any o you care to join a study class on the menta hygiene survey and its recommendation this Fall, or if you would prefer a series o articles on the subject, or both, write th Magazine Editor.

At any rate, we should as individual do some adult education on our own a titude to the problem. Learn to regard th mind and body as one both in need of an aided by health guidance.

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La Primavera (A Vacation Echo)

—ADELA VALLEJO GANTNER

● High up in the distant haze of the mountain peaks, Queen Califa rests upon her Sierran throne, her snow white fingers weaving a magic pattern. From the hem of her glistening garment, from the snow line to the ocean the colors flare. Golden poppies gild the open spaces, golden notes pour from full throated mating skylarks as they wind skyward in their flight. While golden sunshine touches all living things with glory.

Baby blue eyes reflect the azure of the skies and smile from between the lacy sheets of white forget-me-nots.

Ancient oaks have turned to tenderest green, brown chenille drips from the blooming tips and bronze moles of mistletoe add blotches of parasitical beauty to their outlines. From among the shadows of tall upended piles of granite, spectral forms of Druid priests, seem to just eva reality.

The jacinth hilt of Ithuriel's spe stands high above the waving grasses, sheathed stem buried deep in the war breast of the Mother Lode. The mourni notes of a dove, the sighing of the pin the drone of a glinting plane and Cali weaving in the sun; a mantle of ether beauty. It is La Primavera.

Sauce for the Gander

—JOSEPHINE W. DUVENECK

An Experiment in Adult Education

"I want to go to school here. Couldn't you let me join your oldest group? I've looked for this sort of thing all my life and now that I've found it, I can't bear to be kept out just on account of my age. Won't you let me stay?"

"It wouldn't be very easy for you to fit in. You see the oldest children are only fourteen and you are over twenty. You would feel out of place."

"Oh no, I shouldn't I should fit in all right. If only you would let me come and paint pictures and model and write poetry and be *myself*."

The above conversation took place between the director and a young woman who had wandered out to the Peninsula school because she had heard that it was a place where children enjoyed themselves. She herself, just emerging from a nervous breakdown, was feeling so beaten and discouraged with life that all its zest had gone. An hour spent making a bowl in the clay room had seemingly quieted her nerves and renewed her desire to take part in the work of the world.

Of course children of twenty-four may not share regularly in group activities of children fourteen, especially if space is limited and teachers already working to the limits of their strength. But children of twenty-four or forty have wants as urgent as those of any nursery school infant and there is really no age at which the need for growth abates. Only when we are grown up we are expected to suppress all our desires except those that are connected with making money or advancing our professional standing or keeping house or fulfilling our so-called social obligations. We very rarely play. We do not understand the meaning of the word recreation except as it refers to physical exercise. Physical exercise is admirable in every way, but the mind and the spirit as well as the body are in need of *re-creation*.

One senses this pressing necessity in many of the adults who visit the new schools; one becomes conscious of wistfulness that flares up in their eyes as they watch the children engaged in free creative activities. The remark is often made "I wish I were a child and could come here to school." But unfortunately the receipt for the tonic that turned Alice in Wonderland back into a little girl has been mislaid, and people must needs go on from where they are.

The activities that satisfy children are not different in kind from the activities that satisfy grown-ups. What is sauce for the gosling is sauce for the gander. Believing this to be true, a few of us, who had already been privileged to experience along with the children some of the joy of creative effort conceived the idea of a summer workshop for adults. Not a summer school, mind, but a workshop, in which teachers and students are all workers together and where leisure and conversation are major requirements.

The Workshop is open for the month of July and the group numbers between twenty-five and thirty. It includes people who live in the vicinity and people who have come from a distance to attend. We number among us a doctor, a sculptor, a writer, several teachers, several parents, a metal worker, a mathematician, a musician, bio-chemist and several amateur philosophers. They come for different periods, some for all day, some for half a day, some for special activities only and some just drop in occasionally. The doctor is learning to build pottery, the teacher is carving in wood, the sculptor is sculpting, the writer is finishing a magazine article on education, the metal worker is learning to weave, and nearly everybody joins in the singing and the folk dancing and the discussions which come right after lunch every day between one and two o'clock.

No formal schedule was drawn up until the group foregathered. Then definite hours were set for the chorus, for dancing and for the writing class. The rest of the day is free for whatever work one has in hand. It was soon evident that a number were fond of reading plays. As a result several of the discussion periods have been used to read Irish plays, "Young Woodley," "Green Pastures" and other contemporaneous dramas. Several small groups were formed to produce one act plays. As these are learned, they are given for the larger assemblage.

On Midsummer Eve, which comes on the twenty-first of July, the school is having a party at the country home of one of the faculty members. The guests are to come in the guise of the person they would have been, had they been able to carry out their childhood's rosiest dream of success in life. At this time Dunsany's "Tents of the Arabs" will be produced out-of-doors.

It all sounds very simple; it all *is* very simple. Half our month is gone. Is it a success? How does one evaluate such an enterprise except in the terms of personal satisfaction? Certainly for some of us it has meant opportunity to carry on work that is constantly interrupted at home; some of us have made contacts with materials that had always appeared alarmingly difficult; through manipulation of clay some of us have found serenity of mind, and folk dancing limbers the manners, as well as the knees! But we have had fun, that is the important thing. We have laughed a lot; we have been good comrades, and as the little visitor said, we have been *ourselves*.

It is all very simple but it is in the simplest human experiences that old truths are constantly revived. It is no less true today than it was centuries ago that we should "not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of our minds."

And if our minds are even a little renewed, then the Summer Workshop has fulfilled its purpose.

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Return to Earth

I have no fear at last to be
Home with her that cradled me,
Nor shall my being shrink to blend
With her dark being in the end—
So one we are, so well I know
The bounty of the heart below,
Her holy love. Have I not heard
The lonely and prophetic word
Her hushed hills and valleys keep
Locked in their eternal sleep!
In Bethlehem, in buried days,
So the sacred story says,
Out of her ancient dream awoke
The elemental heart, and spoke
Such thunder in the ears of men
As echoes ever after—then
Closed her lips in sleep again.

—ANON.

Something New in Summer Schools

EDNA M. STANGLAND
California Department of Education,
Chief, Adult Education Division

● Have you ever in your wildest flights of imagination thought that attending a university summer session might be one of the greatest experiences of your life? Isn't it the orthodox thing to think of summer study as being drudgery, a chore, a pill to be taken or a duty to be performed?

Could you last night have dropped into Hansford Hall, the headquarters of the School of Adult Education at the University of California in Berkeley, you would have seen a group of one hundred fifty people sitting around the fireside discussing with Chester Rowell and other distinguished guests some of the problems of diplomacy that are concerning this world of ours. Someone would have told you that we do this sort of thing every Monday evening, that next week we shall have the opportunity of meeting with some of the leading educators of this country and Europe when they will tell us informally about the various experiments they are conducting.

And then you will be told that on Wednesday evenings we enjoy the piano lecture-recitals which have been carefully planned in a series starting with an explanation and demonstration of primitive and folk music and concluding with a recital depicting and predicting the trends of modern music.

Furthermore, you will learn that Friday evenings are devoted to the recreational side of our life in Hansford Hall. In this idyllic scheme which we have arranged, play is not neglected as it too often is in adult life. Perhaps the evening will be spent in folk dancing or perhaps we will express ourselves through the medium of the drama, not cut-and-dried drama with parts to be memorized and actions to be mimicked, but through life situations via impromptu dramatics.

But what is this all about and what has it to do with summer session or adult education? Just this,—adult educators (would you believe it?) in California are willing to practice what they preach. They want to know more about human relations and activities. They want to know more about this great field of education. They want guidance in the methods of conducting discussions. They want to pool and share their ideas with others who are experimenting in similar endeavors.

So the State Department of Education and the University of California are cooperating in offering a special school for those who are interested in Adult Education. The only qualification for admission to the school is an experimental turn of mind. Courses that are stimulating and full of challenge, dealing with the philosophy of adult education and its place in community life are being conducted by the ablest leaders to be obtained in the country. Classes in politics, history art and psychology are offered as models of method.

The influence of the Danish Folk School is reflected in the conduct of this experiment in that the formal education of the individual is definitely linked with the rest of his activities. Hansford Hall is the living quarters of the faculty and sixty of the students, who, by the way, are from six different states in the Union and are connected with adult education projects in the public schools, the Y. W. C. A., the Parent-Teacher Association and libraries.

The teacher of adults is learning that education is not merely something for "the other fellow"; for the one deprived of educational opportunities in his youth or for the person from a foreign land who is handicapped by not knowing English. Adult education should bring about the enrichment of all one's activities. The American adult (and teachers are adults) is discovering that adult education is no so much learning more facts as learning how to interpret facts and understand them, that the educated person is one who is able to think for himself and be independent of the crowd. And so the School of Adult Education at the University of California is designed to provide an opportunity for those who believe that "the object of education is not to teach the tricks of earning a living but to learn how to enjoy living."

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Do You Know

In an "Education Number" it is eminently fitting to have a questionnaire. Here it is:

Do you know that:

City Club members may purchase very handsome stationery, embossed with the words, "Women's City Club of San Francisco" at the Information Desk, the price being fifteen cents for two sheets and an envelope?

That post cards showing scenes and details of the City Club are sold in the League Shop and at the Information Desk at ten cents each or three for twenty-five cents.

That City Club members may purchase pictures, suitable for framing, of the Hammon Memorial Window, in soft gray finish at one dollar each.

H. LIEBES & CO.
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THE NEW FALL COATS
ARE HERE!

H. Liebes & Co. presents a superb collection of distinguished fall coats, beautifully fur-trimmed, impeccably styled, and of the very finest new materials for fall.

All are astonishingly low-priced for such luxurious coats!

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Bridge

—WALTER S. TURNER

The conquest of America by Bridge was an amazing feat. Before the advent of Bridge there was no card game entitled to be called society's favorite. Whist was considered the intellectual game and was preferred by the serious card players, but its popularity never approached that which Bridge enjoys today. Bridge was introduced in the United States in the late 'nineties, and almost overnight it became society's most popular game. The many changes which it has undergone during the short time it has been popular in America are a testimony to its extraordinary vitality. In its first, crude form spades were worth two per trick, clubs four, diamonds six, hearts eight and no trump twelve. There was no contract. The dealer simply named the trump or "bridged it" to his partner) and said nothing about how many tricks he would bid. His bid was final. If he made seven tricks or more, he scored for each trick over six; if he made less than seven his adversaries scored for each trick they took over six. Straight bridge was later superseded by auction bridge; and auction, after successfully resisting the attacks of nullo and imperial clubs and the whirlwind invasion of Mah Jong, is at last being superseded by contract.

Contract is undoubtedly the most enjoyable form of bridge yet devised. It is so exciting that it is enjoyable even to those who play it badly, but the amount of pleasure one derives from it is directly proportional to one's understanding of its intricacies. It is a deep game, and is worthy of serious study; for whoever masters it will be repaid many times over for the effort of learning by the added stimulation he will get out of playing.

• On first being introduced to contract the auction fan is likely to be staggered by the complicated scoring system. There is no need to be discouraged if this maze of figures seems too much to learn in one evening. It is not desirable to try to learn the whole scoring system at once; it should be taken in small doses. The first evening it is necessary to learn only two things; how the tricks are scored below the line, and the significance of being "vulnerable." In contract only those tricks are scored below the line which are both bid and made. Clubs and diamonds count 20 per trick, hearts and spades 30, and no trump 35. Game is 100. This must be learned so that when a side has a partial score one can calculate how many tricks that side needs to go game. It is important to form the habit at the very start of always noticing *before* you bid how much each side has on game.

Penalties

The penalties when a side is set are greater when it has won a game on the rubber than when it hasn't. For this reason a side having a game is said to be "vulnerable." Obviously a side should be more cautious about "sacrifice" bidding when vulnerable than when not, and its opponents should realize that if they can set the vulnerable side badly, it will profit them more than winning the rubber. It is therefore important to notice not only how much each side has on game, but also whether either has a game on the rubber.

When these fundamentals have been learned, the auction player is ready to start playing contract; but he must remember that a side scores toward game only as many tricks as it bids; so that when he thinks his partner can go game with the aid of his hand he should raise him to game whether the opponents bid or not. On the other hand there is no sense in bidding more than game (unless a slam bid from partner is desired) since all the tricks made but not scored below the line are scored above the line at 50 points per trick (unless doubled).

The remaining details of contract scoring can best be learned by making a point of keeping score in every game one plays, using for this purpose a printed table of the scoring counts. In a short time the beginner will find that without any conscious effort he has learned the more common premiums and penalties and can figure them without consulting his table.

Certain features of contract scoring are frequently misunderstood. The bonus for a two-game rubber is 700 points. It does not matter whether the losing side has set the winners or has made one or more partial scores below the line, so long as they have not won a game. The winners do not have to make their two games in succession they have merely to win two games before their opponents win one.

• Many players are not clear about the effects of vulnerability and doubling respectively upon the premiums for overtricks. Unless the bid is doubled the premium for each trick over the bid is 50 points whether the bidder is vulnerable or not. When doubled, each overtrick counts 100 when invulnerable and 200 when "vul," besides the bonus for making the contract.

A great many players are confused regarding the bonuses for slams. There is no bonus unless the slam is bid. Small slam counts 500 when not "vul" and 750 when

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"vul"; but if a grand slam is bid and only a small slam is made, there is no bonus and the bidding side is penalized for being set one trick. Grand slam is worth twice as much as small slam; but if small slam is bid and grand is made, the small slam bonus is scored. These bonuses are not affected by doubling and redoubling.

The question of the value of a game is vitally important and yet is probably misunderstood by more players than any other feature of the game. When his opponents have won the first game of the rubber the average player will overbid desperately to keep them from winning the second. He will take a set of 600 rather than let his opponents win that second game, reasoning that since it would give them a 700 rubber it is worth 700 points. On the other hand he will scarcely overbid at all to keep his opponents from winning the first game. Yet the first and second games of a rubber are actually worth the same amount; 350 points, plus whatever is scored for tricks and overtricks.

• It is easy to see why the first game of a rubber is worth 350 points. After a side has won the first game, there is an exactly even chance that it will win the second and a 700 rubber; half the time it will win the second game and half the time the other side will win it. When the other side wins it, both sides have an equal chance to win the third game and a 500 rubber; therefore one-fourth of the time the side winning the first game will win a 500 rubber and one-fourth of the time it will lose a 500 rubber. Out of four times, a side winning the first game will win a 700 rubber twice, will win a 500 rubber once, and will lose a 500 rubber once. On the three rubbers it wins, it will make 700 plus 700 plus 500 in bonuses, and on the rubber it loses, it will lose a bonus of 500. That makes a net gain of 1900 minus 500 or 1400 on the four rubbers, which is an average profit of 350 points per rubber for a side winning the first game.

• Having won the first game, therefore, a side may expect to make on the average 350 points on the rubber (besides its score for tricks, overtricks, and miscellaneous). If it can then win the second game it will make 700 on the rubber; so winning that game would increase its profit exactly 350 points. The second game is also worth 350 to the *opponents* of the side which has won the first; for if they win it they will wipe out the 350-point advantage which the vulnerable side obtained by winning the first game.

When both sides have a game neither has any advantage; each would average to break even on a series of such rubbers; neither can expect to win or lose any particular rubber. Therefore the side that wins the third game and a 500 rubber increases its expected profit on the rubber by 500 points, which is the value of the third game.

The side that wins the first game of a rubber is not permitted by the laws to score 350 points bonus; but there could be no possible objection to its doing so. If it won the second game it would then have two 350's instead of 700, which would surely not hurt the other side's feelings. If the other side won the second game its 350 would cancel that of the first side, and the 500 scored by the side winning the third game would be its net bonus on the rubber.

Of course a game is worth more than its bonus—at least a hundred points more, since it takes 100 points below the line to make a game. The minimum value of a game is as follows: first game 450 points; second game, regardless of who won the first, 450 points; third game 600 points. It is obviously sound to risk a set of 400 points to save a first or second game, and 600 points to save the third, *when practically sure the other side would make their contract;* but it would be folly to bid and be set when it is possible to set one's opponents.

• A novel method of keeping score, and one that has much to recommend it, is for each player to start with a stack of chips and pay his losses on each hand as soon as the hand is over. This saves laborious adding and subtracting at the end of each rubber, and simplifies the settlement at the end of the evening. Each player pays the opponent on his right and collects from the one on his left. The blue chips are 500, the reds 50, and the whites 5. A stack of 3000 is sufficient to start with; if a player loses his whole stack he buys another stack from someone else. The only score that has to be kept is how much each side has on game and whether either has a game on rubber. For this purpose a plain pad about two inches square is big enough and doesn't take up much space on the table. At the beginning of a rubber draw a vertical line down the center of the pad and also a horizontal line through the center of the pad. When "we" make a game, put an x in the upper left-hand corner; when "they" make a game, in the upper right-hand corner. If a partial score is made write it instead of an x in the proper corner. When one side kills the other side's partial score, draw a line through it and put an x on the opposite side; when the side with the partial score makes game write the x over it, thus crossing it out. After a side has one game put its partial score on its second game in the lower corner. When one side wins the rubber simply tear the top sheet off the pad and throw it away.

Mr. Turner will be glad to answer any questions sent to him in care of Women's City Club.

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League Bridge

• The Women's City Club has a Bridge Section, known as the League Bridge, which meets every Tuesday afternoon from 2 o'clock, and Tuesday evening at 7:30 in the Chinese Room. It has met, week after week, since the days of the "National League," in Kearny Street. Members are invited to join.

3292 Visits

were made in June to homes in San Francisco, where Registered Nurses rendered skilled care.

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Censoring the Conduct of College Women

—MABEL BARBEE LEE
Assistant Dean of Radcliffe

The novelty of educating women has not yet worn off in spite of the fact hat many of our mothers and some of our randmothers have received college de-rees. The question of their mental ca-acity is no longer one of debate, for they ve settled that by their high scholastic cords; but their ability to take social in-ative for themselves is still one of the rning topics of the day.

Twenty-five years ago the problems of cial conduct in women's colleges and in educational institutions were compara-ely simple. The authority of the church d home was accepted without dispute by e majority of students; and the campus s a continuation of the family environ-nt. Deans and deans of women were garded, for better or for worse, as pa-ntal substitutes. Their judgment as to at nice young women did and did not was final; and their power to discipline transgressors of tradition and good te was supreme. Those were the days en too few petticoats and too many se hair puffs became momentous issues, l the girl who lifted her skirts above h shoe tops and flashed a cerise dust rle became the object of grave academic ncern. No lady would have smoked a garette in public, or thought of going to a arty where there was drinking. The aperon was accepted as a part of the ne order of things, and one seldom for-got to greet her at the beginning or to id her good-night at the end of a dance. Not even in the privacy of her bedroom ere a girl's thoughts allowed to stray, for th walls were hung with 'creeds' and 'aphonies' and mottoes reminding her to be noble, loyal, and true. It was the age of stereotyped goodness.

Sometimes in the nineties the idea of student government began to take root in the larger colleges where women were be-ing educated. Whether it originated as a result of *student agitation* or of *faculty prescience* one cannot say. There is evi-dence for both sides.

A paragraph from a report read at the summer convention, in 1905, of the Na-tional Education Association says: "There is in the minds of the children and youth of today a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority; a lack of respect for knowledge and superior wisdom; a weak ap-preciation of the demands of duty; a dis-position to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. This con-dition demands the earnest thought and action of our leaders of opinion, and places important obligations upon our school authorities." What a familiar ring! It could easily be one of the many generali-ties which are written about the boys and girls of today; but instead, it was said about the youthful ebullitions of you and me.

On the other hand President Eliot one of the greatest educational leaders of his time, had said that the "real object in edu-cation, in so far as the development of character is concerned, is to cultivate in the child a capacity for self-government, not a habit of submission to an over-whelm-ing, arbitrary, external power; but the habit of obeying the dictates of honor and duty as enforced by action and will-power." Such an ideal must have been in part the inspiration for the first adventures in pro-moting self-governing associations in the colleges. And if the original purpose has become somewhat obscured, it is, perhaps, because ideals have a way of eluding the efforts of men to capture and shape them into concrete forms.

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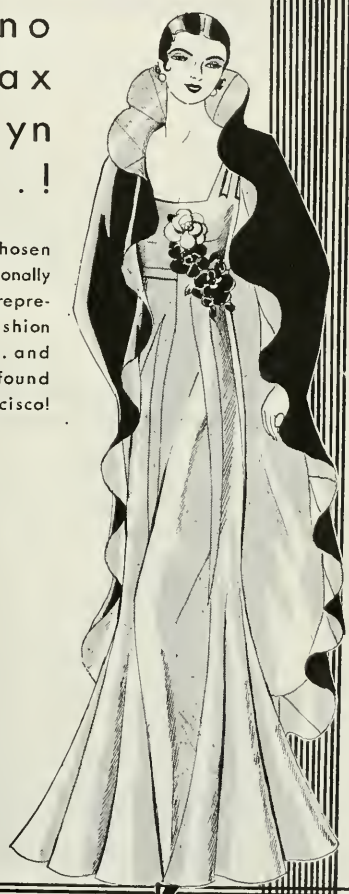

A typical Carolyn value . . this gorgeous gown of baby pink satin, at $39.50, with wrap of brown velveteen lined with the same satin, at . . $39.50

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Every time there is a mysterious disappearance, or a case of sex irregularity, the college is not only sensitive to the tragedy of the affair, but it is apt to feel that its intellectual and moral integrity is at stake. Hundreds of letters may pour into the office of the president protesting against everything from the quality of the curriculum to the idiosyncrasies of the teachers; registration of students may drop off, and pledges to the endowment fund may be canceled. One would think that such things never happened in the communities away from the campus, and that the college had been, in some strange manner, criminally negligent.

It requires high courage to ignore such attacks, no matter how unjustified they may be. To react to them, however, by seeking refuge in numerous stringent rules is an obvious admission of weakness.

There is a parable in *Creative Experience*, by M. P. Follett, which illustrates beautifully the way in which the young may be set free and helped to grow in moral stature. "Last summer," it reads, "I noticed a strange plant in our pasture. I did not know what it was. I had no picture in my mind of what flower or fruit it would bear, but I freed it. That is, I dug around it and opened the soil that the rain might fall on its roots. I cleared out the thistles with which it was entangled so that it might have room to spread; I cut down the undergrowth of small maples near so that it could get the sun. In other words, I freed it."

The colleges educating women, in their turn, should be free, financially and morally, to develop their cultural objectives without being distracted by extraneous issues, such as the bobbing of hair a few years ago, and, more recently, the smoking of cigarettes. There will always be hypercritical parents and alumnæ; the general public will continue, doubtless, to contribute to the cause its sheaf of uninformed opinions. But these things need not disturb institutions that are firmly established. It is their high duty to become leaders in promoting more mature social attitudes toward women, not only as students, but as citizens in the community at large where they must work and make their homes.

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Sept. 12 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas.
Sept. 13 LA TRAVIATA (Italian)—Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 15 GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (Italian)—Jeritza, Marlo, Jagel, Viviani, Oliviero, Picco.
Sept. 17 LA BOHEME (Italian)—Mario, Farncroft, Gigli, Viviani, Pinza, Picco.
Sept. 19 HAENSEL AND GRETEL (German)—Mario, Manski, Atkinson, Sandrini.
A NAUGHTY BOY'S DREAM (French). (American Premiere.) Cast to be announced.
Sept. 20 CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA (Italian)—Jeritza, Atkinson, Jagel, Viviani.
I PAGLIACCI (Italian)—Jeritza, Rayner, Thomas, Picco, Paltrinieri.
Sept. 22 MIGNON (French)—Mario, Gigli, Clairbert, Marlo, Pinza, Paltrinieri, Sandrini. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 23 TANNHAUSER (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Rayner, Thomas, Pinza. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 25 FAUST (French)—Hampton, Jagel, Pinza, Thomas. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 27 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas, Oliviero. MATINEE.
Sept 27 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (Italian)—Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani, D'Angelo, Oliviero. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky. EVENING.
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French Classes Resume

● Mme. Rose Olivier will resume her French classes September 1. Members who are interested may register at the Information Desk on the Main Floor and will be notified of the date of the first meeting.

The rates to members for Beginning, Intermediate and the Advanced Theory Classes are $6.50 for fifteen lessons.

Non-members — $7.50 for fifteen lessons.

Conversational Classes—For members, $7.50 for twelve lessons.

For non-members, $9.00 for twelve lessons.

Mme. Leopoldina Steffani will form classes in Italian. Rates and conditions same as French.

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Swimming is "Vogue"

The Swimming Pool is one of the attractive features of the Women's City Club and one in which members and their children take equal delight.

Swimming is both a sport and a necessity to fitness. One who is unable to swim is one not fully equipped to combat every emergency in life. Classes in swimming are constantly conducted with girls of all ages and women classified according to their proficiency and experience.

On Saturday mornings the pool or tan is a scene of gay animation with swimming parties of school girls, who follow their dip with luncheon parties. Then to the matinee —or to a bridge party in the Chinese Room of the Club.

Private lessons in swimming are also available to Club members. Rates may be obtained at the Information Desk.

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"Natlea" Wins Prize

● R. Sicotte, 537 Moultrie Street, San Francisco is the winner of the prize offered by the Women's City Club for the most suitable name for Beauty Preparations made and sold in the Beauty Salon. "Natlea," a combination of the words National League, is the name evolved and will be used henceforth as the trade name of all preparations used in the Beauty Salon.

▲ ▲ ▲

New San Francisco Hotel

● The Maurice Hotel, just opened at 761 Post street has a distinct appeal for women. A woman chef, expert in the things culinary, presides over the splendidly equipped kitchen, which is the last word with its three huge frigidaires, its separate ice-making plant, its steam and other table of Monel aluminum and nickel fittings.

Mr. J. F. Bortzmeyer, an experienced hotel man, is manager.

ne Hundred Days
Sunshine

Do the people of California realize that this year we have four cruises ving from our own ports? Two of these ises are Round-the-World cruises, one Around-the-Pacific, and the fourth is und the continent of South America.

or Californians there are two very dis- t advantages in these two world cruises. st, the considerable one of stepping ard at our own port, making the get- g away process an easier one and there- avoiding a rail journey to New York ing the cold winter season. Second, the portunity of remaining in Europe for a it at the end of the cruise, returning to United States at a later date.

he S.S. SAMARIA sails from San Fran- o on December 21, 1930.

he S.S. BELGENLAND sails from San ncisco on January 4, 1931.

he Round-the-Pacific Cruise, made gn this year on the palatial S.S. Ma- co follows much the same itinerary as st year, offering a unique opportunity to sit Hawaii, the Orient and its colorful nes and native life, Siam and Java with its ancers, Bali, Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Isles of Fiji and Sa- oa. The distance covered on water will be 4,000 miles, or nearly the distance around the world. Delightful excursions will be made ashore,—by jinrickisha, sedan chair, motor car and special train. For com- pleteness and variety this cruise is particu- larly remarkable. The sailing date from San Francisco is September 20, 1930.

Our southern continent will again be visited by the S.S. CITY OF LOS ANGELES, and will include not only South America and the interesting trip through the Straits of Magellan, continuing north making call at sophisticated Buenos Aires and the ever beautiful Rio de Janiero, but will also sail through the Panama Canal and touch ports in Mexico and Central America.

The sailing date from Los Angeles is October 8, 1930.

Interest in these four splendid cruises is increased and steadily growing. To plan for any one of these trips one must give the

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matter real thought. You will find the Women's City Club Travel Service, under the management of Miss Alice Carr who is fully conversant with all details of these cruises, supplied with all folders and information in connection with them. Miss Carr will be glad to submit reservations and prices for your approval.

● For information and convenience of Women's City Club members are listed below the outstanding cruises for this fall and winter, together with dates and *minimum* fares. A full supply of folders and detailed information may be had at the Travel Office of the Club, in the lobby on the first floor. *There is no charge for any service.*

Cruise in the Offing

Around the Pacific

September 20, SS. Malolo, 91 days $15

Around South America

October 8, SS. City of Los Angeles, 71 days $10

Great African Cruise

January 17, SS. Transylvania, 97 days, $14

Round the World

December 2, Empress of Australia, 137 days $20
December 3, Samaria, 139 Days $20
December 15, Belgenland, 134 days $17
January 6, Resolute, 140 days $20
January 10, Franconia, 139 days $20
January 21, Columbus, 107 days $20

DOLLAR LINE offers regular service around the world every two weeks ... $12

Mediterranean—Egypt—Holy Land

January 8, Britannic, 46 days ..... $ 7
January 17, Adriatic, 46 days ..... $
January 24, Homeric, 66 days $1
January 27, Scythia, 67 days ..... $
January 31, Laurentic, 58 days ..... $
January 31, Hamburg, 70 days ..... $
January 31, Carinthia, 65 days $1
February 3, Empress of France, 73 days, $
February 5, Rotterdam, 72 days ..... $
February 14, Calgaric, 68 days ..... $
February 26, Britannic, 46 days ..... $
March 7, Adriatic, 46 days ..... $

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Australian Crawl, Trudgeon Crawl, Breast and Side Strokes taught individually or in classes of half-hour periods.

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Through the courtesy of the Samark Ice Cream Company, flowers may be livered directly to the Club. Deliveries made daily from Marin County. The dr leaving San Anselmo at 8 a.m. Each T day and Friday deliveries are made f Palo Alto, the driver leaving at 3 p passing through San Mateo before 4 o'clock. The Associated Oil station loc at Park Road and the Highway will ceive flowers and give them to the San kand driver. The Club is in need of flo at all times and we ask members to a themselves of the opportunity afforde this service.

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continuing the practice of his father,
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ome Educational Books

Herewith are listed several books on education selected because they give expression to a heretofore inarticulate conviction or because they stimulate original thinking.

The first and smallest and best, entitled "hn Dewey, The Man and His Philosophy" (Harvard University Press), contains the addresses delivered in New York in October, 1929, on the occasion of his entieth birthday. "The Awakening College" (Norton) is by Clarence Cook Little, time assistant dean of Harvard College, then president of the University of Maine, and lately president of the University of Michigan. "The New Education in Europe" (Dutton) by Frederick William Roman, appears in a second edition, revised and enlarged. The last and most valuable is entitled "The Dangers of Obedience and Other Essays" (Harpers) by Harold J. Laski, professor of Political Science in the University of London.

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(*Continued from page 2*)

"Pretty slipper, all right—where d'you get 'em—Frank More?"

He nodded.

"Now—where were we—oh, yes—you were saying you went up to Earth—quite so—wasn't it—did you float up safely?"

Again she nodded.

"Well"—he lit a cigarette—"suppose you had a great time—parties, re-unions, old friends—they must have made a fuss, fuss over you."

"Yes," she said, still staring down at her feet.

The Seal puffed at his cigarette for a minute. Then—"The Eel went along too, didn't he—great old boy, the Eel—knows how to travel—"

Alice faced about—"What on Earth do you mean?" she said blankly—"I never did see the Eel from the time I left and I got back."

The Seal threw away his cigarette. "Do you mean that?"—he stared solemnly at Alice.

"Of course I mean it," she almost shouted.

The Seal leaned across the table—thereby upsetting one glass of water, one tea cup and one cream pitcher—"Alice"—his voice had a queer sound—"Alice, why did you go up to Earth?"

She dropped her eyes.

"Alice"—he leaned still nearer—"was it to—get—away from me?"

"Do you really want to know?" she asked with her head still bent.

"Tell me," he said almost savagely.

"Well—then"—she waited a moment—then—with a quiver of laughter in her voice—"I went up to get my pocket handkerchief!"

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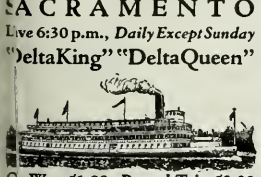

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Recent Investment Trends

—AGNES N. ALWYN

● Recently considerable attention has been given by financial writers to investment trusts, a type of security which was almost unknown to American investors a very few years ago. Investment trusts are a relatively new fashion in securities in America, but are old in Europe.

The principles of the investment trust were originated in Belgium in 1822 to foster the development of national industries. Switzerland followed in 1849, a few years later the Scotch saw the value of investment trusts, as did the English. There are more than one hundred and seventy investment trusts in the British Isles. It is a rather interesting commentary that the origin and success of this type of security have taken place in countries whose people are characteristically thrifty and cautious in matters of finance.

Questions concerning investment trusts have been sent to me, and since some of the information requested may be of interest to other members of The Woman's City Club I will include it in this article.

"What is the difference between a fixed trust and a mobile trust?" A *fixed trust* is one in which the securities held in the trust are specifically named, and no charge or substitution of securities may be made, except in the event of any one of the companies in the trust passing their dividend. The safety of a fixed trust depends upon the soundness of the securities selected. Each security in a fixed trust should be of the highest standard with a past record of soundness extending over a period of years.

A *mobile trust* is one, as the name implies, in which the securities may be moved or changed. In a mobile trust, management is the vital factor. Since it is within the power of the management to sell or change the securities in the mobile trust it is essential that the management possess excellent judgment.

In a fixed trust the shareholder knows exactly what is in the trust, and may watch the current market price of the securities in the trust, and thus form an estimate of the market value of the trust share.

In a mobile trust, where the securities in the trust are not known accurately at all times, it is not possible to watch the trend, for better or worse. That is why management is so important. One relies upon management almost entirely in a mobile trust.

This, very briefly, outlines the fundamental difference between fixed and mobile trusts. There are trusts which are var

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AGNES N. ALWYN

associated with this national investment organization will be happy to cooperate with members of the Women's City Club in working out their individual investment problems.

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ions of the two main types, but the fixed ust appears to find favor with a great any investors, inasmuch as America is e home of the largest fixed trust, the lorth American Trust Shares, in which ere is now invested over one hundred llion dollars.

In considering an investment trust the ne rule holds good that applies to the rchase of any other security. Know who its sponsors and how reliable they are. ow accurately what type of trust it is. idy the earnings and history of the corations whose securities are in the trust tfolio. Learn what the average annual rn on deposited stocks of the trust has n over a period of years. Accurate inmation on the above subjects will guide yt as to the merits of the security under sideration.

▲ ▲ ▲

Grls' Housing Bureau Sends Request for Volunteers

equests for Volunteers have been reeed from the Girls' Housing Bureau, loedon the second floor of the Women's C Club and also for automobile service, te used in following up cases for the Soety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cdren.

either of the above cases, the Volner may give any amount of time, and ser any day which suits her convenience. Fony further information consult Mrs. Rys, in the Executive Office, fourth flo Women's City Club.

▲ ▲ ▲

Fiding a Place to Live

To find a city home for the business or professional woman too busy to hun a home for herself is the self-appnted task of the Girls' and Women's Hoing Bureau, located in Room 214 of the Women's City Club Building.

Whether the desired home be an apartner a shared apartment, a boarding plac a girls' club, a view room on Russian Hill house-keeping room, or a bungalow with hospitable hearth and cheery garden, the ousing Bureau will supply it.

The acknowledged psychological value of pasant environment makes the matter of ding suitable personal living quarters of rl importance; the Housing Bureau has vailable a goodly number of accommodions which offer charm, quiet, and ate range suitable to those having job as well as to those holding "positions

Many newcomers to the city are taking dvatage of this new civic enterprise, as are tse who have been living in inadequat or uncomfortable lodging due to 'no ne to look."

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Home Economics

—BY CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Warm weather during the summer has brought about many changes in San Francisco. Wicker chairs and tables with awning fabric swings, are to be seen everywhere this year. In the small homes, as well as at the imposing mansions; even on the wee balconies of hotels and apartments, these delightful furnishings add their note of gaiety.

Veranda parties have thus become the vogue and smart hostesses are taking advantage of such charming surroundings entertaining for luncheon, bridge and late evening repasts.

Think of the joy of resting in one of the comfy chairs, while watching the moon rise above the hills, with the twinkling stars reflected in the glistening waters of the Bay. And the brilliantly lighted ferry boats ploughing their way, tooting to the giant liners or lowly tug boats with their tows. Or perhaps, down by the sea, where the long rolling waves lap the shore, coming higher and higher on the sand, then receding, leaving its wake of ripples on the beach. Maybe, its a cottage high in the mountains, tucked away in the redwoods and ferns. No matter, where it is—the veranda makes an ideal setting for parties at this time of the year.

With such a background, one must necessarily turn to food as it is of equal importance in entertaining. Delicious dishes with a minimum of labor are possible if a generous supply of canned and bottled foods are kept in your pantry. Do not hesitate to use canned foods, for the very best of the crops in both fruit and vegetables, as well as choice fish, fowl and milk are used. Not only to comply with rigid food laws, but the commercial packer is proud of his products and so these canned foods are free from bacteria and contain the necessary vitamins, minerals and nutrients which the human requires for good.

● In using canned foods, one must give the same care as to fresh foods—that of keeping it covered and in a cool place, but it is not necessary to remove the contents from the can, as so many seem to think—as the container is sterile and there is no danger of contamination from that source.

Content in the knowledge that canned foods are safe to use, and there are over two hundred varieties of meats, fish, fruits, vegetables and specialties — the hostess may serve complete meals from cans. Even butter comes in that form for campers. In planing parties—it is best to have enough foodstuffs to serve ten or twelve — so to save money, buy in case or at least dozen lots. All-canned food menus for entertaining at luncheon, afternoon teas, or bridge during the daylight hours, or late evening repasts may be worked out upon this basis:

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Luncheon: Cream of tomato soup. Lobster in ramekins, peas and hot biscuits. Raspberry charlotte. Coffee or punch.

Bridge refreshments: Chicken salad served in finger rolls; jelly, and cheese and pimento fancy sandwiches; strawberry mousse, small cakes and coffee. Punch.

Afternoon tea: Punch. Petit fours, with brick ice cream and sundae sauce of fruit or berries. Coffee.

Evening refreshments: Creamed fish, bread and butter sandwiches; sponge cake with brick ice cream filling and fruit sauce coffee and punch.

Evening repast: Assorted fish, meat and cheese sandwiches, with peach ice cream petit fours and coffee. Punch.

To make sandwiches: Turn contents of can of sardines into dish, draining off excess oil. Mash with a silver fork and season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Spread on thinly sliced white bread, with strips of lettuce.

Chicken, or tuna fish, may be mashed fine, seasoned with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce and a little tart salad dressing, then spread on white or whole wheat bread with lettuce.

Any fish: Lobster, salmon, tuna or shrimps may be added to a cream sauce for an entree. Mushrooms, canned, pimientos and chopped green peppers—also canned may be added for a la King service. Chicken, canned—may be served in this mode also.

• Delicious ices and sherbets, also ice box cakes and punch may be prepared with canned fruits—and the coffee too, comes from a can—so only the seasonings, sugar and breads with lettuce and butter are required for serving tasty refreshments.

To make a raspberry charlotte: Scald one cup of milk, add two-thirds cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. In the meantime soak two tablespoons of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes, add to the hot milk and stir until dissolved. Remove from fire and add one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Strain into a bowl, and add one cup of canned raspberries. Place bowl in a pan filled with crushed ice and stir until the mixture commences to thicken, then fold in one cup of pastry cream which has been stiffly whipped—also two egg whites, stiffly whipped. Turn mixture into one large or eight small molds and place in refrigerator until firm and chilled.

Canned blackberries, strawberries or loganberries may be used if desired.

Canned fruits and juices are dandy and fine in punches. Add one or two cups of pureed pulp to any punch recipe or use this:

APRICOT PUNCH: Rub two cups of canned apricots and juice through a puree sieve. Combine the juice of two oranges and one lemon and one cup of sweet apple cider and pour over the pureed apricots.

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Stir thoroughly, then strain. Let stand until chilled, then dilute with charged water to suit. Add sugar if desired and a pretty garnish would be thin slices of bananas.

▲ ▲ ▲

If You Like Rhubarb...Drink It

Mix equal quantities of tea and rhubarb juice together. To each cup of liquid, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup (made by boiling equal quantities of sugar and water together for 5 minutes). Chill and serve with ice. Garnish with lemon and sprigs of mint.

▲ ▲ ▲

Three Canapes

Open sandwiches can be served as the first course at dinner, when they are called canapés.

Pinwheel Canapé—Spread bread circles with butter mixed with a little anchovy paste. With two strips of pimiento, divide circle into quarters. Fill sections alternately with egg yolk pressed through a sieve and chopped egg white.

Black and White Canapé—Chop the whites of hard-cooked eggs, season and mix with a little mayonnaise dressing, then spread generously over bread, leaving a small well in center. Fill with caviar. If preferred, use the red caviar which is cheaper.

Watercress Canapé—Cut bread in fancy shapes; soften butter and blend with it finely-chopped watercress. Spread over the bread and put a border of it around the edge, using a pastry tube.

▲ ▲ ▲

Ah! Mint Jelly!

Wash and cut tart apples in quarters. (Use Greenings or other colorless apples.) Put into a kettle and almost cover with water. Cook slowly until apples are soft and mushy. Turn into jelly bag and allow juice to drip through. Measure juice. For each cup of juice, allow two-thirds cup sugar. Boil juice rapidly for five minutes, add sugar, and continue to boil rapidly. Put a few sprigs of fresh mint into the jelly while cooking, and color it a delicate green with vegetable color-paste or liquid. When jelly is done remove from fire, take out mint, skim if necessary, and pour immediately into hot jelly glasses. Cover with thin layer of paraffin. When cold, cover with second layer of paraffin.

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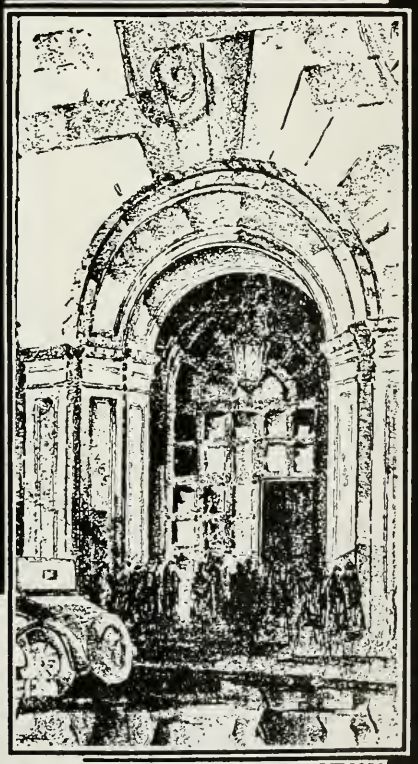


September · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 8

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 1, 1930

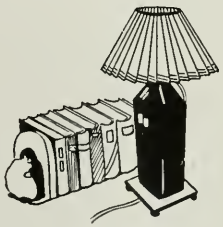
CHORAL SECTION—Every Monday, beginning September 8, at 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Every Tuesday at 2 and 7 o'clock. Chinese Room.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—Every Thursday at 8 o'clock. Auditorium.

FRENCH CLASSES—Conversational Class every Friday at 11 o'clock beginning September 12. Beginning, Intermediate and Advanced Classes every Monday from 6 to 9 o'clock, beginning September 15.

September 3—Current Events Section . . . . . *Auditorium* Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.		8:00 o'clock
3—Lecture on Appreciation of Art . . . . *Card Room* Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.		12:00 o'clock
4—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* Speaker: Miss Aline Kistler. Subject: "Housekeeping in Mexico."		8:00 o'clock
4—Book Review Dinner . . *National Defenders' Room* Book to be reviewed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard: "Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe.		6:00 o'clock
11—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* Speaker: Dr. E. A. Van Nuys. Subject: "Eight Hundred Miles Up the Nile."		8:00 o'clock
18—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* Speaker: Mr. William Mooser. Subject: "The Story of the New Court House in Santa Barbara."		8:00 o'clock
25—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* Speaker: To be announced. Subject: "An Evening in Holland."		8:00 o'clock



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THE NEW ADVENTURES of ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 11

● "Well—well—how's the boy?", the Eel winked off his monocle and puckered up his mouth in what he considered his best George Arliss-ian manner.

The Seal slowed down and thrust out a not too cordial flapper — "All right, thanks — how's the big Wiggle?"

"Oh, I'm frightfully fit, you know—in the pink, absolutely in the pink, my manual trainer tells me! Just watch this—" he twisted himself into three perfect coils, and gazed complacently at the Seal from the top of the third coil.

"Great," said the Seal, unemotionally —"simply great. Nothing like keeping limber, is there, to stave off middle age?"

"Oh," said the Eel, recoiling and uncoiling at the same time—"middle age—ha—ha—that's a good one—middle age—that's certainly a good one!"

"Glad you like it," said the Seal dryly. "Well—" he pulled his cap down a little further on his head—"guess I'll be slipping along—shake a dey-dey."

"Hold on—wait a second—I'll dawdle along with you—" the Eel writhed along at his side. "By the way — hear you're building a house?"

"Yeah," said the Seal, lighting a cigarette.

"May I ask what for?" the Eel coughed slightly.

"Oh—I always kinda wanted a house," said the Seal.

"What do you plan to do with it?"—the Eel's lip curled a little.

"Oh, I don't know," the Seal grinned—"maybe I might live in it—who knows?"

"Alone?"—the Eel's lip curled a little more.

"Oh, maybe not," said the Seal, flicking an ash off onto the Eel's left eyebrow—"maybe I'll adopt a little orphan shrimp —they say there's a lot of little fatherless, motherless shrimps around."

"Humph"—said the Eel not too pleasantly. Then — "Hear you've installed a Pittsburg Heater—."

"Oh, dear me yes—" said the Seal—"you couldn't bring up little shrimps without plenty of hot water."

"Humph," said the Eel again.

"Yes—sir—" said the Seal—"hot baths at any time or all hours! You just couldn't keep little orphan shrimps waiting! Soak and stew any time the mood catches 'em—bless their little orphan hearts!"

"M—M—M—," said the Eel, swimming hard to keep up—"very nice, I'm

(Continued on page 27.)

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SAN FRANCISCO

VOL. IV SEPTEMBER 1930 No. 8

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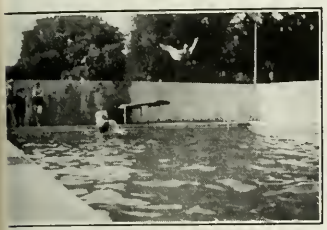

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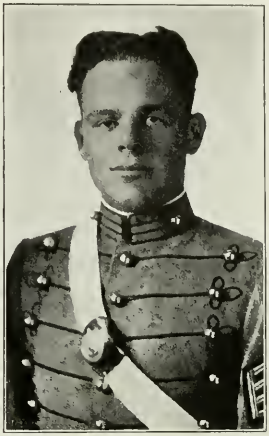

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● Repetition is boring both to reader and to writer. Therefore, I am continuing our story into Chapter Two asking you to read Chapter One in the August magazine, if by chance your vacationing caused you to miss the beginning of my serial. The response to the initial call has justified the prophecy that we have "a bright idea" despite the fact that I have been accused by a few of being indefinite and of having failed to put the matter concretely. It has already been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Exhibition in November will be interesting to us all and will be welcomed by many as a definite moment for meeting those whom we are proud to call fellow-members. Some rare talent among us is coming to light. We are ferreting out experts who (too busy with their own daily tasks and modest with a fineness of character we much admire) have walked quietly and perhaps only occasionally in our midst; for example, authors, painters—oil and miniature—composers, hand craft workers, etc., etc. Then too we are hearing from members who have served assiduously in the past and who are enjoying a Sabbatical year from definite service, but who are responding most enthusiastically to this specific call, the women who had the vision which built our clubhouse, the women who create ideas and projects to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for the National-League accomplishments of the past—all looking forward to meeting on November fifth and sixth those with whom they worked and with whom they may reminisce.

It is well for us to make new friends as we pass on our way and so we plan our annual foregathering when we shall be introduced to each other as present-day members. It is well to remember old friends and those pleasures we have lived together and so we meet to reminisce and come to the clubhouse sure that on two days of each year at least we shall find our friends of the past. This playtime each year will rededicate us to the National League for Woman's Service and will rekindle our enthusiasm for this League of ours which has been pushed into the background temporarily while we provided a fitting house in which it might grow and develop.

But we cannot really enjoy our play together in November unless we have shared in its preparation (the name of this exhibition is still awaiting the genius who shall christen the idea). As President I have answered every signed letter you have ever sent me. I shall consider your returned questionnaire as personal and I sincerely ask that you use this very magazine as your medium and give me the inspiration of your co-operation.

The questionnaire is reprinted in this issue and if you have not returned yours yet, please do so immediately. If in doubt regarding Question 2, put a cross opposite the Thursday luncheon date and come to discuss with the committee what you have in mind as your possible talent. There is far more in this simple act, than you perhaps realize. Let me remind you that you have elected leaders, not substitutes for your own personal club obligation. They can accomplish something for your and their club only with your help—without you, their title is a misnomer. The table at the west end of the Cafeteria is not an exclusive one! It is for your personal use and you will stimulate your committee and get far better results from them if you will voluntarily introduce yourself to the group there assembled each Thursday. Another thing you can do is to tell us of others who do things particularly well. Am I answering those who say Chapter One was too indefinite?

You are now privileged to be part of a really creative period in the Club history. I urge you to seize this opportunity to become an integral part in the initiation of a festival which promises to make our Club as famous as our already widely-heralded volunteer service. Make this your very own experience, for memory is a precious possession for life.

I will attend luncheon with the Central Committee in the Club Cafeteria on the Thursday I have checked below:

September	4	11	18	25	
October	2	9	16	23	30

The product of my talent to be offered the Club will be.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone No......

What is your Magnum Opus?

● "What shall I show?" is the question echoing through the corridors of the City Club as members greet each other. It is generally countered with "What are *you* going to show?" Or, "What are *you* going to make?" For of course it is understood that whatever the exhibitor shows must be of her own creation.

The subject of this crossfire of interrogation is, of course, the Exhibit to be held in the City Club Auditorium November 5 and 6, when each member is invited to bring the *piece de resistance* of her own making, to represent her in the abundance of beauty and utility which will be this Autumn Festival.

There is so much talent in the aggregate of eight thousand members, that the wonder grows where it is all to be shown.

But that is the problem of the committee in charge, and the liet motif of the present moment is "What?"

Why do certain women enter certain fields? Why should one be an etcher of copper when another, probably in the same family, is a baker of biscuits, a brewer of root beer or a prober of the Milky Way? "It's the difference of opinion," said Mark Twain, that makes horse races.

It's the difference of trends and tastes that makes the world the vastly intriguing place it is.

What a bore the November Exhibit would be if every member specialized in, say, woolen cross-stitch? Or even seven-league canvasses of Magdalen, Peter and Paul, painted with comet's tail brushes. Either in excess would pall.

But there is no danger of sameness. The likelihood at this date is an array as varied as the temperaments of the eight thousand members. That is the appeal and the challenge of the thing.

In the following pages several members tell of their work and of the circumstances which determined their embracing their professions and vocations. Perhaps there will be inspiration or suggestion to others.

▲ ▲ ▲

Rare Chart to be shown by Compiler

● One of the interesting exhibits will be a book compiled by Mrs. Isaac Roberts (Dorothea Klumpke Roberts), a rare collection of prints showing maps of the heavens as made by her husband.

Technically and among astronomers it is knowns as "Isaac Roberts' Atlas of 52 Regions, a Guide to Herschel's Fields of Nebulosities."

Bound in gray vellum, the volume is one of a limited edition publised in 1928 by Mrs. Roberts in commemoration of Isaac Roberts' centennary. The plates are reproduced from photographs obtained by Dr. Roberts in a survey at his private observatory at Starfield of areas of the sky where Sir William Herschel had discovered 52 nebulosities during his sweeps of the heavens in the period from 1783 to 1802.

Mrs. Roberts, whose home is in Paris at the Maison de Rosa Bonheur, is one of the distinguished figures of contemporary astronomy. Mrs. Roberts writes to Miss Marion Leale, president of the City Club, "Dorothea Klumpke Roberts takes great pleasure in presenting a copy for the Club of her Atlas recently published entitled, 'Isaac Roberts Atlas of 52 Regions, a Guide to Herschel's Fields of Nebulosity.' "

The volume is a commentary upon the bookbinder's art as well as a rare contribution to science.

▲ ▲ ▲

What shall it be?

—ESTHER FARRIS

● I am going to exhibit at the City Club November 5 and 6, but I am torn between two loves. Shall it be my book of sketches of costumes or shall it be one of the new fall dresses I am planning to make? It's on the lap of the gods.

Meanwhile I should like to tell of how I took up this work which results satisfactorily either as a sketch or as a garment:

"Yes, my dear. They teach you how to cut patterns. Why, you can copy any dress you see even those in French magazines!"

Such was the bit of conversation overheard as two girls sat in the lounge of the Women's City Club. The girl to whom this was addressed was rather smallish, blonde, with a very serious expression on her face. Serious because she had been rather worried and had gone to her friend for advice.

This girl, it was found out later, had from her earliest childhood loved to "make things" and even then had prized her sewing basket with its big needles, baby scissors, baby thimble and bright bits of silk, and it had never been far away from her if she had anything to say about the situation. Doll clothes soon gave way to things for herself, which presented many problems not found before. Yes, she had made herself lots of clothes and while she had worn them with an air of assurance and her friends had told her that she was very clever; but for sometime now she had had some grave misgivings. They were just clothes, always good material because she loved the feel of fine silk, but they seemed to lack something. That certain dash and finesse of detail were lacking and she was worried. It was all very well to say that she was going to copy a Parisian model but even when it was done it was only a dress.

And so that, too, I thought, was my reason for enrolling in a class in Practical Costume Design at a fashion art school. After a bit of study I find that there were other reasons about which I was not conscious at the time and which have prompted me to further effort.

The work offered forms an excellent opportunity for creation, no matter what one's position in life or one's ambitions. What girl is not proud to point to something that she had done, perhaps a perfectly made pattern, a cleverly finished garment, a smart hat, a colorful poster, or an unusual batik and know that there is no other like it in the world.

Enrolled in the classes are all sorts of interesting and unusual girls who are attending for almost as many reasons. There are Russian girls who are very intent upon the problem before them and to whom every moment is precious, wealthy girls who love to spend their time in a creative atmosphere, some who are looking to the day when they will have a shop of their own and in the evening classes are girls who work in factories anxious to better themselves and many office workers who spend from one to four evenings in some class.

De Profundis

—JOSEPHINE BARTLETT

It was so thoroughly appropriate—that blue cover of last month's magazine of the Women's City Club. It harmonized perfectly with my emotions after I had read and digested the opening article. But that coupon to be filled out at the bottom — the border should have been blacker and heavier. And that members of my own sex should have conspired to show-up my weakness—with what fiendish accuracy did they discover the most vulnerable spot!

Yes indeed, when I read that artfully phrased, subtly flattering request in the August issue of the City Club Magazine, the words of the German poet, Adelbert von Chamisso sprang to my mind:

"Nun hast Du mir den ersten
Schmerz gethan,
Der aber traf!" . . .

Which, rendered into free and easy English might be translated: "This is the first time you ever stung me, but you certainly made a good job of it!"

So, we are to offer for display, for the scrutiny of other women (some of them probably carrying lorgnettes) our handiwork! Perhaps the idea is even to get them to spend some of their good money for it! And please fill out the coupon and let us know what you will contribute to this exhibit of All the Arts!

Well, I'm peeved. There are just two things that I can do skillfully with my hands. I can shuffle cards and I can sharpen a carving knife. That lets me out. I can't paint, or carve wood or do batiks or tie-and-dye. As for that ancient and honorable feminine handicraft, sewing, well, there's something about a sharp needle, trailing a long, curling thread that always makes me think of a snake. I'd just as soon be confronted with one as the other.

And there's no alibi for that type of work either

Now with cooking it's different. Popovers that turn out to be pancakes may be excused by a long, passionate tirade against "that darned old oven." A too-salty dish may be hastily modified by the addition of sugar, or cooking a potato in it for a few minutes. The indignation engendered by a poorly prepared roast may be trickily diverted toward the absent, though innocent butcher.

But sewing, that's something else again. A crooked seam is a crooked seam, and no amount of talcum powder can entirely conceal the grime incident to unskillful hemstitching. I know because I've used pounds of it for the purpose, but to no avail.

Ever since that August magazine entered my previously peaceful home and upset my self-complacency I've asked myself, gloomily, over and over again: "What's the good of it all? What's to be gained by this public humiliation?"

But, please, a word of warning. Like Uncle Egbert, I can be pushed just so far. And I've a healthy notion that there are other members of the club who may be sharing my superbly embarrassing situation. We may start reprisals.

Let's! Let's give an Exhibition of Horrible Examples! Think of the moral effect! You know, like the colored pictures of the inebriate's liver? I'm sure the younger members of the club would, of their own free will choose to do better, to be better women As it is, the exhibition now scheduled will only serve to sink many of us deeper into the Slough of Despond and fix our inferiority complexes more firmly than ever.

Yes, by all means, a Exhibition of Horrible Examples. And I nominate at once as my contributions: 1. The draperies in my sun room. 2. A half-finished afghan for a baby boy now in his Junior year in high school, and . . . well . . . perhaps this article wouldn't be such a bad contribution. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Josephine Bartlett is not as "inhibited" as she would lead you to believe. She is one of the valuable members of the staff of National Broadcasting, and she has done many stunning newspaper stories which she might exhibit if she were not so modest. About this time last year she did a notable piece of work for the City Club in staging in the Club Auditorium an exhibit by advertisers in the Women's City Club Magazine.]

▲ ▲ ▲

Develop Your Own Talent

—BARBARA REID ROBSON
Home Economics Consultant

With a sigh Jane put down the book she was reading and glanced at the lovely painting—a woodland scene—that hung over the fireplace. How really worth while it would be, she thought, to write an interesting book. What joy one could bring to others by painting a beautiful picture or modeling a lovely bit of marble.

Jane was the mother of three healthy children and an ideal homemaker. She ran her house efficiently and her fame as a cook had spread through the neighborhood. Yes, she knew she could make a lemon pie that would melt in your mouth and bake an angel food cake of fairy lightness. In fact everything she cooked won the praise of her family. But for Jane this wasn't enough. She wished to produce something that would last; something that the world would approve.

It was most unsatisfactory, she declared, to spend hours producing attractive dishes only to have them disappear in a few minutes. And day after day and week after week the same routine must be followed.

If she had but glanced behind the scenes in the lives of writers and artists whom she envied she would have found the same routine — the same drudgery. A book whether it lives or not for posterity isn't dashed off in a moment.

Of course it is discouraging to spend hours baking and brewing with apparently nothing to show for it all in the end. But hasn't the homemaker and mother really the greatest thing in the world to show for her expended energy and work when she gives to the world a properly nourished, healthy family?

If one has a talent for cooking and homemaking is it not better to develop that talent and enjoy the results of it rather than to spend one's time envying the person who can create a picture, a piece of pottery or a printed book instead of a luscious plum pie.

Mary Austin, the author says it is a mistake to think of genius as being limited to music, painting and writing and she ventures the belief that she could have been a genius of cookery if she had not felt that she had to write.

A few so called geniuses may chip a statue from stone, paint a flower that rivals the posy in your garden or write a really great book. And when they have finished a certain number of folks will appreciate their efforts and call it art but all of the world appreciates a good cook. To measure and blend materials for the icebox or oven is surely as particular a job as mixing paints for the canvas. To arrange these foods in well balanced meals, keep a home running smoothly and give to society a healthy, normal family takes more than a genius.

Poems are Made by Women Like Me

—MRS. HUGH BROWN

● The President's Message is imperative and personal! "Each member is now asked to contribute the thing she makes best!" I certainly "do not want to be forgotten by the committee in charge." How can *I* compete—I, who do nothing with my hands, and spend my life in purveying other people's words!

"Why don't you submit the verse about the Round-up, Mother?" suggested my son. "I'll bet you're the only woman in the club who ever rode on a Round-up."

"I will!" I answered, "Although I know I ought to submit a pan of biscuit or that devilled crab recipe, because I have a terrible conviction gnawing at me that I'm really a much better cook than I am a poet, but nobody will believe it, for nobody ever suspects that I can cook. I'll enter the verse!"

Out of the envelope in the filing case marked "Personal Manuscripts" came the little old yellowed piece of paper—and then I could not resist getting down the old kodak album to look at the pictures of that eventful trip "when I rode on a Round-up." Never shall I forget the thrill of it, nor cease to be grateful that so romantic an experience came my way.

There were about twenty of us, all told, who rode that year,—two or three men from each adjoining ranch in the district, about five from our own ranch together with myself and the woman who rode with me (the daughter of the "master of the range" as he was called).

Out to the corral at six o'clock in the morning, ready for the day's hard ride. And oh, the excitement of those first few moments! A private rodeo with a yard full of bucking bronchos just for our own entertainment. Then the long, slow trek over the prairie to the dividing point where the men branched out in twos to circle back of the mountains to come up later in the day over the tops of the hills driving the cattle ahead of them down to the central meeting ground and from there back to the meadows at the ranch house. The late afternoon branding of the calves, dinner and bed.

Eight days in the saddle, each day to a different point of the compass—twenty-five miles of hard riding before the lane to the ranch house set the horses to cantering down to the feed-stalls. Tired! tired! tired! —but enthralled, transported, thrilled. The crisp air, the desert colors, the cow-pony that knew what to do better than I did, the cattle—hundreds of them—the little fat calves blatting along by their anxious mothers, the pathetic little orphan calves too weak from starvation to keep up, (it was often my job to lag behind and drive these tragic babies), the bull fights, as a couple of bulls coming down opposite canyons begin to sniff one another and move through the herd until they suddenly come face to face and charge one another like a couple of locomotives, back and forth—BACK AND FORTH—head to head—until one, less agile than the other, feels a gore in his side and the horn of his antagonist ripping open his shoulder. A smear of red slowly soaking through his fur as he bounds back into the troubled herd. One day deer—seven of them; wild game over head; and the last day a climb to ten thousand feet to the top of the world and down over the hogsback through the mahoganies; a lost boy; a signal fire; a forest ranger; a tall lean cow-boy who wore my yellow handkerchief around his throat with the ends fluttering under his right ear, a classy cow-boy who sat his saddle like a king and disdained spurs; the simple comradeship; the tales of adventure; the gallop across the meadow in the late afternoon; the smell of the sage; the smell of the cattle; the purple shadows; romance; a dream? No—For I Rode on a Round-up!

▲ ▲ ▲

"I Rode on a Round-up!"

I know the music of harnessing rattle
For I rode on a round-up!
I know the terror of men branding cattle
For I rode on a round-up!
I've seen the day break in exquisite wonder,
I've felt the wind rushing by me like thunder
While galloping hoofs flung the damp earth asunder,
When I rode on a round-up!

I met a cow-boy that set my heart dancing,
When I rode on a round-up!
Ah, as I gazed, how he set his horse prancing,
When I rode on a round-up!
Oh for the thrill of that glorious feeling,
Heart throbbing, eyes brimming, all senses reeling,
Fear, joy, surrender over me stealing,
When I rode on a round-up!

I am the heifer he roped him that spring-time,
When I rode on a round-up!
Summer and autumn led straight up to ring-time,
When I rode on a round-up!
Lightly his brand he has laid on my shoulder,
Warm is my love and 'twill never grow colder,
Young am I always! I'll never grow older!
FOR I RODE ON A ROUND-UP!

▲ ▲ ▲

My Reason for Studying an Industrial Art

—MARGARET M. CAVANEY

● I am going to exhibit in the November Festival at the Women's City Club as the "thing I do best" a sheaf of pastels and posters as specimens of the work I most enjoy doing. Industrial art is a term which embraces drawing for advertisements, sketches for almost any purpose, such as magazine covers, illustrating for stories and technical articles.

My interest in this field started through my great desire to help myself in the world of art. All my life I have wanted to follow this profession but never had given my time to study as I would like.

I am the mother of three growing children. Now they are old enough to help themselves somewhat and I feel I can devote some part of my day to my work in this great field of art. One of my daughters has shown a great liking and desire for this work. All the more reason why I should study in order to be better able to help her in every way possible.

Through a fashion art school I have found the greatest help and also the greatest pleasure. One looks forward to the day as doing something one truly loves, therefore not a hardship but a joy.

The variety of work holds fast to every one, as each day, or I might say every few days changes the type of work. One day a pen and ink study, then a water color or more interesting still the composing of poster study. So anyone can understand if you have the desire, the pleasure and accomplishment can easily be fulfilled.

Coppersmith Tells How and Why

—MABEL MAC INTOSH

● Finding myself in Munich, Bavaria, in the autumn of 1913, with the whole winter before me and free to take up any line of work or study that offered, my difficulty was to choose something from the wealth of opportunities spread before me. For some time I had been thinking it would be a nice thing to know something about metal work and making of jewelry and here was my chance and before long I was enrolled as a pupil at the von Debschitz school of fine and applied art. In true German fashion instruction began at the ground and the first thing taught was the making of many of the tools used and the mounting of the hammer heads on their handles, sharpening and polishing the engraving chisels and learning how to care for our tools. In Munich I learned how to "hammer up" bowls and cups and such things from sheet brass and copper, how to use the jeweler's saws for pierced work, how to solder and to etch and something of the simpler sort of enamelling. A few pieces of the work done at the German school are still in my possession and have been exhibited once or twice in San Francisco. Seven months of this intensive, thorough training was a wonderful preparation for my work in Ireland where I studied through the summer of 1914 and the winter of 1914-'15 at the Metropolitan School of Art in Dublin. Here the work done was more advanced and really was beyond craft work and might have been classed among the fine arts.

Mr. Oswald Reeves, the teacher was an artist of some note and did exquisite enamels which easily rivalled the fine old French and early Irish pieces. His enthusiasm for his art inspired his pupils and they were all eager to accomplish something worth-while. The result of my study with Mr. Reeves is a heavy copper cup, hammered from the sheet metal, deeply engraved and then enameled. This method is called "champleve." Beside the cup I have a small brass box on the lid of which there is set a square plaque of Limoges enamel. These two pieces are also in my possession and have been on exhibition at the California Art Association's exhibition, at one of the annual shows of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists, of which I am a member and once at the Marin Art Association's annual exhibitions.

Since returning to California several years ago I have taken up my work seriously again and established a workshop which is called "The Anvil" now located at Bolinas where I make my home. Here the anvil rings with all sorts of work from heavy and somewhat crude things of steel and iron, as knockers, and irons, tongs, shovels and so on, through brass copper and tin, out of which are fashioned bowls and trays and candlesticks, boxes and electric light fixtures and then with the making of jewelry and many finer things of silver and gold and the setting of stones, precious and semi-precious.

The joy of creating something with one's own hands from the rough material is an unfailing satisfaction, sharpening the wits and training the eyes to observe and I believe keeps one mentally young. My own special interest is in designing and carrying out something for a definite place or purpose, something that presents a problem and this has meant that most of my work has been done to order. Consequently I never have much on hand to show as my creations are scattered far and wide. Lamps in New Jersey, copper electric light scones and iron living room fixtures in a French provincial house in Massachusetts, silver bowls somewhere else and a silver cup and stand designed for a prize, offered at the recent Cactus Society's show, now in Los Angeles.

Having received such timely notice of the forthcoming show of the November Exhibit of the Women's City Club, I hope to have some new and interesting work to enter then for exhibition.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

The Municipal Theatre in its delightful setting, faces one of this gay city's public parks. This "Paris of the Southern Hemisphere" makes lavish use of mosaics in its sidewalks. Trees are used for decorative effect even on the business streets. One of the chief stopovers on the McCormick South American Line.

Why?

—SUSAN LELAND HILL

● Why in the world should anyone wish to make jewelry slowly and laboriously by hand in an age of mechanical efficiency? This is a question that the craftworker often faces and it demands a fair answer.

Primarily and most emphatically because of the sheer pleasure of creating, the fascination of watching an idea take shape under one's hand. Surely there is a deeply primitive element in this satisfaction, allying itself with the earliest art impulses of the race. It does something for the soul.

We are often asked, too, if the game is worth the candle. Decidedly it is, if you love the game, and do not set too high value upon your candle. You must frequently burn it at both ends, and you are practically certain sometimes to burn your fingers, (quite literally). "But oh, it gives a lovely light!"

The craftswoman, whatever her branch of handicraft, swims against the current. She must strive to work with the patient spirit and integrity of the master craftsmen of old, in a day when speed of accomplishment and superficial appearance are the accepted goal. But if her work is to be vital and modern, this spirit must be translated into terms of 1930 and its needs. Her place in the renaissance of handicraft is still so comparatively new that it is often necessary to blaze trails, to stand upon the defensive.

In the revival of crafts, which began in this country late in the last century, women were quick to establish themselves. This movement came to America from Austria, from France, and especially from England, where the indefatigable work of William Morris in the reestablishment of old techniques had been the means of arousing a very live interest in hand work. Transplanted to New England, this impetus found unexpectedly fertile soil. It grew zestfully. By the 90's there were enough well-qualified craftsmen to hold the first large exhibtion. This show, in scope, variety, and general excellence, surprised everyone, probably even its sponsors, and received national recognition.

As a direct result, the Society of Arts and Crafts was founded in Boston in 1897, providing a much needed center of cooperation for individual workers struggling with new mediums and groping for standards. Following its example, many other such organizations were started all over the country, the number of members now reaching many thousands.

At first, workmanship left much to be desired, and designs were not always good. The commercial people attempting to follow the latest trend, copied all of the worst faults of the young craftsmen. It took years to correct the popular idea that an article could be crude, crooked, unsound and otherwise unworthy, simply because it was "made by hand."

Wonderful progress has been made in the last quarter of a century. There is a general level of high attainment along many lines, while the most distinguished work of America's leading mastercraftsmen, compare favorably with the best examples of all time.

This is preeminently true in the field of silversmithing and in some of the jewelry of our modern workers. Along both these lines, there will always be opportunity for the one who can satisfy the desire of those craving things that possess personality, and that have been made, not by soulless machinery, but by devoted apostles of their craft.

For such, the maker of handwrought jewelry works. In the choice of materials, she is unlimited by convention, preferring interest in texture and color to intrinsic value. She must never allow inferior materials to masquerade as something finer; but she may use either a "gem of purest ray serene" or the material of Madame Queen's "diamond," provided the result is happy. She often fashions her jewelry of quite unorthodox alloys which harmonize with her schemes, or employs the silver-gilt that was so popular in old work.

The imperishable quality of her medium is a source of satisfaction to her. The weaver must reckon with the tooth of time and the moth; the potter remembers the old adage about the pitcher that goes often to the well; but the jeweler counts upon the relative permanence of her materials, recalling that metal ornaments are among the earliest relics of departed people. She fondly imagines that some of the works of her hand may be passed down from generation to generation giving pleasure as they go, thus adding their little quota to the total of the illimitable beauty of the universe.

▲ ▲ ▲

The Fascination of Weaving

—MISS SUSAN A. RUSSELL

● Years ago I found an article in "Good Housekeeping" on weaving. It appealed to me at once, and I determined then and there, to become a weaver. But how to accomplish it was a problem, for there were no teachers here, and though I corresponded with the author of that article, she could not help me.

But soon afterwards I took a course at State Teachers College in Santa Barbara. Weaving was included in the course, but only for one hour once a week. Just a tantalization, but my interest did not wane. Then the war came when Red Cross work claimed all of every one's time.

Finally my chance came, for I was at home, and found a teacher. He could only give me a few lessons, but I *was* "a weaver" and happy. And the joy grows with the work, for one sees the many possibilities, and the materials are endless. Perhaps I inherit my desire and ability from my Kentucky grandmother, who spun and wove "home-spun" for her five sons, and from the other grandmother who raised silk-worms, spun their silk and knitted stockings for her daughters.

Then, the romance appealed to me! to follow the methods of the oldest art in the world, perhaps, was most interesting. Prehistoric man wove "wattles" or fences from reeds to keep his animals from straying: baskets to carry water, and for cooking utensils, clothing, hangings as protection from cold in their primitive homes These were very crude at first, simple ne cessities, but gradually beauty was wover into the fabric, and weaving became ar art.

Every nation has its distinctive weavin with characteristic patterns, methods an colors. Our own "Colonial" weaving i among the finest and is purely origina And how proud we are of our heroi grandmothers for the simplicity, beaut and usefulness of all they have left u Their ingenuity was taxed for material and as the "frontier" moved Westwar these difficulties increased. While they e dured every hardship, they never failed

(Continued on next page.)

Helen Dare Comes Home

—"ANNIE LAURIE"
of the San Francisco Examiner

● Helen Dare came home from Europe the other day. And the Women's City Club gave her a party—a newspaper party, and there wasn't a seat left at a single table.

Such a party—with table decorations that you'd never see anywhere but right here in our good old San Francisco—green peppers, ears of corn, tomatoes, grapes, pine cones—doesn't it sound wierd?

But it wasn't wierd at all, it was gorgeous and the next time anyone hints that fruits and vegetables are not as beautiful as flowers—maybe I won't contradict them —but I'll know—what I know—just the same.

It's going to seem like the real San Francisco again with Helen Dare taking care of all the sick children and comforting the worried mothers and giving anxious fathers a good piece of her mind now and then.

There she was at the luncheon in her simple little dark blue dress that's almost a uniform with her, and a big broad hat that's so becoming to her and she not an hour older than she was ten years ago.

Helen Dare with her great big blue eyes saying "please," every time she looks at you, and behind those eyes a clear, sane, steady, keen, brain, — but the thing we really love about Helen Dare is her heart —and her modesty.

There she stood, the center of attraction at the party the other day and did she tell us about Mussolini and what, and why, and how—about him?

Did she mention casually a few of the Great People of the Earth that she's been hob-nobbing with in the past half dozen years—not she.

She just smiled and sort of trembled a little and said "Thank you, it's good to be home," and wild horses couldn't drag another word out of her.

I sat near her and I could fairly hear her heart beat when we all wanted her to give us the "inside dope," on what is really happening over there across the sea.

And yet if it's a case of a friendless child or a tired discouraged old woman Helen Dare's heart is as stout as a lion's, and she'll face anybody and make a gallant fight for the friendless and the helpless, any hour of any day in the week.

Oh yes, she knows Mussolini, she knows him well; she's met the King of Italy too, and Briand of France, and as for the High and Mighties in Great Britain just get her off in a corner some day and let her think she's helping you out by telling you about them and you'll get your story —all right.

Weren't you proud of her Girls, and weren't you proud of the Newspaper Game that's helped to make her what she is.

I was—so proud that I was walking on air, good old friendly San Francisco air at that.

Not an envious hair in her head—not a jealous bone in her body, not a mean carping, criticizing, thought in her brain—and she's no Pollyanna either, she can make a few sarcastic comments when comments are due, and never blink an eye, —but she isn't thinking about herself at all.

She's thinking about the amazing world and all the amazing people in it, and she doesn't have time to be mean and petty and trivial.

Here's to you Helen Dare, and here's to the women of the City Club who love and appreciate you so deeply, and here's to the gray old town that smiled a warm smile of welcome when you stepped so modestly down the gang plank of your friendly freighter, the other day — and came home—to stay.

---

he requirements of their families, and no oubt the *beauty* they wove into household ings was their only relaxation.

What pride they took in their "drafts," hich were evolved from simple "over ne—under one" or "tabby" patterns. A draft" is the pattern, looks like a bar of usic. Lines are drawn to represent the umber of "heddles." These are marked numbers –2–3.–2–3.–3–4.–4–1. Each read is put through the "heddles-eye" en through each pick of the reed, and d firmly to the beam in front of the om. They have been tied to the backam.

These threads are the warp, and the ost difficult process is to get *all* these reads absolutely correct. A twisted thread d "pick" missed, an uneven tension in single thread, and disaster follows. Acracy and patience is necessary and the ocess is *all* good or *all* bad.

The "woof" is the one on the shuttle at flies back and forth, and with it the fferent combinations of pattern and of lor are made.

The women carded, dyed, spun and ve the materials: the dyeing being an t in itself, as they experimented with getable dyes. Such beautiful, soft colr resulted, absolutely fadeless.

There were professional weavers in those days: men who traveled in their ox-carts, carrying loom, spindle, and either supplying "drafts" or using those of different families. They would stay until the season's weaving was done, working for their "bed and board."

Many of these old drafts are in the Philadelphia Museum: they have been photographed and published and modern weavers now use them. Very beautiful they are.

What pride our ancestors took in their many beautiful coverlets, absolutely necessary for their comfort. Their linen and household articles were a treasured possession which we now begin to appreciate. The names charm us. "Martha Washington"—"Betsy Ross" and "Mollie Pitcher" towels—all linen weave. The coverlets, "King's Flower," "Queen's Delight"—"Braddock's Deficit"—"Virginia Snowball," "Muscadine Hills"—"Sea Star," etc.

Now we have such beautiful wools and silks, fancy weaves, such exquisite colors and an endless variety of things to make. Bags, first of all, for what woman ever had enough bags! Dainty, downy, baby-blankets or baby coats, quite tailor-made and up-to-date. Table-runners, pillows, handkerchief-cases — well, just many things.

To have boxes of wools and silks so pleasant to work with, in bright or pastel colors; a little leisure and many half-formed ideas that crystalize as you work with and handle them, is a pleasure. Then you "see" the right color combination, and soon something useful as well as good, is made and the satisfaction is great.

Patience, accuracy and a leisurely mood is necessary, for when one hurries, threads tangle and snap, heddles behave badly, everything goes wrong, and all joy in the work is ended. So weaving is really good discipline.

The Colonial weave—using a set threading from a draft, will ever be popular. But, not to be left too far behind in modernistic ideas, a new method is used. The "laid-in" method—it corresponds to free-hand drawing. A picture is made on a plain tabby back-ground by copying a picture. Very effective and bold, or illusive and dainty, it requires more artistic skill than the Colonial type, and the work must be quite as accurate. It will be popular.

So for real pleasure in making lovely and useful things, I sincerely recommend *Weaving*.

Two Honors—Two Dates

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

● Here is a foretaste of the table of intellectual delights to be offered this season to the members and friends of the Club by the Committee on Programs and Entertainments.

By a fortunate turn of events the Women's City Club has secured the exclusive public appearance on the Pacific Coast of two famous and world-renowned men of letters. Each one is a poet, novelist and dramatist. The first is none other than John Galsworthy, the second is Patrick MacGill.

The prominence of John Galsworthy as perhaps the outstanding British man of letters of today has brought his works more and more to the attention of the public. Not long since one of the great New York papers reproduced Mr. Galsworthy's photograph and beneath ran the caption "The Noblest Roman of them all." Mr. Galsworthy has designated that he will speak in only nine cities in the United States, that he is not making a regular lecture tour, also that the only lecture he will deliver on the Pacific Coast will be in San Francisco. Thus it is that the Women's City Club acknowledges the signal honor of having the opportunity to present John Galsworthy in our auditorium on the evening of March 24. The subject of Mr. Galsworthy's lecture here will be, "Six Favorite Novelists" (Dickens, Stevenson, Mansfield, Conrad, Hudson, and Twain).

A rare occasion here occurs for members to refresh their memories by a bit of rereading of these writers to be in readiness for this feast.

The second date to mark now on the year's calendar is in April a day between the first and the tenth. At that time Patrick MacGill, who is coming to America to supervise the production of his great war play "Suspense," which has scored so triumphantly in England and which will be produced on Broadway in October by Charles Dillingham, will lecture on "A Night of Irish Humour."

More news of the Events for next season will appear in the October issue of the Magazine.

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League Shop Under New Management

● The League Shop, in the main corridor of the City Club, is having a sale throughout all departments. Particularly is this true of the shades and lamps, where some remarkable values are to be found. The wise buyer will doubtless pick up some bargains and lay them aside until Christmas. Holiday gifts of infinite variety are to be found in the Shop, which has recently changed management.

Mrs. Charlotte Cuffield is the new manager and she states that the policy of the Shop will be to patronize San Francisco industries as much as possible. Of course there are consignments every year from abroad of beautiful things not to be found here, and they will, as usual be found in the Shop. But of domestic things there will be a notable showing of California made, and San Francisco made articles.

● The League Shop is a gift shop of the very highest standard, with variety and quality lending interest to the stock, chosen with a view of catering to the discriminating taste of City Club members.

Morocco hand-bags have been greatly reduced and there is a large assortment of glassware and pottery from England, Italy, France and Holland marked below their cost. There are also tremendous reductions in costume jewelry and there is a recent importation of handmade handkerchiefs which will intrigue every purchaser. There are men's handkerchiefs in this consignment selected with the Christmas trade in view. Compacts, powder and rouge boxes, breakfast sets, linens of many kinds and nationalities, shawls, scarfs, etchings, prints and hangings are but a few of the articles in stock.

If Club members, when shopping or lunching with friends who are not members of the Club, would make it a point to bring these friends in and show them through the League Shop and explain to them that the Shop is open to the public and also impress them with the fact that they have the privilege of bringing their friends in the Shop it would be a great help to the Shop.

Mail this filled-in blank to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Members wishing to enroll as volunteers in any branch of the Women's City Club Volunteer Service are requested to fill in the blank and mail to Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., care of Women's City Club or leave at the Information Desk, first floor. Members unable to give service at the Club may be of great value if willing to do telephoning at home. This applies to members living in San Francisco and vicinity.

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ditorial

The Thursday luncheons in the City Club Cafeteria, where members have been meeting weekly to discuss the Novemr Exhibit Festival to which they are to bring their choice creans as autumn offerings, have revealed a tremendous enthusiasm on the part of prospective exhibitors.

Also they have disclosed a wealth of hitherto uncatalogued tent, which will be transmuted into tangible largess of various gises and exhibited during the Ides of November. In fact, ny members, in searching the possibilities of their handcraft, ve found that they have an embarrassing diversity of talents. ey are harrassed in making the big decision as to which is the st important—to themselves and to the Club.

They have been chatty, neighborly groups, these informal heon parties to which every member of the Club is invited, a many amusing conversations have enlivened the gatherings. Said a distinguished lawyer, one of the few women in the nion to achieve a post in the office of a United States attorney, "ow what am *I* to exhibit? I'm a good cook. My family admits it nd with modesty I agree, but a Christmas fruit cake can hdly be termed my most important contribution to society!"

Whereupon it was suggested that she give a series of short tas during the afternoons of November 5 and 6, recounting sc e of the dramatic episodes which have punctuated her work. C telling of the interesting persons she has met, or defended a he bar.

I raise thoroughbred dogs," says another. Or, "I give readin in dialect." Or, "I cultivate a garden." To which a friend re ies "Cut flowers may be very appropriately shown and sold."

Vell, puppies have their place in the scheme of things and the might be a less interesting place in the Club Auditorium onNovember 5 and 6 than a small kennel with an appealing bit of log barking a greeting. And readings in dialect might not be miss. However, these are things yet to be worked out by the co mittee in charge.

nother confessed her perturbation in this manner, "I'm an exutive in a stock and bond office. Shall I bring a sheaf of cli ed coupons?"

nderneath the raillery, however, is an enthusiasm surprising ev to the Club officers who suggested and fostered the Exhibit. A gratifying upon a count not considered when the fete was fir discussed; namely, that the luncheons have provided occasion for bringing together members who otherwise might not have contacted each other in many months.

Past presidents of the Club, workers in the canteens during the war, pioneers of the days at 333 Kearny street, have rallied to the challenge, "Bring of your best creative ability," and have renewed friendships and acquaintances. New members have had the pleasure of meeting others of longer affiliation with the Club, and the "freemasonry" of work and pride of workmanship has melted barriers of formality as nothing else has done, not even the intimacies of the bridge parties in the Chinese Room, the Book Review Dinners or the camaraderie of casual meetings in committees.

The woman who writes novels, the homemaker whose delectable chocolate pie is a tradition in her family circle, the painter and the sculptor, the etcher and the weaver, silversmith and the dressmaker, all meet in the Fellowship of Accomplishment.

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She is a Poet

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY *(Century)*

She loves the special countenance of every season, the hot light of the sun, gardens of flowers with old, fragrant names, the salty smell of the sea along her native Maine coast, the sound of sheepbells and dripping eyes and the unheard sound of city trees, the homely facts of houses in which men and women live tales of quick deeds and eager heroisms, the cool, kind love of young girls for one another, the color of words, the beat of rhythm. The shining clarity of her style does not permit her to work the things she finds beautiful into tapestried verse; she will not ask a song to carry more than it can carry on the easiest wings; but in all her graver songs and sonnets she serves beauty in one way or another.

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Fire Lighting Ceremony to Take Place October 6

● "These are the days when the birds come back. A very few, a bird or two, To take a backward look . . ."

These are the days when wood fires and old friends and cozy evenings loom large on the horizon of the autumn; when the grapes hang purple and leaves are turning yellow and red.

When the "sophistries of June" seem far away as childhood grief and nothing is plausible but things ahead.

One of which is the delightful ceremony of lighting the first fire of the season in the big fireplace in the City Club lounge. It will be the third annual rite of its kind and it will take place at 8 o'clock Monday evening, October 6. She who misses it will be deprived of participation in an observance which means much in the City Club. Campfire girls and Boy Scouts understand the deep, almost esoteric meaning of fire ritual. It brings people together, like breaking bread, or the communion cup; like the hanging of the crane when America was young.

And so, in the deepening dusk of October 6, there will be a pile of fragrant pine in the fireplace, and underneath a rustling sheaf of golden corn husks, to which a flame will be applied. And may it burn beneficently all the winter long.

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September

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

—BLISS CARMAN

BENIAMINO GIGLI,
Tenor

QUEENA MARIO,
Soprano

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS,
Baritone

DOROTHEE MANSKI,
Mezzo-Soprano

EZIO PINZA,
Basso

▲ ▲ ▲

Grand Opera Again!

—MRS. MARCUS S. KOSHLAND,
Chairman Women's Division San Francisco Opera Association; Member Board of Directors of Women's City Club.

● "Every night a gala performance" would seem to be the slogan of our San Francisco Opera Association, which found its inception in the opera ideal of Gaetano Merola back in 1923. As General Director of the association Mr. Merola has guided its artistic affairs with the hand of genius, realizing successfully the city's long cherished dream of producing locally maintained grand opera of metropolitan standards.

The record of the association for the past several season has been a progressive one of surpassing artistic and financial successes in which the world' greatest artists have been brought here to share the stage with San Francisco's own singers.

It is difficult to realize that in a few weeks our eighth season will open, and we might almost say that all of musical America is as eagerly awaiting this event. Mr. Merola has never before given us so many novelties.

The most sensational feature of the season will be Jeritza's Salome which will be presented twice in response to nation-wide interest. Strauss' masterpiece has given Jeritza her most dramatic role, and New York's loss in not permitting Salome will be San Francisco's gain in the privilege of being the first American city to see Jeritza in this role.

Of very different character will be the second modern opera—Maurice Ravel's L'Enfant et les Sortileges (The Naughty Boy's Dream) which is to have its American Premiere in our season. This delightful French opera of childhood, orchestrated in a melodic, impressionistic vein, will be presented with the German fairy-story Haensel and Gretel.

Tannhauser will have a novel presentation in that it will be given in the "Paris Version" with the Bacchanale Ballet. The

Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland

Girl of the Golden West returns to the operatic stage in new dress; La Boheme will present our own Audrey Farncroft as the vixenish Musetta; Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci will feature Jeritza in two more intensely emotional roles in which she is not known here; La Traviata is to introduce the new coloratura Clare Clairbert who is promised as Tetrazzini's successor; Mignon is a most important revival; Faust will have as Marguerite the beautiful erstwhile movie star Hope Hampton; and Lucia is being revived with a perfect cast.

Maria Jeritza, Beniamino Gigli, Queena Mario, Ezio Pinza, and Elinor Marlo are favorites who are returning; Claire Clairbert, Hope Hampton, Dorothee Manski, Frederick Jagel, Sydney Rayner, John Charles Thomas, and Gaetano Viviani are newcomers from the world's music centers and Eva Gruninger Atkinson, Audrey Farncroft, and Andre Ferrier are San Franciscans who are in the company. Again this season Serge Oukrainsky will direct the ballet.

Armando Agnini, who is the company's Stage and Technical Director, designed the stage sets for the new operas, and they are now being built under his guidance.

Surely, at the close of this season, opera lovers will more than ever hold the name of Gaetano Merola in grateful regard, for it is mainly due to his vision, organizing powers, and untiring labors that San Francisco has been restored to her traditional place with the opera producing cities of the world. Himself, a prominent figure in opera, he has brought to this city the world's greatest singers in performances which have delighted almost a half million people and have spread the fame of our music loving city all over the world wherever music is heard.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

'HARLANE; *by Dorothy Cottrell;* Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y.; $2.50.
HANCES; *by A. Hamilton Gibbs;* Little, Brown and Co., Boston; $2.50.
PREADING GERMS OF HATE; *by George Sylvester Viereck* (with a foreword by Colonel E. M. House); Horace Liveright, N. Y.; $3.00.
IRS. GRUNDY; *by Leo Markun;* D. Appleton and Co., N. Y.; $5.00. *Reviewed by Hallie Joyce Keating.*

It has just occurred to me that, in spite of brickbats, it must be thrilling to be one of the selective judges for the Book of the Month! Heretofore it has seemed a thankless job. The turgid stream of publication flows so swiftly by, swirling both and foam, tossing chips and dead wood on its surface. But we are panning for gold. Dirt, and dull pebbles, and deceptive shining flashes: and then, at last, a nugget!

Of the varied books sent for review, "Tharlane" is the flash of gold among the grey. It has the primary advantage of unfamiliarity. The hinterland of Australia is far away from California, a semi-mythical land to us, peopled with strange figures and unreal birds and beasts. Faune and flora with names from the Land of Oz!

"Here lived flocks of the tiny plump grey-maned geese, and little spoon-billed ducks with shining pink feathers on their necks and black-and-white cormorants who are too much. . . . And the lords of the shimmering, humming, sunny land world were the great dusk-black swans with their bills of cherry-red." . . . "The gray-blue tints of the mulga, and the dark flashing boles-forests that looked like a forest of tiny masts when the wind shook them . . . or like a queer silver cloth." "There was vast stillness about them, and the old gray tree army by the stockyards was all in flower with pink-breasted parrots." . . . "The filmy tides of the encroaching cactus." . . . "There was a flash of amber in the sun among the mulga, then out onto the red rocks came the big dingo, his cot gleaming orange and brilliant in the early light!" . . . "All the sand beneath him was hollowed and shaped by the sleeping-places of the old men kangaroos, the immense smooth roots of the trees in part exposed, and in the hollows lay the drifted rubbish of the wilderness; leaves sear and blanched by the heat; currajong pods like little peak-prowed boats; . . . a deep-tinted feather, and the severed wings of a butterfly, blue as minute fragments of the sky. But over all and in blown-drifts and little hills and scattered carpets lay the fallen currajong bells, small, deeply honied, or faintly stained with rose. And as Old H. B. sat there, tiny bells fell and fell, and fell, softly, ceaselessly, from the flower-massed trees . . . like the tangible full-cupped benediction of summer." A strange, appalling, enticing land!

Story within story is caught in the web of the book: the wistful fairy-tale of little Sandy who tried to fly away on the back of the black swan; the lonely heroism of Sara Strathmore, fighting the encroaching cactus tide over her twenty thousand acres; funny fey little Georgina and the surpassing love of Donald the Sheep-Shearer; the drollness of Old Backs and Mother Backs, of the "old galla Parrot," and the sheep herders; the epics of drought and cactus, of dingo-hunting and kangaroo-fights, of the terrible grass-fire.

But Old H. B. is the Titan of the tale. When the drovers and the sheep-shearers gathered in Murger's bar, many were the tales they told, but always of Tharlane, "the Plains of the Sun, where the red dingos bred, or fled before the lightning-kindled fires." . . . "Many holdings had beaten men, or sent them 'queer,' here in the half-arid lands under the splendor of the sun. But none had ruined all men who touched it as had Tharlane. A thousand square miles of still unconquered earth! 'And h'it be lyin' h'idle *now?*' old H. B. asked his first direct question. . . . Leaning forward over the table, he said thickly, "One man can work Tharlane, and that's little old H. B.' . . . He became a part of life, savage and primitive, yet splendid with old conflict. Planning life's oldest battle: the contest with the earth. . . . A battle fought out in the dust until he himself became dust. . . . All that was trucculently, individually savage in him rose now to the indifferent, impersonal savagery of the land, as embodied in Tharlane. His vices even ranked themselves with the primal urge, . . . to strive with the unconquered, to master the untamed."

This was Dorothy Cottrell's own land, these were her people. Now, in Southern California, much of her time is spent in a wheel-chair. She can drive a car, and she frequently goes off for the whole day with her portable typewriter. She thinks of her handicap as the thing which has given her time to dream over the epic of Tharlane, the conquered and the conqueror. And so she has dedicated her book to "dear Drover-Man," . . . the drama in which she has "tried to set against the immensity and indifference of nature the poignant and yet strangely passing lives of men."

● It is refreshing to read a story of English school boys which has in it nothing of morbidness, and a war-book free from the nauseating or bitter. "Chances," by A. Hamilton Gibbs, is the story of Tom and Jack Ingleside, from the time their father sent them to boarding school at the College de St. Malo, in Brittany, in order that they might gain "a perspective on England that will wipe all insularity out of them." This was his theory: "Most of us cling so desperately to our own back yards that our only knowledge of what is outside comes to us by way of the newspapers. . . . We don't want the boys to live in such primal darkness, so my idea is that they should—get such a grounding in France and Germany, where the only real education exists, that when they are grown up, they will have the keys of the world in their hands. I suppose they'd better wind up with Oxford, merely because of its social value to them as Englishmen!"

The story of school days and college days is quite charmingly told. Then comes the war, and the love of the same woman, to snatch "the keys of the world" out of their helpless hands.

It is a good book for vacation days; a book which one would be glad to give to a boy in his teens,—or to any one else.

● "Spreading Germs of Hate" is not a pleasant title. Nor is the book. It is informative, but not pleasant. This is the story of the part played by propaganda in moulding public opinion of the United States before and during the World War —propaganda of the English, Irish, Germans, Americans. "Americans of German descent, knowing the discipline of the German army, felt that their kinsman could not change overnight from jovial fathers, cousins and brothers, into inhuman monsters. To them the tales of German atrocities seemed the deliberate inventions of malignant foes. George Sylvester Viereck, American citizen, was at the head of a pro-German weekly, "The Fatherland," which flaunted from all news-stands the colors of the Central Powers. . . . "The

Fatherland" was undiluted pro-Germanism. Arising spontaneously in response to a world-wide need, it became the spokesman in English of pro-Germans everywhere." The above quotation from Mr. Sylvester's book is a frank statement of his sympathies, which were quite understandable before America entered the war. Closely affiliated with the German Bureau of Propaganda, Mr. Viereck is in a position to tell unpublished stories of the propaganda machinery set in motion by all the powers,—stories of interest to anyone who wishes to attain an unbiased opinion from all the facts obtainable. It seems to me that propaganda,—or publicity with a purpose, is quite natural and justifiable for any nation in time of peace. In time of war, it may become an emotional frenzy, —or an enemy activity.

"Spreading the Germs of Hate," to my mind, lacks definiteness, as to this distinction, between what is allowable in time of peace, and in time of war; between what is legitimate for an ally to do, and an antagonist.

The foreword by Colonel Edward M. House is quotable, and apposite: "When the World War was raging, and charges false and true were made by one belligerent nation against another, few would have been willing to prophesy that eleven years after peace had been made there would be found any one who had been in the thick of the contest who would write of it so calmly and fairly as George Sylvester Viereck has done in this book. . . Now that the world has become calm and reason once more rules, we can read with pleasure and interest such a book as Mr. Viereck has written, and wonder how and why we so nearly lost our balance during the trying days of the Great War. . . . In writing this Foreword I do not assume responsibility for Mr. Viereck's facts, nor do I concur in all of his opinions and conclusions, but I welcome the spirit in which he has undertaken his task."

"MRS. GRUNDY" — *Reviewed by Hallie Joyce Keating.*

● There are a number of pet social problems illuminating our newspapers and decorating our bridge parties or after-dinner discussions—problems that grieve us with their aspersions on the "younger generation," and ones that we, with some morbid and melancholy pride, are apt to consider essentially those of our contemporary generation.

Mr. Markun, in this discussion of the grundyisms and social foibles of four generations of English-speaking people, traces the evolution and prevalence of these particular problems; and proves again, with some significance, that there's nothing new under the sun. He follows more specifically the ethics of government, and of business; social manners; Sunday blue laws; birth control; fashions in dress, art, literature; sex morality; phases of religious philosophy, and other miscellaneous fetishes and principles of the Anglo-Saxons.

Now, to do this effectively, he necessarily covers a vast amount of historical comings and goings. His survey is comprehensive—but it does most definitely lay him open to the danger of generalizations. And these treacherous tools have turned a bit in Mr. Markun's hands. There are a number of occasions where enthusiasm leads him a bit inaccurately and far too emphatically to his conclusions.

Perhaps some day Mr. Markun's great grandson may be going over the files of the newspapers of 1930. He will be following not very far from his sire's footsteps if he concludes that axe murders and evangelistic transgressions are the favorite pastimes of our misguided times. It is a natural thing to judge the prevalence of a vice by the proportion of space and importance given to it. But archives will always contain more discussion of the shockingly spectacular, the phenomenon, than of the familiar.

This is the Scylla and Charybdis of every historian, and Mr. Markun's problem is the more acute because he discusses the very subjects upon which taboos and prejudices have been pendulumed most violently.

With the nineteenth and early twentieth century in England, he deals most brilliantly, suggesting the significance of Victorian conditions with the tact of a diplomat and the astuteness of a sociologist. Here he avoids his unfortunate habit of definite commitment on those situations whose factual existence is still highly controversial.

In fairness to Mr. Markun, it should be said that he does refrain admirably from prophecy and kindred sins of didactic philosophy. His avowed purpose — and point — he states only in his foreword: "The casual observer sees fewer feminine knees than he did a few months ago; Federal Commission considers it necessary that the prohibition laws be enforced . . the question whether 'damn' and 'hell' may properly be used in non-religious discourse by a radio broadcaster is being seriously debated; the sale of cigarettes—especially to women—has risen amazingly since the World War — a meeting of American farmers is told that the diminishing birth rate of the country threatens the future prosperity of agriculture. Such matters as these—are not entirely comprehensible without some knowledge of the historical background. To provide such knowledge has been my task."

"Mrs. Grundy" *is* a valuable book. To a social worker it should be indispensible. Or if you are interested in the dirty linen of the last four centuries, Mr. Markun is clearing house answers the requirement. Personally we think that the busy woman will find little indeed that is interesting or constructive in all the 650 pages. And those even the average reader will find room for regret that Mr. Markun has spent so much of his time in the preparation of such a treatise.

LUSCIOUS
WITH THE DELICATE FRUIT
FROM SUNBATHED GARDENS

SAMARKAND
ICE CREAM

●

THE SAMARKAND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO OAKLAND LOS ANGELES

ff the Stanford Press

John Charles Fremont, traditional hero of the Bear Flag Revolt which ought California into the Union, actuy had little to do with that uprising and s brought into it casually and by an ident.

This is the conclusion reached by Dr. rdinal Goodwin in his book "John arles Fremont: An Explantion of His reer," which will be published by Stanrd University Press on September 25. Dr. Goodwin bases his re-evaluation of is and other points in the career of the roic vagabond" on new evidence in the m of manuscripts recently found in the ntington Library. Fremont's connecn with the conquest of California, his road activities, his part in certain scanous Civil War contracts, and events in his fourth exploring expedition are placed n new light through this study.

▲ ▲ ▲

"Married a Ranger"

A travel book that is different will appear on October 2 when "I Married a anger," by Mrs. "White Mountain" Sth, will be published by Stanford Univeity Press. Mrs. Smith came to the Gnd Canyon National Park from West Vginia, and married the Chief Ranger of he Park. Her experiences as a tenderfo wife form a chronicle of the New Wst that, to those who know the canyon on as a tourist resort is surprisingly venuresome. Mrs. Smith's intimate knowled of the Indians, places, and people of th Grand Canyon country adds to the vae of the book to the tourist, while her adntures with dudes and sagebrushers, wi animals and "tame" mules, floods, fir and celebrities, make up a thoroughly god yarn.

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Vunteers enjoy Wekly Swim

hursday morning at 11:30 is the time the Volunteers have set for their weekly swi in the Pool. If you want to get some rea exercise with congenial company save Thsday morning for your swim and folow with luncheon in the Cafeteria.

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Flwers Delivered

Members living in Menlo Park may, for a nminal fee, leave flowers at the "Little Grn Door" on the Highway, by 8:00 o'clk in the morning and they will be delered at the City Club.

Junior League Day at H. Liebes

When the Junior League, of which Mrs. Horace Clifton is president, officially takes charge of the beautiful newly-redecorated H. Liebes & Co. at Grant Avenue at Post on Monday, September 22, the day will be a gala charitable and social occasion. Junior League girls will be in every department acting in the capacities of hostesses, stylists, salespeople, and as models.

The proceeds of Junior League Day at H. Liebes & Co. this year consisting of a percentage of all sales, will go towards defraying the current expenses of maintaining the Junior League Pinehaven Home for Dependent Children which is now caring for twenty-two youngsters. Visitors are welcome at the Home at any time.

Miss Emily Clift Searles, vice president of the Junior League, is chairman of the Junior League Day. The publicity chairman is Miss Adelaide Sutro and Miss Helene Lundborg is chairman of models. Among those assisting Miss Searles and serving on the committee of the day will be Mrs. Lawrence Bowes, Mrs. Clark Burgard, Mrs. Vincent Butler, Mrs. Dana Fuller, Mrs. Lawrence Lanser, Mrs. Graeme McDonald, Mrs. Wilson Meyer, Mrs. Jerd Sullivan, Mrs. Heber Tilden, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, and Misses Helene Lundborg, Elizabeth Moore, Lois Raggio, Beth Sherwood, and Genevieve Six.

From 11 to 4 o'clock—six times during the day there will be exactly on the hour a showing of twelve complete costumes with all appropriate accessories. The gowns were specially selected by Miss Searles in the East, and all accessories were chosen here by Miss Searles, assisted by Miss Helene Lundborg and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan. The mannequins will, of course, be Junior League girls and they will be under the direction of Miss Lundborg.

Another outstanding feature of the day will be the trimming of windows by Junior League members and the awarding of a prize to the Junior League member who arranges the best window display. Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Jr., although not participating in the contest, will decorate one of the windows. Mrs. Moody will also act as model during the day.

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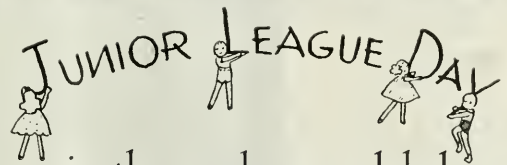
Do You Want to Go With Her?

There is a possibility of one of the members of the Club going to Europe for three months leaving about the middle of October. Arrangements for this trip are being made by the Travel Service of the Club, on the first floor. A group of members, probably limited to ten, who care to make the trip under the guidance of this member who is familiar with European travel, may register with the Travel Service, and secure the details of the plan.

H. LIEBES & CO.
GRANT AVE AT POST



in the newly remodeled
H. LIEBES & CO.
Monday, September 22nd

A percentage of all sales made on this day will go to the Junior League to defray current expenses of the Junior League's Pinehaven Home for Dependent Children

The Storied Streets of Quebec

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

● An old world city! It was a cool morning with high fog when our steamer made the wide turn in the great river and came up to the pier under the high cliffs. Here the lower town which is so picturesque greets you but your eyes are fixed on the towers of the Chateau Frontenac high above you and there we went first of course.

No one can give in words the splendor of that city—one feels that Quebec will always be "proudly friended" as Rupert Brooke said. And no wonder Quebec brought imperial thoughts to the founders of New France.

As you walk the Terrace leading from the Chateau along the fortifications and gaze out upon the vast river as it sweeps by with the beautiful shores of Levis just across, the Isle of Orleans between the two channels and on the north shore old Beauport and its ancient farm houses, you begin at once to walk with Sieur Samuel de Champlain, and three hundred years slip away. We went down, down the long steps to the street under the Cliff, Little Champlain Street; along the twisting byways with the old houses clinging like limpets to the sides of the Cliff, to the quaint old square where Champlain's garden used to be and where the oldest church in Canada "Our Lady of Victories" still stands—with its altar curiously built to resemble a fort, and on its walls strange pathetic petitions for help, and above lovely old paintings brought long ago from old France. It is a fascinating place from which to begin and all morning we followed the old streets, so full of history, so peopled with figures of romance, so rich in shadowed beauty. We could not refrain from stepping into the old Neptune Hotel where the English tars of long ago spent their shillings and we just had to give time to the little street named for Champlain's dog, "Sailor." Champlain was just the sort of man who would have had a dog at his heels. Of course that lower town used to be the fashionable district in the days of the French regime, but now the old buildings with their iron shutters remind you of that later day when milliners and jewelers and wigmakers kept the high-born ladies and officers of the garrison in fashion!

Of course the old hospital the Hotel-Dieu drew us. Here from 1689 the nuns have preserved complete the register of all their patients. It is a long way from that day to this when the nursing sisters have furnished their hospital with the last word in scientific equipment. We could see but little owing to the rebuilding of much of the old nunnery but many a lovely old portrait, and some beautiful old silver were shown us.

But I cannot write a guide book. All I can say is do not miss Quebec. It is full of charm and interest and beauty. Quaint unexpected vistas, fascinating roof lines, lovely old doorways, houses marked Montcalm's headquarters, Wolfe's headquarters. Chapels where they died or were buried—true? What does that matter! The rosy faced sister who gaily showed us Mont calm's skull through the grating in th Ursaline Convent would have made yo believe anything!

Laval University has some great treas ures in a fine collection of old master brought from France to escape the destruc tion of the French Revolution.

Perhaps the most medieval and colorfu impression of our visit was the high ma in the Basilica on Corpus Christi Sunda with the great white and gold altar, th moving figures of the richly robed priest the choir boys in the blue of the old pain ings of early madonnas and the crimso of cardinals' robes with exquisite lace fa ing over their shoulders, and later the pr cession from the cathedral down throu narrow streets of the old town with ch boys chanting as they walked and ever where people kneeling as they passed! A over all the French flags floating in spi of the fact that Quebec belongs to t British! I wonder Quebec seemed to us city of beautiful aloofness, from the wor of dominions and powers.

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Choral Club Resumes Meetings

—REBECCA W. GARNE

● The Choral section of the Wome City Club will resume its meetu September 8. Owing to the fact that first Monday in the month is Labor Da was decided to postpone the meeting u the eighth. The last year showed a v appreciable gain in interest in this depa ment as well as a decided gain in num of members. Let's all do our best to m the Choral one of the biggest and m active departments of the Club.

Mrs. Jesse Wilson Taylor, who so a lead the choral last year, will continu be our leader. Let's try to be there in force at the first meeting September 8

▲ ▲ ▲

Marriage

—JULETTE S. GRA

Though there is no material prize fo
record of achievement,
No publicity—save when it strikes a
The great endurance test of the worl
Is that of LOVE.

SALE!

Summer Clearance of rattan furniture. All new stock, firsts.

Pictured

TUB CHAIR
$3.75

Rockers, same pattern, $4.25. Large fan back extension lounging chair, Special $10.85. Other items correspondingly low.

NIPA HUT
STATE HIGHWAY
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European Impressions

—BY MRS. ULRICH AHRONHEIM

I have just returned with my husband and daughters from a four months' r through most of the European coun- rs. As this trip was on my husband's t for the purpose of business as well as lisure, we had many contacts enabling to gain information regarding condi- ns as they actually exist.

We found that we, in this country, are no means alone in hearing the cry of "Hard times." The business depression ch we are experiencing here is being e and talked of in almost every other ntry in the world.

onditions and problems vary, and it is ficult to generalize; but it is very appar- nt that all of Europe is still suffering m the effects of the great war, and ywhere there is a lack of sufficient cap- ta Taxes are enormous, making the ac- mulation of large fortunes impossible. We found that there was particular dis- atisfaction in Germany where many and ne taxes cover practically every financial nsaction. Here we heard nothing but omplaining and no expression of hope of betterment in the future.

Machinery now does much of the work formerly performed by man, speeding up production and thus robbing many work- rs of their positions. This and the lack of capital are the main reasons for the gre armies of unemployed everywhere.

Our first stop during our travels was at Madeira, an island to which nature has been most generous in her gifts. The cli- mate is ideal, and it is said that the soil is so rich that one has only to drop a seed and it will be sure to grow. Flowers, fruits and vegetables are to be had in abundance. There is always a plentiful supply of fish. The people are of a happy nature, they are unspoiled and their requirements are simple. They produce beautiful needle- work, rattan furniture and the famous Madeira wine. This country, owned by Portugal, and improved by the English who summer playground it is, shows the ea effects of business depression. These people go along in their simple, kindly way and our idea of a necessity is often an unhoped for luxury to them.

Coming, as I did, from a country where women have so many outside activities, I was surprised to find that the interests of the women of Madeira are confined en- tirely to their homes and children. One man seemed amazed when I asked "what interests his wife had." "Why," he said, "she has a home and family." To my own astonishment, he announced one evening that he was going to a stag dinner to cele- brate "their" anniversary. His wife seemed not at all surprised and perfectly con- tent—this in spite of the fact that she had plenty of servants with whom she might safely have left her babies.

In Spain, we visited the Exposition at Barcelona. This consisted of exhibits from many countries of the world, and the buildings were set in gardens which were a real fairy land. Spain is a beautiful, charming country showing many evidences of prosperity. The women are handsomely gowned, many wearing the latest Paris styles, others continuing the lovely old fashion of the high combs and mantillas.

In Italy, Mussolini's hand has wrought wonders. This country is undoubtedly cop- ing successfully with conditions as they are. We noted particularly the absence of beggars who beset us on every hand when we visited Italy two years ago. In Milan, we heard what is perhaps the finest opera in the world. The opera house itself is a perfect setting both for singers and audi- ence. I noted here, as in other European countries, how seriously the audience took their opera and how well they seemed to know it. Many had the scores with them, and with small flashlights they followed the lines in the darkened house.

The people of Florence show evidences of well being, and it is with them a good business enterprise to maintain their an- cient goldsmith shops, the Cathedral (and here one has to pay even for the privilege of walking breathlessly up the hundreds of stairs from the top of which one gets a magnificent view of the city), and the handsome museums which are constantly crowded with tourists.

Venice is not to be described. Many Americans are constantly to be met riding in the gondolas along the queer canals, walking the crooked and narrow streets, visiting the palaces, and spending money freely in the numberless attractive shops.

Our next stop was in Vienna, a very beautiful city, but not as gay as it used to be. Many of the palaces are now used for commercial purposes, and business conditions seem to be particularly unsatis- factory.

In Czechoslovakia, we found at one of

Roos Bros
INC.
NINE-STORE-BUYING-POWER

Wear a Roos camel's hair coat wherever you go

$49.50

An all-season, all-weather mode... wear this swagger, belted coat of camel's hair for town or country... for traveling or sportswear... it's a coat in a million.

Market at Stockton Street
And at all Roos stores

233 Post Street,
San Francisco.

My Dear Miss or Mrs.:

This season's hats are entirely different from anything we have had for a long time. I have some very interesting Reboux and Agnes models which show the cushion brim type of felt, softly puffed around the face and at the sides—so becoming to almost every one. The Berets are also very smart, being different from those we have been seeing in that they are wider and more draped.

Velvet is going to be very good this season in small and larger hats; also, a combination of velvet and felt.

Bring in your soleils and felts to be remodeled. I have many new models from which to copy.

Cordially,
RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF.
DOuglas 8476.

determined perseverance. The people work hard and have small requirements. In some cities, we were surprised to find women doing hard labor, such as acting as porters at the stations and lifting heavy luggage as though they enjoyed it. We heard no complaint on any side.

Holland retains its well known charm and quaintness, and has much present day grandeur in addition to grandeur of the past. Amsterdam is most delightful with its canals running through the city, many of its people living on the houseboats, and many of them dressed in the interesting Dutch costume, including wooden shoes. We were so delighted with Holland that we left with much regret. Not the least of its pleasures was the delicious food which was to be had in any of the fascinating restaurants. We found that our idea of a Dutch supper was their breakfast, and this and the meals that followed were entirely too tempting to resist.

Amsterdam is one of the largest ship building centers, and this industry is a source of much wealth. As a diamond market, the city still retains its prestige. We were fortunate to be in Holland at a time when the flowers were at the height of their bloom, and we rode through fields and fields of gorgeous tulips, hyacinths and daffodils. The sale of these brings a large revenue into the country.

Belgium impressed us as a most pluck nation. Here people do not stop to tell yc how bad conditions are. They just kee uncomplainingly busy. In Brussels, w bought some of the lovely real laces. W feel that these are particularly precio for we were told that the art of lace ma ing is rapidly dying out, since the young generation has not the patience and w not take the time required to make tl delicate stitches by hand.

France is apt to be disappointing to tl visitor. Everything is high in price, ar one feels that the French are inclined take advantage. They need business badl but they seem to be in a resentful moc because of after war conditions, and th do not make the required effort to plea Paris, of course, is still . . . Paris! and the is no city in the world like it.

We found the English most friendl England, however, is suffering greatly b cause of the large number of unemploye Government doles are relieving this situ tion to some extent, but taxes are ve heavy, and in many cases, have prov an almost unbearable burden.

Our trip ended most delightfully in I land. We spent some time in Belfast, t center of the linen industry. There we s many large factories which have been existence hundreds of years, having be handed down for generations from fath to son. There is not much wealth in I land, although we did see some beauti homes, and we had the pleasure of vis ing in a veritable castle, with grounds large and beautiful that we told our ho that when they visited us, we might f obliged to claim Golden Gate Park as c own in order not to fall in their estimatio There is, however, the contrast of u speakable poverty in Ireland, and we s much of it in walking through the stre of Belfast.

In summing up the impressions of c trip, we come to the conclusion that spite of many complaints, conditions by no means as bad as they might be, a there is undoubtedly a silver lining to temporary cloud.

Eighth Annual Season
San Francisco Opera Company

CIVIC AUDITORIUM

Gaetano Merola, *General Director*
Wilfrid L. Davis, *Business Manager*

●

Sept. 11 MANON (French)—Mario, Gigli, Picco, D'Angelo, Sandrini, Oliviero.
Sept. 12 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas.
Sept. 13 LA TRAVIATA (Italian)—Claitbert, Gigli, Viviani. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 15 GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (Italian)—Jeritza, Marlo, Jagel, Viviani, Oliviero, Picco.
Sept. 17 · LA BOHEME (Italian)—Mario, Farncroft, Gigli, Viviani, Pinza, Picco.
Sept. 19 HAENSEL AND GRETEL (German)—Mario, Manski, Atkinson, Sandrini.
A NAUGHTY BOY'S DREAM (French). (American Premiere.) Mario, Farncroft, Atkinson, and others.
Sept. 20 CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA (Italian)—Jeritza, Atkinson, Jagel, Viviani.
I PAGLIACCI (Italian)—Jeritza, Rayner, Thomas, Picco, Paltrinieri.
Sept. 22 MIGNON (French)—Mario, Gigli, Clairbert, Marlo, Pinza, Paltrinieri, Sandrini. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 23 TANNHAUSER (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Rayner, Thomas, Pinza. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 25 FAUST (French)—Hampton, Jagel, Pinza, Thomas. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
Sept. 27 SALOME (German)—Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas, Oliviero. MATINEE.
Sept 27 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (Italian)—Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani, D'Angelo, Oliviero. Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky. EVENING.

Seats Now Selling
SHERMAN, CLAY & COMPANY

FURNITUR

Provincial | **French**

in lovely woods | **also Modern**

●

Manufacturing and repair fine furniture

P. Salvat
1844 Divisadero

...nvel

—ALICE W. CARR,
Manager City Club Travel Service

The rainy season in Hawaii is over now, and travel to the Islands is expected to be heavy during the fall months. ...dentally it is well to remember that ...n the end of December the lower rates ...e still in effect. The Travel Service in ...e Club is equipped to make all your ar...ements, even to steamer rugs and deck ...s.

...addition to the cruises, a list of which ...be found below, there are several es...d tours, which are limited in size. One ...ese is to South America, and two are ...ad the world. Further information ...be given on application. These small ...ps are to follow paths of interest ...h will lure the traveler from the fire...de hair, to see and know the peoples of ...ther parts of the earth, which are ...n now mainly through the covers of ...ks.

...ere is still time to make a reservation ...e delightful Round-Pacific Cruise on ...e S. MALOLO, sailing on September 20. ...is an opportunity not to be missed to ...o the ports of the Pacific and the Ori...as well as the South Seas and Australia. ...Bring your travel ideas and problems to ...e Women's City Club Travel Service, ...re you may sit quietly and compare ...e various routings, and make selections ...same space on whatever trip holds ...interest for this winter or next spring. ...ckets are at regular rates.

...For information and convenience of ...Women's City Club members are listed ...ts page the outstanding cruises for ...s all and winter, together with dates ...d *minimum* fares. A full supply of fold...s and detailed information may be had ...the Travel Office of the Club, in the ...bby on the first floor. All tickets at ...our rates.

▲ ▲ ▲

Sailor's Song

...d wind, or wild wind,
...'s all the same to me;
I'll ...end my sail by candle light,
...t dawn I'll put to sea.

...t if a mild wind blows me home
...e'll share a drowsy nook,
...t I'll grow stranger every year
...eneath your constant look.

But if a wild wind bears me far
...nd there be storm and wrack,
You'll know me better to the end
...r never coming back.

—LOUIS DODGE.

Cruises in the Offing

Around the Pacific

September 20, SS. Malolo, 91 days $1500

Around South America

October 8, SS. City of Los Angeles, 71 days $1050

Great African Cruise

January 17, SS. Transylvania, 97 days, $1450

Round the World

December 2, Empress of Australia, 137 days $2000
December 3, Samaria, 139 days $2000
December 15, Belgenland, 134 days $1750
January 6, Resolute, 140 days $2000
January 10, Franconia, 139 days $2000
January 21, Columbus, 107 days $2000

DOLLAR LINE offers regular service around the world every two weeks $1250

Mediterranean—Egypt—Holy Land

January 8, Britannic, 46 days ..... $ 750
January 17, Adriatic, 46 days ..... $ 695
January 24, Homeric, 66 days $1000
January 27, Scythia, 67 days ..... $ 900
January 31, Laurentic, 58 days ..... $ 600
January 31, Hamburg, 70 days ..... $ 950
January 31, Carinthia, 65 days $1000
February 3, Empress of France, 73 days, $ 900
February 5, Rotterdam, 72 days ..... $ 955
February 14, Calgaric, 68 days ..... $ 740
February 26, Britannic, 46 days ..... $ 750
March 7, Adriatic, 46 days ..... $ 695

▲ ▲ ▲

Goodbye

—HUGH BROWN, JR.

Goodbye, old Landmark.
I'm glad to see you passed.
For a while I believed in you,
And clung to you.
For a time you gave me strength
And filled a need.

But you were only
Part of the truth,
And only as strong as I made you.

I'm on my way now.
Goodbye, old Landmark.

What's all this talk about low prices?

● **Low prices and good values are no new thing with us . . for 54 years they have been the basis of a successful business . . and while others have been "talking" low prices . . we have been acting!**

● **And now San Francisco will witness the result of this constant vigilance, this constant search for better values . . in a series of sale events that we believe have been without parallel in many years.**

● **For these events our buyers have gathered together thousands of marvelous values . . purchased in the local markets, in eastern markets, and in foreign markets, wherever they have been able to find the best values.**

● **Watch our advertisements for new and greater proof of Hale's 54-year-old policy of price rightness, style rightness and service rightness!**

HALE BROS.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone Number .....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

- Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.
- Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

Frank Werner
SLIPPER SALON
255 Geary Street

The Path to Slenderness . . .

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It's Health Examination Time Again!

Again has rolled around the time o Periodic Health Examinations, th fine piece of Public Health Work whic the City Club has been doing for sever years.

The dates are October 1 to 14, inclu sive, and the personnel of examining phys cians is the same as on former occasion with Dr. Adelaide Brown in gener charge.

To know one's physical status, to be ce tain that anaemia or cancer or any oth insidious disease is not gaining foothold one's body is a blessed assurance. But if is—if already one of those dread thing has gained admittance, how much bett to know of it, that all the battery of mec cal science may be trained upon it.

That is the fundamental psychology o the Periodic Health Examination as it semi-annually sponsored by the City Clu

The value of the work lies in the wo "periodic." Your dentist asks you to com to him at least once a year. Many ins upon twice a year. Is not the body as i portant as the teeth?

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ior by filling in the accompanying blank, enc sing a check for $10 and mailing to the ity Club.

I gin now to evaluate your health conditi ns and keep it up at from one to two yea intervals.

Te City Club committee on Periodic Heath Examinations is as follows: Ms. A. P. Black, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Mis Emma Noonan, treasurer, Dr. Ina Ricler, and Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairmar

Te staff of Periodic Health Examinationis: Medical Examiners: Dr. Ethel Owen, and Dr. Ina M. Richter.

Gnaecological Examiner: Dr. Alma Pennington.

Laoratory Diagnosticians: Dr. Aghavanishaghvian and Dr. Hilda Davis.

Ts service is offered only to members of tl San Francisco City Club.

▲ ▲ ▲

Wcnen's City Club Catering Department

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Th fascinating game has become a popul pastime in San Francisco, many eoplhaving found it "as enjoyable as mat ee and much more profitable."

Tw ve conversation groups are already gam d and the enthusiastic members id th discussions so enjoyable that they gerl await the next meeting.

Thtechnique which enables them to rive leasure and culture from such asciatis will be demonstrated and exaine in lectures to be given by the igna r, Miss Ethel Cotton, on Mony, September 15th, at 1:30 and 7:00 n. athe Ethel Cotton Studio of Expresin, 2 O'Farrell Street.

Mebers and friends of the club are vited but it will be necessary to secure est rds by writing to the above adess, telephoning DAvenport 7155.

[Adv.]

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Language Changes with The Feminine Mode

● Words that have been out of use among women during the flapper age are reappearing and notable changes of language are coming with the new fashions of the season.

For nearly a decade women have scorned to use "pretty," "quaint," "sweet" or "lovely" in describing the clothes they have seen or intend to buy. Now the words are appearing everywhere say shop keepers.

Moreover, girls are revising the flapper names they used to bear proudly to fit the new feminine note that come so decidedly into the realm of fashions. A third New York reaction to the new fashions in clothes is a revolt against the appearance of efficiency for women in offices, the editor discovered in a thorough survey.

"One girl," says the article, "who was getting a permanent wave after wearing her hair straight for several years, told the hair-dresser that straight hair made her look efficient. She wanted to look less efficient than she is.

"Another girl, christened Alexandria, was found begging her friends to call her 'Alix,' if they must give her a nickname. Throughout the flapper age, she reveled in being called 'Sandy,' but it's too tomboyish now, she declared, to fit in with the frilly, more sedate clothes of the present season.

"As for the descriptive words in the world of clothes, which formerly were considered mid-Victorian, women now love to have adjectives applied to them that are as far as possible from being masculine."

As for the styles themselves, dealers declare, silks merely start the ball rolling and the highest, gayest bounces are being achieved by cottons and linens. "Pretty," "sweet" and "quaint" and other feminine adjectives have been called into play to express views of smart fabrics that a short time ago were reserved for utility purposes alone. Even Paris, where hot-weather materials are not so much needed as in the many hot sections of America, have swung to these "quaint" fabrics.

The distinct favor for hats with brims, some almost like poke bonnets, is another touch of feminine flattery. The leather bag, formerly almost obligatory with a suit, has given way to the purse of crepe de Chine, shantung or linen. Feathers as hat trimmings are sprouting, though the quills are as yet seldom more than two inches long, or are made up in little wisps such as were formerly worn in sports hats.

Still another swing to the feminine is the tempering of the sleeveless dress, from which bare arms gleamed. Today little capes add a modest and kindly note to arms that are not quite perfect. White canvas shoes have become as proper as the more ulitarian kids.

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Health Notes

DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

I. If the travel bee possesses you, an ounce of prevention is valuable—in testing your immunity to smallpox by being revaccinated, if the Orient or Mexico lure you.

It is always safe to take the typhoid "shots," to keep yourself protected against the possibility of this infection. Repeated every two years one is safe.

II. *Drinking water* should be boiled water—and in addition it is very simple to carry a bottle of Tincture of Iodine (7%) and add 3 or 4 drops to the caraffe of water found in every bedroom. In five minutes this water is sterile and can be used for hygiene of the mouth and teeth safely. The taste of the Iodine is slightly brackish but the safety is worth that small discomfort.

III. If a mountain trip through our "poison oak" belt, or fishing along our streams calls—it is well to remember the older remedies for that destroyer of pleasure, poison-oak. In dealing with Camp Fire girls, we have found strong kitchen soap and hot water, washing off all unprotected skin before changing from hiking clothes, very valuable. Avoid ointments and oils in dressing the lesions. The poison is a resin and spreads when dissolved in oil. Do you all know that lacquer (Oriental) is also made from a rhus and a lacquer dermatitis is common in the orient.

Fewer people are susceptible to primrose poisoning from the pollen but it is distressing and should be remembered when selecting flowers for invalids.

This is the hay-fever season. Along the lines of immunization much study of these alleigic diseases is being done. It is surely going to be a more comfortable world to live in when one's reactions to various irritations can be reduced to zero.

The Periodic Health Examination is staged for October 1-14 inclusive. This service is more intelligently appreciated each year by the membership.

▲ ▲ ▲

(*Continued from page 2*)

sure—very nice and charitable—didn't know you were so charitably inclined!"

"Didn't you now" — said the Seal—"well—well—just imagine!"

They swam along in silence.

Suddenly a cry rent the water—"Help! Help!"—came in a sweet girlish voice.

They both stopped. "Alice!" cried the Eel—"My God—that's Alice!"

"Alice," cried the Seal—"Alice!"

(To be continued.)

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Brico Lauds Co-operation

● "Without the help of my friends I should not now be here on the eve of realizing the dream of my whole lifetime," said Antonia Brico in a shy, slow voice at the luncheon given in her honor at the Women's City Club, August 13.

"I have just been shown over the City Club and for the first time heard of the spirit of co-operation which pervades the place. It is a rare and beautiful thing, is real co-operation, and many times in the last few years have I tasted its fruits. Were it not for the co-operation of the friends who have "stood by" in lean years and fat I should still be struggling and dreaming and hoping. I shall always aspire, of course, but that is the part one must do alone. But in achieving and doing we are more or less dependent upon our fellows. When I stand on the platform at Exposition Auditorium to conduct the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra it will not be just a woman wielding a baton and evoking music from an orchestra, but the culmination of long years of intensive work and the fruition of a tremendously ardent hope."

Since that speech Miss Brico's dream has come true. Her concert at Exposition Auditorium was attended by the biggest audience of the summer series.

The luncheon at the Women's City Club was attended by forty leading women of the music world of San Francisco.

Public Speaking Class

● Wishes Come True! At last after tw years the desire for instruction in pul lic speaking, so insistently expressed b many of the Club members is about to b realized. A class will be formed that wi not only be a delightful means of helpin those who desire to express their though with facility in public, but will also ope the pages of literature through pros poetry—the book review and study of th current plays.

Instruction will be under the expe guidance of Jean Campbell Macmilla whose success in groups formed by bo the women's and men's clubs in Publ Speaking and dramatic interpretation h been noted for several years about the Ba

Miss Macmillan is herself an impressi and charming speaker and adds to h platform experience two years of succe on radio.

Mrs. Turkington, one of our own me bers who has often been associated w Miss Macmillan in her public speaki work and who has recently returned fr Europe, will act as chairman and registra of the section.

While the class has been formed p marily for members, nevertheless sponso non-members will be admitted at a sligh increased figure.

For further particulars inquire at information desk.

▲ ▲ ▲

French Classes

● Mme. Olivier has announced that her French Conversational Class will begin at 11:00, Friday, September 12. The Beginning, Intermediate and Advanced Theory Classes will begin Monday, September 15, between the hours of 6:00 and 8:00 o'clock. When the classes convene Mme. Olivier will arrange the hours according to the wishes of the members. Those interested are asked to register the Information Desk on the Main Flo

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

The colorful days of long ago cannot be recalled on September ninth, when we celebrate our admission into the Union, but we can make merry and feast as of yore on the delicious foods served at their gala fiestas, when beautiful senoritas and gay caballeros danced to the soft strains of guitars at their great haciendas.

Barbecued meats, with tangy chili sauce, chili beans and bread with the beverages should of course, be served, but as few possess the necessary roasting pits, it may be best to plan on other foods, such as chili con carne, tamales, or perhaps enchiladas. Then again, if one does not care for these early California food made with sun-dried chilis, then ribs of beef with a Spanish tomato sauce or Spanish rice might be preferable.

Contrary to the accepted opinion of California dishes, such as chili con carne, it does not contain beans, but is simply the stewed beef in chili sauce. And in enchiladas made by their recipes, the mixture is made of chopped olives, uncooked onions and cheese, without any meat, such as we are accustomed to in most cafes.

In making any of these dishes, the chili sauce called for is the same and it requires quite a bit of labor to prepare it so it is best to make a quantity and keep it on hand. If one does not care to make it, a few Mexican stores sell it as they do the massa, which makes real tamales, as they use only the ground corn—not corn meal. They also sell real tortillas—the base of enchiladas. The recipes have been in use for several generations of early California families.

CHILI SAUCE: (To be used with enchiladas, beans or con carne.) Soak one pound of sun-dried chilis in lukewarm water to cover until soft, then simmer in the same liquid for twenty minutes. Set aside to cool, then either rub through a puree sieve, or scrape with the back of a silver knife to separate pulp from skins. Return the pulp to the liquid in which it was cooked, and for each cupful of this mixture, allow two tablespoons of olive oil, and in it brown one clove of garlic and one slice of onion. When browned, remove and add the chili pulp and liquid and let cook until thickened to suit taste. When done, add one teaspoon of vinegar and salt to season, as it requires a considerable quantity. Pour unused sauce into sterilized bottles and seal for future use.

CHILI CON CARNE: Cut two pounds of lean beef into inch sized pieces. Roll in flour and brown quickly in lard or oil; then add water to barely cover and let simmer until meat is tender. When done, add chili sauce to suit, permitting the mixture to cook a few moments longer.

TO MAKE ENCHILADAS: (The tortillas may be purchased in Mexican stores, or use this substitute.) Work two tablespoons of lard into one quart of flour, first sifted with one teaspoon of salt. When blended, add just enough cold water to moisten. Take out small pieces, about the size of an egg, and roll into thin pancakes. Prepare all you will need before starting to cook.

To cook: Place a generous tablespoon of lard in a saucepan and in it cook one clove of garlic for five minutes: remove the garlic and add one tablespoon of flour, and when the mixture bubbles, add one pint of chili sauce and let cook until thickened. Season with one-half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of vinegar and if desired, a few drops of onion juice. Lastly add one teaspoon of crushed Oregano, a Mexican herb that is necessary for flavoring all Spanish dishes.

In another pan: Have enough lard to

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cover the tortillas. Drop in one at a time, cook until it puffs, but not brown; remove and let drain a moment, then drop into the hot chili mixture for two minutes; then remove to a platter. In the center of each place one-half teaspoon of chopped uncooked onion, one teaspoon of chopped ripe olives, and two teaspoons of grated cheese. Fold over the edges and then prepare the next one, repeating until they are all ready for the table, when a generous amount of the sauce is poured over all; then place in the oven for a few moments to reheat.

Be sure to have the chopped olives, onions and grated cheese ready as the work must be done quickly, but you can if desired, prepare them in the morning and reheat when ready to serve. Parmesan or Edam cheese is preferable for this dish.

CHILI BEANS: Soak one quart of chili beans over night in cold water to cover. In the morning, drain, cover with fresh water and bring to a boil. Drain again, then add one quart of tomatoes (canned or freshly chopped), two medium sized onions sliced, one-fourth pound of bacon, minced, one clove of garlic, salt to suit taste and either a small quantity of the prepared chili sauce or use three sun-dried chilis, with seeds and membranes removed. Add the boiling water to cover and just simmer until beans are soft or tender. Add more water if necessary. If desired, chili powder may be substituted for the peppers.

CHICKEN TAMALES: Have ready some ground corn or massa, or use corn meal: Stir one tablespoon of lard and one cup of meal into one quart of boiling water and let cook until thick or about an hour. This will furnish the meal portion of the dish. Have ready also dried corn husks, and let soak in cold water for several hours; then drain and dry well, rubbing one side of each husk with lard. Cook one chicken in as little water as possible, with an onion for flavoring. When done remove from the liquid and cut into small pieces, without bones.

Next put two tablespoons of the diced chicken and some of the prepared chili sauce in a large prepared husk, around it place another, with cooked corn meal or massa spread on the greased side, repeating until each tamale is as large as you wish, though the meat and sauce center with four husks filled with the meal are enough. Tie the ends with string and trim evenly. When all have been made, steam over boiling water for two and a half hours. Ripe olives are frequently added to the filling.

RIBS OF BEEF SPANISH: Have butcher crack the ribs to the desired size, then simmer slowly in boiling salted water to which you have added one slice of onion and one clove of garlic. When tender, remove the ribs, reserving the liquid for soup. Place in a pan and brown quickly, either in the oven or under the broiler. Have ready a

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Spanish sauce, pour over them and serve at once.

To make the sauce: Slice two medium sized onions thin, cook slowly in four tablespoons of oil until a golden color, adding one clove of garlic and one green pepper cut into strips. Next add one quart of heated tomatoes, one bay leaf, two cloves and a small stick of cinnamon, tied in a muslin bag. Season to suit taste with salt, chili powder and a pinch of Oregano. Remove spice bag and thicken with corn starch if not thick enough to suit.

Spanish Rice: (Make in this proportion.) Wash and drain one cup of rice; next mince one large onion and one bell pepper. Put four tablespoons of oil or lard into a skillet and when hot stir in the rice and onion, stirring until both are well browned. Then add one quart of tomatoes and the bell pepper, cooking until the rice is tender and most of the liquid absorbed. Season with salt and a pinch of Oregano and add either chili powder or a small quantity of prepared chili sauce. Do not cook too dry. One cup of grated cheese stirred into the mixture just before serving adds to the flavor.

Mexican Rarebit: Melt one tablespoon of butter in the top half of double boiler, in it cook one-half green pepper, minced, until soft but not browned. Next add two cups of grated cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Next mix one can of corn with one beaten egg; also mix one-half cup each of tomatoes and bread crumbs and heat. Season the cheese mixture with one-half teaspoon of salt, stir well, then add the corn mixture and heat thoroughly, adding the tomatoes and bread lastly with a pinch of Oregano and a little chili powder. Pour over freshly made toast and serve immediately.

Green Corn Spanish: Scrape the kernels from one dozen ears of washed corn. Next cook one onion, chopped, two green chilis and two tomatoes in two tablespoons of butter until the onion is nicely browned. Then add the prepared corn and cook until vegetables are done, while frequently stirring. Add hot water if necessary and season with salt, chili powder and Oregano to suit.

Mexican Peppers: Use either canned or fresh green chili peppers. For canned: Hold each pepper under faucet and wash carefully, but do not split. For the fresh peppers: Roast in the oven until the skin blisters, then remove skin, seeds and membranes. When peppers are ready, lay out flat, and in each put a piece of cheese about one-half inch thick and the length of the pepper. Fasten with a toothpick then dip in batter or egg and cracker crumbs, and fry until evenly browned, in a deep hot fat. (It is best to use a frying basket.)

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Calendars for 1931 to Make Bow

● Calendars, characteristic of the Women's City Club, new and interesting in design and execution, are the especial province of Mrs. I. N. Hibberd and a committee which is meeting weekly to consider this especial exhibit of the November Exhibition.

Mrs. Charles Curry, Misses Lucy and Edith Allyne, Miss Barbara Funston, Mrs. Allen Babcock, Miss Edith Leale and Miss Hartwell are others of the committee.

The calendars will, according to the present plans, be in several sizes and prices, but of the same general design, and will be on sale in a booth presided over by Mrs. Hibberd's committee.

▲ ▲ ▲

"Natlea" Preparations

● "Natalea" Preparations in attractive boxes and bottles, are now ready for sale and distribution in the Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club. The name "Natlea" is a combination of National League, or rather contraction of those two words which meant so much during and since the war. But the term would never be suspected of being war-born, for it now connotes beauty and leisure and fragrance.

Powders and pomades, lipstick and nail lotions, skin foods and cleansers, soothing and cool, are contained in the opaque boxes and bottles, and are for sale in the Beauty Salon. Out-of-town members may confidently depend upon their orders receiving meticulous attention.

▲ ▲ ▲

Pan Pacific Delegates to be Feted

Returning delegates, prominent women from the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference recently held in Honolulu, will arrive in San Francisco the first week in September and will be entertained at the City Club. Members interested are asked to watch the bulletins for dates and names of distinguished guests.

▲ ▲ ▲

Send Your Check

Beginning September 1, reservations for special luncheons or dinners given by the City Club must be accompanied by checks. Reservations may be made on the third floor or through the mail.

▲ ▲ ▲

Pool Closes

The City Club Swimming Pool will be closed for redecorating and general refurbishing from August 30 to September 8. When it reopens there will be a number of swimming parties followed by luncheons.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

October · 1930 Subscription $1.00 a year 15 cents a copy Volume IV · No. 9

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

OCTOBER 1, 1930

PERIODIC HEALTH EXAMINATIONS—October 1 to 14, inclusive.
Appointments may be made with Mrs. Rivers, Executive Office, Fourth Floor.

FRENCH CLASSES—Beginning Theory Class. Mme. Olivier, Instructor.
Monday evening, 7 o'clock, Board Room.
Intermediate Conversational Class. Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. American Room
Advanced Conversational Class. Friday morning, 11 o'clock, Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Monday evening, 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium.
Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, Director.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2 and 7 o'clock. Chinese Room.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS—Thursdays at 10:30 o'clock. Chinese Room.
Jean Campbell Macmillan, Instructor.

October 1	Current Events Section Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
1	Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.	*Card Room*	12:00 noon
2	Vacation Tea	*American Room*	3:30 o'clock
2	Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "The Story of San Michele" by Exel Munthe.	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clock
2	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dagmar Knudson. Subject: "Scandinavian Art."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
6	Annual Fire Lighting	*Lounge*	8:00 o'clock
9	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Florence P. Kahn. Subject: "Observations at Washington."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
16	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. James L. Ellis. Subject:	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
21	Lecture on the Scientific Care of the Skin By a New York representative of Elizabeth Arden. (Members and guests are invited.)	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clock
23	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. William Mooser. Subject: "The Story of the New Court House in Santa Barbara"	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
29	Lecture by Irma Wan Buwalda, A.B. Subject: "Cops, Crooks and Crime"	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
30	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. C. H. Hamilton Subject: "South Africa—Land of Colorful Contrasts. Its History, People and Unique Attractions"	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock

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THE NEW ADVENTURES of ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ETHEL MELONE BROWN

CHAPTER 12

Concluded

● "My God," cried the Eel—"he's got her! Oh—dear me—dear me—what'll we do?"

Alice could be seen struggling in the embrace of an amorous looking shark. "Help" she cried faintly from between his great jaws—"Oh—please—please help!"

"Got a gun?", shouted the Seal to the Eel.

"Nope," moaned the Eel—"left it home on the piano. Oh dear—oh dear—this is terrible—simply terrible."

"Got a club—or an axe?" yelled the Seal in his ear, shaking him by the shoulders.

"No, I tell you, no—I never carry arms of any sort," cried the Eel petulantly through his tears—"and will you kindly stop shaking me?"

"Well then—there's only one way—here goes"—the Seal made a quick gesture toward the Eel—

"What y'doing? What y'doing?" cried the Eel, drawing back sharply.

"You'll see," said the Seal, grabbing him by the tip of the tail. With a deft twist of the wrist he tied a noose in the Eel's long body, swung it three times around the Shark's neck, lassoing him with consumate skill.

"Ouch!" shrieked the Shark.

"Spit her out!" cried the Seal.

"Stop choking me!" gasped the Shark.

"Stop stretching me," shrieked the Eel.

"Shut up—both of you," said the Seal, and tightened the noose.

The Shark gagged. The Eel squeaked. And Alice jumped out unharmed.

"You were perfectly wonderful," said Alice to the Seal.

"Pooh," said the Seal.

"How can I ever thank you?" said Alice.

"Ahem"—interrupted the Eel straightening himself and rubbing his stomach, "May I suggest that I was really the one to save you."

"Really?" said Alice, arching her eyebrows.

"Really," said the Eel. "And now—" he described one of his old flourishes—"will you marry me?"

"Why should I?" said Alice.

"I'll give you the best of everything under the sea, my dear—jewels from Shreve, Treat & Eacret—furs from the Hudson Bay, gowns from Billie Trott, hats from Esther Rothschild, shoes from Frank More, 'articles de toilette' from Ladd's. I'll build you a palace to live in—

Continued on page 30

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Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

Chapter Three of the story of the November Club Gathering is not an easy one to write, for there is much to tell and here is therefore grave danger of long-windedness. The fear oppresses me that you will "ring off" before I have finished.

First of all let me ask, "Have you sent in your pledge, or are you saying 'I can't do anything with my hands?' "

In our eagerness to avoid the danger of having our idea called bazaar, we have perhaps erred on the other side so that those members who are not talented in the so-called finer arts have been diffident about offering their contributions to an "exhibition." If that be so, then the purpose of the whole idea is failing, for first and foremost is the hope that *every* member will give us *something* she herself has made.

Perhaps the best way to make ourselves clearly understood is to set forth cases which have already come to light. If you are an artist, coppersmith, silversmith, book-binder, professional expert in any handcraft, we ask from you a gift of one thing and we will at the same time exhibit your finest piece of work, marked with your name so that your fellow-members may see your talent in its finest form. If you are in professional work, using your technical training as physician, lawyer, executive, we ask one gift of the product of your avocation and will so list it that the versatility of women will be brought to light. If you cannot make tapestry or weave, or design rag-rugs, you can perhaps do some nice bit of needlework or knitting which you can give us or perhaps you can cook some one thing. By so doing you will not be judged "stupid," but rather a woman who has many talents whose hands have been more or less idle while her brains have been developing ideas for the community. If you are still at a loss to know what you can do, read the list appearing elsewhere in the magazine or on the bulletin board in the clubhouse, for you may not realize that to paint garden-sticks or pot rock gardens, do paste work neatly, cook or sew is to do what we have glorified with the name of "talent" and set side by side with art and talent have we all know it. This year the talents of our members come as surprises to us, for we have never really known each other, but the beginning of our search is thrilling us with its results (paintings, miniatures, etchings, needlework have already arrived, and unusual and delightful culinary efforts are promised).

• The committee is eager to have your pledge as soon as possible! Will you use the form printed below and be a part of this as-yet-nameless celebration—which reminds me to ask for your suggestion for the name "Exhibition" as you see is not what we really mean, for after all, a most attractively ensconced jar of jelly is hardly an exhibition piece in the ordinary accepted use of the word. The word "bazaar" is also wrong, because unfortunately the standard of the units of many bazaars is below the standard we have set, and the sale slant although vital is not what we are stressing. Then again both these words are too trite, for ours is a new idea. Primarily it is a member's play-time together, when we are to learn to know each other more intimately and realize that the woman who directs executives eight hours a day can at the same time bake a pie and direct the education of her high-school son so that her home talents develop side by side with her business-efficiency. We are finding that women are still women and that instead of pigeon-holing them as women of one talent, they are versatile. We are finding what Mrs. A. does with her leisure time and what Mrs. B is interested in, both as her vocation and her avocation. And as the last, and by all means the greatest result; we are being given the opportunity to bring our talent to the National League for Woman's Service, as a contribution for our clubhouse. Have you a name for this idea? Oikinomikos has been submitted and means pertaining to the talents of the home as related to the community. Another has called it The League Harvest, which carries with its meaning a garnering of our products. Another has offered "The Fair" which is gay in its connotation and embracing in the full value of its meaning. What name have you to suggest?

• Do we *need* to do this thing? Yes and No. Yes, because the joy of service expressed in giving should be shared by the entire membership at least once each year. No, because the building project does not *need* this extra fund accruing from the sale of our talents, although it can readily be seen that an indirect result will be accelerated financial payments beyond our promises and perhaps beyond our wildest hopes. Can we afford *not* to contribute? Unequivocably, no, for we cannot afford to miss this opportunity to do one particular thing, which in the aggregate with other members' contributions will show us what democracy of interests and of talent our club membership embraces.

Let me end this chapter of the story with these two hopes: first, that each member will sign her pledge immediately (if possible before October 15) so that the assembling committee may know what material it will have to use. Your pledge is asked now, even though the contribution itself is not yet ready to be sent in; secondly, that each member will make a personal effort to understand what November 5 and 6 stands for, by visiting the Information Desk in the Hammon Gallery some time during October.

Jewelry

—OLGA BUJANNOFF

● There is always a certain romance connected with jewels and jewelry. Jewelry seems to have always been made and to have been found almost everywhere. There were jewelers in the remotest times, even though they were not always goldsmiths. The ancients got as much thrill out of their jewels set with agate, beryl and jasper as we moderns do out of the more recently popular diamond. Sometimes I wonder if we fully appreciate how generously Mother Earth has contributed her treasures for our use, her gold, platinum, silver and precious stones. Father Neptune evidently was not to be outdone, so he added his share of lustrous pearls and beautifully tinted coral. And had not science enlightened him, man, I am sure, would have been inspired by these gems to literary endeavors as fantastic as the tales of the Arabian Nights, on such subjects as how the star ruby and star sapphire got their stars, or why the Alexandrite turns red at night.

One who has made a study of jewelry knows at a glance in what country a piece of jewelry was made and in what period. In fact, a collection of jewelry arranged according to countries or periods represents real history to a jewel lover. Somehow jewelry is affected by the trend of its time. Our beautifully made, somewhat severe modern jewelry seems to represent we moderns perfectly.

I am sure that an architect gazing up at his skyscraper that he has seen completed, cannot get more pleasure from his achievement, than I do when I have completed a beautiful piece which I have designed. Then too, I get real satisfaction out of pleasing someone who wants something "different" or who wants his idea carried out. I think I have always gotten as much pleasure out of looking at a beautiful woman exquisitely gowned as from looking at a beautiful picture, and in an art gallery I am surely in my glory. It seems to me that however lovely a costume may be, it is incomplete without the finishing touch of correct jewelry. Almost ever since, as a youngster, or rare occasions I toddled down at the side of my father to his shop, and peered curiously and cautiously over his shoulder at the jewel he was making, I have designed jewelry, so naturally I chose designing and making jewelry as my work. My sister, myself and our staff of skilled specialists, make jewelry now at our shop in Lick Place, in the same location as our shop has been since it was founded by my father in the days of old San Francisco.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Olga Bujannoff is a member of the Women's City Club who is anticipating much joy in exhibiting some of her handwrought jewelry at the "Talents Exhibit" at the Club November 5 and 6.)

▲ ▲ ▲

I Shall Go Ahead

—FRANCES QUELLE LANE

● To sculpt or not to sculpt. That was the question.

A young milliner going abroad was giving up her studio and I had pounced upon it. The first few days I mooned around in a sort of "art for art's sake" daze wondering, incidentally, whether I would be able to pay the next month's rent. My reverie was interrupted periodically by women arriving with mysterious looking packages, some just out and out bags, but others disguised to look like bundles of laundry or Sunday's roast, but all proving to contain more or less defunct hats. Then did I learn that hope springs eternal, for it seemed that these sad relics of a past season were, with a few deft turns, to be restored to their pristine glory. And, perish the thought, it was up to me to bring this miracle to pass. It seemed to be taken for granted that I was the new milliner. I was struck dumb at the idea, but if silence were consent I had obligated myself to do something about those hats. What to do, what to do?

My family didn't lend any valuable assistance beyond the suggestion that if I had fallen heir to a perfectly good millinery business continuing to function on its own momentum with no questions asked, why not come down off my high sculptured horse and make hats? They rubbed it in hard. Said that while sculpture was a noble art and slopping around in clamy wet clay doubtless had its fascination and lean and hungry looking artist might be picturesque, who wouldn't rather be a fat milliner?

But I couldn't make hats, couldn't even buy them; in fact regarded them as a blight on an otherwise fair world. For I had a large head—"swelled" was the family's word, much red hair beside and the hat wasn't made that would go on without first being stretched to shapelessness and then it would always sneak back and grip my brains like a vice. One or two friends had come home from Paris with hats that had actually been made on their heads, to fit but that was Paris.

This was San Francisco nearly eight years ago.

The days when hats perched on pompadours like the Ark on Mt. Araat were past, but still a hat was considered for itself and had little connection with the face of the woman who wore it. It was not expected to bring out her good features and soft pedal the poor ones. Lantern-jawed women wore little peanut hats that made them look more gaunt than ever while stylish stouts went in for the horizontal which made them look bigger but not better.

Having perforce become "hat conscious," I began applying art principles to the hats I passed on the street, mentally reshaping them to fit the type and features of the wearer until I reminded myself of a friend who, after finishing a course in portrait photography retouched everyone on the street cars.

One day a friend jerked me out of my sidewalk hat analysis.

"Well, well, and how are the sculptured hats?"

"Think you're funny, don't you?" I snapped.

But right there an idea was born.

Everything that I had learned in years of Art School about line and design, and color harmony, and composition I applied to "sculptured hats." I was besieged for them and there was a steady stream of the best dressed women in San Francisco climbing the stairs to my little studio.

But now I am carrying the idea one step further — not only sculptured hats but sculptured heads on which to make them —planning to establish a sort of rogue's gallery so that people from out of town can just write in "make me a small red felt hat, to match inclosed sample, on 'my head'."

For the exhibit I will do a portrait bust of some club member and the hat in felt, on it.

How Would You Bequeath a Million Dollars?

How would you bequeath a million dollars if you had no natural heirs? This question thrust itself with utter nsouiance into a meeting of the Magazine Committee which had met one day for dis-ussion quite alien to that of conjecturing 's, ands and buts of a hypothetical mil-on dollars. It was the day on which the ill of the late Senator James D. Phelan as been published and naturally that very markable testamentary document was on ie tips of our tongues. Since then edi-rials and theses have been written about , but we, the four members of the Maga-ne Committee, the president, Miss Leale, id the editor, became a symposium as temporaneous as it was un-germain to e agenda of the meeting.

What would *you* do with a million dol-rs after your heirs were provided for, or you had no heirs? Everyone has dreamed something kind or handsome or helpful r a beloved one. But to dispose intelli-ntly and constructively of a million dol-rs is a task—privilege, if you like—of nother color.

Would you follow the channels of or-nized charity or the bent of your own ncy? Would you disburse because you nted to serve humanity or dispense to e oy an emotional "Lady Bountiful" re-aion? Write to the editor, room 214, Cy Club, what you'd do.

The question threatened to consume too ch time needed for other things. The ult was that members of the committee promised to write what they'd do if faced wh the necessity of bequeathing a million dlars. Here is what they wrote:

Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, chairman: How would I give a million dollars ay? "When you know that your Maga-ine committee, which met for a serious discussion of magazine policy and better-ment, was allowed to digress to a heated discussion about how we would give away a illion dollars you may decide that what the Magazine needs is a new chairman.

In the midst of our enthusiasm we each greed to put down in black and white w it we would do with a million dollars th we were going to give away. At the moment I had forgotten the numerous im-diate demands upon my time and now ou editor is saying things under her breath, and the printer is champing at the bit because this copy is not in. I have just ten minutes to make up my mind about thi million.

As I name over the outstanding re-quirements for happiness I decide that health is the thing my million must be dedicated to. The vast majority of the sick must of necessity be taken care of in the hole, and the home at the same time offers unlimited opportunity for education. Dr. Ira S. Hiscock, Association Professor of Public Health at Yale University has paid San Francisco a fine tribute for the work that is being done here to promote health but he says that the public health nursing field is developed to only a 50 per cent capacity rating. A million dollar endowment given to the Visiting Nurses Association, which is already so splendidly organized would probably give to San Francisco the most complete field nursing service in the world. So the V. N. A. gets my million."

Mrs. Frederick Kroll:

"I'd provide for a number of nice people whom I know would derive more happiness in life by being relieved of financial worry, the kind of people who want, or even need, but never complain or ask.

"That done, I'd endow a hospital where persons of that same status, genteel people, could have excellent medical attention and nursing at a very nominal cost, say two dollars per day, or something like that. It seems that there could not be too many institutions like that. It would not be a clinic nor charity hospital, but a place where the most fastidious would go."

At about that moment *Josephine Bartlett* entered the meeting to talk some special work she has been asked to do for the City Club. Here's what she wrote:

• "The grasshopper gives as the grasshopper lives! Whenever that question arises: 'Whatwould you do with a million dollars if you had it to give away?' I am immediately transplanted to familiar ground. It is a question that I have turned over in my mind often—far too often. On many an occasion when I should have been concentrating on the milk bill I have instead let my imagination wander down that golden gallery where, enthroned, I have dispensed hundred-dollar bills right and left.

"To whom?

"Well, not to the obvious down-and-outers. I can envy them. They're not attempting to play any part in that heart-breaking tragi-comedy: 'Keeping Up Appearances.' And those women who live in the shabby side streets and alleys and never wear a hat from one year's end to another, I wonder, do they really know their luck? Little does it matter to them how impossible it is to turn a last year's fisherman's hat into a this year's beret!

"Then, giving to organized charities, however meritorious, seems to me to be half-hearted. Too often it's like the action of the man who has been sleeping all through the church service, wakens suddenly with a guilty start and hastily drops a dollar into the collection plate — and then goes back to sleep again.

"No, I'd want to get some fun out of my giving. Now and again I'd like to indulge myself to the point of giving foolishly, even idiotically!

"I'd love to do some quiet snooping and seek out those homes and families (not so far from home, either!) where a brave struggle is being made to make ends meet, where heart breaking financial situations must be met and faced again and again, and where everyone from the grandfather to the eight-year-old would burn at the stake rather than utter a whimper that the world might hear. Imagine them finding a cashier's cheque in the mail some fine morning!

• "And many a time my eye has followed some little girl trudging to the grocers. I have noticed the shoes, a bit too shabby even for after-school wear; most of all I have seen the trouble-clouded eyes and the old look that mars a childhood overshadowed with adult worries of illness, struggle, debt. And wouldn't it have been fun to slip an envelope containing a nobly denominated greenback into the carefully mended sweater pocket!

"Those who make a study of philanthropy frown on the type of giving that I would indulge in if I had that million to give away. They call it thoughtless—intrinsically unsound. They argue that my system would make for irresponsibility, that it ignores the fundamentals of social economics. Well, let them argue that way. I'm ready to come right back at them at any time and tell them that their economic theories ignore something a lot more important—the fostering on humanity's belief in Santa Claus."

Mrs. George Osborne Wilson writes:

"A million dollars to give—where? In the Magazine meeting we had discussed orphanages, hospitals, social service, the arts. But I went from there to dish out beans and peanut butter sandwiches at the grammar school cafeteria. A little later I waited at the high school corner to take the older son and his huge horn to the opening football game of two leading high school 'varsities.' What eager crowds of ambitious youngsters fill my memory picture of that day! Tomorrow they will be knocking at our college doors. The State University is overflowing. The Stanford Endowment can support only a limited number. Yes, my little million must go to stretch further the income from that magnificent light which has made so many of us foster children of the far-sighted Stanfords.

"And because I want to see these younger ones fresh from the enthusiasms

of high school days made an integral part of a great institution, with both tradition and vision, at the age when they are most responsive and plastic, I would give it as the beginning of an endowment to perpetuate the Lower Division."

Ernestine Ball (Mrs. Jau Don Ball):

"At first thought it seems so much easier to give away a million dollars than to acquire it. Even at second thought most of us would cry out in lusty tones 'just lead me to multi-millions, and the disposition of one million for the public good will be easy for me'!

"But if you think it through, and move along mentally from mere almsgiving to constructive help, you realize that a mere million will soon fizzle out if applied to temporary relief of the individual.

"Also you begin to see your million as just a drop in the Rockefeller pool of foundations interested in medical research, education and national social problems.

"So why not meet an immediate problems right here in San Francisco?

"Many mothers suddenly find themselves forced to become the breadwinners of a family. I once had a woman, who had to go out and look for a job, ask me where she could find an institution that would provide mother's care during the day for her children and let her live under the same roof with them.

"There isn't such an institution in San Francisco.

"But why call it an 'institution'?

"I bequeath my million to a hotel for working mothers and their children. A hotel with a day nursery, an infirmary, and every child welfare accommodation that will give the mother peace of mind on her job, and is of the best advantage to the child.

"The rates at this hotel are to be commensurate with the earning capacity of those who would use it, and the project is to start with one small unit which is probably all that a million dollars would take care of.

"But if this unit of the hotel demonstrates itself others interested in the problem of the working mother are certain to endow additions."

Cops, Crooks and Crime

● Behold this arresting title! The title of the lecture which opens the season of winter activities offered by the Committee on Programs and Entertainments. October, on the evening of the fourth day of the last week, Wednesday, October 29, at 8 o'clock, in the Auditorium, this subject of crime will be discussed by an International Policewoman.

From every quarter the four winds blow on us, from the oceans of printed matter, novels or plays, and learned or flippant disquisitions on this top-most problem, criminology. Agreed, the topic is timely, so is the speaker.

The Women's City Club feels itself fortunate in obtaining Irma Wann Buwalda, one of the five directors of the International Association of Policewomen, and the only one west of the Mississippi, to speak on this problem, which she understands so thoroughly. Mrs. Buwalda has long been one of the foremost authorities in California on this subject, and especially that phase of it which deals with crime from the standpoint of women. She has recently been appointed by the Governor as member and secretary of of the State Commission for Women Offenders, which will determine future prison conditions relating to women.

Mrs. Buwalda is also a lawyer, a member of the bar of this state. She was graduated in 1917 from the law school of the University of California at Berkeley. For several years she served as a Policewoman in Washington, D. C., also was a director of the Prevention Program of the Civic Protection Association of New Haven. At present this Policewoman is the only woman member of the administrative board of the University of California International House, recently built by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in Berkeley.

This lecture on the old-new phase of women in crime, by a gifted woman, wise and conversant with the problem, should prove attractive. Tickets $1.50 and $1.00 on sale at the Information Desk.

—BEATRICE SNOW STODDARD

Swim and Be Happy

● Do you have that glorious feeling of well-being that follows a swim in refreshing salt water? It's easy to smile when you feel rested, relaxed, happy, as you are sure to feel after a swim. Shopping trials, domestic worries, financial problems are shelved for the moment as you slip lazily through the cool green water or race vigorously along with a strong arm movement and a kick that turns the green to white froth. Stimulated by the exercise refreshed from the salt water, shower and rub down you leave feeling that you have found the panacea for tired nerves and weary body that result from the mad rush of present day life. Try it.

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Swim Party

The annual Hallowe'en Party for children will be held October 25 at 11 o'clock a.m. Costumes will be worn and prizes awarded to the prettiest and to the most original. Games and races will be held and prizes awarded to the winners.

Remember, 11 o'clock, a.m., October 25 in the Swimming Pool.

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She Says See Will Make You a Speaker with Confidence in Yourself

● Jean Campbell Macmillan, associated with the University of California has begun a class in public speaking, the first held September 25 at the City Club. The class will be held every Thursday morning at the Club at 10:30 o'clock for ten weeks.

Once each month the students will meet at luncheon for actual practice at speaking extemporaneously. Miss Macmillan says that self-consciousness and kindred miseries of speakers may be eliminated. Also she says that the speaking voice may be improved incalculably.

The City Club will take registration for the class at the Information Desk.

Tree and Sky

—SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Let my soul, a shining tree,
Silver branches lift towards thee,
Where on a hallowed winter's night
The clear-eyed angel may alight.

And if there should be tempests in
My spirit, let them surge like din
Of noble melodies at war;
With fervor of such blades of triumphs as are
Flashed in white orisons of saints who go
On shafts of glory to the ecstasies they know.

How We Think – We Who are "Down Under"

—MRS. E. I. LOVELL, M. B. E.,
Hawera, New Zealand

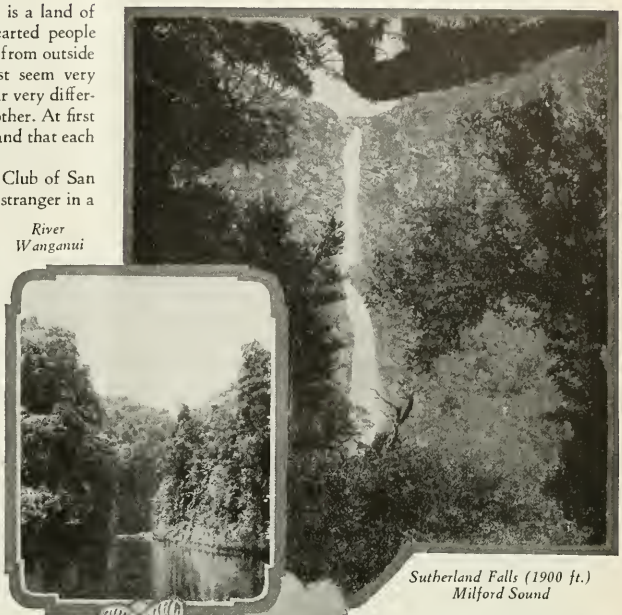
To us who come from "down under," America is a land of new experiences—a fascinating study of big-hearted people oing things in a big way. We realize how far we are from outside ontacts, that our little country and our ways must seem very range to Americans visiting us for the first time. Our very differ- nces are the things that make us interesting to each other. At first e wonder, then we admire, then we begin to understand that each n learn something from the other.

The writer has been a guest in the Women's City Club of San ancisco for a week. Instead of feeling that she is a stranger in a range land, she feels that she is a welcome member a large family. This short article is an attempt on ir part, to convey to other members some idea of uat her country has to offer them when they make t: trip across the Pacific.

First there will be a warm welcome. Everything vll be done on a much smaller scale, but that will rt change the quality! Instead of Club life there vl be more of the simple home hospitality. Women o have their Clubs, still the Club does not occupy t: same place in the community that it does in the Uited States.

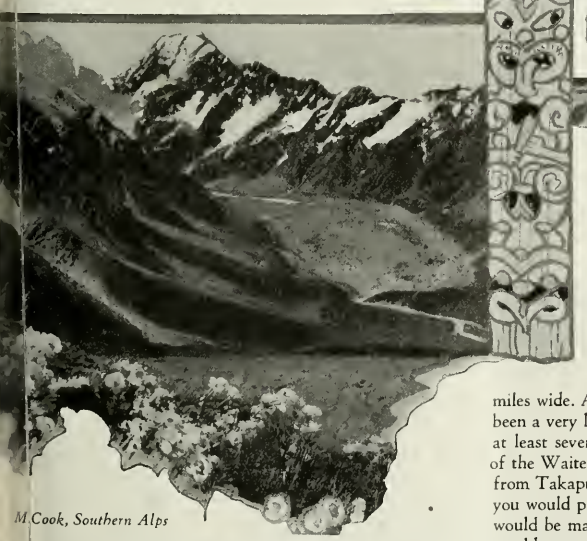
My own home town of Hawera, New Zealand, ishe center of a fertile dairy and agricultural dis- tt. It has a population of six to eight thousand. Its connected by rail with Wellington the Capital o he Dominion, and with New Plymouth the prin- cil port of the Province of Taraniki, Hawera has the istinction of possessing the best equipped Dairy Research Lab atory in New Zealand.

Tranaki has been called the "Garden Province." Its crowning glo is snow-capped Mount Egmont, a mountain very similar in form to the famous Fujiyama of Japan. Rising to a height of 8,0(feet the lower slopes are covered with a profusion of grovh. Practically every species of New Zealand fern, from the



River Wanganui

Sutherland Falls (1900 ft.) Milford Sound



M. Cook, Southern Alps

stately tree fern (the Punga) to the smallest fern growing on moss-clad logs, are found in this paradise. Streams and waterfalls supply moisture throughout the year. Mount Egmont at all times is glorious. Mount Egmont seen with the setting sun tinging with pink the snow clad summit and casting shadows over the green clad base, is a scene that is never forgotten. It fills one with awe.

I have mentioned Taranaki first, as a matter of fact this would not be the first part of the country that you would explore. You would land at Auckland or Wellington—Auckland has a fine harbor. Yachting is the favorite summer sport. The city is situated on an isthmus seven miles wide. At one period in the World's history this must have been a very lively spot. Within a radius of a few miles there are at least seven extinct volcanoes. Rangitoto Island the guardian of the Waitemata, according to Maori tradition, was thrown up from Takapuna now a lake of unknown depth. From Auckland you would proceed to Rotorua the Hot Lakes Region. A detour would be made to visit the Waitomo Caves. From Rotorua one would cross to the upper reaches of the Wanganui River then by canoe and steamer would float between high fern-covered banks to the city of Wanganuia. Should the South Island be your destination you would go on to Wellington. If you were returning to the north for the deep sea fishing then you would go up by Taranaki and Mount Egmont.

The South Island has forest and mountain scenery that is grand and majestic—the Cold Lakes district of Otago, and the

West Coast Sounds are famous the world over.

I am not writing a travel itinerary, the Tourist Department of the New Zealand Government will take care of that. All I am trying to do is to touch the high spots and to make you want to come to see us at home.

Women in New Zealand are gradually entering into many branches of business and the professions. Through scholarships and bursaries higher education is made possible for those who cannot afford the expense of University training. Some of us are attempting original work. My own experiment may be of interest to you. It is the outcome of the necessities of the war years. I started with a small garden simply as a lover of flowers. My garden has increased in size and is now worked on a successful commercial basis. I operate both as grower and decorator. The most original part of the garden is a "dug out" containing several compartments covered with glass. Tunnels lead from one to another, some of these are of Gothic design, which leave an unbroken vista, others are of semi-circular form, which on first entering give a eerie dark effect. The walls and sides of these compartments are irregular and are the natural beds for a profusion of maiden hair and other fern, as well as orchids, gloxinia, begonias, and other plants.

This idea has been copied for the King Edward Park in Hawera, and in the beautiful Pukekura Park in New Plymouth. This park is looked upon by travellers as one of the finest natural parks in the world.

I have not mentioned the native people of New Zealand—that fine race the Maori—as ever happens when civilization steps into a country, the native population has dwindled down to a mere handful. Today the Maori occupies a unique position among colored races. Maori members sit in Parliament in both the upper and lower houses. They take their place in the cabinet. New Zealand has been represented by a half-cast Maori at the Imperial Conference in London—there is a Maori bishop in the Episcopal Church. The Maoris were some of the finest soldiers in the late World War, their loyalty to the Crown is remarkable. They are a poetic race, as address of welcome or farewell from one of the chiefs reaches heights of poetry and oratory never attained by their British brothers.

In conclusion I must touch upon the climate. The seasons are much more clearly marked than they are in San Francisco. Small as New Zealand is every kind of weather is experienced. The North is semi-tropical, the South has but a short summer and long bitterly cold winter. The brown hills of California are a strange sight to one who comes from these ever green islands.

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City Club Member Honored

• Miss Miriam D. Eisner, an early member of the National League for Women's Service Club, now teaching in the Kindergarten-Primary department in San Francisco, was elected president of the Department of Classroom Teachers at the recent Columbus meeting of the National Education Association.

For the past three years Miss Eisner has served as western regional director of the department. The signally successful fourth and fifth yearbooks, dealing with creative teaching and activity programs, were assembled under her direction and she has held numerous conferences in western states.

In her own state Miss Eisner is recognized as a leader. She has held office in numerous professional organizations, and has just concluded two fruitful years as president of the San Francisco Classroom Teachers' Association. Last year, as an official delegate, she attended the sessions of the World Federation of Education Association in Geneva.

Some of the organizations with which Miss Eisner is affiliated are the National Council of Primary Education, California Teachers' Association, Kindergarten-Primary Association of California, the International Kindergarten Union, and the *Women's City Club*. She is a life member of the National Education Association.

Miss Eisner is deeply interested in civic affairs. She was one of the original members of the National League for Women's Service in San Francisco. She was prominently identified with patriotic work during the World War and was graduated from the second training camp for women. She has done active service for the Red Cross the War Camp Community Service, the American Legion and the Disabled American Veterans of the World War.

With the same quiet efficiency which characterizes her daily life, Miss Eisner is directing the work of this largest department of National Education Association.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone Number .....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

• Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

• Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

Who Could It Be?

—MRS. CARLO MORBIO

One of the points that this "Magnum Opus" exhibit is bringing out is that it pays to have a hobby. Those members who have one are not having any qualms about what to do. The bewildered ones are those who have not developed any special interest, but have depended more or less on circumstances to provide their interest and amusement. It is a trite old adage that says, "busy people are happy people," but like most of the obvious old saws it is very true.

Some people have hobbies without realizing the fact. You don't necessarily have to be a butterfly hunter, or a Californiana collector, or a wild flower fan to feel that you have a hobby. Just dig down into your subconscious, and try to find out what your hobby really is. Maybe you have a passion for order and get your thrill out of your perfectly arranged linen closets and bureau drawers. Maybe you like to season your foods interestingly, and collect all sorts of unusual flavorings. (A certain shelf in one of our local grocer shops could almost beguile me into this hobby. The very names of the herbs and seeds fire my imagination and whet my appetite.) Maybe you pause before every old little pitcher and jug that you see with a secret longing to own them. Maybe you have a general sort of feeling for color that doesn't crystallize into any very definite expression. Any of these things may mark you out as different from your neighbor, whether you are conscious of it or not.

To be sure, it would be difficult to display some of these things, and in finding out how to do so, great ingenuity and cleverness will be called into play. This will be one of the by-products of the exhibit . . . getting persons to really know themselves. One of our ancient oracles gave this admonition as a first principle of idealistic living, so we may anticipate a great philosophical reaction to our plan.

Some of us may be intrigued through all this into developing a hobby . . . or several hobbies. It may seem wiser to have more than one, for sometimes conditions of health or wealth affect hobbies. It is well to combine the hobby that requires great activity, such as golf, with a more sedentary one like stamp collecting, or some special line of reading. A small boy whom I know, whose hobbies were baseball, hiking, and swimming, was suddenly stricken last year with a serious malady that kept him in bed for three months. How glad we all were for the stamp collection, that had been neglected during his more strenuous days! Hours that would have been otherwise unbearably tedious, flew past uncounted.

I think my exhibit would depend very much on the day when I am summoned to show it. If it should be a Saturday or Sunday, when I am likely to be working in the garden with my husband I might proudly display some snail-free Wrexham Delphinium blossoms. If it should be a Monday, I might perhaps be caught practising, and would enter singing a bit of old Folk-Song. Tuesday might find me at gymnasium, and I would have to show the chart of weights and widths to my pride or shame according to how assiduously I had been working or dieting. Wednesday might find me enroute to a course at the University Extension, and I would have to submit the day's theme as my contribution. Thursday is the maid's day out, so my Big Task would be the dinner that I have to prepare. Friday might be Symphony day, and I would be empty of all ideas of my own, and ready for the inspiration that the concert would afford. . . . None of all this looks as though I practise what I preach . . . but I have a hobby just the same. I have several in fact, but my biggest and best I will not be able to exhibit . . . he's that shy.

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What Will She Exhibit?

KATHRYN ALLEN

As the twig is bent . . . This compact philosophy might well explain the present occupations, professions and vocations of many of the talented and producing women of the City Club. What is longer than a natural and growing ability along some certain line? And what can be more complexly difficult than handling people . . . all kinds of people all of the time for all kinds of work?

Frances Jongeneel, young and most capable assistant employment manager of one of San Francisco's large department stores, has followed her bent until she has reached, in a remarkably short time, this important position. She explains her title with true modesty as she laughingly says she might also be called the Women's Employment Director for she handles all the women on the payroll of this large department store. Her work is most fascinating and calls for special qualifications of character as well as a thorough knowledge of the principles and aims of the firm she represents.

Actually she interviews every woman applicant for work . . . finding in that short contact and by the aid of application blanks just what this person can do and can offer in personality for special work. In other words, quick judgment of personality, a cataloguing of characteristics into types, and correct placement of the individual comprise Miss Jongeneel's daily labors. Who says this isn't difficult? Who but agrees that handling personalities to carry on the work of a great institution is not an art in itself?

If she ever boasted, Miss Jongeneel might proudly claim that she is a native of California and has lived practically all her life in Berkeley. She is a graduate of Stanford in the class of 1926 and a member of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority. After the completion of her Stanford work, she went six months to the University of California where she specialized in labor problems and personnel work. At that time she decided definitely to enter the department store field. She secured a position on the "XX" force of the department store where she was transfered from one department to another throughout the organization learning internal functioning. Soon she was put in charge of the "extra workers" force, those who work on Saturdays and for short periods, and then she became, through "lucky breaks," she says, the assistant personnel manager. All this has been within three years.

Miss Jongeneel's career is the kind that young girls look toward with awe: a rapid rise in her chosen field.

But what she asks, can she show at the Talent Exhibit of the City Club in November? Will some one please tell her what tangible representation she could make?

"Just a Song at Twilight when the Lights are Low"

● Certain days in each year are set aside as consecrated intervals, when extraneous things drop away from the spirit and only essentials matter. Christmas is one of them. Thanksgiving is another. In the Women's City Club both are celebrated in communion with the balance of the world. But the Club has one day that is peculiarly its own, an occasion which means little to the world at large but much to Club itself. It is not a birthday, nor yet a fixed feast. The date varies a little each year, but always it is in early autumn, when the slight chill which is California's augury of winter, begins to fill the air. "Many call it autumn, Others call it God" is the way the late Dr. Carruth of Stanford phrased it.

It is the annual ceremony of the Fire Lighting in the fireplace which was the gift of Mrs. Leon Guggenhime. All summer long the fire has not been needed. Then the leaves begin to fall, and the birds go south; vacations are over and summer languor gives way to the brisk activity of the approaching winter.

So the City Club welcomes its members back from afar, and the fire is a symbol of its welcome. This year it will be on the evening of October 6. It would be, of course, in the evening tide, just after the sunset hour.

Miss Marion Leale, president of the City Club, will preside. Miss Esther Phillips, member of the board of directors, will give the address of the evening and the Women's City Club Choral will give several songs. A painting of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, one of the charter members of the Women's City Club, will be unveiled. It was painted by Peter Ilyin of San Francisco and presented by him to the City Club in acknowledgment of his appreciation of American women and their hospitality to the women of his country, Russia, and because Mrs. Hoover is to him a distinguished representative of American womanhood. The picture will be hung in a suitable place in the Club. Mr. and Mrs. Ilyin will be special guests of the evening. The ceremony will take place at 8 o'clock. All members of the Club are invited.

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VOLUME IV OCTOBER 1930 NUMBER 9

Editorial

Challenge a woman's ability and she responds by doing her utmost, at times performing the superhuman. That is what happened in the City Club since the announcement of the Talent Exhibit to be held in the Club Auditorium November 5 and 6.

The situation is gratifying, but not surprising to those who witnessed the same thing in the canteens and service clubs from which the City Club sprang. Co-operation was the foundation stone then, and this latest demonstration proves that it still is.

Every Thursday for weeks scores of women have met at luncheon in the cafeteria to discuss the forthcoming festival, the early November event at which each member of the City Club will make with her own hands and brain, a choice article, the best example of her taste and ability. It has been a peace time repetition of the enthusiasms of war time. Then it was enthusiasm for service in stress and emergency. Now it is the same flame, but kindled in the name of constructive living. The spirit which has assembled the members throughout the late summer is the afflatus which inspired them to work together in the building of the City Club, in the first precarious months when the bonds were being sold, and, latterly in the four years during which they have enjoyed the fruition of their early endeavors. Co-operation is a concrete thing; not an attribute. It is visible and tangible. At least, City Club members interpret it as such.

Consider the November Talent Exhibit. Officials in a certain meeting of the board of directors introduce it and outline its possibilities. A few intelligent questions are answered and the board not only endorses it but votes to project it with as much vigor and despatch as possible. Then it is announced in the Magazine, and the members respond almost unanimously.

"Tell us what to do;" "Give us something to do;" "Give us an idea and we'll do the rest," were the reactions.

Nowhere else but in a Club built upon co-operation and the essence of service could such an enthusiasm be found or such a spirit prevail. The aura of the November Talent Exhibit pervades the premises like a consciousness. Or, more literally, like an active principle.

For activity has taken hold of every department. It has brought to the surface many "lights" that have been hidden under a bushel.

In the suburbs the same infectious enthusiasm has prevailed. The Los Altos group met at the home of Mrs. Paul Shoup, the Berkeley members at the home of Mrs. W. R. Thorsen, the Burlingame contingent at the home of Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., Menlo Park members at the home of Mrs. Perry Eyre, Alameda members with Miss Marjorie Haight and Palo Alto workers at the home of Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger.

It has been a real factor in the long-hoped-for analysis of the Club, the survey by which the directors expected to appraise the capabilities of the membership. Now the women who have introduced themselves at the Thursday luncheons are card-indexed according to their talents and tastes. Naturally they would not have made themselves known had they not wanted to proffer their assistance. The luncheons have, therefore, reached farther into the Club's future than November. They have explored into next year, and the years to come. For they have brought the members together in happy commonweal. Work has been the introduction, each to the other and all. Introductions have been unnecessary. Formalities have been superfluous. It has been revealing to the Club and illuminating to the officials.

Please mail to the Women's City Club Office by October Fifteenth

I will make and give to the Women's City Club for the November celebration

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone No.....

Fashions

—DORIS PESHON CHISHOLM

• Winter is greeted with sighs when we think of the passing of lazy summer days when informality reigns supreme. We hate giving up our serviceable silk printed frocks, our light sports clothes and our comfortable straw hats.

Let us not be discouraged, however. We have only to think of the football season now on our heels . . . the theatre which seems to blossom forth with the shortening of the days . . . the small dinners which take on added charm wih a holiday spirit. Winter seems to make even the smallest event an occasion.

This season will be marked with a formality, an elegance that has not been with us for many years. Clothes interpret this vogue by the use of gorgeous fabrics which have not made an appearance since prewar days. Kashmir velvet, although fragile to look upon, made in pastels for evening wraps, may be completely rain-soaked while you wait for your car, and yet a few minutes' steaming will renovate it. Printed chiffon lamé is a marvel of delicacy. Taffeta with huge floral designs printed on the warp is having a tremendous success in Paris. A most perfect example is designed by Madame Wormser. It is in black taffeta, with large deep pink roses and green leaves printed upon it to give the impression of intricately and well-done embroidery. Even chiffon shows greater elaboration. A Worth gown illustrates the new use of plain chiffon in combination with fine laces. The bodice and hips of his model are shirred, and the panel skirt has a lace hem and a point of lace running up into the skirt. It is in pale blue, a popular evening color for fall.

• Colorings throughout the many fabrics show enormous diversity; a range which begins with black, passes through browns, greens and blues, with magnificently rich tones of wine, raisin and plum, with more than an occasional nod at red, royal blue and the shades related to rust, to the pastels, either solid or combined in engaging prints.

For the theatre in San Francisco, the small dinner or an evening of bridge at the home of a friend, let me suggest two models which are neither too formal nor elaborate but which give an illusion of both and therefore can be used for even more dressy occasions.

The first is designed in that ever faithful "friend in need," black chiffon. This model has a tightly fitted bodice with a very full circularly cut skirt with eight tiny ruffles (also circular) starting at an even hem line. The decolletage is a simple U in the back and around this is a circular ruffle which just covers the shoulders. A large bunch of white violets on the left side attached to a narrow chiffon belt is the only bright relief. With this practical dress may be worn a detachable cape of the same material. This is also circular with two long ends that may be tied either on the side of the neck-line or in front, depending on the becomingness to the wearer.

• The second model is a trifle more perishable than the first but has tremendous chic. It is made of light weight metal brocade with short tight sleeves. The round neckline in front continues into a V in the back. The bodice is fitted and the graceful flared skirt is accentuated by a flared peplum. This gown has an almost tailored effect in its simplicity.

Tweeds are as distinct from last year's as though they were members of an entirely different family. The weaving is often close meshed and firm. Each tweed is characteristically woven for a specific type of dress, suit or coat. A navy blue corduroy tweed suit with a natural lamb collar is ideal for football games. The skirt has an easy swing. An embroidered georgette blouse is exceedingly smart when its bow suit. A matching tweed hat banded with the same fur would be the final touch in style.

Another representative fall suit is from Lucile Paray. It is of black cashmere with a flat Persian lamb collar. A yellow satin blouse is ecxeedingly smart when its bow is tied outside of the skirt at the natural waistline.

Some of our keenest fair football devo tees, who know every fine point of th game, fail to realize how inappropriately costumed they are for these occasions Their almost uncanny knowledge of th game itself is an exact antithesis to th very dressy and fussy outfits which the insist upon wearing. How very much mor correct are the young ladies who wear well-cut woolen dress or suit, and if it mus be a fur coat, let it be nutria, beaver, lapir sturdy caracul in the tailored fashion o some fur pour le sport. Walking shoes o suede and calf or kid combinations wit solid leather heels are a wise choice.

Varieties in furs, neckpieces and coat are endless. Many fur coats have straigh lines . . . many are flaired. They are eithe self-trimmed or, as in the case of blac caracul, Persian lamb and broadtail, som have elaborate silver fox collars. Mink always good in the brown fur family as at caracul, beaver, nutria and broadtail. Th marten scarf has been revived but has thre or four skins which are worn tightly draw around the throat.

Cloth coats have either huge flat fu collars framing the face or as in the cas of tweeds are furless. Almost all of the fa and winter cloth coats are belted at th natural waistline.

• We still have many versions of the ber made of every conceivable material fro tweed to velvet. The beret attains its ch by the manner of its wearing. All of th hats are climbing higher and higher o the forehead and have climbed to suc heights that they now reveal the part the hair. Felts are intricately and interes ingly cut and are sometimes quite large. the winter months draw near look for th large velvet hat in black with touches turquoise, aquamarine and salmon.

Fashion Flashes: Miss Patricia Tob modeling at the Junior League Fashio Show a black French net dinner gow with a detachable cape of the same m terial.

A tall chic blonde lunching at the S Francis in a severely tailored suit of a t tweed mixture with green hat, green sue shoes and accessories.

Turquoise blue flat crepe worn admi ably by a titian haired young lady dancin at the Mark Hookins. The only trimmi on this simply cut gown were modest flowers accentuating a pointed decolletag

I wish to thank my readers at this tim for their interest in these articles. Ma have written me for advice on summer co tumes and should you wish any sugge tions in the planning of your winter war robe just write me in care of the club, 4 Post Street.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

EED; *by Charles G. Norris;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., N. Y.; $2.

HE EDWARDIANS; *by V. Sackville-West;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., N. Y.; $2.50.

HE LAST FULL MEASURE; *by Honore W. Morrow;* William Morrow and Co., N. Y.; $2.50.

HE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED; *by Leonard Merrick;* E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y.; $2.50.

ME OTHER BEAUTY; *by I. A. R. Wylie;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., N. Y.; $2.50.

ATTERED LOVING; *by Phyllis Bottome;* Houghton Mifflin Co., Cambridge; $2.00.

A novel of California by a Californian! That is an event. And another vel by Charles Norris is an event. His ntal seed has germinated slowly, in the rk, and now it has unfolded into the e flower of a book which will be read d much discussed. Mr. Norris's titles felicitous. "Bread," "Brass," "Pig n," "Salt,"—and now "Seed." On the er is the heroic figure of a woman, in-bag at her side, scattering from open ms handfuls of seed over the ploughed d. The prologue speaks in words that very old of the sower who went out sow; of the seed that fell by the way-e, and the fowls of the air that devoured of the seed that fell on stony ground withered away; of the seed that fell ong thorns, and yielded no fruit; and the seed that fell on good ground, and ught forth thirty and sixty and an hun-d fold. Charles Norris calls his book "novel of birth-control." But, consciously onconsciously, he has, I think, brought it a bigger theme than that contro-ial subject. His characters of three erations play their parts against a stage ing of California hills and ranches, ls and fruit. Above their puny sins and ows, one feels the brooding mother, ure; one is conscious of her mad gen-ity, the reckless waste with which she cast her seed abroad, to be borne by ds and water, to rot underground, to aten by bird and beast, if, by chance, me stage of evolution, *one* seed may h that not impossible thing, perfec-! Did you mean that, Charles Norris, you drew that colorful picture of Robles ranch?—so real that one smells heady perfume of drying prunes and ots!

Most of us find charm in a book which s to cover three generations, before we hrough with them, its characters have me three-dimensional, not people of

Flat-land. Captain Dan Carter, captain by courtesy after the Civil War, head of the Carter clan in the Santa Clara Valley, has the semi-mythical bigness of one of the old gods, unbridled in will and in passions, but a founder, a builder, a sower. Working in the quicksilver mines at Almaden, he fell in love with white-skinned Mathilda, who lived in the hacienda at the foot of Mine Hill, In the dark of a November night, he dashed across the fields with her in a borrowed buggy, and they were made man and wife by a friendly priest at the old Mission of San Jose.

• Then homesteading three hundred and twenty acres of land; acquiring a six-hundred-and-forty-acre tract, the "Rincon de Romas," for a song; adding "Guadalupe Meadows" with its fine grazing lands; they built the ranch of Los Robles, where nine children were born to them. Thither came, to settle beside him in California, his brother Stephen from Baltimore; his sister Gertrude, who promptly married Porter Farnsworth of Gilroy; and Philo, an adventurous Carter cousin from Maryland. "A feeling of satisfaction filled Captain Dan as he drove homeward, thinking of his wife and their brood,—nine well born children, healthy boys and girls who would grow up and some day have children of their own. He had pride, too, in the thought that he was head of the Carter clan,—his brother and his cousin with their wives, his sister with her husband; Stephen had five youngsters of his own coming along; Gertrude had four, and Philo, with his buxom, dark-haired wife, three. They all turned to him for leadership. They were all Carters, he reminded himself, Carters of Baltimore. And there were the beginnings of a little town, bearing their name, Carterville,—which had sprung up at their very feet, to attest that they, the Carters, had already made a mark in the world."

Nine children! Francis, who had a vocation, and became "Father Francis;" Camilla, mainstay of the house; Tilly, the romantic; Josh, the good doctor; Jack, the rancher; Gill, successful, selfish businessman; Eva Ann, pretty, loving, fated; Bart, poet and writer, who through many vicissitudes of flesh and spirit, carries on the line of the story; and the argument; and baby sister Trudie,—all are as real and as well-known as next-door neighbors before the four hundredth page! Children and children's children, of Captain Dan and his wife Matty, who was like Erda, like Ceres; children and children's children of Stephen and of Gertrude and of Philo. With these notes Mr. Norris runs all the gamut of his scale, every side of his argument;—and never answers his question. That he leaves to each individual to do, —as life leaves it.

• Matty, big-bodied, big-hearted, has the strength and serenity of the earth. But other women have not. Aunt Lizzie, Stephen's wife, dies weakly, of much child-bearing. Pretty, patient little Eva Ann lives on, broken in body and spirit by twelve children and a happy-go-lucky Italian husband. The feeble-minded neighbor woman spawns her babies every year. Jack and his wife Janey waited too long, and the child, desired at last, never came. Gill and his wife had one adored daughter, Sylvia, and no more,—and lost his all in an automobile accident.

But Bart and Peggy would be different, and the end of the rainbow was a typewriter in a New York apartment;—till five babies came; and the other woman.

There is love and patience in the book, and lust, and hidden murder. There is sin and regret, and sin and expiation, and nonchalant sin which cannot recognize itself. And there is joy. Mr. Norris very frankly discusses most things that can happen in a family of three generations. But it is a clean book. There is never a leer, a tongue in the cheek, a lascivious word. It is time for the light to be let into all the dark places. It is high time that we talk of many things that have not been mentioned in polite society!

• Like the cross in a processional, Father Francis holds up the Church's counsel of perfection, that far, fair ideal which stumbling humanity glimpses, and loses. What would marriage be like, I wonder, if every husband (and every wife, too!) obeyed Paul's injunction to "love his wife as his own body,"—as tenderly, as protecting from pain, "as his own body"! Ah well! doubtless with our much knowledge, we have learned how to suffer less in the flesh than did the saints and martyrs. But, I wonder, do we live as much?

• It's a far cry from Carterville in the Santa Clara valley to "The Edwardians." The women of the two books are not sisters even under their skin, and nowhere is there a glimpse of even a far-off ideal, save only in the rebellion of the younger generation against the artificialties of their elders. Beauty is the only palliation—the beauty of "Chevron," the lovely Tudor manor-house which dates, impart, back to the time of William the Conqueror. Chevron is no other than Knole, birthplace of Miss V. Sackville-West, the author, —"Knole, with its magnificent park, and its seven acres of roof, which Queen Elizabeth presented to her Lord Treasurer, Thomas Sackville, — Knole, surrounded with oaks that are listed in the Domesday Book." Love of Chevron is the refuge of the young Sebastian, the twelfth duke, as he goes from love affair to love affair, according to the code of his class, who "were serious about nothing in the world except their efforts to amuse a bored monarch and their obligation to present a spotless reputation to the bourgeoisie." Once, Sebastian had refused to answer the call of Anquetil, the explorer, to adventure, and to save his soul. But in the end, he listens, and follows.

• Miss Sackville-West has drawn a vivid picture, has written a clever satire, of the days of Edward the king, of the great country-houses whose doors were discreetly shut upon an unmoral code. But they were such a little part of England. The butterfly age passed so quickly. It left so small a mark. Is it worth so much cleverness?

Miss Sackville-West, who is the wife of the diplomat and writer, Harold Nicholson, is one of the most brilliant members of "the Bloomsbury group," which includes Virginia Woolf, the Sitwells, Rebecca West, and Lytton Strachey. She is one of the young Englishwomen who are producing a style so limpid that it gives one the same delight as a flawless emerald.

• "The Last Full Measure" completes the trilogy which Honoré Morrow has been writing of Lincoln. They have been worth reading,—not so much for the style, which is a simple narrative, with neither crystals nor fireworks, but for the very sympathetic picture of Lincoln and his wife and boys, and for the effort to read his hidden thoughts.

From the Gettysburg address, Mrs. Morrow takes the foreword and the title: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion." Much collateral reading and study have gone into her search for accuracy in the story of the last six months of Lincoln's life. She gives a partial list of forty-five books read, and she says, "The notes on 'The Last Full Measure' amount to about three hundred thousand words of fact statements. I arranged them in a time sequence, then separated them into parallel calendars, comprising the facts Lincoln knew and those known by Booth. From them, I picked the characters with whom Lincoln dealt most intimately and the known conspirators. My task was to try to make these men and women and this cumulative tragedy as real to others as they were to me. Except for conversations and thought processes I tried not to step outside of facts. I used no fictitious characters. I needed to improvise surprisingly few situations. History itself provided the art and the unalterable movement."

• One could wish that, in a study of so devoted and selfless a spirit as Lincoln's Mrs. Morrow might have written more consistently upon his own high plane. I am thinking of her references to the Southern people and the Southern leaders Doubtless I am biased by my Southern blood, but not biased in observing that nowhere does she offer that honor to foe and his honest convictions that Lincoln paid. She writes of "old Jeff Davis," and of "poor old Lee," of the Confederate band that deserted to Washington two weeks before the armistice, of Lee as rather spectacular and amusing figure at the surrender, magnificently dressed in new gray uniform, and spurs, and jewelled sword,—and quite a Beau Brummel,—though she does admit, later, that his forces were so hard pressed before the surrender that "they had to burn up the baggage, and they had each chosen the best suit before abandoning the train." The growing insanity of Booth is well drawn and the profligacy of his associates. But her choice of Southern incidents might have been more magnanimous; she might have left some dignity, some courage, to the people who were reduced to ration of parched corn before they surrendered. Lincoln did. But her spirit rather suggests the small boy who has rolled his antagonist in the dust, and walks off thumbing his nose.

The South honored Lincoln. And Lincoln, alone in that day, paid due honor to honesty of conviction in those who differed with him. For that reason, he was a long soul. When Booth's mad shot rang out every intelligent Southern man cried, "I did my own grandfather, and the other father in "The Birth of a Nation," "This is the greatest tragedy that has befallen the South!" And it was.

• Perhaps the best thing in the book is the close of the twenty-third chapter, "Into Thou has called me." The lonely Lincoln with his premonitory dreams! The last day! "Just before dawn he woke up with a start and lay listening. But except for the tentative early notes of a thrush and the hushed fall of rain, he heard nothing. For a moment he lay thus, and then again he was conscious of being called. But he knew now that he heard not with his physical but with his soul's ear. And so, and as if he could disassociate himself from this person, this Lincoln, if he could think of Lincoln as Lincoln thought of his hands, his foot, O death, where is thy sting? The soft, soft patter of the rain, the thrilling melody of the robins, the enchanting odor of the lilacs: all so old, so natural, so primeval—life—and how much more than life

The Flavor . . . Protected

Coffee

M. J. B. is served at the Women's City Club

it expressed the eternal force that he, expressed,—that he *was*.

his call, heard with his spiritual ear, was it but the wakening knowledge he was not Abraham Lincoln,—save this moment of existence. Actually he one with all life forever. The call, it not mean that that larger segment himself, which dwelt far, far beyond outposts of human thought, was put- itself in communion with that infini- segment known as Abraham Lin- telling Lincoln that all was well? He without motion while a flood of peace in his soul. And with an increasing he realized that for the first time conscious thought began with him, as not lonely."

A paragraph only for the light charm of the last three books. Each has its beauty. Two are volumes of short s. "The Little Dog Laughed," by ard Merrick, takes one back to that gotten wistfulness, to that tearful ter, "Conrad in Search Of His h." This is Mr. Merrick's first new ne in four years. He has not equalled masterpiece, but his short stories have itness of touch that is Gallic, and a at is all his own. The reader laughs ighs in a breath. The French idioms e almost literally translated, with an drollery, and the tales of Paris be easily translations from some boulevardier—except for their lack ggestiveness. Tricotrin and Pitou ap- alas! in only one of the stories. If e has missed their joyous fooleries, ust go back and read "While Paris ed."

Ellis Bottome is always entertaining. ered Loving" is a quotation from speare: "And puts apparel on my ted loving, to show me worthy of thy respect." But Vera Middleton's lov- s so tattered, she so loved her beau- elf, that she forfeited her husband's er lover's "sweet respect," and her ter Ariadne's adoring young affec-

Ms Bottome can always be counted on harming, clear English, and the ful turn of a phrase. "Nurse Davis disturb the emptiness. She moved fro like a mechanical toy." . . . wouldn't know sadness if she saw ess tears ran down cheeks, and the were hollow." . . . "You never see husbands of perfect wives properly un- t: husbands are somewhere else." . . . metimes think that words are better" silence). 'They hurt, but they are ntimate than being spared." . . . kirt was a small matter." . . . Ari- as as bare of subterfuge as a wind- hore." . . .

"Other Beauty," by I. A. R. Wylie, ains six short stories that reach a plane. We have not forgotten "Black Harvest," "The Silver Virgin," or the poignancy and pathos of boyhood in "Towards Morning." In these six stories, she has travelled far from her early imaginative tales of India. In their irony and pity and pain, she touches perhaps, the greatest heights that she has reached "Young Nowheres," "All Dressed Up," "Bravo, Toro!", "The Man Who Believed in God," all are appealing, all have their own originality. But "Some Other Beauty" and "The Old People" will linger long in one's memory. The little girl Claire who dreamed of the green depths of an emerald and chose always some more practical beauty, until the great square emerald was beautiful no longer on her withered hand. Old Andreas, who, with Maria his wife, had lost five sons in the war, and the General Beppo Volpe, leader of the Bersaglieri, who went at last with the old people to hang the carved memorial on the snowy mountain heights. We shall not forget them.

Choral Section Resumes Work

—REBECCA WAITE GARNETT

After a two months' vacation the City Club Choral Club resumed its work September 8. It was decided to continue meeting on Monday nights as that seemed to be the night most convenient to the greatest number of members.

There were twenty-four members present at the first meeting and the following appointments were made: Mrs. Mary E. Abbott, secretary; Miss Alice White, treasurer; Mrs. Henrietta Purviance, librarian; Mrs. Rebecca Waite Garnett, publicity.

Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor and Miss Krauss are again giving their services as instructor and accompanist. With such capable leadership it is felt that the club should make great progress in the ensuing year. Let's all try to be present at each and every meeting and do our best to make the Choral really worth while.

Fill Out Blank!

Please fill out blank on page 15 and return to City Club, 465 Post Street. Do not fail to do this if you expect to exhibit in the November Festival.

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Scene from Midsummer Night's Dream given by the Drama Class of The Sarah Dix Hamlin Schoo

- The Lower School took the part of t Fairy Scenes and the Interlude. The Dra Class of the Upper School enacted the plot the play. The setting was Shakespearean in simplicity. The students made the costumes.
- The school makes a definite effort to ins beautiful, unaffected, pleasing speech. Plays used for training and are given before t students without emphasis on audiences. L year twenty plays were given. Among the pl were: Shakuntula, an Indian drama, done in Javanese manner with shadow puppets; T Wandering Scholar from Paradise by H. Sachs; The Mistress of the Inn by Goldo and A Midsummer Night's Dream by Shak peare. The children in the first and secc grades gave a puppet show for which they m the puppets.
- Dramatic work in school helps primarily bring forward shy, timid students; to give th an opportunity to have recognition to enco age self-confidence and to build personality.

1930—NINTH SEASON—1931

Municipal Concerts

CIVIC AUDITORIUM

San Francisco Symphony

With World Famous Guest Artists

1. THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30—Richard Bonelli, Baritone, and Dino Borgioli, Tenor; Basil Cameron, Conductor.
2. SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29—Heifetz, with Basil Cameron conducting.
3. WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14—Lillian May Ehrman, Premiere Danseuse, with Grand Ballet under direction of Betty Horst. Mishel Piastro, conducting.
4. WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11—Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist, with Issay Dobrowen conducting.
5. THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 19—Werrenrath and Municipal Chorus. Brahms Requiem, conducted by Dr. Hans Leschke.

Season Tickets (5 Concerts) $5, $4, $2, $1 on sale at Peter D. Conley, Sherman, Clay & Co. Box Office

DIRECTION AUDITORIUM COMMITTEE

JESSE C. COLMAN J. EMMET HAYDEN, *Chairman* VICTOR J. CANEPA

The Club uses Ghirardelli's *Exclusively*

—one reason all chocolate dishes on The Club menu are so delicious. Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate is excellent for every chocolate use.

GHIRARDELLI'S *Ground* CHOCOLATE

The First Woman Lawyer

—BY G. L. WADDELL.

The following article is particularly ly in that Miss Esther Phillips, dis- ruished San Francisco lawyer, member he United States District Attorney's is to give the address at the annual Lighting ceremony at the City Club, ober 6. Miss Phillips' place in the es- of the community is a far cry from given to Margaret Brent.]

This distinction goes to Margaret Brent who reached the shores of yland in 1638 and paid no attention recedent.

cloud of mystery floats about the nt figure of America's first woman ver.

argaret Brent played a unique role aryland colonial history, enjoying the confidence of governor and assembly period when her sisters suffered un- lainingly under fantastic legal restric- .

arious legends have grown up about arly suffragist but very little authen- aterial on her private life has been erved. Not even a contemporary por- a of her exists. Her public life, on the hand, is fully recorded in seven- eh century documents and court rec- d In company with her sister Mary, rothers Giles and Fulke and the fam- ervants, Margaret Brent, English woman, reached the shores of Mary- in 1638. She made it quite plain that ame, not as a part of her brothers' hold, but as an independent "adven- r," and that as such a one she claimed sual parcel of land offered as an ement to male colonists.

This was a novel idea for Maryland. he was no sympathy for "women's ght" in the province which had voted at spinster who acquired land by inher- an must cease either to be a spinster or a landholder. An unfortunate maiden heiress was allowed seven years in which to marry, or dispose of her land. After that time, if she remained single, the land was forfeit, "for, whereas she cannot alienate it, it is gone unless she gets a husband."

Margaret seems to have anticipated some such difficulty and, good business woman that she was, she got around it without matrimony. She came armed with two letters from Lord Baltimore, the Lord Proprietor of the Province. These were addressed to Leonard Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore, and acting Governor of Maryland. An extract from one of the letters follows: "I would have you pay to Margaret Brent and her sister Mary and their heirs and assigns for and in respect to four maid servants, besides themselves, a grant of as much land in and about the town of St. Maries and elsewhere in the Province, in as ample a manner and with as large privileges as any of the first adventurers had."

• These plain words from the pen of the supreme authority in the land could not be ignored. They were not, however, fulfilled to the letter. Margaret got her land, but she and her sister together were granted less than was her brother Giles.

Margaret's grant which she held jointly with her sister Mary, was the first patent of land granted in Maryland. Under date of October 7, 1639, Mary and Margaret became the proprietors of the "Sisters' Freehold." A "patent" was a form of land conveyance which antedated the recording of deeds.

• The Brents had gone to considerable expense to transport their bound servants to America. Each person transported was to be supplied with a stated amount of foodstuff, clothes, bedding, arms, tools and household implements, which with the casing, freight, food and passage amounted to about twenty pounds sterling. So for an outlay of about one thousand dollars, the Brent sisters were, in 1638, entitled to 800 acres of land in the Province of Maryland.

What they received, however, was seventy and one-half acres of town land. Their brother Giles received sixty acres of town land, adjoining their estate, plus one thousand acres of country land. He was later offered an additional thousand acres.

The first case that Mistress Brent conducted for a client was when, armed with the power of attorney from Fulke Brent, she demanded three thousand pounds of tobacco from Marmaduke Snow. On the same day she had a warrant issued to attach that amount of tobacco in the hands of William Popes. A few days later, as attorney for one Edward Pocher, she demanded 460 pounds of tobacco from Robert Kedger. Tobacco, it will be remembered, was commonly used in place of money in the discharging of debts.

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"In the year 1648, at a court held at Saint Maries, came Mistress Margaret Brent and requested the opinion of the court concerning the patent of Leonard Calvert in the case of the tenements appertaining to the rebels within his manors, whether or no their forfeiture did of right belong to the land of the manors by virtue of the 'condition of plantations,' the said rights belonging to the lands of manor in England, and that the words in the patent expressed, viz.; all commodities, advantages, instruments and heredimants whatsoever (royal jurisdiction excepted) included the same."

• She regularly appeared as agent for her brother Giles, and for other friends and acquaintances. During the eight years preceding 1650, Mistress Brent's name appears in records of the judicial and testamentary business of the Provincial Court no less than one hundred and twenty-four times.

In 1644, she legally adopted the seven-year-old daughter of an Indian chief. This child, whom she christened Mary Brent, grew up and became the bride of one of the colonists. Margaret Brent never married. The title of "Mistress" was an honorary one conferred upon her by the men of Maryland in respect for her years and accomplishments. She was nearing forty when she first set foot on American soil.

The high point in Mistress Brent's career came when she became sole executrix of the estate of Governor Calvert. Upon his deathbed, he appointed Thomas Greene his successor as Governor, then turned to Margaret Brent and said briefly: "Take all. Pay all." Then he asked witnesses to leave him alone with Mistress Brent and a few moments later breathed his last.

• The relationship between Leonard Calvert and Margaret Brent seems to have been uncertain. She has been variously described as his sister-in-law, his cousin, his employee, his sweetheart and his closest friend. That she was merely his confidante and trusted friend seems the most likely as the thankless and difficult task he left her to perform was not of the kind with which one would burden a sweetheart. Many involved claims existed against Calvert's estate and there was no money with which to settle the claimants. But, with Mistress Brent, Calvert knew that he had left his honor in safe keeping.

A historian has commented: "In view of subsequent occurrences, one is tempted to think that if he (Calvert) has reversed his testamentary deposition and made Greene his executor and Mistress Brent governor it would have been, on the whole, a better arrangement." This was said with no reflection on Mistress Brent's ability as an executor. In her administration of Calvert's estate she succeeded in satisfying everyone with the exception of the absentee landlord, Lord Baltimore, and the local assembly ably vindicated her against his criticisms.

• As attorney for the Calvert estate, she appeared before the General Assembly, January 21, 1648, and demanded not one but two votes! A contemporary account reads: "Came Mistress Margaret Brent and requested to have a vote in the House for herself and voice also; for that at the last Court, 3rd January, it was advised that the said Mistress Brent was to be looked upon and received as his Lordship's attorney.

"The Governor denied that the said Mistress Brent should have any vote in the House.

"And he said Mistress Brent protested against all proceedings in the present assembly, unless she may be present and have votes as aforesaid."

Mistress Brent's position as executor was complicated by military claims against the estate. At the time of the dispute with William Claiborne over the possession of Kent Island, Calvert had brought soldiers into Maryland from Virginia. With these men the Governor had successfully defended his claim and maintained control of his Province. Payment of these men for their services was long overdue. At the time of Calvert's death, they were in actual want. Meanwhile the enemy was just across the Potomac from St. Mary's and awaited the mutiny which they expected would bring Calvert's hungry men over to their side.

The Calvert estate was large in property but poor in ready cash and tobacco. Governor Greene seemed lost in indecision and hesitated even when the men grew threatening. Pending a settlement, Mistress Brent sent to Virginia for provisions and ordered her own cattle slaughtered to feed the men.

• Then she took the step that angered Lord Baltimore. She sold the property left by Calvert and applied the proceeds to the soldier's pay. Even this was insufficient to discharge the debt, so she boldly dipped into the assets of the Proprietary itself to quell the dissatisfaction which had arisen.

Commenting on this incident, M. P. Andrews, in his "History of Maryland, says: "The latter proceeding was, perhaps, somewhat irregular, yet within the bounds of the promise made by Leonard Calvert which promise he had made when the Lord Proprietary himself had despaired of holding the Province.

"That Mistress Brent acted wisely on behalf of the Province can scarcely be doubted; and it seems also clear that she acted properly in her emergency levy upon the Proprietary's property, over and above the evidences of public approval registered

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e Assembly, since the members of
ody may be regarded as an interested
in being relieved from a dangerous
ion without the imposition of an ex-
linary tax upon themselves."

reply to Lord Baltimore's censure of
aret Brent's actions, the Assembly
assed the following resolution in her
se:

's for Mistress Brent meddling with
Lordship's Estate here (whether she
red it with her own or other impor-
or not) we do verily believe and con-
that it was better for the colony's
at that time in her hands than in
an's else in the whole Province after
rother's death; for the soldiers would
have treated any other with that civ-
nd respect; and, though they were
eady several times to run into mu-
et she still pacified them till at last
were brought to that straight that
ust be admitted and declared your
ip's attorney by an order of the
(the copy whereof is herewith in-
); or else all must go to ruin again,
ere the second mischief had been
ess far greater than the former."

tress Brent was further vindicated
erous men who stated, on oath, that
ad heard Calvert say that wages to
ldiers would be paid from the pro-
of his own and the Proprietary's

ply wounded by Lord Baltimore's
m, Mistress Brent withdrew from
and and retired to her estate in Vir-
While there, she wrote to a pros-
purchaser of Leonard Calvert's
in Saint Mary's City "You cannot
that I desired you to see in the
s what right I had to it. I further
u that if the title were not good I
return the house into the inventory
uld not entangle myself in Mary-
ecause of Lord Baltimore's disaf-
for me and the instructions he sent
us."

rica's first woman suffragist died in
ia in 1671. By provision of her will,
nsiderable estate was distributed
her relatives, her brother Giles and
nieces, nephews and cousins.

ntio et Diligentia" was the Brent
and Mistress Margaret followed so
the exhortation of the family crest
tory is silent about everything con-
; that famous lady except her dili-

▲ ▲ ▲

eriodic Health Examination

application blank for this examina-
in this number of the magazine.
er carefully using it for a survey of
rsonal health. These examinations
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Housecleaning Is About Over, Thank Lares and Penates

Housecleaning in the City Club has been just about completed and it will be a joy to you to see the Third Floor with its freshly washed and refinished walls and the service room of the cafeteria with the new skylights, hood over the urns and all accessories repainted. Fourth Floor walls in Lounge, Library and halls have all been washed and refinished, fifty-one bedrooms have been repapered and the swimming pool has been painted a refreshing green which tones with the white tiling. Half of the showers have been tiled and all have been painted. The ventilating system has been perfected and many other things not so obvious have been done for the comfort of guests and the efficiency of the staff.

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Velvet is going to be very good this season in small and larger hats; also, a combination of velvet and felt.

Bring in your soleils and felts to be remodeled. I have many new models from which to copy.

Cordially,

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF.
DOuglas 8476.

The 1930 Epidemic of Infantile Paralysis in California

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.
Health Editor

● Epidemics have characteristics varying in time, place and age of those attacked. The present epidemic of anterior poliomyelitis began in late April in Los Angeles City and County, and rose to its peak, that is, its highest number of cases per week, in July and is still claiming its victims. This was two months earlier in onset than in the 1925 and 1927 epidemics, which were far heavier in number of cases in Northern California.

When very few cases had developed during the summer months scattered at large over Northern California, we approached a feeling of safety. San Francisco had 9 cases in July, but August 1 to 31, this rose to 25; and from September 1 to 14, 19 cases have been reported in San Francisco. In the epidemic of 1925, 821 cases were reported in the State; in the epidemics of 1927, 1,298 cases were reported in the State; from April 1, 1930 to September 14, 1930, 1,064 cases have been reported. The variation in age shows in the fact that our cases have a larger number of young adults and a severe type of case, while in Southern California the epidemic is milder in form and largely among young children.

The facts that the type of infecting agency is unknown, and its point of e trance into the body a matter still of su mise, as well as the appreciation of the i capacitating force in the severe cases, gi all of us—doctors, nurses and relatives terror in the presence of this disease.

In general the point of entrance of t cause is probably the respiratory or alime tary tract. Nose and mouth, the air breathe may be infected by a carrier; t water we swim in may be infected, a anything which lowers our health lowe our resistance to disease and is to guarded against, so that fresh air, go food, avoiding fatigue and crowds, are important prophylactic measures.

We feel, today, that there are ma mild cases of this disease, meaning no mo than an indigestion attack or a head col giving rise to no nervous or paralytic sym toms. These cases may form nearly t whole epidemic and only a rare case ha paralysis. This theory explains the sma number of paralyzed cases and the lar immunity to the disease.

For ourselves and our family, we shou regard each case of even slight and eas explained sickness as important *now*. T use of convalescent serum in the treatme of infantile paralysis must be limited cases of sickness in which the diagnosis made by marked nervous systems, invo ment of the spine and head and reflex and in these cases the diagnosis is oft confirmed by a cell count of the spi fluid and the convalescent serum given once before any paralysis appears.

So, as heads of homes, conserve hea at this time. Put even slightly ailing c dren or adults to bed and share your a iety and their care with a doctor. It is t the time for home diagnosis and ho treatment of the sick.

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The Approaching Season

—BEATRICE SNOW STODDARD

● Summer recess is over. October begins a new season of activities, rich in promise.

First comes the Firelighting, that simple ceremony of "Sweetness and Light" which ushers the membership anew into the life of the Club for the Autumn Season.

Cops, Crooks and Crime

Just two evenings before the annual Hallowe'en Party, this startling lecture on crime will be given by an international Policewoman, October 29.

November 5 and 6

The first celebration of the Women's City Club Talent and Skill.

November 19, Wednesday Evening

"Russia's Growing Pains" will be the subject of the lecture by the well-known writer in "Asia" and "Forum," William C. White.

December—Italy

Dr. Franco Bruno Averardi, of the Institute of International Education, will speak on "Italy of Today."

January

"The International City of Tangier" is the fascinating title of the lecture by Dr. Graham Stuart, of the Department of Political Economy of Stanford University.

February—Motion Pictures

"Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea," a marvelous new array of submarine motion pictures and a lecture will be set forth by J. E. Williamson, the originator of undersea photography.

March—John Galsworthy

"Six Favorite Novelists" will be analyzed and discussed by the great English novelist. This will be Mr. Galsworthy's exclusive appearance on the Pacific Coast.

April—An Irish Poet

Patrick MacGill, famous Irish poet, novelist, dramatist, soldier and lecturer will make his first appearance in the West on his way home to England after the production of his great war play "Suspense," which has scored so triumphantly in England and is to be produced on Broadway in October by Charles Dillingham.

It is the part of wisdom to record these dates and interesting events on one's calendar.

▲ ▲ ▲

Veteran

A eucalyptis, like a plume,
Waved softly in the sky.
Buildings soared nearbye—
Yet, in the face of imminent doom
A eucalyptis, like a plume,
Waved softly in the sky.

—JULETTE S. GRAF

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A land of the slimmest women and t fattest pigs—

Such is the glamorous Isle of Bali.

Tourist bureaus and steamship offices San Francisco report an increasing nu ber of requests for information concer ing a hither — too-little-known lar tucked away in the Pacific and seldc seen by travelers. The gist of questions a variation of:

"Where is this trick Island of Bali?

Bali is a small enchanted isle of t Dutch East Indies group, due east of Ja and on the trade route from Singapore Australia. It is an overnight's cruise fr the beaten path of world travel, and the in lies its principal charm.

Bali is a veritable Garden of Eden, w its natives living in Adam-and-Eve s plicity. Manners and customs remain same today as they were ages ago, unva ished by contact with the outside wor

The wise Dutch government, un whose protecting wing Bali is allowed "live its own life," has made no attemp impose Western customs. Only some the most cruel religious rites and pr tices have been tactfully controlled, s as the burning of widows on the biers their dead husbandS.

The island is 90 miles long and scar 50 miles wide, yet maintains a mil peaceful, polygamous people. The wor are the fairest in all Malaysia. There 70 per cent more women than men. T are tall and regal in bearing, with bror skins and beautiful figures.

Balinese women wear a tightly swat batik sarong around the hips and no cl ing above. From long generations of w ing with burdens on their heads, they li developed a swinging, undulating ga straight and supple.

Frank Price Knott, writing for Nat Geographic, says of Bali:

"Praying to pagan gods and foc pagan devils are the main pastimes. Tou attractions are many, but tourists few. island lies hard by the path of round world trippers, yet few see it."

Bali is 100 per cent pagan. Effort Moslems and Christians to convert th land to their respective religions have few. There is a story that one Chri missionary labored in Bali many year fore converting one native. Then, the goes, this native apostate, unable to the ostracism of his fellows, finally so vengeance by murdering the mission

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Southern Cross Burns

● Spring in the southern continents will soon be here, their seasons being the reverse of ours. This gives us an additional invitation to visit South America, New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands during our fall and winter.

New Zealand holds many new interests and attractions for those who wish to travel in new lands. The North Island with its marvelous water falls, thermal regions and huge forests of tree ferns, is rich in natural beauties and ruggedness of scenery. Its dark skinned people, the Maoris, are of the ancient Polynesian race, and are hospitable, deeply religious, and full of mysticism. They are important in the development of modern New Zealand, and the country has every reason to be proud of them, and to encourage them in their movement towards a fuller share in directing the destinies of their well-beloved homeland. A visit to New Zealand will be rich in the unusual and worthwhile.

The Cruise around South America, which is to leave in October on the SS. City of Los Angeles, will give us the opportunity to visit the important and picturesque ports of that continent, and also the thrilling trip across the Andes by way of the new and extremely modern Trans-Andean Railway. This road takes the line over the mountains from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, the sophisticated city of the southern world, and in the opinion of many, a city more sophisticated even than Paris. The cruise leaves on October 8, and space is still available.

There are frequent sailings from our ports for any or all of these southern countries. The steamers are modern, and with every comfort. Inquiries may be made at the Travel Office on the first floor.

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—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Once more club and social affairs claim our interest for summer has slipped away and early Fall finds us more in the mood for entertaining. Hallowe'en offers a charming motif. The black cats and witches—the more gruesome skeletons and spooky surroundings, as well as the exquisite chrysanthemums and autumn leaves all make delightful decorations.

Why not get away from the more formal table appointments and have covers, napkins and favors made of paper? These come in a variety of subjects such as owls, witches, cats, and the real harvest scenes, which are equally attractive if one is not given to the more frivolous type of parties.

Bridge luncheons, dinners and evening affairs during the last week of October may use this motif as it has ceased to belong to the one day. The food as well as decorations should be in orange and black as far as possible and may be as simple or elaborate as desired. But a large bowl or basket of highly polished red apples, cider, plain mulled or as a punch and freshly made doughnuts should be served as the witching hour draws near.

A Jack O'Lantern salad, broiled lamb chops in orange paper frills, with glazed carrots and brown bread and coffee, followed by a chocolate mousse or a combination of orange ice and chocolate ice cream with small cakes of the two flavors and candies would be appetizing and attractive also, for luncheon.

For dinner: a yellow fruit cocktail, made of canned peaches, apricots and oranges in orange baskets, or halves of yellow-meat canteloupes, with the green skin concealed in fringed black paper would serve for the appetizer. Then if soup is desired, cream of corn or oysters, tinted a rich ye low with vegetable coloring would co tinue the color scheme if croutons or tir cubes of nicely browned bread were adde just before serving. A corned leg of po would be different though a fresh o would be equally brown for the roast. F the vegetables have candied sweet potato and carrots with applesauce and egg ro to complete the main course. Salad wou not be necessary, but if the fruit appetiz were omitted, then the Jack O'Lante salad would be fine. One moulded lemon jelly, filled with shrimps and topp with mayonnaise and a ripe olive wou be preferable, however, if the fruit we chosen for the first course. Tiny muffi rings would help to lend the pumpkin effect for the salad. The dessert for su a heavy dinner should be orange and c colate ice cream, but many prefer pumpk pie with wedges of tangy yellow che with the coffee.

● Mulled cider, red apples and doughn would be sufficient for an evening par Or assorted sandwiches or a salad co be added. If a hot service is desired, th a creamed dish, either chicken or cr shrimps or lobster—could be tinted a d yellow. Add a few ripe olives for color a serve with thinly sliced brown bread a coffee. An ice of orange and chocol made in pumpkin moulds served with p fours iced in the two flavors would ple the most particular.

A few recipes suitable for this even orange and dark brown foods will found below:

HALLOWE'EN FRUIT SALAD: Allow halves of drained canned peaches for e serving. Fill the cavities with raisins fasten with tooth picks or long thin ch

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ate sticks—used as skewers. Draw a Jack O'Lantern face on one side by inserting whole cloves to form the eyes, nose and mouth. Then make a cap out of stoned plate and use stiff yellow mayonnaise for stem. Serve each peach-pumpkin on a slice of pineapple with a piped border of orange tinted mayonnaise. (You may find it preferable to design the face before putting the peaches together.)

• Chocolate Mousse: Soak one-half envelope gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes. Then melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate in one-half cup of boiling water (or make a smooth paste of water and six rounding tablespoons of cocoa). Blend with the soaked gelatine and dissolve over hot water. Next add one cup of sugar and one teaspoon (or more) of vanilla. Set aside until quite cold, then fold into one pint of stiffly whipped pastry cream and when thoroughly mixed turn into freezing trays for three hours; or pack to overflowing in a mold and freeze in crushed ice and rock salt for four hours. Use one measure of rock salt to three of ice.

Mulled Cider: Soak the grated rind of an orange in the juice of one lemon for fifteen minutes, adding also one tablespoon of sugar and a cup of boiling water. Next put the ingredients into an enameled saucepan, add one quart of sweet cider, four cloves, an inch stick of cinnamon and a pint of allspice. Bring to boiling point, then simmer for fifteen minutes. Now have ready one cup of granulated sugar boiled with one-third cup of water until mixture spins a long thread from tip of spoon. Next beat the whites of two eggs until quite stiff, slowly pour the syrup over them beating constantly. Lastly add the strained cider and beat well. Pour into hot cups and dust with nutmeg.

Hot Spiced Ciders: Mix together two quarts of sweet cider, two cups of brown sugar, six inches of stick cinnamon, one-third tablespoon each of whole cloves and whole allspice, and a few grains of salt; let mixture simmer for thirty minutes. (If you have mugs follow the English tradition and put baked apple in each, then fill with the cider. It is a splendid combination and this beverage served with ginger cookies or doughnuts makes a dainty service.)

Nut Doughnuts: Beat three eggs until light, then add one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, and one cup of bran and beat well. Next mix and sift one cup of flour with three level teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt, cinnamon or nutmeg, or both to suit taste. Then blend the two mixtures beating in one cup of chopped walnuts, adding more flour if necessary to make a soft dough. Chill the dough, then roll out and cut, frying in deep hot fat (360 to 370 degrees) until a rich brown. Drain on unglazed paper. (All white flour may be used if bran is not liked.)

• Pfeffernuesse: (or ginger cookies.) Warm one pint of New Orleans molassess, then add one-half pound of butter (or shortening) one cup of brown sugar, and two and one-half pounds of flour (about nine cups) into which you have first mixed and sifted one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoon of cloves. Next add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and if liked—one-fourth pound of finely minced citron and chopped almonds—though these are not usually found in the store products. Roll the dough into small balls about the size of marbles, brush each with beaten egg white and bake in a moderate oven until brown. (These will keep a long time, so a large recipe has been given.)

Assorted Sandwiches: Thinly sliced brown bread with filling of Swiss, Pimiento, American, Eastern or tinted cream cheese; chopped raisins mixed with cottage cheese, or chopped ripe olives and hard

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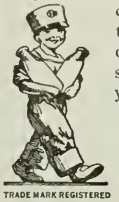

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OCTOBER . . . Ideal Swimming in the City Club Pool

cooked eggs. Orange bread thinly sliced with fillings made of various cheeses or fig jam. Nut bread buttered, with a spread of chopped nuts, figs and raisins. One slice of white with one of whole wheat bread with thinly sliced meats—such as roast beef or lamb; or sardines mashed to a paste and seasoned with mustard and Worcestershire sauce. The two breads, with a paste made of caviar and avocado pulp, seasoned with salt, pepper and mayonnaise. Checkerboard sandwiches made of white and dark bread with either a yellow or dark filling are splendid for such occasions. Small cookie cutters should be used, rather than have these sandwiches in their every-day form. Even a baking powder can would do as the rounds would stimulate the pumpkin or Jack O'Lantern.

▲ ▲ ▲

How to Grow Lily Sandwiches

Remove crusts from bread and cut in thin slices. (For all rolled sandwiches use a close-textured, moist bread.) Lay on a dampened cloth, spread with cream cheese softened with a little cream. Fold over to make a cornucopia; press lightly so that edges hold together. In the opening, place a small strip of yellow cheese to represent the stamen.

▲ ▲ ▲

Open Sandwich Roll

½ doz. finger rolls
1 cup cooked ham, ground
1 small green pepper
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
¼ cup chopped pickle
Mayonnaise

Split finger rolls in halves lengthwise. Spread with softened butter. Mix ham, eggs, chopped pepper and pickle together. Moisten with mayonnaise and season more, if necessary. Spread the ham mixture on the halves and garnish with slices of stuffed olives. Wrap each half separately in waxed paper.

▲ ▲ ▲

Continued from page 4.

with everything from a Pittsburg heater to pillows cleaned and renovated by the Superior Cleaners."

"Really?" cried Alice.

She turned to the Seal, and looked at him shyly from under her long lashes—"Would you?" she asked softly.

"I would not," said the Seal.

"What would you do?" said Alice.

"Come with me, and I'll tell you." He tucked her arm masterfully in his and they strolled away down a winding path, bordered with coral, and paved with mother-of-pearl. (The end.)

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Now is the Time When Hair Needs a Friend

● Members of the City Club are reminded that now, with the winter season of social activity opening with a fanfare of opera, symphony concerts, plays and parties, the hair needs more care than ever. A beautiful coifed head is as necessary to good grooming as a well-fitting gown, shoe or corset. The latter accessory, by the way, is a long way from the bodily freedom of but two years ago, when dresses hung straight and stays were not. "Oh, memories that bless and burn."

But hair is hair, this year or last, and must be burnished, healthy and groomed or dressmakers are stale flat and unprofitable. The City Club Beauty Salon has every facility and good operators to take care of the most fastidious.

▲ ▲ ▲

Do You Know that . . .

● A delicious assortment of both homemade and popular package candy is on sale at the Information Desk, League Shop and Swimming Pool. Cigarettes are for sale on the first, third and fourth floors.

David O. Luse, barber in the Beauty Salon has had many years' experience in cutting women's and children's hair.

On account of the large number of members registered for the Conversational French class, Mme. Olivier has divided the class into two groups, the Intermediate Conversational Class meeting at 2 o'clock Mondays and the Advanced Conversational Class at 11 o'clock Fridays. The beginning "Theory Class" meets as usual on Monday evenings at 7 o'clock.

▲ ▲ ▲

Miss Carr, Travel Director, Going Abroad this Month

● Miss Alice Carr, director of the Women's City Club Travel Bureau, will leave October 16 for Europe on a special mission concerning her business, that of directing a travel bureau. Miss Carr goes to investigate conditions of travel in Europe so that she may report, first-hand, to her clientele just what they may expect in the general conditions of Europe at this time. When she returns at the end of the year she will be fully qualified to answer almost any question about traveling abroad. Meanwhile, the City Club Travel Bureau will be closed after her departure and remain closed until early in January when it will resume with increased activity.

Sign Slip!

Please sign blank on page 15 and return to City Club. It will add to the success of the November Festival.

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Ready made hats may possess some of these essentials, but never all. And *all are vital.*

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Frances Quelle, in her studio, The Bonnet Box, at 450 Grant Avenue, adjoining The Courtyard Tea Room, sculptures hats for San Francisco's most smartly dressed business and professional women, society women, and members of the theatrical and motion picture world every afternoon from twelve to six o'clock, and extends you a most cordial invitation to phone her Douglas 4438 —or drop in at the studio to enquire further about "Sculptured Hats" which are done on the head, by appointment, at from $10 to $20.

Adv

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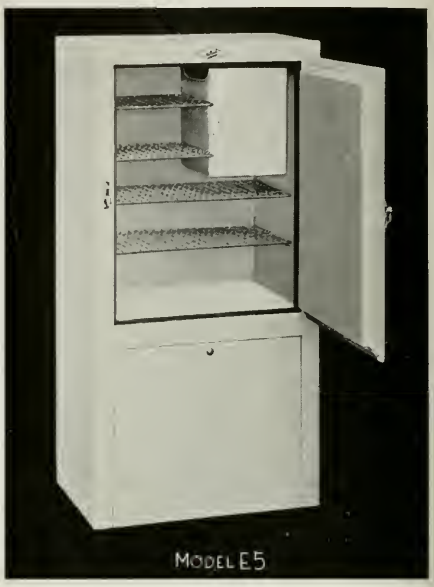

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 1, 1930

FRENCH CLASSES—Beginning Theory Class. Mme. Olivier, Instructor.
Monday evening, 7 o'clock, Board Room.
Intermediate Conversational Class. Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock. American Room.
Advanced Conversational Class. Friday morning, 11 o'clock. Board Room.
Intermediate French Theory Class is being formed. Afternoon to be determined.
Registration at Room Secretary's Desk.

CHORAL SECTION—Monday evening, 7:30 o'clock. Auditorium.
Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, Director.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2 and 7 o'clock. Chinese Room.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS—Thursdays at 10:30 o'clock. Chinese Room.
Jean Campbell Macmillan, Instructor.

November 5—Member's Talent Exhibit	*Entire Clubhouse*	10:00 to 10:00 o'clock
6—Member's Talent Exhibit	*Entire Clubhouse*	10:00 to 10:00 o'clock
(It is hoped that every member will attend)		
5—Current Events Section	*Chinese Room*	11:00 o'clock
Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.		
5—Appreciation of Art	*Room 212*	12:00 noon
Mrs. Charles E. Curry.		
13—Book Review Dinner . .	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clock
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "Shepherds in Sackcloth," by Sheila Kaye-Smith.		
13—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Dr. Alice H. Luce. Subject: "Hamlet."		
20—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Lydia Warren Lister. Subject: Travels in Tropical Isles.		
22—Football Dinner	*Dining Room*	6:00 o'clock
($1.50 Plate—Music).		
25—Thanksgiving Luncheon and Dinner . . .	*Cafeteria*	
($1.00) Plate.		
27—Thanksgiving Dinner	*Dining Room*	Noon to 8:00 o'clock
($2.50 Plate—Music).		

hnksgiving Dinner and ur:heon

O November 25 there will be a special Thaksgiving Luncheon and Dinner erv(in the Cafeteria at $1.00 per service. O Thanksgiving Day, there will be a olicy dinner served at $2.50 per service. The will be music and festivities suitable o th occasion. The Club caters to family arti where the turkey is carved at the able and reservations may be made as arly s desired for this occasion.

▲ ▲ ▲

Employers' Christmas Fund

The annual notice of the City Club Christmas Fund for Employees has been ent t members.

Inasmuch as tipping is not permitted in he Cb, members have but this one manner of expressing their appreciation of the courtesy and service given them throughout the year by the house personnel. Cash or checks will be received at the Information desk and checks may be sent through the mail.

▲ ▲ ▲

Choral Section Preparing for Holiday Activities

—REBECCA WAITE GARNETT

The choral section of the Women's City Club is preparing carols and special music for the holiday season. We have been asked to appear at several gatherings and every member is urged to be present at rehearsals in order that we may present the numbers with credit to ourselves and the City Club. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, leader of the choral, particularly requests this co-operation.

The choral section gave a group of songs at the recent Fire Lighting and received much praise for the improvement shown in the last year.

Football Dinner

Football season is here again and the City Club falls in line in making the day of the Big Game, November 22, a festive occasion at the Club. There will be a special dinner at $1.50 per service and music will fill the air, a special orchestra having been engaged for the evening. The management asks the courtesy of members making reservations so far as possible.

▲ ▲ ▲

Floral Decorations Wanted

● Flowers and greenery for decoration of the Club during the gay days ahead are very much in order. Members with gardens are reminded that on November 5 and 6 quantities of flowers will be used and again on the day of the Football Dinner, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Flowers and greenery will be received as late as November 4 for the Talent Festival of November 5 and 6.

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● November fifth and sixth! Wednesday and Thursday of this week we meet in our very own clubhouse to enjoy the fruits of our talents, to appreciate our fellow-members' handiwork, and to renew acquaintanceship with many we have not seen for months. We all have asked ourselves personal questions the past three months. We have almost betrayed an inferiority complex, some of us, as we've wondered what on earth we could produce with any sort of conscience. Others of us have known our talents from the first, and are dignifying this first exhibit with loans as well as gifts. The joy of giving has come to an amazing number and a real surprise awaits the membership when they come to see what has been done and what is in the making. Not a member within hailing distance can afford to miss this gathering together of the clan. Let us all serve on the hospitality committee some part of those two days and say "welcome home" to those we "haven't seen for ages!"

Talent Festival Program

November 5—Current Events . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 o'clock
Mrs. Parker S. Maddux.

—Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Room 212* 12:00 o'clock
Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

—Informal Talk on Saruk Rug . . . *Third Floor Hall* 3:30 o'clock
Miss Fidelia Jewett.

—Tea . . . . . *Main Dining Room* 4 to 5 o'clock
(Price 50 cents)

—Laws Governing American Merchant Marine *Room 212* 7:30 o'clock
Miss Esther Phillips.
(Miss Phillips is the Assistant United States District Attorney for the Northern District of California and in charge of admiralty litigation for the United States Government for this district.)

—Early French Dance in Costume . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 o'clock
Miss Mary Shafter will direct
Misses Barbara Funston, Frances Hall, Gladys Hall, Helen Parsons, Mrs. Harold Pierce, Miss Margaret Zane.

PROGRAM IN LOUNGE—8:30 O'CLOCK

"The Table Set for Himself"
Play written by Mrs. Clifford Wilbur.
Read by Mrs. Hugh Brown.

Violin and Piano Duet
"First and Last Movements Caesar Franck Sonata"
Mrs. Laura Kelsey Allen and Mrs. Helen Huntington Berryhill.

Monologue by Mrs. John A. Keating
Uncle Remus Folk Tales by Joel Chandler Harris.

November 6—Instructions in Contract Bridge . . . . *Room 212* 2 to 4 o'clock
Mrs. Alice M. Roedel.

—Early French Dance . . . . . *Auditorium* 4:00 o'clock
(Repeated by request)

—Dinner . . . . . *Third Floor* 7:00 o'clock

PROGRAM IN LOUNGE TO FOLLOW DINNER

Contralto Solos . . . . . Eva Gruninger Atkinson
Piano Solo . . . . . Phyllida Ashley
Monologue . . . . . Rose Bell
French Songs . . . . . Patricia Morbio

Supplementary attractions and events will be posted each day on bulletin at Club or announced.

Gala Dinner

On Thursday evening, November 6, there will be a gala dinner with a short but very excellent program following in the Lounge. Soloists will be Eva Atkinson Gruninger, contralto; Phylida Ashley, pianist, Rose Bell, monologist; and Patricia Morbio, soprano. The charge will be $1.25 per place and checks must accompany reservations. Tables will seat four, six, eight and twelve. We trust there will be many gentlemen guests as this occasion will be as festive as the Opening Day of the Club in 1926.

Special Tea

There will be Special Tea at fifty cents per service at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the Dining Room, when the Board of Directors will be present.

▲ ▲ ▲

Extra Copies of Magazine

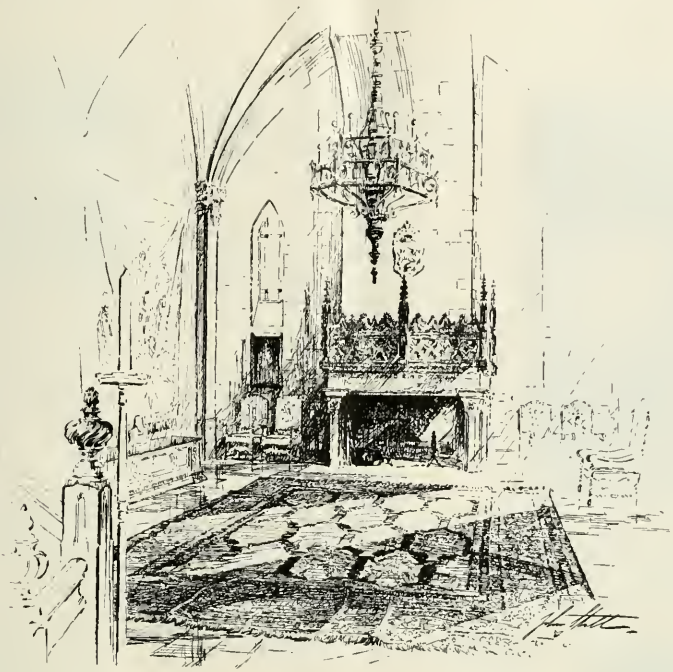
Extra copies of the City Club Magazine's Historical Edition will be on sale at the November Festival at 50 cents each. It is suggested that members will want to purchase one of this edition as a history to be sent to friends in other cities.

City Club Calendars

Also there will be City Club and Ca fornia Calendars on sale at fifty a seventy-five cents each. These are extreme attractive and have been prepared unc the direction of a committee headed Mrs. I. N. Hibberd.

Copies of the City Club House Ru may be purchased at the same counter five cents each.

Scrip Books, negotiable in any depa ment of the Club, Swimming Pool, Ca teria, Restaurant, League Shop, Bea Salon or Tea Room are to be on sale one, five and ten dollars each.



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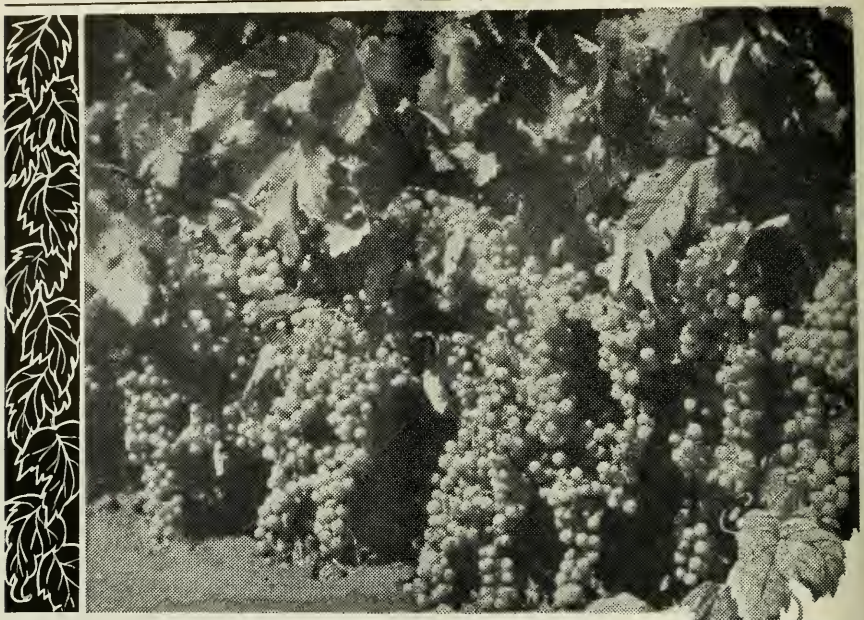

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Women's City Club Magazine

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

November Festival Presents Logical Opportunity to Relate History of Women's City Club of San Francisco and Give a Picture of its Community Relationships

This number of the Women's City Club Magazine is by way of answer to a question which has been asked so often that it is almost a legend with an interrogation mark after it.

"How did you do it?" Meaning, the City Club. The physical aspect of the City Club excites admiration and exclamation. But the spiritual values, the intangibles, so arrest the attention of the visitor that the almost invariable question is "How?"

Not "Why?" Nor "When." The answers to those are apparent. Why and when? The War, primarily.

But "How" is another story.

So at this time, when the Club is celebrating a Harvest Festival, a garnering of Talent, it is meet that the history, the Epic, be presented. For the Club is after all, but an aggregate of talent, an epitome of the urge and the instinct to serve, a preservation and perpetuation of a beautiful thing which flowered and in its flowering became conscious that it was too beautiful to die.

Early in the summer that the National League for Woman's Service moved into the City Club, a princess of Sweden visited San Francisco and in the course of her entertainment was brought to the City Club where Volunteer Service waited upon her. She was one of the first to ask the now standardized question, "How did you do it?"

Since then many men and women of many countries and professions have passed under the arch on which is inscribed the letter "465 Post street," and all have evinced the same eager and inquiring interest.

It is an impersonal history, this log of the City Club, with names and titles kept as much in the background as is possible in an institution which functions through bureaus and committees.

It was the privilege of this writer, the present editor of the Woman's City Club Magazine, away back in 1917, when she was a reporter and the National League for Woman's Service was but a few weeks old in San Francisco, to be sent by her newspaper to interview the women who were mobilizing. She went to a loft on the corner of Sutter and Stockton street, and asked the "officer of the day" who, as it happened, was Miss Marion Leale, now president of the City Club, for a list of names of those who were in the forefront of the organization.

"But we do not want names published, if you please. We are all for one and one for all. We are just the women of America, the women of San Francisco."

"But a newspaper story is no good without names," said the persistent reporter. "Committees and groups, now. Won't you tell me the personnel of your several committees? I cannot go back to my office and say 'A group of women and girls are gathered at such and such a place making bandages and woolen helmets.' It may be cricket, but it isn't journalism."

The result of the verbal tilt was a complete rout for the reporter. The only names she had for her "story" were of the women whom she knew by sight.

So, down the years, the policy has remained. The cause is infinitely greater than any personality. The army is more important than the general, and the thing for which the army stands is the greatest of all in the final analysis.

Of course there were heroines, women whose selflessness should be sung by a modern Homer. But they wouldn't want it so. That is part of their gallantry. Some have since died. One, especially, may be said to have fallen in battle. She was Mrs. George Sperry, whose name is written into the history of the canteen under the Monadnock building, San Francisco. Others have moved on to other interests and subsequent enthusiasms, coming but occasionally to the City Club, the old stamping ground to join in Club festivals, as the annual Fire Lighting, or anniversaries dear to their individual recollections.

But mostly the original group are still active. New workers are assimilated so gradually that the process is imperceptible. But a comparison of, say a Volunteer Service platoon of last year and this will reveal many new names. That is as it should be, say the founders of the City Club. That is what Rupert Brooke suggested when he sang of the sweet sleep in Flanders Field if others pick up the torch.

When the Magazine of the City Club was launched in February of 1927 it contained this forward:

"The Women's City Club is one of the victories of 1918, the year of Peace. The story of how it came to be built, of the patriotism of the women who founded the National Defenders'

Clubs, of the translation of those institutions, after they had served their purpose magnificently, into a center for women, of the inspiration and daring which eventually impelled this same group to erect an enduring monument, of, for and by women, is one of the thrilling climaxes of San Francisco's participation in the war."

● A few evenings ago at the annual autumn Fire Lighting of the Women's City Club, the October harbinger of Thanksgiving and this year a fitting prelude to the Talent Festival of the fifth and sixth of this month, Miss Esther Phillips spoke of the Club as a refuge from "the bitter loneliness" which is sometimes the portion of human beings.

The newly lit fire crackled merrily as she spoke, and warmth and cheer were all about. It seemed incredible that loneliness could find a place in a world so busy, "so full of a number of things."

But it is possible that the Club is just that kind of an antidote for many of its members.

Certainly there is fellowship, and friendliness. And there is, conversely, delicacy and respect for a member's desire for solitude should she evince such a longing.

Soon now, the Thanksgiving feast will be set. And the Christmas joy will be here. Residents of the Club will join, as in an inclusive happy household, in the seasonal festivities. Meanwhile the Talent Exhibit is bringing members together in an autumn festival in which loneliness can find no place, for the magic of work and achievement is the "open sesame," the introduction of member to fellow member. Formal presentations are not requisite when there is an enthusiasm in a common cause.

And thus another Club institution will be inaugurated, with the foundation clause of the Club "Service" written into its premiere.

Strange. Strange and curiously fascinating is the idea that work cements associations and friendships so much more securely than play. It seems to etch more deeply into the soul's resistance to things ephemeral. The Autumn Festival takes its place in the sun.

Miss Phillips quoted Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus" as the conclusion of her address, which had followed the unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, painted by Peter Ilyin, and presented by him to the City Club as a tribute to American womanhood. The picture has since been admired by thousands. It is an excellent likeness of the First Lady of the Land, who is a charter member of the City Club.

Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, donor of the fireplace in the lounge, lit the fire. As she bent over the gracious hearth she said, "It the name of American youths who died in the war."

▲ ▲ ▲

Organization of the Counties

—EDITH WALKER MADDUX
(Mrs. Parker S. Maddux)

● To write with complete adequacy on the organization of the counties under the banner of the National League for Woman's Service would be to catalogue practically all the necessities of war service in California and add a list of loyal women who could, and did, consign themselves to this all-embracing program in 12 counties. The League enrolled, mobilized, tabulated, trained, used and lent the feminine population, and all the service served and every county counted. Of course, other organizations were doing definite and most efficient pieces of war work before the League was established in California; but our plan was to tabulate any service and all service that women could offer anywhere, to "enroll the woman power," to cooperate with all other groups by turning over to them any specific aids, and in turn to fill up the vacancies and take up the excess ourselves.

It was on May 16, 1917 that Katherine Phillips Edson, National Organizer for the National League for Woman's Service, called a meeting at the Woman's Athletic Club in San Francisco to greet and to hear Mrs. Alice McKay Kelley who had been designated "Organizer for California." Miss Julia George was the secretary pro tem at this meeting and her concise minutes show that the women present were: Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. W. D. Brookings, Mrs. J. Casserley, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Mabel Pierce, Miss Marion Delany, Mrs. Laurence Draper, Mrs. Robson, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker and Miss Gail Laughlin. The committee specially chosen for organization was as follows: Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, chairman, Mrs. Brookings and Miss George; and they proceeded at once to secure an enlarged executive group with some definite nominations for State Chairman, and to enlist the service of Gail Laughlin in drawing up tentative by-laws. The unanimous choice of the large and representative committee for State Chairman was Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, who accepted the position the latter part of May, 1917, proceeded to open offices on Post street, to call general and special meetings, to confer with county leaders and as early as August 13, 1917, at a regular directors' meeting, to announce the following County Chairmen who were then actually engaged in taking enrollments for service: Mrs. James B. Edwards, Sonoma County; Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Santa Clara County; Mrs. John Stebbins, Merced County; Mrs. Oscar Long, Alameda County; Mrs. Duane Bliss, Plumas County. Soon were added Mrs. Grace Caukin, South Contra Costa County; Mrs. Myron Hunt, Los Angeles County; Mrs. Francis M. Davis, San Benito County; Mrs. Lewis Hobart, San Mateo County; Mrs. Olive Watt and Mrs. Inez Wentworth, Napa County; Miss Clara Taft of Oakland; Mrs. Frank Anderson, Marin County; Mrs. William Jones, Solano County.

How well I remember that first county organization meeting when we were all summoned to San Francisco to sit with th Board of Directors headed by the Inspir of State, otherwise the California Chai man, Mrs. McDuffie, who had picked h women, had refused to take "No" for a answer, and had named the day. We cam we saw, she conquered. The outlined ta seemed enormous and well nigh impo sible, i.e., to enroll, tabulate, adopt a adapt all the women of California to t multifarious services needed in the w period! But the ideal was plain; the pl perfectly clear and workable. There w no chaos;—just a colossus! Mrs. McD fie would say "Now don't worry about do one thing at a time;" yet even so, t number of things that had to be d seemed infinite. Tabulated, the plan w like this:

1. The County Chairman announ a County Office, at first her home d later a donated base in the business distr

2. Vice Chairmen were named in largest towns, and later in every to This was a patient process involving in views and correspondence, persuasion pull.

3. Local offices were opened; the o hours advertised and religiously k newspapers interested and space promi and enrollments taken to tabulate kind of service which each woman c offer.

4. These enrollments or registra sheets were collected, sent to the Co

(Continued on page 30)

National Defenders' Clubs of California

—MRS. M. C. SLOSS

The Women's City Club of San Francisco may be said to be a fruition of the spirit of *all* the National Defenders' Clubs of Northern California, for all ten led, more or less directly, to San Francisco headquarters. Clubs, or canteens, which most effectually resulted in the motivation which culminated in the determination to found the City Club were the National Defenders' Clubs under the Monadnock Building, at Oakland, Berkeley, Inyo County, Marin County, Napa, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, San Jose and the San Francisco Presidio, No. 5.

The story of any one of these, in the last analysis, is much like the stories of canteens all over the country during the war. They were havens for homesick men, thrown into service with little preparation, as for the "regulars" of army and navy ashey passed through to the front lines. Each canteen had its own problems, its own gallant but pathetic little jokes and jocularity, its own distinguishing features of furniture and setting. But the underlying fact was the same the country over. Women had banded together in emergency. Solidarity became a fact without previous training.

The National League for Woman's Service was organized in Washington, D. C., in January of 1917. It was organized in San Francisco in June of the same year and opened its first canteen the following September. The National League reserved to itself the entire internal operation of National Defenders' Clubs and the first to be instituted was under the Monadnock Building, Market street, near Third, San Francisco. The success of this was such that others quickly followed and they blossomed over the state in response to the need.

The Monadnock Building covers a considerable area, for it is one of San Francisco's largest office buildings and the canteen occupied the entire floor under the sidewalk. The rooms were bright and cheery as physical things could make them. The workers wore uniforms, alike in form, that a standard might prevail, but different in color, all attractively gay, as far removed from the habit of a hospital as could be devised. Pianos, writing desks, easy chairs, billiard tables, phonographs and books made the canteens homelike and the men crowded the spacious lounges in such numbers that there could be no question as to their popularity. This, the first, was typical of the nine which followed.

Volunteer Service, which followed in the wake of the National Defenders' Clubs, flourished sturdily in San Francisco, the women working in shifts with a minimum of duplicated energy. Whether it was due to superior executives or unusual temperaments of the individuals, the fact remains that Volunteer Service has been particularly outstanding in its success in California. The National Defenders' Club of the Monadnock Building was opened in September two weeks after the National League for Woman's Service had been asked by the War Department to equip and manage a club. It began with a staff of 350 members and kept open from 8 o'clock each morning to 11:30 at night. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. George S. Sperry, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Misses Fanny and May Friedlander, Mrs. Anna Voorhies Bishop, Miss Laura Taylor, Mrs. Charles Deering, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. George Garrett and Mrs. F. H. Henshaw. A year after its opening the monthly attendance was 65,000. It closed in June of 1919.

To enumerate the number of meals served, the regiments of men cheered or the gallons of coffee brewed were to review the work of almost any canteen in or near a military center.

(*Continued on page 29*)

▲ ▲ ▲

"333 Kearny Street" . . . 1919 to 1922

MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Second President Women's City Club

The National League for Woman's Service established its so-called "Pele" Club work at 333 Kearny Street on the 15th of February 1919. Mrs. Dun-

Dining Room at "333 Kearny"

can McDuffie the first and war time chairman of the National League for Woman's Service was still chairman or president of the new venture. Mrs. Marcus Koshland was Chairman of Headquarters had found those quarters and was chairman also of the League's Committee to establish such a club. That's the way the present Women's City Club began. Miss Marion Leale, our President, was then volunteer executive secretary and I note in the historic minutes that Mrs. S. G. Chapman was chairman of our Victory Loan Committee that year and became a member of the Board in June 1919!

I attended my first Board meeting August 4, 1919 and as I had been asked to chairman the publicity for the new work, I asked what the publicity policy of the League had been, as my own war service had been overseas and I did not know what the policy was. In the President's answer to my question lies a fundamental truth about the very foundation of our organization, Mrs. McDuffie said "that it had always been the policy of the League to avoid the use of names of persons in its publicity but rather to further the League's name and place the emphasis on its work rather than on the personnel of those responsible." Therefore in an effort to give you the story of 333 Kearny Street under the leadership first of Mrs. McDuffie, second of Mrs. Lucas, third

Lounge at "333 Kearny"

Mrs. Moore and last of Mrs. Chapman I shall stick to the work.

The first year might be called the year of adjustment of war ideals and relation-

(*Continued on page 22*)

"333 Kearny Street" . . . 1922 to 1924

—ELIZABETH H. MOORE
Mrs. Harry Staats Moore
Fourth President Women's City Club

● In reviewing the two momentous years when our building was in the making, I am giving a resumé of the amazing accomplishments of a little group of women endowed with sufficient courage, vision, and faith to embark upon a million dollar enterprise with only $15,000.

This story covers the outstanding events during my two years as President—from February 1922 to February 1924.

About the time that I took office the Board of Directors had decided that our organization had proved itself worthy of a permanent place in the community life of San Francisco. In the spring of that year we began a serious search for a more suitable location. Our first plans were reasonably modest, but none of the modest locations suited us. Whereupon we gradually became more bold. Meanwhile long hours were given to the development of an organization plan that would be concerned solely with bringing our building project to a successful completion. In June a plan was presented to the Board and adopted. This plan called for a manager of the building project and five committees, all heading into a central committee, the manager to be an ex-officio member, with the president, of all committees, and the president chairman of the central committee. The president thereupon to appoint Mrs. S. S. Chapman, chairman of finance; Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, chairman of building; Mrs. Cleveland Forbes, chairman of revenue, and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, chairman of publicity. The president was asked by the Board to act as chairman of the bond selling committee, with every member of the Board on that committee, and our slogan, "Every Member a Bondholder." Miss Marion Leale was appointed manager and August 14 found her established in her office at the Kearny street headquarters and the National League for Woman's Service definitely committed to a forward looking program that was to take us farther than we then dreamed.

Up until this time no initiation fee had been charged, but in September it was voted to establish a fee of $10.00, to be levied on all members joining after the lot was brought. In September the following was embodied in the manager's report—"Absolute secrecy is necessary until definite arrangements of purchase are made—accepting then the new policy the involved —the president and the manager determined upon a real survey of possibilities for the League, not being confined to this idea or that, to this source or that, but listening to each suggestion, and weighing its feasibility."

After two and a half months the manager reported to the Board on thirty-three propositions, all of which had been carefully considered and eliminated by the central committee.

At last, on December 6, the central committee ended the long search by voting to proceed with negotiations for the present site, but not one word could be breathed outside our committee until we had succeeded in tying it up with an option. On December 18 the Board of Directors, on hearing the manager's report that such an option had been secured, ratified the action of the central committee. That was a great day. The lot was secured, at least for the time being, the name Women's City Club was chosen, Mr. Willis Polk upon the recommendation of Mrs. McDuffie, chairman of building was selected as architect, and the program outlined for the bond selling campaign.

(*Continued on page 27*)

▲ ▲ ▲

Financing the Building Project

—MRS. STEPHEN G. CHAPMAN
Third President Women's City Club

● The original Building Committee appointed in 1920, after a preliminary survey, reported to the Board on recommending building or otherwise acquiring a clubhouse and outlining a plan or organization.

This plan, with a few changes, was adopted. It comprised a Central Committee of the Building Project, of which the chairmen of the various sub-committees—Building, Furnishing, Finance, Revenue, Publicity—were members, with the President as Chairman, and included the appointment of a Manager of the Building Project as chief executive to co-ordinate the work of these committees. A board of thirty-one members was too unwieldy an instrument to undertake a work requiring quick decision ad prompt action and the Central Committee was given power to act.

Two plans presented themselves—buying and remodeling to suit our needs, or acquiring a lot and building a new clubhouse. After an exhaustive survey the first of these was discarded, either because the property was not well located or because the necessary alterations were too costly.

Early in these proceedings the Finance Committee developed the fact that if the dues were to be kept at $6.00 the building must be income producing—it must be used to capacity and therefore must be located where it would be easily accessible to the members. Within a stone's throw of Union Square was the ideal, but this meant within the area of the highest priced property in the city and seemed prohibitive. Nothing daunted the Building Committee outlined its minimum needs, submitted them to an architect and a rough plan with approximate cost was given to the Finance Committee to work out.

After much figuring and consultation with realtors as to the rent that might reasonably be expected from shops on the ground floor, with hotel experts as to the rent of rooms and probable income from restaurant and other departments, with business executives as to management and maintenance, a satisfactory income statement was developed. This was submitted to men of wide experience in these line worked over again and again, checked a re-checked by experts and finally pr nounced safe. This statement was th taken to the bank where it was subject to a merciless analysis and again it was pr nounced safe. The outcome of these co versations with the bank was their agr ment to take a $600,000 first mortga bond issue and to place for us a $200,0 second mortgage if the National Leag for Woman's Service would raise the maining $200,000.

Because of the probable sales resista to club bonds and because the Fina Committee considered it better busines keep club activities separate from build ownership, the Post Investment Comp was organized. The stock of this compa representing ownership of the build was to be acquired by the National Lea for Woman's Service out of earnings.

An option was taken on a lot and Finance Committee turned its attentio devising ways and means of raising

(*Continued on page 20*)

465 Post Street

—CORA SCHWEITZER KOSHLAND
Chairman Building Committee
(Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland)

We broke ground on December 30, 1924, under a blue sky—a good omen thought for the building we were about erect. The lot was crowded to its fullest acity. Joyous enthusiasm was in the air when the steam shovel with Mrs. Capman, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Fibes, Mrs. Maddux and a few others on board started in to dig, a big cheer went up That was the real beginning, as the steam shovel never stopped from that moment until its work was completed. Day by day the building grew until it became what it is today. The corner stone laying took place May 14, 1925, with the presidents, past and incumbent, each saying a few words. In the cornerstone went the archives of the organization and the daily papers of that day.

The Furnishing Committee headed by Mrs Henrietta Moffat, Mrs. Frederick Mede, Miss Mary Dunham, Miss Ruth Genney and the writer devoted every Tuesday and Friday for fourteen months to the selection of the furniture. The sum of $100,000 was carefully budgeted and never did this committee overstep the limit. Hours and hours were spent in the careful study of color and details, the first aim being to make the Clubhouse homelike and everything as durable as possible. Great pride has since been felt as very little in the way of renewal or refurnishing has had to be resorted to.

The fourth floor, the center of hospitality, with Willis Polk's exquisitely designed arch, was of course the biggest part of the job. What a lot of time was devoted to finding particularly whether or not we were to have that expensive El Dorado paper for the early American room! Even the choice of ash bins and umbrella racks received careful study.

We felt the building was complete after our volunteers had placed the papers on all the shelves and in the bureau drawers, so invitations were sent out to each of the then 6,000 members plus two cards for friends. For two days there were approximately 20,000 people coming and going with many more crowding the place for days afterward. Many gifts were received, a few of the larger ones being the two paintings, one called "Helen" by Mateo Sandona and the other Mrs. Herbert Hoover, by Peter Ilyin, the artists being the donors. Also the two fountains by Ralph Stackpole from one of the members, the baby grand piano by Mr. Samuel Wormser and the teak wood front door by an anonymous friend. Miss Fidelia Jewett gave the rug hanging on the third floor.

Since the opening the anniversary is celebrated by the Annual Fire Lighting in the Lounge before the fireplace designed by Mr. Walter Bliss and given by Mrs. Leon Guggenhime in memory of the California boys who sacrificed their lives serving their country. The annual business meetings occur the beginning of each fiscal year in March and it is a satisfaction to the Building Committee that the original financial plan as prepared at 333 Kearny Street is being thoroughly carried through at 465 Post Street.

Entrance to the Women's City Club is by a beautiful hand-carved teakwood door and archway, the gift of a friend, into a wide arcade lined with bronze showcases. At the left is the League Shop, open to the public where Volunteer Service waits upon the customer and from which a stairway leads to an Economy Shop on the mezzanine floor. In the latter place used garments and objects of art are sold.

On the first floor, facing the elevators, are the newspaper and tobacco stands, information and room clerks and a small lounge where members may meet guests.

At the end of the arcade is the entrance to the auditorium with check rooms, dressing rooms and facilities for dramatic productions. It is equipped with a stereopticon booth, the latest type of lighting equipment and an adequate stage.

The beautiful curtain is a gift of the family of the late Mrs. Ernest Meiere, a board member of an early regime, was designed by Miss Hildreth Meiere and painted under her supervision at the Herter looms. Capacious boxes around a gallery are a charming feature of this room.

Below the first floor is the swimming pool, in which the City Club takes much pride, locker rooms, showers, gymnasium, eighteen showers and the Beauty Parlor, where Volunteer Service takes charge of the clerical work and appointments, and skilled operators give expert attention to members.

The utility corridor on this floor contains boiler room, water softener, garbage incinerator, store rooms, receiving rooms and other utility equipment.

On the mezzanine floor are dressing rooms, rest rooms, a small lounge and an entrance to the Economy Shop.

On the second floor is the handsome Chinese room, where members play bridge and congregate in assemblages not large enough to fill the larger auditorium. The English Speaking Union, the City Club Magazine, the Vocational Guidance Bureau, a secretarial school and other tenants are the present occupants of the offices but these change from time to time. The American Association of University Women, San Francisco Bay Branch, and the Grade Teachers' Association also have space here.

One of the four elevators now conveys the visitor to the Third Floor, where the dining room, a handsome gallery, occupies the entire width of the building, overlooking Post street. Smaller dining rooms flank the corridor which leads to the main room. Off the hall is the entrance of the spacious Cafeteria, where Volunteer Service again

(*Continued on page 25*)

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Co-Operation

The National League for Woman's Service would not be the factor it is in the community did it not interlock with other organizations, touching orbits with the spheres of activity which comprise the system termed "civilization."

Similarity of interests and community of aspirations bring organizations together. Their courses may parallel each other at a short distance and then diverge widely, but the brief contact is valuable to both and to society. Before we moved from 333 Kearny an exhaustive survey of possible co-operative opportunities was made under the writer's chairmanship. In line, therefore, with this policy the City Club has since joined a number of organizations in pursuit of Service.

On two successive years it joined with the Society of Women Artists to give exhibitions of fine and decorative arts in the Club Auditorium. Each year it contributes space in the Club Magazine to the Community Chest, Campfire Girls' conclaves, the annual season of grand opera, Social Welfare Workers' convention, or other agencies of the common weal.

The Club had co-operated with the Association of University Women, San Francisco Bay Branch, in various activities. It has joined in Public Health crusades, and has co-operated with campaigns sanctioned by vote of the board of directors. The Volunteer Service clerical force has been put at the disposal of conventions.

(These affiliations were made during the administration of Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, fifth president Women's City Club who is now on a visit to the Atlantic Coast.)

Club Activities

—MRS. A. P. BLACK
Fifth President Women's City Club

● In the Constitution and By-Laws of the National League for Woman's Service, out of which has grown the Women's City Club, the object of the organization is defined as the offering of opportunities for the guidance, the training and the development of women through its various departments. With this aim in view, activities with an educational trend have been given a place of prominence throughout the years of the Club's existence, but the claims of recreation and entertainment, have not been neglected.

Among the first activities established and one that has maintained popularity up to the present time is that of the Bridge Section. In 1920, soon after the Club opened headquarters at 333 Kearny Street the friendly Bridge Group was formed and Tuesday evening firmly established as card night. Later, an afternoon group was arranged to meet at two o'clock on the same day of the week.

New members are always welcomed and instruction given to beginners. Common interest in the game has made this group a very congenial one, and the Tuesday evening gatherings are usually well attended. Twice a year, in February and October, larger parties are given, which are always enjoyable and successful.

The Thursday Evening Programs had their beginning about the same early period of the Club's history. They were first presented on Monday which was to be the Club's "At Home" night, with some entertainment in the form of an informal address provided. Some time later, Thursday evening was substituted for presenting of programs, as being more agreeable to a greater number of Club members. This department of Club activity carries on without interruption throughout the year.

A great variety of topics are discussed and an earnest endeavor maintained to keep both speakers and subject-matter up to a high standard of excellence. During the period of its existence, hundreds of fine speakers, men and women of attainment, wide knowledge and reputation have addressed this group on so many subjects that a liberal education has been furnished to the members attending the lectures. The group is a very happy, friendly one and a speaker can always be assured of an attentive, appreciative audience.

Another department of high educational value is the Current Events Course, conducted by Mrs. Parker Maddux. Mrs. Maddux began this work nearly six years ago. Until very recently, the class met every Wednesday morning at eleven and on two Monday evenings in the month. Owing to the great amount of preparatory work necessary to present a comprehensive view of world affairs, so many meetings proved too great a strain on Mrs. Maddux's strength and at the present time, the class meets only on the first Wednesday of each month. This is one of the most popular departments of the Club and a large and interested attendance can always be counted upon.

In the early part of 1927 a large Music Committee was formed to arrange for a series of Sunday Evening Concerts to be held bi-monthly and latterly monthly through the winter season from October until May of each year. This committee under the leadership of Mrs. Leonard Woolams and subsequently Mrs. Horatio Stoll have been most efficient and successful in arranging delightful concerts of great excellence at which many noted and charming artists have appeared. The privilege of an hour's program of fine music on Sunday evening has been much appreciated by the membership and is a valuable addition to the Club's list of activities.

(Continued on page 27)

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Programs and Entertainments

—BEATRICE SNOW STODDARD

● The word "Entertainments" has come to have great breadth. Its meaning ranges from one's being kept from physical or mental ennui to the finding of an occasion for mirth, or to the idea of a set exercise, as a concert or a lecture, then very often to articles of food or hospitable shelter furnished to guests. With this in mind, a friendly and marvelling world greets the Women's City Club of San Francisco with the merry words of the Bard of Avon,

"See, your guests approach,
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly."
—Winter's Tale, IV., 3.

To which the challenge of attention the Club courteously responds,

"Your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth."
—Pericles, I., 1.

Shakespeare has thus neatly set the text which embodies both the ideal and the policy of the City Club's plan for programs.

Program activities are divided into two groups, those with a fee, and those without. Occasions for which no fee is charged include the following: groups of members especially organized, with leaders, to study definite subjects; these study groups are put into operation whenever ten or more members signify sufficient interest. "Appreciation of Art" and "Choral Section" are two thriving groups of this nature. On every second Sunday evening, during the winter months, a concert in the auditorium is a delight and refreshment of soul and body, since the most gifted talent in the city is given gratis to the Club. Every spring Dr. H. H. Powell, Dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, gives a series of eight Lenten talks on some subject connected with religious thought, an enrichment of spirit which is cherished deeply by the Club.

The programs and entertainments for which a fee is charged fall under the following heads: special single lectures, including motion picture presentations and drama readings; courses of lectures in a series; classes in special subjects, and a monthly book review.

Fulfilling the policy of pertinent and diversified topics by distinguished speakers, the Club presents such programs as motion pictures of the spectacular stor of the birds and animals among the peak and pinnacles of the Rocky Mountai Continental Divide, by William L. Finla famous Western naturalist; pictures c "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea," b J. E. Williamson, explorer and originat of undersea photography; "The Ide View of a Perfect Education," by L'Abl Ernest Dimnet, a distinguished Frenc scholar; "The Art of Table Convers tion," by Lady Adams, well-known En lish lecturer; "The Ramsay MacDona Government," by S. K. Ratcliffe, brillia English publicist; "Stained Glass Wi dows," by Charles J. Connick, foreme authority in America; "The Bridge of S Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder, famo young novelist; "Builder of Bridges," Anna Bird Stewart, American poet; "Iri Humour, by Patrick MacGill, Irish po playwright; "Cops, Crooks and Crim by Imra Buwalda, international poli woman and "Six Favourite Novelists," John Galsworthy, world-renowned pl wright and novelist.

(Continued on page 26)

Copy of painting of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, charter member of Women's City Club, presented by Peter Ilyin, the artist, hanging in Lounge.

Ectorial

"The Legacy of the Pioneers" might well be the term applied to the Talent Festival which is occupying the attention of Cy Club members this month and which will reach its peak of importance November 5 and 6. For by logical deduction that is what amounts to. Were it not for those pioneers whose achievements are set forth in this issue of the Magazine, there would be no institution where the *entente cordiale* would be such as to germinate the unique festival now so near realization.

It a commentary upon the *kind* of membership which is the City Club and a throwback to the days when women worked together in the National League for Woman's Service, which was, I quote from one of its formats, "democratic enough to attract members of every industry, profession, business and social affiliation, inexpensive enough to be within the reach of all, yet attractive in every detail; and general enough to allow for its use by smaller and more definite groups."

Since the preliminary announcement of the Festival there has been enthusiastic response to the possibilities, and the Thursday luncheons where the affair has been the chief topic have revealed a wealth of latent talent. Or rather talent hitherto uncatalogued in the Club's files. It was there all the time and probably working to great credit to itself and advantage to other beneficiaries. But the City Club was not benefiting. Now—so great is the volume of ability and talent, and so generous has been the reaction to the call of the Festival—much will accrue to the Club which heretofore was not been available. The Festival has been in the nature of an analysis of the membership. It is a good thing to know that a organization has mute inglorious Miltons and unsung Astronomers, designers, lawyers, medicos, milliners, dressmakers, dancers and artists of voice and brush on its roster.

It was gratifying to Club directors to learn that the ability is here, find that the usufruct is at the disposal of the organization in occasions like this, in emergency or in the everyday level of activity. It is but a sublimation, after all, of the spirit which crystalized into the National League for Woman's Service, and from that into Volunteer Service, the bright particular flower on the topmost branch of the City Club of San Francisco.

And What of the Future?

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE, PRESIDENT

To claim prophetic power would make one a laughing stock, and yet a building for the future is the justification of much that we do in the present. Some of us follow and take life as it comes to us; some of us lead, and try to mould the life of the group to whom we owe allegiance so that it may be purposeful and effective. And so it has happened that considerable thought has been given lately by some of us to the future of the National League for Woman's Service to see just where this organization of ours is heading, to decide whether or not the compass course now being steered leads to the port for which we set sail or whether the winds and currents have borne us adrift.

Just why did we embark? When the decision was made by the Board of Directors to continue the National League for Woman's Service in California and build for it a permanent home, it was to preserve for emergency service the band of women whose one bond of sympathy was a desire to work together for the community in such a way that the efficiency of organization would eliminate the wasteful efforts of the individual volunteer.

San Franciscans had seen three catastrophies—earthquake, fire, war. It was not a wonder therefore that those of vision realized what a permanent central file for service would mean to any community. This was the first reason for our clubhouse. Secondly, granted that service would be the purpose for our existence, a secondary result would be the mingling of many minds (minds trained differently yet trained to think) so that women of all sects and all political creeds would continue to respect each other's point of view and would learn arguments which were foreign to their own personal thoughts. This intermingling of minds the war service had accomplished. Business woman, professional, leisure woman; Jew, Gentile, Catholic, Christian Scientist; republican, democrat, socialist—rubbed elbows in a common cause. Valuable understandings resulted. Why discontinue this education which had been so pleasing to all, and which had meant so much to the government and to the community life itself? Thirdly, hospitality was still the slogan of the West, for the pioneer spirit was here preserved. Where in this western state could a democratic group offer hospitality so that the visitor might find the California woman of home, of office joining in a common welcome in this far-flung state beyond the Rockies?

These three reasons—a continuous service file steadily training for greater efficiency, a democracy leading to better understanding among women of all walks of life, a hospitality center maintained by the highest type of hostess,—these brought about the incorporation of the National League for Woman's Service of California in 1919.

The future of that time is the present of today and what do we find? Unostentatiously (I use the word advisedly, for the only publicity is for the National League for Woman's Service —it being a continued policy that no individual names shall be heralded) unostentatiously I repeat, 8,000 women continue membership year after year in an organization which offers little other than the joy of service and in which membership carries with it the obligation to contribute to this program. The waiting list is 2,000 and we are thus assured that the future is safe as far as the membership roll is concerned. And again the Clubhouse itself is functioning well and the financial program of the building project is being carried through. We are financially solvent. With which elaborate preface we come to the point of this article—"And what of the future?"

The waiting list must attract women of the same unselfish mould as the founders. It must continue democratic, non-sectarian and non-political, and these future members must be conscious that they are joining not a club in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather the National League for Woman's Service

(OVER)

—whose purposes and ideals are unchanging in fundamentals though flexible in adaptation. These future members must be willing to give and *thus* receive. Conscious of this, the present regime is initiating in November a festival in the Clubhouse which will give every member an opportunity to serve. Once each year each member will bring to her National League for Woman's Service as her gift the product of her talent. From the exhibition of these gifts each member will appreciate what her fellow club members may do and the waiting list will interest women of real talent who will find a stimulus at least once a year for their creative ability.

Most important of all, the unity of the National League for Woman's Service will be cemented in a bond of common interest —a valuable result—for in peace time the opportunity for service is not always concrete and the occasions for mutual appreciation of talents are rare. This playtime together in the clubhouse will bring an intimacy which unfortunately is often mac impossible in the daily whirl of city life when the visit to th clubhouse is left for "manana."

From the membership then which continues the standard the charter list, strong leaders will come forward, women wh will protect the service program so that it will not be abuse women who will develop the hospitality program so that bett understanding among women of the world will be fostered.

The future of the Women's City Club of San Francisco radiant. Volunteer Service is our very soul; hospitality and th democratic sharing of common experiences is our vocation; o ative talent is our avocation. We continue our course with fai in our purpose and with the feeling that membership in t National League for Woman's Service is a privilege which we w may covet, for opportunity lies ahead and intelligence seizes

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JUST as you compare breads—largely by their texture fineness and their flavor—experts judge loaves, too. In fact, largely for its excellence in these two qualities, judges at a recent National Competition named Langendorf White "America's Finest Bread!" Enjoy Langendorf Bread *at home*—your grocer gets it fresh each day.

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Praise to their mighty roofs,
Praise their stout floors
That echo to wide hoofs;
Praise generous doors,
Silos like flanking towers,
Cart sheds, hen roosts, corn cribs—
Attendant powers!
Their lightning rods jut out
Against the sky,
The gold manure piles
Below them lie.
Scarlet or white or with such sheen
As moth wings give,
They dwarf the rigid shells
Wherein men live.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORT

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Volunteer Service

—MRS. W. F. BOOTH, JR.
Chairman Volunteer Service Committee

The difficulty of writing an article on the subject of Volunteer Service, lies e varying degree of knowledge held ir membership concerning the organ- tn. There are those who realize that e ubhouse is but a shell, providing suit- le headquarters for the furthering of a e: ideal. There are others who think ly of the concrete structure, and who il o recognize the importance of the ea which forms the foundation of the il ng.

A ew words then devoted to our "rea- n or being."

Its an old story to many. That of a ou of women active in all spheres of e, rought together to do a wartime ser- ce. These women appreciating the bene- al pleasure such contacts afforded, resolved to retain this democratic spirit by the continuation of their service. The result of this decision was the Club under the name of The National League for Woman's Service with headquarters at 333 Kearny street. Under the able leadership of Mrs. George B. Sperry and the Misses Fanny and May Friedlander in the Monadnock days, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mrs. H. L. Stephenson and Mrs. Louis Carl at 333 Kearny street the principles of successful Volunteer Service had been established. Mrs. Carl continued in the new building at 465 Post street.

The result of this endeavor was such that seven years later the daring idea was conceived of building a clubhouse, which would provide an adequate home for the purpose of educating and training women in the ideal of service. Upon the completion of the building, this program was started. There was much to be done the first years, and too much credit cannot be given to those who shouldered the responsibilities of that period.

The responsibilities of today rest upon each and begins when sponsoring new members. It is true that our doors are open to all, but it is hardly fitting that women lacking the ability or desire to understand our purpose be proposed for membership. The young woman who presented herself at the last membership day, and who replied when asked if she had time for Volunteer Service, that she "really didn't know what it was all about" was not to be blamed so much as her sponsors.

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Hospitality of City Club Famed Around the World

—ELLA GOODALL COOPER
(Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper)
Chairman Hospitality Committee

he Hospitality activity is one of the w departments of the Women's ty ub which was not a part of the early sto of the National League for om n's Service of California. Therefore, elin very young and inexperienced, it ust odestly set forth its record, which scar ly four years old, hoping to justify rai n d'etre, and to receive encourage- ent r its continued existence.

A jep into our Guest Book would re- al cite an impressive roster of distin- uish women, and occasionally men, in any elds of endeavor, our effort having en ways to bring to the membership tsta ling figures representing a wide ariet of interests, appealing to the many different groups within our organization.

When our beautiful new Clubhouse was opened in the spring of 1926, it seemed fitting that our first honored guest should be a royal princess. Not alone because of our pride in being able to offer hospitality to one of such rank and distinction, but because we delighted in honoring the woman, whose gracious and democratic spirit responded so thrillingly to the ideals and the spirit of our own most democratic organization. The same has been true of all our other distinguished guests, whether they have represented the "aristocracy of intellect" in the field of art, drama, music, education or letters, or whether they have been outstanding simply by reason of humble social service and hard tasks done in sometimes thankless obscurity. To find these and bring them into the light and warmth of appreciation has been perhaps even more gratifying.

There has been no monotony in the type of entertainment, I believe. Even though only a cup of tea should be offered each time, our guests, having always been willing to talk to us about their own work, have themselves made a pleasing variety inevitable. In addition, when we remember the many interesting luncheons, and dinners as well, arranged during this period, a series of charming pictures are recalled to our minds—flowered tea tables set in the

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Vocational Guidance Part of the City Club Regime

—JULIETTE WILLIAMS LILLEY
(Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley)
First Chairman of the Vocational Guidance Bureau

T Vocational Guidance Bureau w its officers and director in room 2 of he Women's City Club is one of e im rtant departments of the Club d or of the oldest. It dates back to e da when the National League for oma s Service had its headquarters in e Fl d Building. The industrial and inin department formed the nucleus the rk carried over to the club rooms 333 earny Street. It has projected its rk th ugh the intervening years to this, e Fall f 1930, when its need and service not ly more poignant than ever be- re in he City Club, but in the community in which the City Club occupies an important and dignified place — Vocational Guidance is after all, but a detailed aspect of the ideal upon which the City Club was builded when it evolved from the National League for Woman's Service. To quote a former chairman, "We wish all to realize the Club maintains the Vocational Bureau not only for the benefit of Club members but for service to all women in the community."

In 1919 when the National League for Woman's Service organized upon a peace basis, part of their program was a ten per cent placement bureau operated for the benefit of members and the community. Two years later it was deemed wise to discontinue the service in this form and to substitute a part-time Bureau for Vocational Guidance and Information. In the meantime much valuable information had been gathered—the placement work was turned over to the Community Placement Agency and the policy of this Bureau became that of supplying acurate information regarding opportunities ror women—of functioning as a clearing house and directing callers to the proper sources of employment—thus indirectly aiding materi-

(*Continued on page* 19)

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See Advertisement on Page 32

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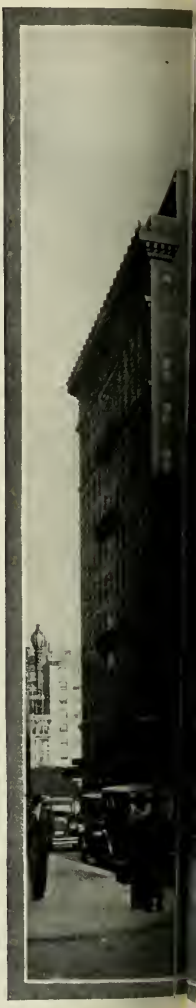
TO THE LEFT:

To the left of the City Club, looking down Post street, is the northern half of San Francisco. Nob Hill, famous in the pioneer days as the site where bonanza kings built their magnificent brownstone residences, Russian Hill, lookout of the early military regimes, now clustered with beautiful homes, Pacific Heights and, across the Bay, Tamalpais and Marin County. Across the street but a block up is the Bohemian Club and the Olympic Club.



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CITY CLUB

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RANCISCO

netropolis, yet preserv-

onforms to modernity

clasic austerity.

TO THE RIGHT:

The southern half of San Francisco lies behind the City Club. Straight ahead is Union Square, the heart of the city, where outdoor Christmas trees bloom in December, when other parts of the world are locked in snow. The shopping district and historic "Chinatown" fringe Union Square. Leading hotels and theatres are within two blocks.

▼

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Bring in your felts or soleils to be remodeled, good materials will remake like new.

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF
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The TYPOGRAPHY and composition in this magazine by
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"Just a Little Different"
Luncheon, 50c
Also a la carte
Wholesome Food
Old Fashioned
Recipes
256 SUTTER STREET
Opp. White House

Hospitality of City Club

(Continued from page 15)

beautiful American Room, resplendent luncheon and dinner tables with glowing color schemes, which only the luxuriant fruits and flowers of California can make possible, delicious food and swift and quiet service—all these memories may surely give us real satisfaction.

And what a delightful memory is that day when the American Room was transformed into a bower of spring blossoms by the colorful and artistic costumes of the six pretty envoys from Japan. We feel a special pride in the international parties, for not only do we desire to serve the community as a Hospitality Center, but we long to extend that service in the spirit of sisterly appreciation to all our friends of other lands, and thus do our bit in helping toward the better understanding and sympathy between all the nations of the world.

One or two innovations have found favor. A reception and buffet supper in the American Room after the lecture of a distinguished man, such as the Abbé Dimnet, or the Vacation Teas where our own shy members were encouraged to talk before a small intimate group, were well received and will no doubt continue.

Then we have been happy to express our friendly co-operation by joining with other groups as hostesses upon special occasions taking place in our Clubhouse, such as the American Association of University Women, the English-Speaking Union, and the San Francisco Center.

Another pleasant duty that seems to fall naturally into our hands, is the recognizing of interesting strangers who come to stay in the house by sending flowers to their rooms, with a message of greeting. Sometimes too, we can only offer visitors to the city a guest card giving them the privileges of the Club during a short stay, or extending that same courtesy to a large group gathering for some great convention, whose aims we are glad to recognize and assist.

In short—all the courtesies both large and small which would be shown by any one of us in her own home to her friend or the stranger within her gates, become the almost daily privilege of the Hospitality Committee. That committee represents every one of you in the collective dispensing of our hospitality. It is an honor and a pride to be among those who bear this rare responsibility. This magnificent Clubhouse is our collective home. It is a fit setting for a royal or a most humble guest. Our ardent desire is to create that impalpable but nevertheless real atmosphere of home, that our offers of hospitality shall never be merely perfunctory but shall be brightened more and more by that gracious and joyous spirit that loves to share its blessings.

May I quote again my favorite lines:

"The beauty of the house is order,
The blessing of the house is contentment,
The glory of the house is hospitality."

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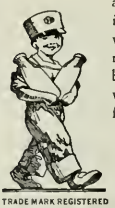
PURVEYORS TO HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, STEAMSHIPS, BUTCHERS, RAILROADS AND CLUBS

Shipping to all parts of California

21%
RICHER MILK

Milk from the Dairy Delivery Company is 21% richer than the legal standard . . . delivered sweet and wholesome at your door every morning . . . Drink a glass of warm milk from this famous dairy each night before retiring . . . you will like it—and it's good for you.



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★ *Dairy Delivery cream is 103% richer than the law requires. Delicious on breakfast fruits.*

DAIRY DELIVERY CO.

Just phone VALENCIA 6000
or BURLINGAME 2460

Franc Pierce Hammon Memorial Window, Fourth Floor

Health Examinations

One of the services which the City Club has rendered and of which it is very proud, is the semi-annual Health Examination offered members at a nominal charge. Dr. Adelaide Brown is the chairman and under her direction a valuable piece of community work is done in enabling women to "check up" upon their physical conditions from time to time. Hundreds have availed themselves of this unusual privilege and many feel that they have been saved serious illness by being advised to take "symptoms by the forelock."

F. E. BOOTH
COMPANY, INC.

110 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

FRESH FISH
Specialists

Markets at
Fisherman's Wharf : Emporium Market

PACKERS OF
BOOTH'S CRESCENT BRAND
SARDINES

Vocational Guidance

(Continued from page 15)

ally in successful placement—in directing and guiding those who require an impersonal solution for their own problems.

The Bureau functioned on a part time basis until it moved into the new home of the Club, 465 Post Street. Then the Bureau broadened its scope, became a full time department and added other features to its program—public meetings for discussion of subjects from the vocational standpoint when the leader is an authority on the featured subject—two seasons of courses for volunteers in social service—a course on sane living—applied psychology. The contacts maintained by the Bureau are far reaching—Vocational Bureaus in New York, Chicago, Boston, Pasadena, Los Angeles and other American cities cooperate with it. Many Eastern colleges as well as our own Western apply for information. It is appreciated by the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.—the Women's Institute of Professional Relations, Greensboro, N. C. recognizes its place in the scheme of things. Its correspondence has reached many outlying parts of the world.

In San Francisco "this bureau has acquired among organizations a healthy respect because of the manner in which it conducts its own business, and at the same time works amicably with the other groups."

To maintain its reputation constant investigation of conditions and opportunities is required. The insignia of this Bureau is a large question mark.

The Board of Directors looks upon this work as one of the important services rendered by the National League for Woman's Service.

Blended to the American Taste

The likes and dislikes of critical America have been recognized in tea. Tree tea is blended to suit the American taste. This finest quality tea is served at the Women's City Club in San Francisco.

Financing the Building Project

(*Continued from page* 10)

quota. Two plans were discussed—the sale of stock to the members, making them partners in the enterprise, and the sale of debenture bonds, making them creditors. After much discussion the former was abandoned because of stockholders liability and its probable affect on sales, and the latter was recommended. The Board of Directors became the Bond Selling Committee, each member making up a team, and an enthusiastic and aggressive campaign carried on. There was a speaker in the dining room every day and the entire membership was swept by a spirit of enthusiasm which resulted in the bond issue being oversold in six weeks.

The stipulated $200,000 having been subscribed, the Finance Committee resumed its conversations with the bank. All its efforts were now bent upon having the best possible terms for the payment of the first mortgage bonds written into the indenture. These were to be serial bonds falling due at stated periods. To put the first payments off as far as possible and to make them as small as possible, so that the club might be in its full earning stride before any considerable amount was needed took every bit of finesse and persuasion of which the committee was capable. The bank was in complete sympathy with the project but the restrictions of banking laws had to be complied with. At last the time and amount of payments were worked out satisfactorily to both.

Then followed nerve-shattering days with the Corporation Commissioner and the State Banking Commissioner, explaining ourselves, our project and defending our figures. Permission was sought from the former for the issuance of both bond issues, and from the latter authorization to make the senior issue legal for savings bank investment.

The income statement was based on a membership of 6000 and a campaign for members was waged, paralleling in enthusiasm the bond selling campaign. That we had made no mistake in believing that San Francisco women were ready for a City Club was evidenced by the fact that the membership doubled in three weeks and redoubled in another three weeks. The invitations received from the last 3000 members furnished the first working capital for salary, surveyors' fees, building permits and the first payment on the lot.

While all this feverish activity was going forward the date of the expiration of the option loomed and we were not ready to exercise it. An extension was sought but another offer was in the hands of the owner's agent and we were unsuccessful. It was the last day, Saturday, a business half holiday and there was no time to reach the Board. In this extremity one of the members out of her deep interest in the project put up her personal securities and arranged a loan of $10,000. The first payment was made and the lot was ours.

An interesting fact in connection with this lot is that it was brought to the attention of the original building committee during its preliminary survey and discarded without discussion as being beyond our wildest dreams. It just did not seem possible to handle a $190,000 proposition with $1,500 in the treasury! We paid $3,000 for our conservatism or lack of vision for the lot cost us $220,000 a year later.

Early the following week the Board executed a joint note and the temporary loan was paid off.

The financing having been completed the Building Committee engaged an architect and started work on the final plans. Thereafter the work of the Finance Committee became somewhat drab—holding down costs, checking expenditures, budgeting for the Furnishing Committee, and other necessary drudgery. Looking back now on the completed job, the Finance Committee realizes it had a rare privilege and a real thrill in raising and spending $1,000,000, nothing comparable to which will ever again be within the experience of its members.

Its Supreme Delicacy
Absolute Purity and
Remarkable Smoothness
of Texture commend

SAMARKAND
ICE CREAM

as the ideal dessert
and refreshment
for all occasions

THE SAMARKAND COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO KEarny 6170
OAKLAND HUmboldt 4934
LOS ANGELES TRinity 7994

unteer Service

(Continued from page 15)

account of all the services given col-ely and individually would cover . There are five departments in which nteer Service is given daily, in the ouse itself two of which also demand ig service. Besides these, the Maga-roup accomplishes the huge task of ing and addressing 8000 magazines, il monthly to the members. The sew-oup, meeting Mondays, keeps our in order. Another loyal branch of mily has met once a week for many r it the American Red Cross, to make g il dressings.

etailed account of Volunteer Activi-cluding time of service and rules, l e found in the Volunteer Service ol-t, distributed to members at the k n the fourth floor.

a sub-chairman is responsible for the schel and management of her depart-nt and though this demands time, ugt and ability, the rewards are great ex rience and widened contacts. This als true of the Volunteer giving regu-se ice. It is doubtful if the individual liz the difference between the willing, ger out inexperienced worker, and the ine member of the service, able to swe emergency calls in an understand-g an efficient manner. For this reason, it is perhaps regrettable that the service pin is no longer an emblem representing a standard of experience acquired through service for a definite number of hours.

There is always need for Volunteers in our departments, but even a greater need is that of knowing more concerning each member. Does she sing, play, dance or drive her own car? If we knew these things, our faithful accompanist who plays for the club choral could take a well earned holiday, without anxiety as to whether some one would be found to take her place.

Seventy-one different services, amounting to approximately 2000 hours each month, is a record which fully justifies the expectations of our founders.

During the past year, various agencies have called upon us for help and co-operation, which was given whenever possible. One of the outstanding examples was the registration of delegates to the National Conference of Social Workers, under the captaincy of Miss Elsa Garrett. More and more such requests will be made, and therefore it is no longer enough to serve our fellow club member; we must be ready to extend our help to all who are in need.

The Club uses Ghirardelli's *Exclusively*

one reason all chocolate dishes The Club menu are so delicious. hirardelli's Ground Chocolate is cellent for every chocolate use.

GHIRARDELLI'S *Ground* CHOCOLATE

Dr. Joseph G. Mayerle
OPTOMETRIST

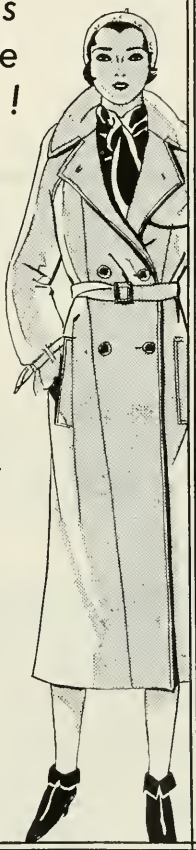
ny years' experience in success-fly correcting eye defects, reliev-i eyestrain and straightening oss Eyes without an Operation

001-2-3 Shreve Building
210 Post Street
Corner of Grant Avenue

Telephone
GArfield 3279

tinuing the practice of his father,
Dr. George Mayerle

French Women Wear These Raincoats Even When the Sun Shines . . !



In Paris, smart women wear these waterproof gabardine coats over their suits, regardless of the weather. We imported them for San Francisco's rainy season, because of their beautiful tailoring, their raglan shoulders, stitched collars, bone buttons, and new length. In beige, wood rose, and turquoise . . sizes 12 to 42.

$15

Hale Bros. presents the most complete collection of French models and replicas in San Francisco!

French Room . Third Floor

HALE BROS.

"333 Kearny"

(*Continued from page 9*)

ships to the peace club, the building up of a nucleus of club membership. Over 6,500 members of the old League were circularized for membership. No one knew how many would want to carry on in a service to each other and to the community. That had to be discovered but your board felt that women wanted this. I want to quote here the challenging words of Mrs. McDuffie contained in her report when she retired from the Presidency after two and a half years of arduous service.

"You'll all remember that when the war closed in 1918, the League decided to carry on. This was because those responsible realized that while much had been accomplished for the government, the public and the men of the service, the peculiarly great mission fulfilled had been the awakening of the women — the offering and directing of their volunteer service, the establishment of a common interest and a common meeting ground for all women who could either give or receive service * * * the accomplishment of the League has been built solely through the personal service of women who formed its membership * * * During the war the League was supported by subscriptions and by the sale of bags. The new work undertaken had to fall into two groups, the group that could earn and be self-supporting, like restaurant and shop, and the group that dues or subscriptions must support, like library, rest room, general administration, etc."

The problem that faced the Board of Directors at Kearny Street was how to make those two groups merge into one big self-supporting self-sustaining service. The great need was *members* with dues and volunteer service held steady so that we could enlarge our service rather than multiply our luxuries as a club. "333" was a service challenge and a financial strain. To give the service we had to have equipment, space, good food, stimulating lectures, books, time for contact. To get a membership large enough to push the two types of work together, we had to think of more space and a different location—a building, forsooth, that would adequately house the hundreds of women who had learned to serve each other and who wante in a simple democratic fashion to keep u through service a contact among women i San Francisco that represented the man groups of women living, working, nursing doctoring, lawyering, singing, lecturing teaching, investigating, their way alon the hilly by-ways of this city! 333 Kearn was a sort of "melting pot" of the ne venture—only a "Will Rogers" could hav described us as we bubbled with ideas, an seethed with criticism of food or stea table, or board member or committee chai man! We had all the necessary growin pains, all the usual quota of discouragin friends who said it couldn't be done. Th day to day work of making two floors an office building look and act like a clu for women and pay its bills called out eve talent we had or didn't have! As you rea the minutes of the board and executi meetings of those years you realize ho blessed we were then as now. We had a sorts of women interested in all kinds angles of the new venture, learning trust each other through service, believin that when Mrs. Chapman appointed t first committee for the new building pr ject she could and would and did "deliver 333 Kearny was a small group, 1500, co pared to our great membership of toda We hammered at curtain rods, smash our thumbs, and we covered uncomfo able bumpy chairs with gorgeous cret fit for a queen, we accepted all white e phant gifts of tables and clocks or wh not and made them look like the ve thing we wanted! We often went straig to the kitchen for a bran muffin if so careless volunteer behind the counter s they were all gone! We pretended our ro of battered books represented the nucl of a great library. We tried on Mrs. Ko land's hats in the shop and always fou them becoming and prayed she wo never wear a new one too long! We kn each other and we believed in each oth "333 Kearny Street" were the years wh our faith grew and grew, until the lit box on the library table in the old lou marked for the building fund slowly surely became the seven story building Post Street. It doesn't matter much did it—It's here. I think perhaps th splendid secretaries Miss Mabel We Miss Anna Doyle (Mrs. Walter Hettm Mrs. Ganyard and Mrs. Hankerson n some halos for just bearing with us wh we kept rocking the boat at critical m ments. We fought good and plenty! all had different ideas about building s builders and buildings but we *agreed* our ideal of service. We were afraid getting too large in numbers but we lear that our *size* only means added opport ties for service, more enriching cont and a wider vision of our place in the velopment of our times.

Roos Bros INC.
AT ALL ROOS STORES

Roos knitted suits are always on the go

They go to football games, to town, traveling, golfing, to the campus...in fact, they're just about the smartest thing you can wear for those numerous occasions when it's correct to dress informally.

$19.50

Market at Stockton Street
And at all Roos stores

Vista from Library looking into American Room

What are these

Boucles

Everyone is talking about

Smart women, everywhere are discovering them—their supple rich appearance. They are, in fact, the aristocrats of knitwear. As knitting specialists, with the resources of our large mill at hand, we present to the modern sportswoman bouclés that retain their shape and give endless service. Suits beautifully made of the finest yarns.

$29.75 to $59.50

Sizes 14 to 44

Gantner & Mattern
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY

Private Home for Children

a limited number of children from 4 to 10 years accepted for permanent residence in refined surrondings. Personal and individual attention. References required and furnished.

MRS. R. J. KIELY
68 Fifth Avenue SKyline 4829

"A Modern Monarchy"

—NEIL FARRINGTON MYERS

kno a house that is a "home"
A Queen reigns o'er a great white
throne;
Her subjects are her loved ones—all,
Her jesters are three children, small.
Her serfs are kindly sprites of men,
Her vassals are her fingers ten.

No trailing robe nor ermine wrap—
No luxury lies in her lap;
Content she toils from dawn 'till night,
To keep her home and loved ones right.
In gratitude for each small thing,
Her joy is shared by the stalwart King.

How do I know of this Monarchy?
Why! Because the happy Queen—
is ME.

more
copies of
The CALL-BULLETIN
SAN FRANCISCO'S LEADING EVENING NEWSPAPER
go into
San Francisco **HOMES**
each week day
than any other
San Francisco newspaper

Where the Latchstring is Out

It gives the traveling woman a feeling of deep satisfaction to know that in the new city she is entering there is a place where she may find hospitality, information, luxury and comfort as she would in her own club. The City Club has reciprocal relations with many clubs in Europe, America and even in the Antipodes.

Reciprocal Clubs

Here are the Clubs, the world over, which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco

Akron, Ohio	Women's City Club	30 South High Street
Boston, Massachusetts	Women's City Club	40 Beacon Street
Chicago, Illinois	Chicago Woman's Club	72 East Eleventh Street
Chicago, Illinois	Women's City Club	Tower Building, Ninth Floor
Chicago, Illinois	Illinois Women's Athletic Club	115 East Pearson Street
Cleveland, Ohio	Women's City Club	826 East Thirteenth Street
Detroit, Michigan	Women's City Club	2110 Park Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri	Women's City Club	1111 Grand Avenue
New York City, New York	Women's City Club	22 Park Avenue
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Women's City Club	1622 Locust Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Women's City Club	William Penn Hotel
Providence, Rhode Island	Providence Plantations	77 Franklin Street
Rochester, New York	Women's City Club	29-31 Chestnut Street
St. Louis, Missouri	The Town Club	1120-22 Locust Street
St. Paul, Minnesota	Women's City Club	345 Minnesota Street
Washington, D. C.	Women's City Club	22 Jackson Place

Abroad

Brisbane, Australia	Brisbane Women's Club	Albert House, Albert Street
Dunedin, New Zealand	Otago Women's Club	Stuart Street
Edinburgh, Scotland	The Caledonian Club	13-14 Charlotte Square
Glasgow, Scotland	The Lady Artists Club	5 Blytheswood Square
London, England	American Women's Club	46 Grosvenor Square, London W. I. England
London, England	The Halcyon Club	13-14 Cork Street
London, England	The Pioneer Club	12 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Sq London, W. I.
Montreal, Canada	The Themis Club	1336 Sherbrook Street W.
Paris, France	The American Women's Club	61 Rue Boissiere
Shanghai, China	The American Women's Club	66 Szechuen Road
Sydney, Australia	Women's Club	77 King Street
Vienna, Austria	American Women's Club	Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel
Wellington, New Zealand	The Pioneer Club	Lambton Quay, Wellington No. 3

Both Foods Now Flavor-Protected

The patented Hi-Test Vacuum Protection gives M. J. B. unmatched freshness of Flavor

Fresher bread is due to invention of the well known waxed paper Flavor-Protection Method. Fresher coffee is due to invention of M-J-B's exclusive Hi-Test Vacuum Tin, a patented Flavor-Protection Method.

Ask your grocer today for a tin of M-J-B, the Flavor-Protected Coffee.

M·J·B COFFEE

"Makes Every Meal Better"

Frank Werner Co.

San Francisco ▼ Oakland

Beginning Monday, November 3rd

. . . 20 Years *in business*

A Celebration Sale!

AT ALL FOUR WERNER STORES
THE FIRST IN OUR HISTORY

Months of intensive planning brings the finest of footwear at extra super-savings. Every pair just received and shown for the first time . . . **Shoes** for every particular **woman** . . . shoes for every fastidious **man** . . . shoes for every particular **child** . . . and at **prices unbelievably low.**

20,000 more charge accounts to be opened

Applications for this convenient, this modern way of shopping, can be made at any of our stores, and is available for use at any or all of them.

874 MARKET STREET
255 GEARY STREET

347 GEARY, *Stewart Hotel*
1960 BROADWAY, *Oakland*

5 Post Street

(*Continued from page* 11)

s the visitor, a dozen or so each day ding at the steam tables. Here the rm is seen in its most attractive guise, e massed effect in different shades is refreshing. The private dining room e left as one enters the main dining is known as the "National Defend- oom" and here some notable lunch- nd banquets to distinguished guests been held. It lends itself admirably l decoration, another manifestation olunteer Service, the blooms being ht from private gardens daily and ged by Volunteers.

The private dining room at the right the same corridor is known as the l Room" and is adorned with hand- murals executed by the California of Fine Arts under the direction of ss Hartwell. The kitchen also is on this or nd is the last word in equipment. ation and labor saving devices are ed. The stove is a model one and bakery and meat galleries have their e boxes with artificial refrigeration. end china, silver and linens are kept e cupboards that lock. In the big din- m is a painting by Matteo Sandona ying his ideal of American woman- od d of the League. The canvas was sed to the Club by the painter.

The cafeteria is a spacious room with a am ceiling and small roof gardens at e sides, so that a table under the sky is ssib when weather permits.

The Fourth Floor is really the heart of e building and here pulses the National aguas does no other part of the house. avit the elevator the visitor steps into wide igh corridor, the floor clothed with gs deep pile and the walls delicate ue gray repousse. At the west end is the autiful Franc Pierce Hammon Memor- l Window, designed and executed by rthur Matthews and given by League embe and friends of Mrs. Hammon, ho w one of the early directors. It is pical western, with California rhodo- ndron dotting the sunset blue like stars d a s ne that might be a bit of the west- n littral of San Francisco. At the oppo- e end is the Echo Window, reflecting e beauty of the Hammon Window, ven the Club by Miss Persis Coleman.

To the right of the elevators is the meric Room, with period furniture, a storic old clock and grand piano. This ens to the large roof garden, the central ature of which is a beautiful fountain signed by Ralph Stackpole. The presi- nt's office and that of the executive secre- ry are on this floor. Telephone booths, eck rooms, dressing rooms and the capa- ous lower rooms are here and, flooded th western sunshine, is the library, where olunteer Service waits upon the reader.

The main lounge overlooks Post street, a stately hall with deep windows, luxurious rugs, beautiful old furniture and tables always bright with flowers. Walls and woodwork throughout the Club are conservatively modern, beautiful and rich in color. Carpets, rugs, and hangings conform to a definitely thought out scheme. Mrs. Guggenhime was the donor of the rugs in the main corridor.

The memorial fireplace is the nucleus of the annual Fire Lighting ceremony of the early winter. The wood above is handsomely carved, with the Seal of the National League worked into the design. Off the small corridor to the right of the main lounge is a small tea room, card room, the board room and utility rooms. The board room is set with furniture inherited from the National Defenders' Club of the Presidio.

The fifth, sixth and seventh floors are given over to bedrooms, single or with sitting rooms. There are ninety-eight rooms fifty with baths. One-fourth of the total is kept for transient use of members and reciprocal guests. The balance are occupied by permanent guests. All have washstands and large closets. Each floor has two showers and two bathrooms for general use, also a service room where a member may launder and iron small pieces free of charge.

This "tour" of the building but dimly reflects the attractiveness of the floor plans, the furnishings or the spirit of the place, for it is the latter which radiates the effulgence which makes the City Club different..

It is "home" to many women who find that it is indeed as like a home as can be approximated! When Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter come there is a community observance of which the member or guest may partake if she wishes.

Resources - $17,500,000

6% interest has been paid semi-annually for 45 years.

SINCE 1885

SAN JOSE PACIFIC
BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

43 Montgomery, San Francisco

H. LIEBES & CO.
GRANT AVE. AT POST

THE BLACK AND WHITE TWEED COAT

H. Liebes & Co., having consistently sponsored black and white, presents its most successful version in finest imported and domestic tweeds . . . lavishly fur-trimmed.

69.50 to 95.00

Programs

(*Continued from page 12*)

The schedule is further enriched by a course of lectures each year on "Contemporary Literature" by Professor Benjamin Lehman. Nine monthly lectures on "International Barriers to Peace," Cultural, Racial, Latin American, Religious, Economic, Psychological, Philosophical, and Biological were of signal interest, since the nine speakers were members of the faculties of Stanford University and the University of California, who are all experts in their several subjects. Interest in Internationalism will be further stimulated by a series of five lectures to be given this January by Dr. Graham H. Stewart, of Stanford University, including such topics as "The International City of Tangier," and "The United States of Europe." The Institute of Pacific Relations in Kyoto was ably explained in a series of four talks by Chester Rowell.

Literature as a factor in civics, drama, international understanding, education, psychology, photodrama, short story, the novel was discussed by members of neighboring university faculties. Since interest in the theatre never wanes, there were four talks on the "Modern Theatre." The Outdoor Section enjoyed ten talks and demonstrations on local plants and flowers. Music Lovers were pleased with a group of four comparative programs of piano music . . . a lecture with musical illustrations from the works of certain classical and modern composers. Classes in French, Italian and Public Speaking have constant attendance. One of the notably attractive features of sociability combined with intellectual stimulus is the monthly Book Review Dinner, at which time distinctive books of current fiction are reviewed by a member, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.

As this birds-eye view of the Club's yearly program is here focused for perusal, may it also be remembered that since the Club has not the lodestone of any set regular time for the coming together of the members in audience formation the sole allure of the entertainments must be and is their intrinsic value to the membership. May the good fairy "success" still attend!

▲ ▲ ▲

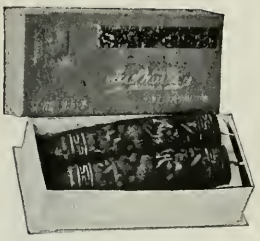
The Farmer's Hand

A tool made out of flesh;
Flesh made into iron
By the necessity
Of being hard,
And strong,
And feelingless;
Rough and coarse
As the earth with which it works;
Massive and sturdy
As the iron and oak it handles . . .

But, did you see him stroke that dog?

—HUGH BROWN, JR.

▲ ▲ ▲



Priced at
$1.25 a pair

Each pair of candles wrapped in Chinese colored box. Without comparison the most beautiful colored candles on the market.

Perfumed
CHINESE CANDLES
now taking the place of
INCENSE BURNERS

Besides perfuming the room with a delightful odor such as Jasmine, Rose and Sandalwood Compound, the candle burns brightly without smoke and presents a romantic, Oriental atmosphere to the room. We are the exclusive distributors for this new Chinese innovation. Beautifully made in dragon design, in Green, Yellow, Orange, Blue, Red, Lavender, and White.

THE BOWL SHOP
953 GRANT AVENUE **SAN FRANCISCO**

Women's City Club Offers

SWIMMING POOL *(Lower Main Floor)*
Open daily, except Sundays and major ho days, 9. A. M. to 7:30 P. M.; Saturday, P. M. Private or class lessons by appointmer

BEAUTY SALON *(Lower Main Floor)*
Open every day, except Sundays and maj holidays, 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Expe operators.

LEAGUE SHOP *(Main Floor)*
Gift Shop and Economy Shop under manag ment of Club. Open daily, except Sund and holidays, 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

LIBRARY *(Fourth Floor)*
The Club Library, available to all membe Books may be taken out between the hours 10 A. M. and 9 P. M., except Sundays a holidays.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND INFORMATION BUREAU *(Second Floor)*
All women, both members and non-membe are invited to consult the Bureau. Hour A. M. to 3 P. M. daily; Saturdays, 9 A. M. 1 P. M. or by appointment. No fee.

BEDROOMS *(Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Floors)*
Ninety-eight bedrooms available for memb and their guests.

CLUB DINING ROOM
Combination breakfast, 35 to 65 cents. Ta d'hote luncheon, 75 cents and $1.00. Ta d'hote dinner, $1.00; Sundays and holid $1.25. Also a la carte service. 7 A. M. t P. M. (Sundays 7:30 A. M. to 8 P. M Members making reservations for luncheo may use card tables on third floor.

CAFETERIA
Open from 11:30 to 1:30 and from 5:3 7 P. M. daily, except Sundays and holid

PROGRAMS AND ENTERTAINMENTS WITHOUT FEE

Sunday Evening Concerts
Second Sunday each month

Thursday Evening Programs
Every Thursday evening. Varied program

Book Review Dinners
Dinner precedes review.

Current Events
Every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.

Appreciation of Art
Lectures every Tuesday at 12 M., with quent visits to local art exhibitions.

WITH FEE

Classes
Classes will be formed in any subject a sufficient number of members signify interest.

French Classes
Beginning, intermediate and advanced cla Conversational classes formed on reques

Lecture Courses
Courses by foremost educators and lectu Special announcements in magazine.

Special Lectures and Other Programs
By visiting lecturers, et cetera. Announcem in magazine and newspapers.

Teas in Honor of Distinguished Visitors
All members are invited to bring guest

Private Dining Rooms
Seating from ten to four hundred g available for luncheons, teas, dinners and parties, with refreshments.

333 Kearny Street

(*Continued from page* 10)

We were in the midst of the holiday season, a big Christmas sale was in progress in our little League Shop, and not much could be done until January to further our building program.

As soon as possible a membership drive was inaugurated with Mrs. Wendal Hamno as chairman. New members began coming in at the rate of forty and fifty a day and the quarters at Kearny became a veritable beehive. On January 18 a bond selling tea was held at the St. Francis Hotel with the result that $17,500 was subscribed from the floor. By February 1st $150,000 had been subscribed. That month our initiation fee was increased to $250. Our building project had become much bigger thing than we had visioned, and it was necessary to revamp our financial plan to this extent. The dues remained the same as when the club was established.

By March the sale of bonds was sufficient to assure the successful completion of the scheme, but the financial chairman, Mrs. Chapman, announced that a membership of six thousand would be necessary to make the future financing of the club easier.

The story of the year from this point on is more difficult to picture. No step could be taken until it had been psychoanalyzed. We wanted to avoid as many mistakes as it was humanly possible to escape, and that meant that it was essential to make haste slowly. All this time our friends were wondering why we did not build. The financing had been completed and the uninitiated that seemed the next logical step to be taken at once. Only those who were watching the development of those vital preliminaries understood, but it was difficult to explain, and so my last year came to an end, not in a burst of glory but with a foundation laid upon what we believe is solid rock. At the beginning of the two years the staff at 333 Kearny street had been reorganized, resulting in a reduction of overhead. The membership had increased from 1337 in February, 1922, to 4900 in 1924. Every department was operating at a profit except the Vocational Guidance Bureau, and the Bulletin, neither of which were operated for a profit. The finest available spot in downtown San Francisco had been bought and it was only a question of time when the final details would be completed and ground broken. That particular piece of pioneering was completed and the Women's City Club was about to emerge into a new life of responsibility, that of justifying the faith of the members who had so loyally supported their Directors.

Club Activities

(*Continued from page* 12)

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard has a record of several years of entertaining and educational work to her credit, first in her leadership of a drama-reading group and more recently in her monthly book reviews, which are conducted in connection with a dinner on the first Thursday of each month. These book reviews are very popular and are much enjoyed by a group that fills the National Defenders' room.

The subject of art has not been forgotten or omitted among Club attractions. Each week during the past three years, Mrs. Charles E. Curry has addressed a group on the subject of the Appreciation of Art and visited with her class various exhibitions available. In the course of the Club's history there have been many activities and projects of a temporary nature such as lecture courses, exhibitions and City Planning Conferences, but these will be listed and discussed elsewhere.

In listing the Club sections of educational and entertainment giving value, the library must be taken into account as holding an important place, for its privileges are enjoyed by a very large proportion of the Club membership. It might be well to say in closing that there is always a cheerful willingness to form new sections of study or recreation whenever a desire is expressed by a sufficient number of members to promise its success and to give encouragement to a leader.

▲ ▲ ▲

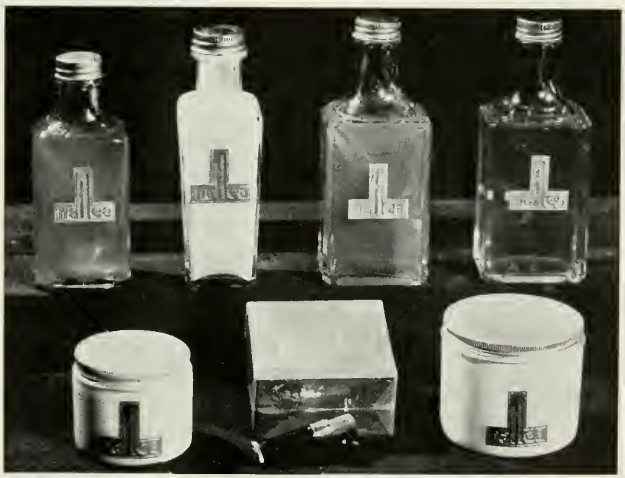
"Autumn in California"

How peaceful lies the sun upon the hills,
Of California on an autumn afternoon;
How fragrant is the tang, and spice that fills
The air, these mellow days that pass too soon.

How soft the breeze that falls across my cheek,
How sweet the silence of the twilight hour;
What gentle touches we may find, who seek—
Assurance of the Great Creator's power.

—NELL FARRINGTON MYERS

IN THE REALM OF BEAUTY



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New fresh merchandise arriving daily at the LEAGUE SHOP

From all quarters of the world we are receiving daily, glassware, crockery, jewelry, etchings, prints, leather goods, in fact, everything imaginable —suitable for gifts.

The Cornerstone

Excerpt from address made by Mrs. S. . Chapman at the laying of the corne stone of the City Club

You have heard of the Nati League for Woman's Service — past and the present—of the service wh has made it all possible—service of m not of a few.

You have heard how this great buil was financed in six weeks' time, how it with every modern equipment to care our physical needs.

I see us now a great army of wome 6000 strong — moving forward into future with resolute spirit, with servic our hearts, high ideals in our souls, v teers in a community which needs help. Such an army should be housed dignified manner, for are we not to e tain women of other nations who these same ideals, are we not to women of our own land, east and and bid them welcome, and must w gather together to talk over our local lems and learn of and from each othe

The future then holds many pro In reverence we lay the cornerstone o Women's City Club of San Fran Conceived in idealism, moulded in se cemented in friendship!

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One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

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June 30th, 1930

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Pension Fund over $690,000.00, standing on Books at	**1.00**

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO BRANCH	Clement St. and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest paid on Deposits at the rate of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4¼) per cent per annum, COMPUTED MONTHLY and COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY, AND MAY BE WITHDRAWN QUARTERLY

Roster

Presidents of the National League for Woman's Service

M. Duncan McDuffie . . . 1 year
M. William Palmer Lucas . . 1 year
M. S. G. Chapman . . . . 1 year
M. Harry Staats Moore . . . 2 years
M. S. G. Chapman . . . . 3 years
M. Cleaveland Forbes . . . 1 year
M. A. P. Black . . . . . 1 year
M. Marion Leale . . . . . 2 years

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MOVING SHIPPING PACKING STORING
SINCE 1895

National Defenders Clubs

(*Continued from page 9*)

The big fact was that in all and any one the women thus mobilized found the joy of service, learned that working together in amity and with a minimum of waste effort was not a male perogative and that doing her bit for her nation was by way of discharging her obligation to humanity. In fact, many until that time were unaware they owed such a debt.

The National Defenders' Club "No. 5" was established near the Presidio in March under the leadership of Mrs. M. C. Sloss, chairman, and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, vice-chairman, was established near the Presidio in March 1918 in response to a request from the War Camp Community Service and a tion, or "Presidio," which is the term handed down from the Spanish regime in California. Chairmen of the other clubs were: Miss Clara Taft, Oakland; Mrs. S. M. Marks, Berkeley; Mrs. Frank B. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, County Chairman, with Mrs. James Sharp at the head of the Defenders' Club, Palo Alto; Mrs. William Jones, San Jose.

With the Armistice the Clubs, all of which had done yeoman service, closed, one by one. In San Francisco the women who had been drawn together in the fellowship of national service, dreamed of continuing in the name of peace.

It was a timid dream at first. Would they, be as selfless and methodical without the excitement of emergency. Was it a peak reached only in time of great stress, this orderly and useful regimentation in which they had served?

Well, it was worth a fair trial, for it was a valuable thing, this Volunteer Service. Women would work for women instead of men uprooted from their natural surroundings.

Naturally, the physical requirements would not be quite the same. They would provide clubrooms for professional and business women, for any woman who cared to take advantage of the attractions offered and conform to simple regulations.

The closing of "No. 5" and Monadnock Building Canteen then became the nucleus around which revolved the transformation of clubs for men into a club for women. The locale chosen was 333 Kearny street, and it is safe to assume that those inspired "squatters" of 333 Kearny were singing under their breath as they moved in the song they had heard the soldiers sing a thousand times, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

We have gone straight ahead, following the logical line, which has not been one of least resistance, but one which has hewed to accomplishment.

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Special Service on Pillow Cleaning
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Telephone HEmlock 1337

Organization of Counties

(Continued from page 8)

Chairman, services tabulated and statistics relayed to State office, and specific services offered to

5. Department Chairmen in definite fields such as, auto-corps, clubs and canteens, food supplies, sewing or handwork, first aid, bandage-making, clerical help, office work, hospitality, interpreting, training and teaching, emergency, finance, public speaking, or literally "What have you?"

6. Local service started on this principle —to do the thing most needed in that particular place, which might be to strengthen the arm of an existing activity and not try to introduce a new organization as a unit.

Obviously out of the first perusal of the enrollments as turned in to the County Chairmen of her Vice Chairmen came the opportunity to get suitable department chairmen through the revelation of "the right woman for each service" which was the ideal of the League. For example one of the first enrollers in Santa Clara County, Miss Ora Rounds, was trained in research methods, and she made a complete survey of the industries, clubs, employment bureaus, offices and private agencies of the whole county, with an authentic statement of each large employer (canneries or otherwise) as to the number of women employed, the number of men, and the possibility of replacement by women when the men were called out.

And oh! those enrollments! Those great outlines which told everything in the world about us except our exact ages, and revealed not only our prated talents but our prideful hopes. For we gave what talents we had, and probed for those that were latent and even offered to train aspirants for talents which they had not. Enrollment, service, training, placing! Hundreds of women! Of course at first they all wanted to go overseas, and no small part of the County Chairman's job was to teach that woman's place was here at home. Then, foiled in their fervor for France, they all wanted to go to San Francisco, and it was sometimes very hard to keep them in the counties where the need was not dramatic. However, thousands were organized at last: hospitality groups, club and canteen workers; cooking classes for food substitutes; first aid classes as an outlet to pent-up sympathies; stenography classes and office methods; even classes in automobile mechanics.

We were all ready with the woman power, and many of our registrants did take the places of men as they mobilized, and it was the local training group in the small town that often made this possible. Of course, too, some of our women did go to France with great honor to the League in the expert services rendered.

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The unique foundation of the Nation Defenders' Clubs made up an absorbi part of the service in several counties, a this was so outstanding a feature of t League's work that it is quite anot

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Springtime freshness ALL THE YEAR!

story. (Page 9.) There were, however, other unique features of which a few were canning kitchens in San Mateo County; interpreting in German and Italian for the Police Department in Oakland; the entire motor corps service for Associated Charities of San Francisco during the influenza epidemic; excess fruit collection; estimated 1 ton, in Santa Clara County, with special permit from the Food Administration for the use of sugar to preserve these fruit donations and distribute from 6 volunteer canning stations to the Defenders' Clubs and hospitals.

The recorded history of the League states "From the beginning the policy of the State Committee was not to urge organization upon any county. In many, such fine work was being done under the already existing organizations that the League considered it unwise to divide the interest." However, the enrollments of the League were an invaluable aid to all the war-work organizations whether locally functioning or not. We could and did certainly place the fit, and if the satisfaction that came from such successes was somewhat tempered by the difficulty of finding off the unfit and the untrained, the zeal and pathetic persistency of the unemployable made a lasting impression on the officers of the League and resulted in the loyalty to the Vocational Guidance Bureau which is one of the services perpetuated to this day. County organization revealed possibilities of varied service, necessity of training for service, importance of specialization for local needs, and joy in fruition of duties well done, especially by the "home-woman." Moreover, it raised to the position of dignified value some of the homely talents which had become temporarily eclipsed by more spectacular adventures for women and it undoubtedly contributed to a more sane evaluation of the whole sphere of woman's service.

National Defenders' Club "Girl of the Golden West"

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See Christmas Advertisement on Page 16 . . . Center of Magazine

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, California, October 1, 1930.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager and Editor of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The National League for Woman's Service of California, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Editor, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Business Manager, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: The National League for Woman's Service of California, which is a non-profit corporation. Address 465 Post Steet, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, San Francisco, California.

Secretary, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., San Mateo, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of October, 1930.

(SEAL) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
(My commission expires 1933.)

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in the
NEWLY REFINISHED POOL
of the

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SPECIAL OFFER FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER!

During the month of November . . . from the first to the thirtieth inclusive . . . our Experienced Operator will give a PERMANENT Wave at the reduced price of

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$1 Dinner and Lunch served in the Cafeteria

THANKSGIVING DAY
November 27th
$2.00 **Music**

Members and their families who are planning to have their dinner in the Club on Thanksgiving Day will be interested to know that where the dinner is served in a private dining room they may have the turkey brought to the table and do their own carving if they so desire. Dinner will be served from 12 noon to 8 o'clock

When
CHRISTMAS
comes . . .

● The League Shop has prepared to supply better merchandise . . . at unusually attractive prices this year. The markets have been searched for the most out of the ordinary in useful and ornamental gift articles. As an example, there are three or four extremely beautiful dress patterns in hand woven wool materials, exclusive patterns and priced as low as $19.50. Then from France, linen handkerchiefs for men and women . . . patterns you will not find elsewhere.

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2. Italian Pottery pieces in unusual shapes and sizes.
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4. Cigarette cases with feminine daintiness.
5. Imported tea sets.
6. Ornamental waste baskets suitable for the boudoir.
7. Sterling silver compacts of the sifter type.
8. Ornamental cigarette boxes.
9. Fireside matches . . . attractively boxed . . . charming gifts.
10. Desk set . . . Venetian Hand designing and workmanship.
11. Playing Cards . . . many styles and prices.
12. Bridge table covers . . . something new and novel.
13. Morocco leather bags.
14. Glazed chintz lamp shades, bedroom lamp size.
15. Novel tea strainers from England . . . silver plated.
16. Metal, china, and composition ash trays. Plain and ornamental.
17. Reflecting table mirrors.
18. Hand blown glass compotes with silvered bases.
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20. Boxed and package candies.

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We are willing to open that line. There are other lines we are willing to start. We are asked, "Then why don't you?"

We can not do it without a legal right to invest money in San Francisco. An operating permit under an amended charter would give us that right to go ahead. And we would go ahead.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1930

er · 930 Published monthly by The Women's City Club, San Francisco 15 cents a copy—Vol. IV · No. 11

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Voices a Universal Sentiment to which O'Connor, Moffatt's pledges its gift-time service:

IT IS a matter of record that for Fifteen Centuries Christmas has been celebrated on December Twenty-fifth.

Yet neither Time nor Custom has changed Christmas. Because in Christmas there is Unselfishness . . Thought for Others.

Christmas in its day by day sense is a time of remembrance. So we say to our friends, through gifts we choose "I appreciate you . . You have been kind to me . . . May this gift be an expression of my thought toward you . . '

And when we say: "Looking forward to a Happy Christmas" we mean that we wish to serve San Franciscans to this end. And each O'Connor, Moffatt employee is imbued with that desire and looks forward to greeting you in the Spirit of Helpfulness.

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And what a Christmas Morning It Will Be, If You Can Say "I'M GLAD I DID," Rather Than "I WISH I HAD!"

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Women's City Club Magazine

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Thru the WONDERLAND *of Long Ago*
on the CRUISE-TOUR *to* HAVANA

Grim . . . they tower in tropic shade, the tortured walls of Panama's Old Cathedral . . . Scars left by Morgan's men . . . wounds of ruthless, sacrilegious fury . . . glow, almost livid, through tender mantles draped by Nature's hand . . . mantles of creeping moss and scattered vine spread with fairy, fragrant blossoms . . . Sunset bathes the ravaged ruin in weird, prophetic glory.

Fascinating beyond imagining is the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail through The Wonderland of Long Ago . . . In Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, the Canal Zone, Colombia and Havana, you pause in history's solemn hush . . . tread reverently before shrines of simple, splendid faiths that labored to keep alight the torch of Civilization in the gloom of brooding tropic jungles . . . The magic of the past steals up with memories of rushing pirate bands . . . the peace of Angelus bells intoning evening worship . . . the merry chirp of castanets in shadowy, moonlit gardens.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● Appreciation of each other's talents and the comradeship of membership in the National League for Woman's Service was the avowed purpose of the gathering of November 5 and 6. Measured by the expressed opinion of the hundreds who visited the Clubhouse on those two days and the regret of others who felt they had missed much by their absence, the festival itself surpassed the prophecy.

But before telling what it achieved, let me thank those who contributed. The list is long and cannot here be written in its entirety. We would thank those who gave the product of their talent to accrue to the benefit of their Clubhouse, and this includes those who loaned photographs of the junior waiting list (the promising group of future members) and those members who, living abroad sent from long distances; those who loaned as well as gave, by initiating a Loan Exhibit which in future years will grow to give us much pleasure; those who provided programs for us with the talents they have developed to professional heights; those who helped in the assembling of the exhibits which up to two evenings before were an unknown quantity; those who served unstintingly for weeks before in detailed preparation for the festival, at desk or at telephone enthusing others with the vision of "something new"—no mean task—and those who for the week itself gave of their time and energy far more than the average visitor has any conception of, but appreciated to the full by those who worked behind the scenes; those who served in the building November 5 and 6 in varying capacities, a list mounting into the hundreds and including those who added to the attractiveness of the Clubhouse itself with the fruits of their gardens; and finally thanks to those who came and by their presence created the atmosphere of joy and laughter which lifted us out of the seriousness of everyday humdrum and made the whole world kin. When one stops to think, this an amusing situation. We are thanking each other. We are one of us seeking appreciation, we are all of us giving appreciation. The purpose of the exhibition is accomplished!

Some of the outstanding facts are interesting. Approximately four thousand came to the clubhouse those two days, and the volunteers at the door estimate that less than five hundred of these were guests. This is a very good percentage of the 6700 of the membership within available distance, and for a first year is a most satisfying response. Members enjoyed meeting, and were in *many* instances surprised and in *every* instance delighted to find the National League revivified. Uniforms were worn by those who had no need to let down the hems, for they were drawn from trunks where they had lain the proverbial seven years for the circle of style. Many offered to serve who were not called this year because the newness of the enterprise hampered its efficiency of organization, but these same offers have been gratefully filed away for future reference.

The figure of attendance with a ticker at the entrance is practically accurate. The figure of volunteer service is not so easy to obtain. The Chairman of Volunteers estimates many thousands of hours, for literally hundreds worked days in the receiving, cataloguing, jurying, marking, and distributing of over a thousand gifts and over a hundred loans. And we must not for one moment forget that every gift represented service, for the hours spent in the making or the growing or the marketing of the "product of her talent" was that member's service to the cause. This will be an interesting figure not yet ready to be announced but one which is fundamental in the purpose of the idea and one which is most gratifying to those who dreamed the dream.

Thanks to an elastic system of filing, established by a volunteer, there is an accuracy of data which is amazingly satisfying and which provides the basis of information for an improved second exhibition—for we have learned by our own experience. The work of the Jury must here be mentioned, for theirs was a herculean task. With the exception of the paintings, the cost of the materials as reported by the giver was reduced to wholesale terms (as fair to the merchants of our City), a small profit (not commensurate of course with the hours of service in the handwork, but fair to buyer and to donor) was then added, and the selling price thus fixed. Any inconsistencies—and there were but few—were brought about by the fact that gifts were arriving up to noon of the second day when no opportunity for rechecking was possible. Experience has taught us that we must be forehanded next year in the bearing of our gifts. The paintings were appraised by the donors and have been admired by prospective buyers so that we have every reason to believe they will be sold.

This brings us to another figure—"What did we make?"—a question which comes naturally when we realize that the financial figures of our project have always been available to the membership and a matter of personal interest. As I have said,

the paintings and a very few gifts remain to be sold. This includes the calendars which every member will want. The net profits will then exceed the two-thousand-dollar mark. When one realizes that members gave and members bought, that members produced and what is even more valuable in today's economic problem, according to H. G. Wells' radio broadcast, members consumed, it is truly gratifying that one of the tangible results of the Exhibit is increasing ownership of our Club home. Through the files in the office those who bought are finding those who produced and aside from the money the article earned, another result accrues—a member is finding a new and appreciative friend.

This message can give only a very sketchy report of the "Talent Festival" as the daily newspapers have called it. There is much that could be written—human-interest stories that made this occasion rare, and lent themselves to the atmosphere which everyone said reminded them of the "Old League"—a term of endearment representative of the gayety of service together when the work involved was forgotten in the fun of appreciation of each other and in the surprise of learning what another member could and would do.

Next year? Suggestions for betterment are pouring in from all who served; tired and weary but happy still, the "waffle crew" on the evening of November 6 demanded an option on the Mural Room for next year; members who gave apologetically this year, because the exhibit was upon them before they were aware, promise for 1931 creative ideas for as-yet-undeveloped talent; loans of rare value are already pledged which will bring us to the excavations from which we have merely brushed the top surface; members of similar talents have found each other and already plan group meetings for the early Spring. Altogether the National League for Woman's Service has again "made good" by proving that it had a new idea which it could "carry through," to persuade even the credulous. Women of talent who serve! Could we ask for a better report of our November 5 and 6?

* * * * *

With a feeling of deep affection for a group which has so lately again personified its "good will toward men" in its appreciation one of another, as President, in the name of the Board of Directors, I wish you all a "Merry Christmas!" May the New Year give us other opportunities for joy together.

▲ ▲ ▲

Volunteer Service

—MRS. W. F. BOOTH, JR.

● Volunteer Service for our Club days November 5 and 6, began months ago when individual members recognizing the value and unlimited possibilities of the plan as explained by our President, first reflected upon what special thing they could do that might be given the Club as a product of their talent.

While volunteers at home were busy preparing and completing such talent others at the Club were devoting hours of service to the perfecting of the mechanical part of the plan. Volunteers with business training reported daily. Innumerable letters were written, a filing system installed, and an Information Desk established on the Fourth Floor.

As the important days approached activities increased. Groups met to produce certain articles in greater numbers. Paper containers were prepared in order that exhibits might retain their freshness, each article was numbered, registered, priced and placed in its proper booth. The generous donations of flowers were arranged throughout the building. Many products were perishable which necessitated their being brought in just before or during the exhibit. These were received and assigned without confusion.

The actual service given from 10:00 o'clock Thursday morning, November 5 to 10:00 o'clock Thursday night, November 6 is staggering. Besides the duties peculiar to those two days, regular departments of the Club funcrioned as usual.

The Volunteer Service Committee is very appreciative of the many offers received from the members desiring to serve at that time.

The fact that the plan was new left the Committee ignorant as to the number of volunteers needed and therefore many were not called. We have, however, a record of these interested members in order that they may be available at some future date.

It is impossible to ascertain the correct number of hours of service represented by the Club dates November 5 and 6, but 10,000 hours is a conservative estimate.

▲ ▲ ▲

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1, 1930

December 4—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
Speaker: Mrs. M. C. Sloss. Subject: "What Makes Robert Browning Worth While Today."		
9—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman .	*Auditorium*	8:15 o'clock
Subject: Gandhi: "His Own Story" and His Work.		
11—Tea in Honor of Mrs. Gerald Campbell and Mrs. Fin Lund	*American Room*	3:30 o'clock
12—Christmas Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clock
20—Children's Christmas Swimming Party	*Pool*	11:00 o'clock
20—Children's Christmas Luncheon	*Third Floor*	12:00 to 2:00 o'clock
23—Christmas Luncheon and Dinner	*Cafeteria*	
25—Christmas Breakfast . . .	*National Defenders' Room*	9:00 to 1:30 o'clock
25—Christmas Dinner	*Main Dining Room*	12:00 to 8:00 o'clock

French classes, Choral section and League Bridge as usual.

hristmas Swimming Party nd Luncheon for Children

Because the Hallowe'en Swimming Party was postponed, Miss Whelan iplanning a "bigger and better" Christmas rty for the children. Saturday, Decemr 20 at 11:00 o'clock is the time. The ol will be decorated and games and zes planned and many of the children a looking forward to an hour's fun. ter the swim there will be a special Christmas luncheon for the children. Cristmas decorations and favors will nke the tables attractive and reservatins may be made in advance with Mr. Mahan. The luncheon will be sixty cts and will be served only to the chilin. Adults may have a la carte or table d'te service.

▲ ▲ ▲

Hld for Owners

Articles purchased at the November 5 nd 6 Talent Exhibit and not yet called fo are being held.

he Committee will appreciate the purchers calling for these articles as soon as ossible in Room 224. The sales slip mt be presented when claiming the purchses. Following are names of those for whn purchases are held:

Mr B. F. Priest	Mrs. Reed
Mr Watkins	Mrs. Dodge
Mr Nichols	Mrs. Jos. Jensen
Mr McKee	Miss Wellman
Mr John Tufts	Mrs. Silverfeld
Mr J.V. Blackmar	Mrs. Floyd
Mr W. K. Young	Mrs. Lewis Green
Mr Turkington	Mrs. Buckbee
Mr Fisher	Miss Helm
Mis Ethel Speyer	Mrs. Ready
Mr H. Greenhood	Miss Jane Schockel
Mr Eleanger	Mrs. Threlkeld
Mr Shaw	Mrs. Gibbs

Christmas Luncheon and Dinner

The Christmas Cafeteria turkey luncheon and dinner will be served on Tuesday, December 23. Price $1.00.

A special Christmas Breakfast will be served in the National Defenders' Room Christmas morning from 9:00 to 1:30. Seventy-five cents per plate.

Christmas Dinner will be served from 12 noon to 8:00. $2.00 per plate.

▲ ▲ ▲

Nominating Committee

The following nominating committee, composed of three members of the board of directors and two members at large, was elected at the last meeting of the board of directors, held November 17.

Mrs. Ira W. Sloss, chairman, Miss Ida Lord, Mrs. Payson Treat, Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley, Mrs. C. J. Goodell.

The ballot, to be voted upon at the election Monday, January 12, will be published in the January magazine.

▲ ▲ ▲

Special Swimming Lessons

The Swimming Pool is offering lessons during the month of December at the following special prices:

10 Private Lessons	
Members	$5.00
Non-Members	7.50
10 Class Lessons	
Members	$3.50
Non-Members	5.00

▲ ▲ ▲

Sea-Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

Dr. Benjamin Lehman

Professor Lehman to Talk on Gandhi and His Work

Because of a change in his year's schedule of activity Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, of the English department of the University of California, has found it impossible to give the annual spring course on Current Literature which has delighted City Club members and their friends for the last four years. But by way of recompense Dr. Lehman has been persuaded to give a single lecture on Tuesday evening, December 9, at the City Club Auditorium.

Mrs. Edward Rainey is chairman of the committee in charge of the affair. Professor Lehman's discourse will be on Gandhi, "His Own Story" and His Work.

No person in the world is receiving more attention as a leader among men and none is more discussed. Professor Lehman's talk, therefore, will be of tremendous interest if only because of its timeliness. But followers of the Lehman courses know what splendor of diction, what subtle humor, keen insight and profound literary knowledge the speaker brings to one of his lecturers, and therfore anticipate an evening of delight and profit.

Tickets are to be had at the desk in the lobby of the first floor or on the fourth floor and are selling at one dollar or seventy-five cents, according to location.

Mrs. Rainey's committee includes Mesdames W. W. Adams, Adrian Applegarth, Alden Ames, Edmund Butler, Louis J. Carl, E. W. Currier, William Denman, Thomas Driscoll E. L. Grissell, Wm. B. Hamilton, Margaret Heath, Timothy Hopkins, C. Leigh Hunt, C. O. G. Miller, E. J. Mott, Taubles, Wm. Thorsen, E. J. Turkington, Samuel Van Ronkel, Theodore Wilder and the Misses Amy Cook, Marjorie Haight and Mary Lansdale.

Christmas Tree in Union Square, San Francisco—half a block from Women's City Club.

Christmas Voices

MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
(Copyrighted December 1930)

It was a foggy night. The big Christmas tree grew taller and taller—the top branches were lost in the enfolding mist. The silver star at the topmost point had disappeared from view about dark on Christmas Eve in spite of the many kilowatts of power in the electric light bulb. Late workers hurrying home across the Square smiled up at the fragrant green mass of softening boughs where candles blurred in and out in golden circles. The cold mist suggested the warmth and cheer of homes on the hills beyond. The lovely grey city was going to sleep with all her carols sung and candles dimmed and altars darkened in her cloistered aisles under her mounting spires. The Christmas Tree in Union Square stood silently waiting for the Morning Star and thinking a little sadly of his home in the mountains beyond the reach of the city's whirl of sound and sighing restlessness. He missed the feel of mountain wind, the rush of canyon streams, the warmth of the crowding snowflakes pressed against his sturdy heart. And yet he liked these foolish humans with their singing dreams that made them fly! How well he remembered that splendid night when above his highest branches he saw suddenly a star moving, moving steadily on, seeming to stop and dart and turn, finding its way with a distant cataclysmic sound, among the other lamps on night's purple ramparts, and disappearing into the dawning East. Yes, humans could fly across the night while he could only stand rooted in earth's eternal ageloneness and wave his topmost branches in salute to that moving star. Ah well! the fog furled more closely around him. He hoped he would not miss the Morning Star, because those sleepy Christmas Carols must be aroused early. He would catch forty winks himself. . . .

Above in his topmost branches voices were heard.

As if I could go to sleep" growled Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful. "I am worn out. For three weeks I have worked overtime. Oh Joy-to-the-World, please move over. You are just crowding me off. My last verse has fallen down plump on Good-King-Wenceslaus!"

Joy-to-the-World laughed merrily. "Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful, don't be grouchy. The cost of popularity you know. Everybody likes you—you are easy to learn."

"Is it time to be off?" Holy-Night-Silent-Night called from the bough below.

"Oh! No!" murmured Joy-to-the-World, "Old-Faithful is wide awake and thinks he is overworked."

"Well I am," replied Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful, "they have been singing me for days. I thought I'd die this afternoon when that funny old man sang me twice in succession when all the rest were shouting Joy-to-the-World."

Holy-Night-Silent-Night raised himself on his elbow and peered up through the mist. "Well if *you* think you have been overworked, what do you think about me? And men like to sing me and they hang on to the notes terribly, and mix up my verses. I don't even mind their singing through their noses if they would learn the words. Why, my third verse just cried herself to sleep awhile ago because she said no one ever sings her. She is crazy about the children and no one ever teaches the children anything but the first verse."

Joy-to-the-World smiled in the dark. He loved the children and they so seldom sang him. "Well, *you* can remedy that" he said. But with me it's different. My music is written too high and unless the choir boys sing me I sound so squeaky. I am really a jolly tune. Children would like me if their teachers were only younger!"

At that Joy-to-the-World pulled a small pine cone off his branch and dropped it down on Good-King-Wenceslaus, who was snoring roundly.

Wenceslaus moved slowly and opened one eye. "I am not coming, Joy-to-the-World; not this morning. I don't really fit in this climate, though it's cold enough in this fog to make one think 'the snow lay all about.'"

"Oh, yes you *are* coming, Wenceslaus." Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful was almost combative. "The boys love to sing you and yesterday in that children's home one boy just would not sit still until you were promised. Anyway, if you come along, I'll get a little rest."

Good-King-Wenceslaus laughed good naturedly, "Oh, well, I'd do anything for the kids. What do *you* think?" He poked Hark-the-Herald-Angels-Sing in the ribs.

"I am not asleep," that old hymn answered, "I've been listening in, so to speak, and I think you all sound a bit off key. This is Christmas morning, almost, and I have to work hard, and I am really not a carol—just an old song."

"And a mighty fine one, old chap" said Joy-to-the-World. "I like to hear you myself early Christmas morning. I notice sick people always listen to you in the hospitals. We go there first, don't we?"

"Hush, listen!" The carols were silent in the twisting fog.

Oh-Little-Town-of-Bethlehem was singing softly in his sleep—his own beautiful words—

"How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."

Good-King-Wenceslaus smiled at Joy-to-the-World and waved his hand to Come-All-Ye-Faithful, who was leaning down from the bough above, listening eagerly to the crooning song. Oh-Little-Town-of-Bethlehem never had grown old. He seemed to Good-King-Wenceslaus always just as young as his own little page. His sweet voice went on and on to the end. The Christmas tree sighed deeply in his sleep. The carols were silent. The fog blew in and out.

While-Shepherds-Watched-Their-Flocks-by-Night wiped his eyes and drew his goatskin covering tenderly over the sleeping boy.

Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful's eyes too were dim. He *was* tired. So many people sang him who didn't know what his beautiful words meant. He had begun to lose faith in himself and it had been hard to be "joyfully triumphant" for three weeks. After all, it didn't matter if people sang through their noses if they had the song in their hearts. So it was just like Oh-Little-Town-of-Bethlehem to sing so sweetly in his sleep. He never minded anything because he had never been rich. His first shelter was very likely a stable and his cradle just a stall, and how the children loved him!

Oh-Come-All-Ye-Faithful moved closer to Joy-to-the-World and put his arm around his delicate shoulders. Joy-to-the-World was looking up into the silver light, his face white with a glory that shone around. The fog was slipping way and the stars hung

fire. It was very still in Union Square. And from far away they all heard it—across the world the Angels' Song.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.

Peace to the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Oh ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow.

Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!"

* * * *

"Here, get up out of this, Son. Move along. Where's your pal? I heard voices way down on Grant Avenue. It's too early to be singin' in this neighborhood. You haven't been singin' eh? You just been asleep? Well, *somebody* was singin'. I heard 'em One of them Christmas Carols. Well! My orders is no singin' around the St. Francis till it's nearer daylight. Go on now, you must be frozen. You're too small to be out here alone—what'll your mother say? You haven't got any? You heard the singin' too, did you? Here, take it—Now you get along down to Market Street and get a hot dog!"

▲ ▲ ▲

Yuletide Candles

(From Magazine of American Women's Club, London)

● The other day someone in Washington sent me some bayberry candles, which, when Christmas Day comes round, will add to the joy I get from burning peat.

It is a long time since I saw a bayberry candle, and I know that as soon as I light mine my thoughts will wing back to a home on the Mississippi where I once soaked in candle-light for a whole afternoon.

Flickers of gold met me from branched candelabra as I came out of the frost of Minneapolis and into the heat given out by blazing driftwood. Flickers kept me company as I was led into a room lit by perhaps fifty waxen candles, which were all the more attractive because the undrawn curtains showed a frosty-blue sky pricked with silver stars shadowed by the light which danced all around me. Every time I shut my eyes I see those candles. Every time I think of home that home comes also back to me. So much I love candles that I think no home a home without them. They can be any color you like, Venetian in shape, or any other shape you fancy, so long as they are there to flicker when you want.

Time was when no Christmas-tree was considered fully decorated unless hung with a myriad of colored candles; then electric lights, which are so much safer, came to take their place, abolishing in their coming not only the candles but striking a blow at the old custom of candle-burning so prevalent all over Europe at Yuletide.

Now for some whimsical reason, I am glad to say, they have crept back to favor, so this year we can eat our Christmas dinner in soft candle-glow, then gather round the Christmas-tree and claim our presents in the same mellow light beloved of our forefathers. But if we do eat by candle-light, we should try to have our candles shaded to match our china. For to have candle-shades and china patterned to match is one of the latest whims of La Mode.

More significance seems to be attached to the burning of candles across the Channel than in England. In Denmark two large tallow candles, one representing the husband, the other the wife, are placed on the festive board, and each is given the name of its patron. Which ever burns the longer ensures its patron of a longer life. So that if the wife's candle burns down first the she shall die before her husband, and vice versa. Again, if either candle happens to be extinguished before it is burned down completely it means the man or woman it represents will have a speedy death.

The Norwegian attaches a more cheerful significance to the burning of candles at Christmas. In Norway candles are lit every night from Christmas Eve until New Year's Day to ensure the households of blessings in abundance which burning them is supposed to bring. In many Norwegian villages the Christmas Eve candle is left burning all night to light the way of "Kristine" who brings the gifts.

Similar beliefs about Yule candles are held in Sweden, where the candle-ends are preserved to smear the ploughs with before starting ploughing in the spring then the remainder are thrown to the fowls. Here again you have the custom followed with the idea of multiplying the grain, the fowls, and the eggs.

All over the north of Europe Yul candles are burned on the general prin ciple that they invoke good fortune an ward off evil.

In America bayberry candles are burne at Yuletide, perhaps because bayber candles burn brighter and more slowl than wax candles, and give forth a agreeable odor when extinguished. Awa back in colonial days every thrifty hous wife made her own candles from th waxen berries of the bayberry, which w call the candleberry, and the Swedes ca the tallow shrub. It grows in large quan ties on the coast of New England, esp cially on Cape Cod. In 1687 a colony Massachusetts forbade the gathering berries before September 15 as the berr were not supposed to be at their best un between that date and October 15.

But no matter the kind of candle, matter whether its stick is of pain Czechoslovakian wood or of exqui Venetian glass, or of delicately hu British glass, or flawless British cut-c tal; no matter where or why it is burn so long as you have candles, and m use of them. As I said before to m home without candles is no home at al

E. C

Problems of Post-War Europe

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

Dr. Graham H. Stuart

Many inquiries have been received as to lectures on matters international. I answer, the Committee on Programs hastens to announce that a special opportunity will be offered in January. Dr. Graham H. Stuart, Professor of Political Science at Stanford University will deliver a series of five lectures on the general subject:

PROBLEMS OF POST-WAR EUROPE.

January 9—
"The International City of Tangier."
January 16—
"Reparations and the Allied Debts."
January 30—
"Limitation of Armament."
February 13—
"The Problem of Peace and Security in Europe."
February 27—
"The United States of Europe."

Since receiving his degree of Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1918, Dr. Stuart has been engaged in research work and has been a member of the faculties of several universities both in the United States and in France. In 1924 he was Research Associate, Carnegie Institute (stationed at Lima, Peru). He has been a professor in the Political Science Department of Stanford University since 1925.

During the year 1929-30 Dr. Stuart filled the position of visiting Carnegie Professor of International Relations in France and gave a series of lectures in French on the diplomatic relations of the United States and Latin America at the Universities of Montpellier, Toulouse and Poitiers, also special lectures at the Paris branch of the Carnegie Endowment and at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, Paris. This series of lectures has been published.

Prepared a monograph on the international city of Tangier—collecting material at the State Department in Washington, the Library of Congress, the French Foreign Office, the Biblioteque Nationale, the Foreign Office at Madrid, the Biblioteca Nacionale at Madrid, the British Museum, and in Tangier. This study is to be published by the Stanford Press as one of the series "Stanford Books in World Politics."

Dr. Stuart is also one of the directors of the Hoover War Library. For the past summer and autumn terms Dr. Stuart has been visiting professor at the University of Hawaii.

This series of lectures at the City Club will be Dr. Stuart's first public appearance on the mainland since his return from Europe. He is a world-noted authority on the subject of World Politics. On this account Dr. Stuart has many enthusiastic friends who not only appreciate all he has to offer, but also his very clear and fluent manner of presentation. For five Friday evenings members and their friends may enjoy this signal occasion in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club. Tickets on sale at Information Desk. Course of five lectures $2.50, reserved $3.50. Single lectures $1.00 reserved seats, 75c single unreserved.

Mrs. Gerald Campbell, wife of the British Consul at San Francisco, who with Mrs. Fin Lund, will be tendered a tea at Women's City Club, December 11.

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Christmas Program

The annual Christmas Program of the City Club will be held Friday evening, December 12, in the Club Auditorium, where the members and their guests will find the season's cheer and hospitality as well as divertisement.

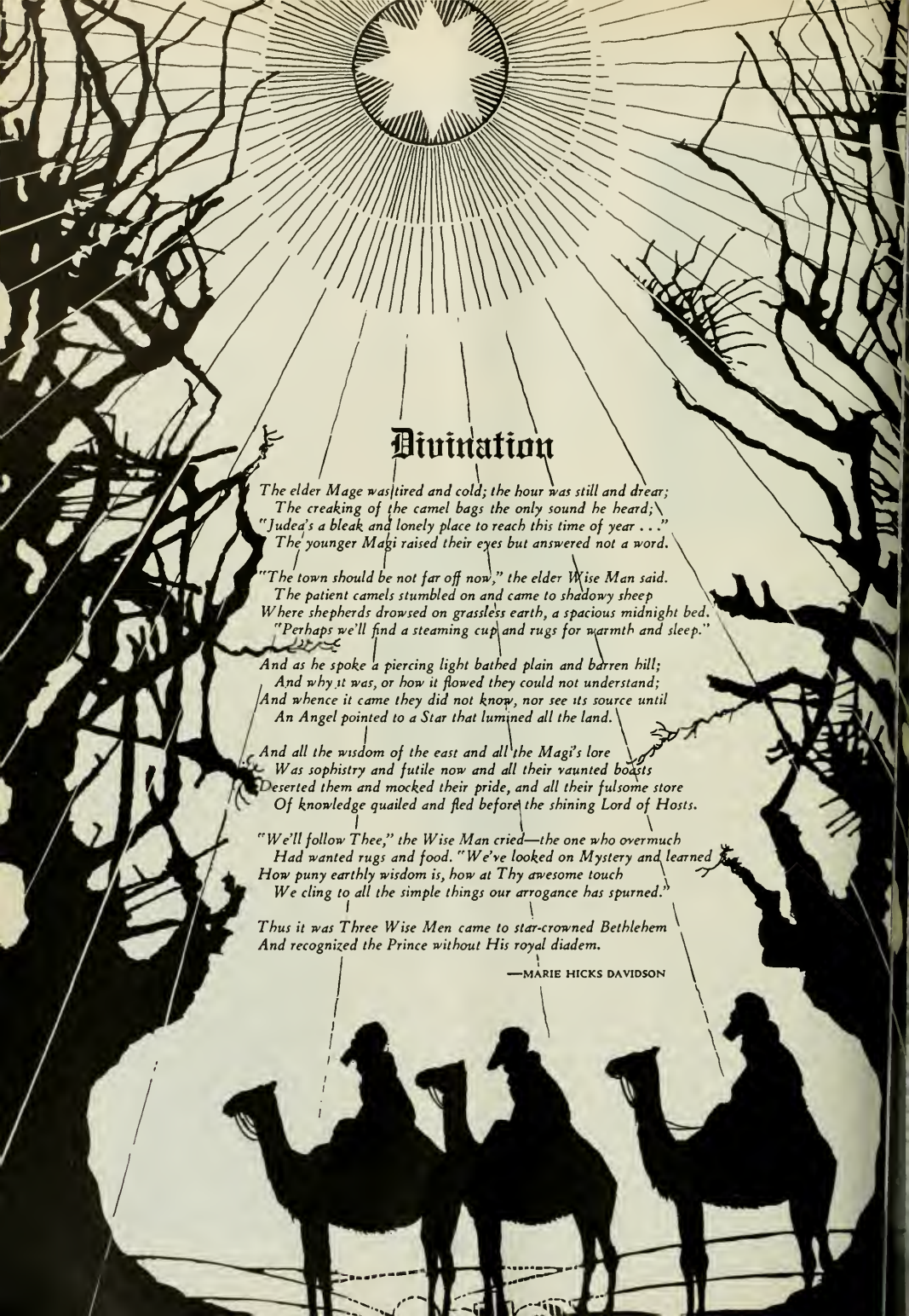
The City Club Choral will sing Christmas Carols and there will be a play by pupils of the Sarah Dix Hamlin School, who also will sing Christmas madrigals.

Mrs. Leroy Briggs and Mrs. Frederick H. Meyer will put on a play "For Distinguished Service" and Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio has written the play, "The First Thanksgiving Eve," which she will present, herself taking a part.

Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, will preside. The evening in the especial charge of the Thursday Evening Group, which takes pride in the fact that there are such singers and actresses in the Club membership. While all the members of the Hamlin School group are not members, the school head, Mrs. Edward Stanwood, is, and Mesdames Briggs, Meyer and Morbio are pioneer members. The evening was changed from Thursday to Friday on account of the school singers, who find "Fridays out" do not interfere with study.

On December 4, the regular Thursday Evening program will be given by Mrs. M. C. Sloss of the San Francisco Browning Club, also a City Club member, who will talk on "What Makes Robert Browning Worth While Today."

An interesting vista at Women's City Club, Fourth Floor.



Divination

The elder Mage was tired and cold; the hour was still and drear;
The creaking of the camel bags the only sound he heard;
"Judea's a bleak and lonely place to reach this time of year . . ."
The younger Magi raised their eyes but answered not a word.

"The town should be not far off now," the elder Wise Man said.
The patient camels stumbled on and came to shadowy sheep
Where shepherds drowsed on grassless earth, a spacious midnight bed.
"Perhaps we'll find a steaming cup and rugs for warmth and sleep."

And as he spoke a piercing light bathed plain and barren hill;
And why it was, or how it flowed they could not understand;
And whence it came they did not know, nor see its source until
An Angel pointed to a Star that lumined all the land.

And all the wisdom of the east and all the Magi's lore
Was sophistry and futile now and all their vaunted boasts
Deserted them and mocked their pride, and all their fulsome store
Of knowledge quailed and fled before the shining Lord of Hosts.

"We'll follow Thee," the Wise Man cried—the one who overmuch
Had wanted rugs and food. "We've looked on Mystery and learned
How puny earthly wisdom is, how at Thy awesome touch
We cling to all the simple things our arrogance has spurned."

Thus it was Three Wise Men came to star-crowned Bethlehem
And recognized the Prince without His royal diadem.

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

EDITORIAL

Merry Christmas to All!

Members of the Women's City Club and their friends soon will see wreaths and garlands begin to blossom upon walls al cornices of the club and shortly thereafter the old familiar g'eting will echo through the corridors and across tables. Beauty a joy will take new hold upon us and our spirits will again r'ond to the urge of the season's "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Throughout the year there has been "good will toward men" m nificently exemplified in every department of the City Club. Se ice and hospitality have been manifest and departments have de tailed each with others in reciprocity and amity. But with th return of Christmas there is a replenishing of the wellsprings of appiness. Service becomes a privilege even greater than usual an Hospitality assumes a rarer graciousness.

he Club is a congeries of homes, a small community, in fact. Re ident members will greet the holiday in surroundings and at sphere quite as Christmas-y as the large proportion which do not live at the Club. There is a seasonal revival that is qu apart from such extraneous influence as financial string- enc or weather. Garlands and wreaths, green pine boughs and hol are symbols of the soul's expansion, and the fragrance of fri dliness is all pervasive.

Thanksgiving and the Talent Festival are over.

The latter will long be remembered as one of the notable in- terl les of the Club, not only because of its financial success but bec se it inaugurated what its sponsors expect will be an annual ever Its success has guaranteed its repetition, and its survival, yea after year, is assured. The Club takes this opportunity of thanking all who assisted in the undertaking. Rapheal, Weill & C Davis, Schonwasser & Co. are thanked for their co-opera- tion nd the lending of equipment for the set-up of exhibits.

Members' attention is called to the fact that there are still avail- able extra copies of the History Number of the Magazine, issued in November for the Talent Festival. They are selling at twenty- five ents per copy with envelopes for mailing. They make interesting presents for friends afar who have been asking how the City Club came to be and what it is like.

The November issue of the Magazine tells of the beginnings of th City Club, of the courage and vision of its founders, sets forth he physical properties of the institution.

No written word could adequately describe intangibles which entered into the Talent Festival, the enthusiasm, the co-opera- tion, e talent and the genius which reached its apotheosis in the dner at which four hundred gathered during the closing hours f the Festival. For two days the staff had ministered to increased numbers of patrons and taken meticulous care of the specific things lent the Club for exhibit and sale. For days be- ore t Festival there has been bustle and unwonted labor. But staff d volunteers, members and executives worked cheerfully, with en pport as if they were members of a big family. That, in itself, as noteworthy. After the dinner a concert of professional quality was given by members, the artists contributing their voices nd virtuosity as unassumingly as others had contributed their ndiwork or the product of their specific training.

Very, the Club is a small community, with every kind of artistr and technical facility represented and ready to give of its bounty.

Employees' Christmas Fund

Comes again that time of the year when City Club members are privileged to contribute to the Employees' Christmas Fund. For Christmas is the only time that gratuities are permitted.

Members are fully aware, of course, that tipping is not permitted in the Club. There is no other way for them to express their appreciation of the splendid service accorded them throughout the year except at this one time, when the Christmas Fund is open to their generosity. Were a member to compute it this way it would help her to arrive at a solution as to what amount she would contribute: If she were to leave a tip of ten cents on the table each time she took luncheon or dinner at the Club it would soon amount to five dollars, for that would be but fifty services. And there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! A very conservative computation that would be. Aside from the restaurant service there are the elevator operators, the young women and the one man in the Beauty Salon, the engineer and other mechanics who are always at beck and call, the intelligent and extremely courteous young women who preside at the desks and information bureaus, the "boys" who carry baggage. All these are recipient of tips throughout the year in hotels and restaurants. And then there are those behind the scenes, upon whose efficient service the smooth-running of the Club devolves.

Transient guests have often remarked that they thought it a pity they were not permitted to express their appreciation of courtesy and consideration by leaving gratuities when they departed, but "rules are rules" and this one may be infringed upon but once a year, at Christmas. Several transients, long after their departure, have sent remembrances from other lands, "so fragrant has been the memory," to quote a recent letter, of the graciousness of the employees of the City Club.

Checks may be sent to the City Club's "Christmas Fund" or money left at the desk or in the Employee's Fund boxes set here and there throughout the Club. There is one of these boxes at the Information Desk, main lobby, another in the Beauty Salon, one on the Third Floor, near the cashier's desk and one near the check room on the Fourth Floor.

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Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

How Would You Bequeath a Million Dollars?

—MRS. JAMES R. McDONALD
(Edna Wemple McDonald)

● I have read with a great deal of interest the answers to that question printed in the October Women's City Club Magazine. And when those answers are all summed up it would seem as if I should sit right down and write that I would leave it to my pet hobby or to the work I have devoted all my leisure hours to, for so many years. It would be gratifying to see a million dollar building added to the units housing the orphans, half orphans and foundlings of the City and County of San Francisco and perhaps I would die more happily and my ego be more satisfied if I could be assured said building would be dedicated to the donor. But, how long would or should such a building last? Is this work not the duty, should it not be the pleasure and privilege of every citizen of the state? And the poor, those in want, the mothers obliged to leave their babies in good care while they work to feed those babies, should provision for their care be the problem of one or a few any more than the nursing and hospitalization of every human being is the problem of a few or of a donor of a million dollars, however, much good that money might do? Can't you see that if this line of reasoning is followed to its logical conclusion it will lead us straight to paternalism? This is coming! We already have old age pensions, an appropriation for the care of the wards of the State, and so why not Social Insurance, Social Medicine and a State Plan for free hospitalization? Let everyone help his less fortunate brother. Then, perhaps, there would be fewer million dollars for the privileged to bequeath.

With much amusement at the replies this question has been put to many friends. At first, startled at the thought or possibility of having that million the serious and thoughtful answer has almost always been to leave the million dollars in such a way that it would be of benefit to *All of Humanity* with its countless ways of suffering for which there is inadequate alleviation.

One answer to this question brought the quick reply that this man would leave his million dollars to establish birth control in the Orient. I wonder if he had in the back of his mind the thought of peace? For, have not many wars been attributed to the desire of a nation to acquire more territory in which to place the inhabitants of this over populated country or was he thinking in terms of self-preservation, the yellow peril?

Oh! must I, because you have started a very serious train of thought, give up my pet hobbies—to leave money to further the study of Palaeontology and to care for every baby in this world so that each may have an equal start and equal advantages in this world which is as much his as it is ours?

With a sigh I must give up the dream which would but flatter my vanity and bequeath my million so that it would help every human being even if in but a very small way. I cannot leave it to a foundation for I would fear the administration of it but I would leave it as a reward to be divided among the discoverers of cures for Infantile Paralysis, and the wear and tear diseases which shorten life at the other end such as Cancer, Angina Pectoris, the list is long.

It would be for such men as Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod who discovered "Insulin" in 1923. Men who make this type of discovery should be free from all financial worry so that their genius might not only be rewarded but also, set free to follow the lines of research which interests these most valuable contributors to human progress and welfare. And, if I had another million dollars, well that is another story!

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How Would I Bequeath a Million Dollars if I Had No Natural Heirs?

—ALICIA MOSGROVE

● This imaginary million of mine has made me review the past—my experience with millionaires and the weary hours of discussion as to how the millions should be disposed. By death in one case and the setting aside of the will in the other, the dangers both so clearly saw, came to pass. If they are conscious of it I can conceive of no greater torment for them. I was asked for advice by another friend and in exasperation said, "I am certain someone has taken a Ph.D. on the subject I'll look it up." I found an illuminating book which opened up the whole question of wills, perpetuities and endowments.

One instance given was that of a sum of money left for the care of women and children crossing the plains in ox-carts. A pressing need of the time but now an embarrassing sum for a mid west city to administer. Another sum was left to rescue Christians from Barbary Corsairs. Money for the emancipation of slaves was very popular in New England. Dickens wrote in one of his American sketches of the maiden ladies of Beacon Hill, elegant and opulent making their wills afternoons while their anxious relatives danced attendance on them. When the wills were read the money had been left to Causes.

Pennsylvania seems to be cursed with large endowments. One orphanage established in 1874 for female orphans, children of employees of certain railroads killed while on duty. An expensive and extensive advertising campaign yielded twelve girls and subtracting the graduates the result is five. This institution and others have brought the question before the courts and a study is being made of the social implications of the problem. Better wages and workmen's compensation, widow's pensions, and care in foster homes have changed the whole complexion of orphanages.

Lawyers are largely responsible for money being left in perpetuities as they draft the deeds of gifts and make the wills. There is always the human desire to leave an enduring memorial on earth, the endurance is dependent on the elasticity in the terms of the disposition of the money.

Self perpetuating boards are a great curse because they are usually composed of rich, elderly untrained people appointed or elected not for fitness but for monetary interest. It would help if these boards were composed of business men and women who realize the importance of trained experts and would employ them. Under this system we could hope for changes in institutions that would meet changing social conditions.

There is a very large musical foundation in an eastern city that is much criticized because it is managed with no vision. With millions to spend San Francisco produces Yehudi and the Ricci children.

Year after year prize monies are not awarded because the judges feel no worthy creation has been offered. Are the judges wise enough to recognize a future Bach or Whitman.

Styles change in genius and the judges not being geniuses fail to recognize them if the earmarks are not in the style of the past. No hope there.

I know two successful solutions of the vexed millions. One charming Boston woman for many years an ardent horticulturist during her life turned over her country estate and fortune for a school of landscape architecture for women at

in Lounge, City Club, around which Christmas Carols will be sung.

reserving a modest living for her-
A man has done the same with the
rnia Tech. He having an office
and being one of the business man-

ator Couzens and Mr. Rosenwald
faith in the future are creating
ations of millions that must be spent
the next twenty-five years.

Iversities are asking that money be
cated as they are suffering from the
of frozen endowments.

he past I might have in my ignor-
ft an enduring memorial but today
my millions to be given away with-
years, by a few wise friends for this
geration. They will have to worry.

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t Would I Do With 0,000?

—MARION DELANY

recent discussion on the subject
San Francisco Civilized?" brings
question of how we define civiliza-
a community. Do we mean that
ple at large are living lives that are
ched and mean," or does it mean
re is a flowering of intellectual and
ife such as existed when the civil-
f Greece was at its height? To a
mind, trained to look at the wel-
the whole, a definition excluding
is impossible, but is not the exclu-
the second part of our question
mpossible? Must we not have an
nd intellectual flowering as well
ecencies of life "in widest com-
spread?"

o, with that fairy million at my
how could I best help to make
cisco civilized from both points of view? Shall I help the needy, do my little share in preventing "pinched lives" in San Francisco in 1930 or 1935 or 1940? Or shall I conclude that these palliative measures will somehow or other be cared for anyway, and shall I devote my money to getting at the underlying causes, or shall I give it to further the artistic and intellectual life?

I think I would do a little of each. I think I would set aside a fund—a small one—perhaps only a hundred thousand or so—that would go, when it was needed, to the promotion of schemes being devised for the amelioration of some social condition that needed a little capital to set them in motion. Our leaders in social work should ever be on the lookout for new methods, new projects; under existing conditions of public giving it is hardly ever possible for a new plan to be financed, for a dream to become a reality. A little fund like mine might help to open at least two or three avenues to a newer and fuller life for a few of those whose lives might otherwise be "pinched and mean."

But after all a million dollars goes only a little way, so most of what I had to spend on the amelioration of social conditions would have to go to some movements designed to eradicate the causes of "pinched and mean" living. My choice, I think, would have to be an arbitrary one; with so small a fortune to bestow, I would have to choose one or two pieces of work that I was vitally interested in, not because others were not of equal or greater value, but because I personally cared a great deal for these. Now I, personally, care intensely to see democracy prove its worth, at this time when all the world is questioning even its survival. How can one person help so world-wide a question? The answer to that involves one's idea of what is the greatest trouble with democracy. To me one of the great troubles seems to be the apathy of the man or woman "on the street." He or she doesn't *care* what the people they send to the City Hall or Sacramento or Washington do. If the people *cared*, they could get the government they wanted. And so, I would like to help a little to make them care about good government, and the best way to do this would be to push the one or two organizations I know of who are hammering at this very thing all the time. To such groups as the League of Women Voters and those doing kindred work, my next hundred thousand or so would go.

And now, what can I do to further the flowering of the intellectual and artistic life of the community? Here we have a great opportunity, with San Francisco's joyous outlook on life. All art forms can be strengthened, all intellectual yearnings can be fostered for the benefit of the countless young talents San Francisco seems somehow able to produce. For art, I think perhaps an endowment of the Art Association for the acquisition of some great works of art to form the nucleus, together with what they already possess, of what in the years to come might be a great art collection, might be the most far reaching in its results. A gallery in the Association's lovely building in which I could place a few fine paintings and pieces of sculpture, and which should at all times be open to the public, surely ought to help toward that flowering of the spirit that is the other half of civilization.

The gallery ought to be made a little center where a few choice spirits could meet together and read each other's poetry, and consider each other's musical experiments, and *talk* and *talk* and *talk* —not about facts and figures, but about *ideas*. There was in London before the War—perhaps it exists again—just such a spot where poets gave readings and other poets and friends came to hear them. Away down in the heart of London it was; how much might we not do in our brighter, happier air?

For music, I would give to the endowment funds of the Symphony Association and the Conservatory of Music, and occasionally I would present a concert in my picture gallery, where an intimate hearing of the musicians would be possible as it is not now in the vast spaces of our auditoriums.

And, finally, since our youth must be strong of body and mind and gay and *alive* to enjoy this civilization, I would like to help towards the acquisition of some more playgrounds to keep the children off our murderous streets, and save them for our arts and our intellectual outreachings.

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American Room, City Club, showing historic old clock.

Music is Education

—REDFERN MASON

● H. G. Wells asserted that the audience of the Boston Symphony was the finest product of American culture.

We have a symphony audience here in San Francisco and the English publicist would probably speak of it in much the same terms.

But unfortunately the San Francisco Symphony is only heard by about 2 per cent of our people.

If it were not for the five Symphony "pops" given by the supervisors that percentage would be even lower.

Would it not be a good investment if there were twenty such civic "pops?"

But that would cost the Musical Association $36,000 for they vend the Symphony at a loss of $1,800 per concert. The city itself barely gets out of its musical venture with a financially whole skin.

So the enterprise must be regarded as an educational investment made by the Supervisors and the Musical Association for the betterment of the public at large.

Almost without knowing it San Francisco has set its feet in the track which has led Germany, Italy and France to musical supremacy.

The notion that the people of these countries are more musical than Americans are is a stupid superstition. But the foreigner has better opportunities. If a young man or woman in a German city has a fine voice, he or she goes to the local conservatory, which is supported as we support our public schools, learns the art of song and the art of the stage, and graduates in the local opera house, which is also supported out of the taxes.

You can hear performances of "Tristan"and "Pelleas" in the Berlin Volksoper for the small sum of forty cents. That is possible because the Berliners subsidize the Volksoper with an annual $500,000. Seven days a week, ten or eleven months out of the twelve, the opera goes on, and the people go there as habitually as Americans go to the movies.

They go because the opera is first class; and it is first class because the participants are well taught. Before you can sing in either of the great Berlin opera houses, you must have studied for two years in the Hochschule, which is the Berlin counterpart of our San Francisco Conservatory of Music. But the Hochschule receives $150,000 annually from the city treasury, while our San Francisco Conservatory does not receive from the supervisors one solitary penny.

The Music Section of the Commonwealth Club has strongly endorsed the idea of musical subsidization. More than that the Federation of Music Clubs, with its membership of not far from half a million, has adopted subsidization as a plank in its platform.

Naturally such subsidies should only go to non-profit making undertakings, like the Symphony, the Opera, the Conservatory of Music.

Let us bring the matter down to a personal basis. Why should Antonia Brico and Wheeler Beckett have to go to Europe in order to study orchestral conducting? America today has some of the finest orchestras in the world. Yet nine-tenths of the members have acquired their musicianship abroad.

They ought to be taught at home, for only too often, foreign training makes young Americans imitation Germans and Frenchmen. We must make our music and our musicians here in America, and that can only be effectively done by regarding it as education and paying for it out of the taxes as we would any other form of education.

San Francisco is a pioneer city in this idea. Our supervisors are giving over $100,000 a year to music. $30,000 went last year to the Symphony, divided between the Summer and Winter season. This year they will give $7,500 to the Pacific Opera Company, which is an organization for the making of California opera by Californians.

San Francisco has a way of producing young geniuses. But they have to go abroad to be educated. Is not that a disgrace?

The committee of Freeholders now engaged in drafting a new charter for the city has been asked to insert a clause in that charter enabling the citizens to tax themselves directly for music. What is now given comes out of the city advertising fund.

Will not the members of the Women's City Club help to create an enlightened public sentiment on this subject?

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The Only Ones of Their Kind to be Had

● California and City Club calendars on sale at the November Talent Festival were so avidly purchased that the Club decided to extend the sale until the holidays. The calendars were prepared for the Festival under the chairmanship of Mrs. I. N. Hibberd and the table on which they were displayed was one of the busiest spots in the Club Auditorium. It was revealed that they are the only, or, at least, were at that time, the only typically and characteristically California calendars to be found in all San Francisco. Also they are the only City Club calendars to be found.

Both are being used as Christmas gifts and as bridge favors. They are extremely attractive, with views of attractive nooks of the City Club or panoramic views of California. There are three sizes, one made in the flat desk calendar manner, which may be relegated at the end of the year to that sanctuary where are kept diaries. For each day is allotted a square of space for the tabulation of engagements or comments.

The calendars are priced at fifty and seventy-five cents and are encased in attractive envelopes. Now is the time to send them to European friends, not however without the risk of engendering in them poignant case of nostalgia. For they have that kind of pictures on that kind of calendar. They may be purchased at the City Club in a niche especially reserved for them across the lobby from the Lea Shop in the office formerly occupied by the Travel Bureau.

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Tea for Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Lund

Mrs. Gerald Campbell, wife of the British Consul General at San Francisco, and Mrs. Fin Lund, wife of the Danish Consul, will be tendered a tea at the City Club December 11 as farewell prior of their departure to other posts. Consul and Mrs. Campbell will go to New York next month, where the former is to be Consul General. Consul Lund will leave early in January for Mexico where he will be Danish Minister Plenipotentiary.

Both Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. L are enthusiastic members of the City C have have taken prominent places in C activities.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

SON OF CHINA; *by Sheng-Cheng;* translated from the French by Marvin Lowes; Norton and Co., Inc., N. Y., $3.00.

WHITHER CHINA? *by Scott Nearing;* International Publishers, N. Y., $1.75.

INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE; *by Oscar Macmillan Buck;* Friendship Press, N. Y., $1.00.

VISIT INDIA WITH ME; *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji;* E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y., $3.50.

THE POWER OF INDIA; *by Michael Pym;* G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $3.50.

BOOKS OF ORIENTAL THOUGHT:

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS; *by C. F. Andrews;* The MacMillan Company, N. Y., $3.00.

GANDHI OF INDIA; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; *edited by C. F. Andrews;* The MacMillan Company, N. Y., $2.50.

LIFE THE LAW OF LIFE; *by Toyohiko Kagawa;* John C. Winston Co., Phila., $2.00.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN:

DOWN THE COLORADO; *by a Lone Girl Scout, Mary Remsen North;* G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $1.75.

HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS; *by Rachel Field;* The MacMillan Co., N. Y., $1.25.

VERSE:

THE HOURS THAT COUNT AND THOUGHTS IN RHYME; *by Harrison Gibblee;* published by Westward, San Francisco.

A CALENDAR OF GARDEN JINGLES; *by Helen Lyman;* The Professional Press, Berkeley, Calif.

THE POINTED PEOPLE; *verse and silhouettes by Rachel Field;* The MacMillan Company, N. Y., $1.25.

● Out of the East came the Star. When the big liners break their confetti chains at the docks of the Dollar Line and the Nippon Yushen Kaisha, swinging towards the sunset, they are seeking the lure of the Orient, the gold of India, Japan and China and India, Afghanistan Turkey, Palestine are still the immemorial East. The wistful eyes of the wise men still scan the sky, if perchance they may see a star, and following it, may find the Child, and worship Him.

But the Orient is all a swirling whirlpool, not the mystic calm of Buddha. What troubles the face of the waters?

Call back a generation in thought, from the college days of our children to the college life of their fathers and mothers. The Orient was farther then than now. The "closed land" of Thibet, the "Forbidden City" in Pekin, the grudgingly "open ports, the purdah of India, the harem of

Turkey, with scimitars at their doors,—why, the Orient was a land of mystery and wonder, at whose barred portals our young thoughts stood. Now all doors stand open, — though perhaps Afghanistan and Thibet are but a little ajar!

In that college generation there was an organized group of students whose dream and slogan was that the Name of Names might be heard in every closed land "in this generation." A generation earlier, at Williams College, there was a "haystack meeting," where youth with its long, long thoughts began to knock at the doors of the East and at the heart of America. And before that, before the East India Company, or ever the British had dreamed of a salt monopoly or suzerainty over the Indian princes, young William Carey, a shoe-maker, dared to go to that land which then was very far off, and to translate his Bible into some thirty-five Indian dialects, troubling the Eastern calm with a wave of alien thought.

Through the doors of the East have poured what processions of traders and conquerors, saviors, robbers, dreamers of dreams! Lords of the East, they who set their gates a little ajar, could not hold back the flood.

What of today? The Occident has pushed the doors of the East wide open, —at the point of guns, if need be. The Occident has sowed the seed, of dreams and prayers, of education, of egotism, cruelty, greed, of selfless giving. Is it the whirlwind that we reap? Or, under the sound and tumult, the breaking waves of revolution, does the world turn slowly, slowly, towards the Star?

I have been reading the thoughts of a scholarly young Chinese, descendant of Lao-tsze; of an American turned Communist; of a high-caste Indian; of the son of a missionary; of a woman journalist; of the present-day saints of India and Japan, Mahatma Gandhi and Kagawa. An interesting, and thrilling, diversity of outlook and opinion.

It is not easy to see debatable problems with other eyes, to think the other fellow's thoughts, and less easy if the other fellow is living on the other side of the world, where once we thought that the Chinese were walking upside-down. But the crucial problems will not be solved unless, by some miraculous extension of our egocentric selves, we can get inside the brown skin, the yellow skin, and find that their thoughts are not yellow nor brown, but very like our own.

Sheng-Cheng, "A Son of China," at the age of thirty writes the story of his life in the French language, from Paris where he is studying to understand Occidental civilization. His first words are "Toward Unity. Yes, toward the unity of the civilizations of the East and the West; more particularly, toward the unity of Chinese civilization and European civilization." His last words are these: "Today and in the days to come, the whole world sings in chorus the refrain of the Hymn of Human Unity: 'Heaven's ends are brought about by men.' " It is the story of a young patriot, who before he was fifteen, stole away from school to the early meetings of the Kuomintang, who was a cadet in the revolutionary battles, who was present at the installation of Sun Yat-Sen as the first President of the Chinese Republic. In one year he returned home to his mother and his grandmother "as a Republican, with my hair cut short, wearing a grey cap and the grey uniform of the Revolutionary Armies. My Grandmother said not a word, but only looked at me with withering scorn. The Nanking Government had ordered that pigtails be lopped off. Gone forever, O pigtail, with the Manchus! Farewell, tradition!" Can't you see that delicious confrontation of the Old China and the New China,—and its pathos?

Through the first-hand glimpses of Chinese history, the intimate picture of a Chinese home, winds the gold cord of his mother's love and her wise precepts. He says, "China will be regenerated. But the means of regeneration is still to be found. I decided to go to Europe to make a profound study of Western culture. — I wanted to save the organization of the youth of the country which we had effected. I cried to them: 'If you seek to understand China, go abroad first, and reach an understanding of Europe!" When they parted, his mother said to him, "When you are far away, and see a bird coming out of the East, or a rose in bloom, then, O, my child, say to yourself, 'My mother is thinking of me now.' "

● Scott Nearing's book came out three years ago, and it is distinctly colored by his communistic leanings; but that does

not prevent its being a very readable and stirring history of China's awakening since 1840. It illuminates the life of "A Son of China." When Mr. Nearing discusses imperialism in China, opium in China, the seizure of Chinese territory, the Japanese 21 demands, the Washington conference, one is less proud of a white skin, less surprised that the giant stirs at last from his sleep, and that the foreigner is not beloved on Chinese soil.

There is a picture of Hongkong, where the foreigners live on the breezy heights above the sweltering city, heights so steep that everything must be carried up on coolie-back, — building-materials, food, the foreigners themselves. And down below, there is a park with the sign, "Dogs and Chinese not allowed." Recently, that sign has been altered. That is one step forward. Mr. Nearing's book is more bitter than "A Son of China." But there is reason for it. In a discussion of Young China and their revolutionary cycles, Prof. Stewart Burgess, who has recently returned from years of experience at Princeton-in-China and Yenching College at Pekin, said, in legal parlance, "Yes, the Chinese have a case. They certainly have a case!"

● Our approach to today's thought in India and about India is from three quite different points-of-view. The greatest amount of information in a small space is given by a little book which is used as a text-book by study-groups, "India Looks to Her Future." Born in India, Oscar MacMillan Buck, after years of teaching in America, goes back to visit his mother who 'in her eighty-sixth year, the fifty-ninth of her missionary service walks in the sunset glow awaiting the sunrise. She will know from what home comes the love for India that has been the inspiration of this book." As Sheng-Cheng, in Paris, looks back to his mother's precepts in China! This little book admits of no further condensation. But it has an unusual tolerance for the Indian point-of-view and the difficulties of England's situation, and a very complete survey of India's history, her internal divisions, home-life, the ideals of her own religions, her contacts with the West, and the development of the New India,—and the comfortable accompaniment of a good map.

Our Indian approach is through a book of Dhan Gopal Mukerji's. He returns to his native land as interpreter and friend to a fifty-year-old American who has long dreamed of seeing India. As who has not?

Perhaps the other approach,—the Conservative,—is best represented by "The Power of India." Michael Pym, an American woman and a journalist, who wanted to "really understand what is back of it all!" has lived in India for several years as an Indian among Indians. She says, "To get the facilities I needed meant going to London first. I owe a debt of gratitude to friends, friends' friends, and officials, who took endless trouble over helping me."And so one gets the Occidental point-of-view quite clearly in the interesting experiences, observations and personalities that give a vivid color to her book. It smacks of the practical British efficiency which finds it difficult to have patience with the mysticism of the Indian mind.

And yet she makes some trenchant and unafraid observations of British rule, and the attitude that "it would never do to become too much interested in the life about one;" and she asks, "How do the British get that way?"

She has neither liking nor sympathy for Gandhi. In her discussion of Indian art and religion, she frankly states her desire to become the chela of a guru or holy man. But, in her opinion, the "spiritual adventurers" of India are not the ascetic Gandhi, but "the yogis, saddhus, fakirs, holy men and women of all creeds and descriptions,—all attempting the road to the infinite.—The basis of this attitude is not service, but search."

Of Gandhi and Kagawa there would be too much to say for our space. Charles F. Andrews, eidtor of "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas" and of his autobiography, says of Gandhi and Tagore, "It is my firm conviction that through the eyes of these two men the West may learn at last to appreciate the East." John Haynes Holmes writes of Gandhi, "He is to be reckoned with the supreme religious geniuses of history — those half-dozen timeless spirits who have changed the world by their high visions of love and brotherhood for men." A hard-headed business man said, "His ideas may not work, but one cannot help respecting his character." "No man in any age has held so vast a power over so many millions of human beings in his own lifetime." And in Japan, Kagawa is another advocate of self-forgetting, of living with and for the poor, and of protest against the Juggernaut of Things; and he sways multitudes. His book, ordered from San Francisco, will come too late for review, but extracts have come from Japan, and we may turn back to it some other day.

Not "practical." "Their ideas will not work." It was said of another young Teacher, and we have continued to say the same thing about His ideas for two thousand years. But who has put them to the test? — unless perhaps the few "supreme religious geniuses," whom the common people follow gladly. Our obstinate world moves slowly. Would it move at all, without the hammerings and batterings of the seers, the "obstructionists,"—without the patience of the sublime meek, the invincible minority

In a year of crisis and revolution, clash of armies and crash of Wall Street, we are too breathless to see the quiet sky. And so we turn to the Watchers on the heights. Does the path follow the Star?

● There would be no Christmas without the children! For a little girl's Christmas there is a charming book, "Down the Colorado," by a Lone Girl Scout. Mary Remsen North, at eleven, was the first girl to go down the Colorado River. I think I shall send that book to a little crippled girl, that she may learn the joy of vicarious adventuring. Putnam and Sons have published a long list of true adventure stories by boys and girls,—by Bob North, by Deric Nusbaum, by David Putnam, and others; and if I were a child, I think they would give me a greater "kick" than any amount of make-believe!

"Hitty; Her First Hundred Years," by Rachel Field, was this year awarded the Frederick Melcher medal for "the year's most distinguished contribution to American literature for boys and girls." It is the ideal gift for the little girl who still plays with dolls. "The Pointed People," also by Rachel Field, has little songs and little silhouettes which "remind one of washed, smiling, small face, its mouth wide open to tell you marvelous things."

There is a small green book, "A Calendar of Garden Jingles," by Helen Lyman, one of our City Club members. The author calls it "A garden guide for every clime; all of it's reason, and some of it, rhyme!" For East and West, for every month in the year, she gives rhymed instructions, and the little book would be a useful pocket-companion for the ardent gardener, be she little child, or child of an older growth.

Westward has brought out an attractively modest book of verse by Harirse Dibblee. Its content shows a keen sensitiveness to color and sound. There is Western atmosphere, musically set; as in "Beyond," "One," "Crown Enough" and "By Their Fruits," there is a philosophy which one goes back to re-read. As so, for "Merry Christmas!", I'll quote:

"A little nearer to the stars!
We have not quite so far to pray
As yesterday." . . .
"There is confusion in the books I read
Beauty is set with beauty opposite,
And what is real and what is wrong
right
Seems to be measured by the reader's
need." . . .
"I know that there is one and only One
Thought, substance, element or dream
One power, and I am of it,—it is me,—
And when my first ten million years are
done
It all will be as simple as we seem
When we would diagram eternity."

hen Christmas Comes

—MRS. A. E. MANN

Magazine of American Women's Club, London)

If you wish to keep warm the memory of the old Yule fire, choose the rst and driest log of ash you can find. is said that the newly born Christ d was first bathed by the warmth of h fire, and so from time immemorial eYule log of ash has been chosen, at a in the rural districts of England, in erence to the oak.

prepare the Yule fire—have your ah clean and cold, then put the log i place on top of a few pine kindlings. h the sun goes down, light the fire. heDruid priests set fire to their Yule e ith an ember from the sacred per- tu fire which they guarded carefully. Isome parts of England, ale is served sn as the log is on fire, and drinking th order of the evening until the log alost burned away, when what remains re ed, and when cold stowed away in bo so that it can be used for kindling he the next Yule log is ready to light. Herrick, in the *Hesperides*, refers to is stom so:

ome bring with a noise
y merrie, merrie boys
he Christmas log to the firing,
hile my good dame she
ds ye all be free
nd drink to your heart's desiring.
ith the last year's brand
ght the new block;
nd your psalteries play
hat sweet luck may
me while the log is spending.

Nonatter whether you want the reaind of the Yule log for kindling next ar's g or not, treasure it carefully. For aditi has it that it will not only save ur me from fire, but guarantee you od l k till Christmas comes again.

Wh the wild Norsemen drank wassail the Sun God's feast they lighted rches rom the fire of the sacred Yule g, ar waved them over the viands to opiti e the Sun God and scare away il spi ts.

Rou the plum pudding clings many supe ition. It is far more lucky when ough lighted to the table. The firing the andy is really a relic of an oldne ob tion.

The odern holly sprig which crowns e pu ling should really be a little reath-symbolical of Christ's crown of orns. very thorn is supposed to reprent so pain or piece of ill-luck that ould b escaped in the ensuing year if s shad were nailed to the pudding. he thes were believed to catch these adowsand by impalling them on the uddinghey rendered their power void.

In ma ing the pudding thirteen eggs was the number invariably used in olden times, being symbolical of Christ and His Twelve Apostles. Carrots had also to be added, because Christ was born in a stable and carrots represented the food for cattle.

A few old-world legends are still peculiar to Christmas. We are told in England that the fowls know when it is here —the cocks crowing at midnight for three weeks before the festal day to warn off evil spirits; and that an apple given to a Christmas guest is a sure specific against illness during the coming year. It should never be refused, and should be eaten when received, the peel being consigned to the Yule fire. A mince-pie means a happy month, so as many mince-pies should be eaten as possible to ensure a goodly number of happy months. Then a slice of Christmas cake laid under the pillow is supposed to bring happy dreams of one's lover, while a sprig of mistletoe is another excellent mascot.

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Perfect for dining and dancing and even more formal occasions! Perfect because of its graceful detachable cape, its jeweled buckle, the lovely lines of its flaring skirt. Reproduced in double thread Alencon lace, in pink, black and turquoise, sizes 14 to 42. . . $59.50

One of the most successful of the moderately priced replicos for which Hale Bros. French Room is noted.

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Ye Olde Christmas Fayre

—DOLLY VARDEN

● In the brave days of old, when the barons and knights kept open house, and "for a fortnight and upwards nothing was heard of but revelry and fasting," no Christmas banquet was complete without the presence of a boar's head, resting firmly on its neck in a gold or silver platter. Usually a rosy-cheeked apple peered out of its mouth, and sprigs of rosemary not only bloomed in its ears but wreathed its neck. As some old lines have it:

At Christmas-time—
Then if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread;
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst these thundering spears an orange place;
Sauce, like himself, offensive to its foes,
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose;
Sack, and the well-spiced Hippocras the wine.
Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine.

But today no boar's head adorns the Christmas feasts. Reserved it is for famous banquets. The roasted swan also, which used to keep it company, is no longer seen on our Yuletide tables, perhaps because it is under the protection of the British King. As for the "Peacockes in their Pryde"—they too have stopped gracing the festive board. No modern housewife is hardened enough to have a peacock, even if she could get one, which I doubt, skinned and the plumage removed along with the skin—all but that on the head—even to keep up a custom of ancient times.

No, times change, though old customs die hard, and gone together with the once familiar boar's head, which used to b borne by the sacred hands of the carve to the banqueting-hall at the head of th procession of "nobles, knights, and fai ladyes," heralded by a "jubilant flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by strain of merry minstrelsy," to the singing o "The Boar's Head Chant," are not only the peacocks with their gilded beaks and tails, but the possets, subtleties and tansys

You seldom even hear of anyone en joying wassail bowl any more; and how many can tell you what snapdragon is?

Plum pottage, mother of the modern plum pudding, and one and the same, think, with "Viande Ardente," was mad of "chopped raisins, currants, prunes, figs spices, candied peels, and bruised wheat milk, butter, and eggs." Let me give you modern version of plum pottage and a old recipe for mincemeat. Away back i the fifteenth century mince-pies were pop ular, as the following lines reveal:

Let Christmas boast her customary trea
A mixture strange of suet, currants, mea
Where various tastes combine, the greas
and the sweet.

In the fifteenth century they were reall mutton pies. Towards the end of the si teenth century mutton gave place to neat tongues in their filling.

▲ ▲ ▲

Trees, Too

—HUGH BROW

I was a tree.
Years ago all
The fire of Youth
Burned within me,
And was sung in
One constant prayer—
To be loved and admired
By Man.

Each day I stretched
Up and forth.
Every bit of growth went into
Stronger, firmer limbs.
And all of me that was
Creative and artistic
Bent ever to the
Development of
Greater beauty,
More graceful lines,
More pleasing symmetry.

Now, I am a pile.
Sombre, naked, ugly, powerful.
Driven in the mud,
I hold on my shoulders
Man's throbbing structures.

I am not loved by Man,
But I am serving Man.

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ublic Health in the arFrancisco Schools

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.
Public Health Editor

I. Control of contagious diseases is the rst point of contact of the school ith public health.

I. Control of attendance as much of ur public school budget comes from tate taxes, and this is based on at- ndance.

I. Helping to the normal of the physi- lly and mentally low grading chil- en, by physical examination and rrection of defects.

V. eaching health to all the children.

Te City Board of Health appoints al delegates the doctors and nurses the chools. The San Francisco nurses e registered trained nurses and they are quire to take public health nursing urse at the University. They teach iso- ion f contagious disease and see the sent ildren in the home. Many lessons diet id health are taught the homes by se v ts.

The hysical examination two or three nes the grades, and repeated in the yea of high school, sifts out the roni lly handicapped children for rther tudy by their own physicians or clini or at the lung or heart clinic of e schl. These children are well enough go t school, but their condition will hanc apped if abused by over-athletics. hile tdied and taught they will attain f-supporting efficiency. Some are crip- d by uberculosis and are losing the ance recover while being kept in ool undiagnosed because of the lack of ecial best study. The San Francisco uberc sis Association has given our ildren his lung study for three years. he Asciation of University Women has equipped and managed the heart clinic during this past year, thus the community supplements the schools. Physical training has gone far in our schools. Good posture, setting up exercises and large group play are all emphasized and this department cooperates with the special health work most intelligently.

In teaching health to all the children, we have done something spasmodically. *Why not more?* The answer is we spend two cents per capita, while Los Angeles spends 12.6 cents on health work in the schools.

The school health program is one of the growing parts of our school program. Since 1923, under Mr. Gwinn's superintendency and the present charter amendment, the physical equipment of our schools has raced forward. Fifty new and beautiful school buildings have been erected; the modern system of grading has been adopted and junior and senior high schools built; our teachers are appointed and advanced on equipment and additional work. What we had in personnel in 1923 has been stimulated to develop and the 46 teachers who have come into the system, not born in California, have credentials we need in our staff. Our Board and our Superintendent have helped growth along all lines, so that now from being the least efficient public school system in the United States in 1921, we have risen to leadership. Healthy and wise, our children have the chance to be. How wealthy depends on their individual application of what we are giving them.

Detail of Library, City Club

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Merry Christmas, everybody!

It is good to be alive this glad holiday season for the air tingles in anticipation of the joyous days when we again commemorate His birthday. This year, more than usual we need His spirit to guide us in assisting the less fortunate onto the path of normalcy. Let's share our feast with them. Open our homes as well as our hearts to those who need us. In this way we will truly show our homage to Him and not have the twenty-fifth a day when we merely exchange gifts. If you can not entertain, at least pack a basket of goodies for some mother and her hungry kiddies. It will be very welcome, you may be sure.

Holiday tables vary little from last year, though more colored damask is seen, while silks, georgettes and laces are confined to strictly formal affairs. Any color scheme may be chosen, using the pastel shades of damask for the table covering, with pewter, or silver; clear or colored crystal and decorated or plain china. Red and white in linen and crystal, combined with white china, red candles and crystal ornaments make a lovely setting for the feast. While an all-white table, arranged with a centerpiece depicting a snow scene, utilizing clear crystal, silver and undecorated china on a damask cloth would be quite wintry. Tall white tapers in silver or crystal holders could furnish the illumination, if you wish. A great bowl or basket filled with bright colored fruits and vegetables would harmonize with any color scheme and is very attractive with the white damask and decorated china fou in the average home.

As food is paramount to the feast, it wise to plan ahead. Then order such su plies as bottled olives and pickles a salted nuts, if the freshly roasted are n available. Boxed crackers, cheese and ca ned ripe olives; plum pudding, in t small, or individual size up to one wh will serve six should be ready for inst use as some may not care for ice cream mince pie and the cans requiring bu short time to heat, with a little sauce splendid for emergency desserts, while olives and crackers supplement the le over meals, as well as being on the din menu.

Cooking enough for two meals is ad able. That eliminates extra work for homemaker without help. The dinner Christmas Eve could supply the vegetal to be used in a combination salad for Christmas night light supper. Suffici dough could be made up to serve bisc for the evening meal as well as breakf Cut and place on pan ready to pop i the oven the first thing in the morni They keep well in a good refrigerator. sure to make the dressing the day bef Store that also in the refrigerator in covered dish. It is best not to stuff turkey or goose until a short time bef roasting—though some do.

Many serve the same foods at Chr mas and Thanksgiving as turkey is po lar, but if other meat is desired, the baked ham, a goose or young pig wo be delectable. A change of accompany foods is desirable though, as these m are rich and require more greens and starches.

These menus offer a choice of elabo or simple combination:

Caviar Canapes
Celery Hearts Pimolas
Hot or Iced Bouillon
Creamed Mushrooms
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing
Potatoes Buttered Asparag
Gravy Cranberry Sauce
Lime Sherbet
Hearts Lettuce, French Dressing
Plum Pudding Coffee
Mints Salted Nuts
Fruit

For a simple family dinner:

Celery Curls Ripe Olives
Oyster Cocktail
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressin
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Cranberry Ice
Endive Salad Cheese Dressin
Mince Pie Coffee
Fruits, Nuts, Raisins

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g ne guests, serving the salad with the
ea

Ripe Olives Celery
Homemade Relish
Molded Fruit Salad
Roast Turkey, Plain Dressing
Gravy Cranberry Jelly
Potatoes String Beans
Plum Pudding, Lemon Sauce
Cheese, Wafers, Coffee
Nuts, Fruit, Raisins

Fi cocktails are delicious appetizers.
yst s, shrimps, or crab meat alone or
cmbination in a tangy sauce blend
ell ith a roast goose or young pig din-
r:

Fish Cocktail, Wafers
Celery Hearts Olives
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing
(Roast Pig)
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Spiced Beets
Apple Sauce Gravy
Fruit Salad
e Cream, Fruit Cake, Coffee
Candies Nuts

Tar ducks may be substituted if the
unte s unsuccessful as either type serve
cely or a holiday dinner

Red Apple Cocktail
Relish Radishes
Clery Curls Salted Nuts
lear Bouillon Crackers
Roa Tame Ducks, Orange Stuffing
(Wil Ducks, Celery-Onion Stuffing)
WilRice Candied Swet Potatoes
Molded Grapefruit Salad
Fim Pudding Ice Cream
Fruit Coffee

For baked ham—smoked, corned or
resh—inner:

molas Celery Hearts
Cream of Tomato Soup
Cster Cocktails Wafers
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Roast Ham
Bked Apples Cole Slaw
Pm Pudding Mince Pie
Coffee Fruit

Recis for making most of the sug-
ested dhes have been published in these
ages, t as they are often mislaid, they
ill be inted again. The first, a molded
lad is uitable for all dinners and may
e mad with fruit, fish or vegetables.

Stanard Molded Salad: To serve
velve: oak two level tablespoons of gel-
tine in one cup of cold water for five
minutes hen dissolve by adding two cups
f boilin water and stir until dissolved or
ear. Nxt add three-fourths cup of
igar an stir until dissolved. Then add
ne teas on of salt and one-half cup of
mon jce (or vinegar for fish). Set
side un mixture thickens, then add two
ups of iced fruit, minced or chopped vegetables, or flaked fish and chopped celery. Turn into one large or twelve small molds which have first been rinsed with cold water. If canned fruit is used, reduce the amount of sugar and substitute the drained syrup for water called for. The amount of vegetables or fruit may vary, using more or less to suit your convenience.

Fish Cocktail Sauce: To serve twelve: Mix two cups of tomato catsup, with six tablespoons of lemon juice, two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce and about twelve drops of tobasco sauce, salt to suit taste, a grating of horseradish and two tablespoons minced celery or pickles. If using the small Olympias—allow fifteen for each cocktail, with six Eastern oysters if the larger variety are preferred and shrimps or flaked crabmeat to suit.

To Make a Cranberry Frappe: Cook one quart of picked-over and well-washed berries in two cups of water for eight minutes; strain and add two cups of granulated sugar and bring to boiling point. Then set aside to cool. Next add the juice of two lemons and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of rock salt and ice; or turn into freezing tray of electric refrigerator for three hours, stirring occasionally.

To Cook Wild Ducks: Have ducks cleaned, picked and singed; then wash thoroughly. Next wipe dry, season and stuff with one peeled onion and two stalks of celery. With toothpicks, skewer a strip of salt pork over the breast. Place in skillet or roasting pan and cook in a hot oven (about 460 degrees) from sixteen to forty minutes, depending upon taste. Some prefer wild ducks just heated through, others well done. Remove stuffing before serving.

To Cook Tame Ducks: Pick, singe, wash thoroughly, then dry. Sprinkle with

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salt and pepper, dredge with flour and roast from thirty minutes to an hour or more, depending upon size. They are rarely stuffed with a bread dressing, but it is permissable if desired—otherwise use the onion and celery or half an apple. Baste every ten minutes while cooking and if the ducks are large it is best to reduce the heat after the first fifteen minutes.

For a Roast Goose: Choose one about four months old. Singe, wash and draw (if not cleaned by butcher). Wash thoroughly inside, dry, then stuff with a potato dressing. Do not overfill as the stuffing expands in cooking. Sew the openings if you do not have skewers. Bake in a hot oven for forty-five minutes and if the fowl is not fat, place a strip of salt pork on the breast. At the end of that time, remove the fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and return to oven—allowing twenty minutes to the pound. While cooking pour off the grease from the pan, add it to one cup of boiling water and use it to baste the fowl every ten minutes, if you use an uncovered pan —otherwise after searing, reset the dial, cover and it will brown evenly without further attention.

For a Potato Stuffing: Combine two cups of hot mashed potatoes with one cup of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, an eighth of a teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon of sage, two tablespoons of onion juice, and four tablespoons of melted butter.

Mincemeat requires a great deal of work, so the busy woman usually buys it prepared—in bulk or canned—and if she is not a good pastry maker it is advisable to purchase the pies. Those made in t Club's kitchen are delicious and will he to solve your holiday dessert proble Plum pudding is another lengthy proc and there are delectable varieties to had in cans. Then by making a lem sauce, with a small quantity of hard sa to decorate each serving, it takes bu short time to have the holiday sweet the table. Perhaps you will need the sa recipes:

To Make Lemon Sauce: Mix o half cup of granulated sugar, one tal spoon of cornstarch and one-eighth t spoon of salt together. Very slowly a one cup of boiling water, while constar stirring and let cook until mixture cle or about five minutes. Remove from and add two tablespoons each of lem juice and butter. Serve while hot c plum or other puddings.

To Prepare Hard Sauce: Cream c half cup of butter, add gradually one of powdered sugar and beat until li Flavor with vanilla, or brandy season If preparing a large quantity make in portion of two of sugar to one of bu with flavoring to suit taste.

▲ ▲ ▲

Rain in California

December rain comes bouncing dow
A messenger
On errand bent.
It dashes wildly through the town,
Glad harbinger
Of rich intent.

And, promise-laden, o'er the fields
A-scurrying round
In earnest quest
Of gardens, orchards, vineyards, it y
To thirsty ground
Its urgent best.

And when its cheering, welcome dre
Fall lavishly,
We change our theme
From lack to million-dollar crops,
Exultantly,
Assured our dream.

Oh, spring-tide glory with its bloom
Oh, summer crowned
With promise won,
When bounteously the months assun
A rhythmic round
Of fruitage run!

"What honor to the rain?" some say
In scorn to me,
"You irrigate."
E'en so, we hail kind Nature's way;
Its gift is free,
Its bounty, great.

—IDA CAPEN FL

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Why We Forget

—DR. SAMUEL P. HAYES
Professor of Psychology, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Why We Forget" is a very practical problem. It may make us great trouble ome or at school, and it is very easy to i:o the common excuse of saying , forgot," as though that were an exa on and a sufficient reason for our vr. I am going to try to explain *why* fo;et, calling to my help some facts n ysiology, from the "wish theory" sychology, and from the work of exn tal psychologists.

he: is certainly some difference in naab ty. Some people are born with betne ories, they more readily retain all c unconnected ideas. We have all wneople who without effort remembelephone numbers, addresses, names, Tire are cases on record of people wild hear a long sermon, and then od e it word for word; but such cases un ual. At the other extreme there occional people who can remember litle of what they hear or read. Fortel such deficient memories are rare ng eople in good health. Just what e pysical basis for the difference ben rse who remember and those who ot member is not entirely clear, but sioloists tell us that it is somehow nect l with differences in the nervous em. We do know that this power gradv develops from early childhood until urit and that in old age we have less lesability to remember. In certain ases specially those affecting the ner s sys m, we are unable to remember. far our measurements have gone it ld sm that the blind are somewhat erior o the seeing in general power of ntiveess.) The probability is that most s are fairly endowed with this ability, if we forget we must seek the explanaelsenere than in physiology.

he 'ish theory" of psychology exns forgetting by asserting that we *do want* o remember. We are constantly ing pasure and avoiding the disagree-. If thing is pleasant we remember f it i connected with painful or unsant ents, we forget it. Let me illuse with number of types of forgetting. ofter forget to do things that we are d to o. Someone asks me to mail a r wh I go to town, and when I re the ter is still in my pocket. Why I forg? What motive could there be? ll, perhaps I did not wish to be both with n errand, or felt it beneath my nity to ake orders from someone else; haps tire was in the letter a message id not vish to have sent; perhaps it tained check that I did not want to with! We seldom forget to mail our bills or our love letters. A boy is sent on an errand, and goes fishing or swimming instead. Why did he forget his errand? In order to remember an errand one must keep in mind the thing to be done. Now suppose after the boy has gone a little way from home he sees some other boys fishing. The idea of fishing thus occurs to him and presently it completely absorbs his attention so that the other idea slips out of mind entirely. In many cases of this sort the explanation is quite plain if we can discover what idea has taken the place of the original one. People who repeatedly and constantly forget are often called "absent-minded." This is a poor explanation. What is *absent* is the willingness and desire to do something for others. Their *minds* are present but are filled with their own interests. They are thinking about things that they want and not what someone else wants. You have doubtless heard of the Scotch professor who went upstairs to dress for a reception and got into bed, instead. Having begun the process of undressing, this apparently became the main idea in his mind and he completed the process; but surely he had not kept in mind the interests or pleasure of his wife or her guests. If we would call "absent-minded" people "selfish," as they really are, they would not so readily offer such an excuse for their unsocial behavior.

Forgetting names illustrates the wish theory equally well. What names do we forget? Certainly they are frequently names of people we dislike, or who remind us of something unpleasant. It has often been reported that people are quite liable to forget anyone who has the same name that they themselves bear. It is apparently

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unpleasant for them to share their name with another person; it hurts the ego and so they try to forget the name. The story is told of a stenographer who constantly dropped the letter "s." Her employer, being familiar with the wish theory, called her in and asked her whom she was trying to forget whose name began with "s," and in considerable embarrassment she explained that she had had a disagreement with a friend by the name of Smith and was trying to forget him.

Slips of speech also illustrate the theory and are similar to forgetting in that we say the wrong thing instead of the right thing. If you ask someone to go out with you or to dine with you and he makes a stammering reply that is not very clear, you may be pretty sure that he does not wish to go with you and yet does not quite like to hurt your feelings by a direct refusal. A story is told of a woman who was given the telephone number 1740 and advised to write it down so she would not forget it. She looked at the number a moment and then said: "I shall not forget that; 17 is what I am not, and 40 is what I am sorry I am." The next day she needed to use the telephone number and gave 1704. She hated to mention the 40 and therefore forgot it! When John makes love to Mary and calls her Ethel, it is time for Mary to make an investigation. Darwin tells us that he made it a "golden rule" always to record carefully every fact in opposition to his theories. He felt sure that he would remember the facts which supported his theory, but that those which were opposed would probably be forgotten.

Losing articles is a similar illustration of the working of the wish theory. We never lose what we like to have around. Why are we constantly losing umbrellas and rubbers? Because most of us heartily dislike to bother with an umbrella or to have the discomfort of wearing rubbers, and by losing them we get rid of them. Sometimes we leave one of our possessions in a place where we are calling because we would like to have an excuse for going there again. We often lose things when we no longer feel in a friendly mood toward the person who gave them to us; by losing their gifts we may perhaps be able to forget *them*. Many cases are on record of children losing or breaking their toys shortly before a birthday. They want an excuse for new ones.

But even if we have a fair native memory and do wish to remember, there are various methods suggested by experimental psychology which will make our memory surer and easier to use. In the first place, I would stress the *intention* to remember. We have many illustrations of the inaccuracy of what is called "incidental" memory. When something happens in which we have no particular interest we are much less likely to remember the details than when we go prepared to notice everything, and report upon it. Many people cannot tell how many buttons they have on their coats or what shoe they put on first when dressing, and have to start the process of dressing in order to be sure.

We need *time* to make memory permanent. There is some process which goes on in the nervous system which seems to require an interval before it is complete, and if we do not allow the interval for this "setting" process, our memory is ver unreliable. When I was making an outlin for this talk the other night my wife wh had gone up to bed first called down as ing me to bring up a glass when I cam I said "Certainly" and went on with m work. About half an hour later I went u stairs *without* the glass. I am sure many you have had just this sort of experien and have wondered why you did not r member. In this case I conclude it was b cause my mind was on my work and I d not turn it completely to the errand that when the errand was suggested t idea did not have time to sink down a "set" in the nervous system before turned back again to my work. In prom ing to do a thing one should always w for a brief interval to be sure that the id has taken root.

Active participation is another of t rules for an efficient memory. If one wis to learn a poem, active reading aloud he greatly in learning. After reading part a chapter or paragraph it is a great h in retaining the thoughts if one summar the section aloud as though explaining to somebody else. Many persons in giv instructions to children, especially if th are several items, ask the children to peat just what they are to do. Actually s ing over the instructions themselves ma the memory more clear and permanent is often quite a help actually to pict oneself doing the thing requested. Supp I am asked to go to a certain store, to t the elevator to the second floor, turn to left and go to a specific counter, I much surer to remember the errand an do it exactly, if when the instructions given I picture to myself just how it wo look and feel to enter that particular bu ing, go up the elevator, and make turn.

Another help in making memory manent is through the formation of l *cal* or *mechanical associations*. Things understand are much easier to remem and if we connect the new material what we already know, we can retai much better. There are also various m ory devices for assisting us, especially ir retention of detached items. Probably are all familiar with the poems about kings of England, "Thirty days hath tember," etc. One author reports th learning a speech, it is very excellen vice to locate the points or parts of speech in different parts of the room, ing one corner, we will say, for the point, another corner for the second p etc. When one presents the speech may then face these different parts o room in order and the different par the speech will come to mind. But d be misled into paying money for "me systems" such as are commonly adve in the magazines. Many of the d

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mended are more trouble than they
rth, and few systems give you any-
more than just such hints as I have
suggested. No memory system can
e native retentiveness although
appear to claim this power of de-
g memory itself. As an illustration
oractical use of these different hints,
take a situation which is very com-
th all of us. How can I remember
he names of the people to whom I
troduced? First, I must *intend* to
l he name; I must not assume that I
memory for names and give it up
start. And in order to *recall* it I
sist upon *hearing* it. If the name is
d or not clearly pronounced, it is
yberfectly proper to say "I did not
tl name clearly." One cannot expect
nmber a thing that has not been
lyeard. *Active participation* may be
tred by speaking the name. If I can
ag to use the person's name the first
I peak to him I shall probably re-
bé it, both because I shall hear it
n d because saying a thing yourself
the permanence of the memory. If
n ao *associate* the name with that of
e ver person I have known the mem-
of ie will help in the memory of an-
r, d some people suggest that one
of n get great help by associating a
on name with some object or ani-
Th e are people who look like a rab-
r a h, or who remind one of a baker,
ach , or a business man. Any such
ciatn gives meaning to the name and
efor helps us to retain it.

nall I must *trust* my memory. Fear
lyzeand often times makes it impos-
for s to recall things that seem close
and. Stage fright" and fear of exam-
ions oth illustrate the effect of an
tion pon the memory process. No
ter hw well we may know a speech or
bjec our memory will refuse to de-
it if e are in the grip of an emotion.
are much the same condition as an
mob with too rich a gasoline mix-
. Th parts are all there and there is
oline ough in the tank, but we can-
get p ver to climb a hill. Under stress
mon too much energy is released
it ov flows into the wrong channels.
flush nd twist and worry and our at-
ion is istracted from our ideas to our
ted, tmbling bodies. Learn your les-
well, d then calmly trust your mem-
It w work best when undisturbed
motio

I forg" is never an excuse. We must
ain w we forgot, and in most cases
real rson is not very creditable. We
certai y remember very much better
n we c Given a fair native memory
the w to remember there is then no
on lef for forgetting except laziness
nwilli ness to use the best methods
ememl ring.

League Shop Manager

Mrs. Helen Martin has recently become Manager of the League Shop. Mrs. Martin comes to the Club with several years Gift Shop experience and has many new ideas which she is going to develop immediately after the holidays. If you have not seen the supply of Christmas cards it will be worth your while to stop and examine them, for there are some very unusual and attractive ones and all are very reasonably priced.

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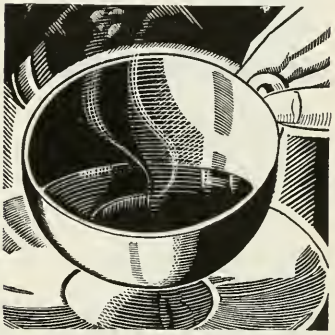
Responding to a call from the Citizens' Unemployment Committee, the City Club has pledged assistance within its power. The Club will receive old clothing, men's, women's or children's, which will be worked over, repaired if necessary, by women employed for that purpose. Thus the worn garments serve two purposes: they clothe the needy and provide employment for women who otherwise would have no employment.



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Through Lands of Long Ago

—FRANK MANNIX

● Cathedrals whose ages are computed in centuries, pavements compounded of huge slabs of stone over which ox-carts trundle unendingly, noble homes displaying flashes of exquisite patios, gleaming in multicolored tiles, bits of heedless poverty in a climate that seems to put a premium on shiftlessness, the whole spread with the soft colors of the tropics, the many hued greens splashed with brilliant reds and purples—and you have the lure of 'The Lands of Long Ago."

Sailing down the Coast from California ports to the Canal one literally sails back into forgotten centuries. The customs of life are much the same as they were five hundred years ago. The architecture is the work of men who have long been dust. Most of it is faithful to standards they brought from Europe when they trailed the Conquistadores shortly after Columbus first set foot in the western hemisphere. The Indian building is a compromise between ancient custom and the ideas of the white man. Palm fronds form their roofs and protect from tropic showers as they did hundreds of years ago. They have found the white man's boards more convenient for side walls, however, but instead of placing them edge to edge, they allow openings of a couple of inches between each board that air circulation may moderate tropic heat.

In Guatemala, Indian customs predominate almost exclusively. To see a Guatemalan woman without a burden on her head is a rare sight indeed. In native baskets, swinging along with easy strides, they carry everything from loads of live chickens to the family laundry. They may be accompanied by the head of the house, but if so, he goes along, his hands in his pockets and a black cigarette in his lips, seemingly content to lend nothing more than his presence. The laundry is washed at lavanderias. The word is pretty if the place it describes is not. A lavanderia is simply a bend in a stream where a couple of flat rocks have been piled. The clothes are alternately dipped and pounded on the rocks, until presumably in despair the give up their grime. This of course applies only to the Indians. In Guatemala and elsewhere, in Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica there are cities as fine as any in the United States, with all the customs and conveniences of modern times.

The two days the Panama Mail Steamship Company allows its passengers in the Canal Zone is one of the big features of the trip. On the Pacific side, Panama and Balboa make up what is practically one city, yet Panama is a bit of Spain and Balboa is a section of the United States. One wanders the hills of Balboa and visualizes the emotions of the man from whom drew its name when he first set eyes on the Pacific. Wide-porched buildings, draped in tropic vines spread over Ancon Heights a section of Balboa. In a jiffy you can in Panama City where again one encounters Spanish architecture, narrow streets and all the atmosphere of Old Spain. Delightful shops are everywhere, offering treasures gathered from all over the world. Goods from the Orient shoulder exquisite articles from Europe. One gasps in amazement at the prices. They are mere fractions of prices one pays at home.

From Panama, your liner starts through the Canal and emerges at Colon on the Atlantic side. You have another excursion visit ashore, contrasting the old and the new again in Colon and Cristobal, the former the old city under the Panamanian Government and Cristobal on United States

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territory. Yet to all intents and purposes they are one city. From Colon you go on to Colombia at the northermost tip of South America. Cartagena sacked five times by pirate gangs is your first port of call. It is rich in drapings of the past. Old forts, old cathedrals, old streets are in no whit changed from three hundred years ago. You go through tunnels trod by Spanish soldiers running to the defense of their beloved City when the "jolly roger" of Sir Francis Drake appeared off Boca Grande and your imagination repaints for you the stirring scenes that must have been enacted those many years ago when civilization was obtaining its first foothold in the New World.

The trip through the Caribbean is really worth the whole voyage. You're sailing the identical waters Columbus sailed, thrilling to exquisite cloud formations, contemplating water bluer than any blue you can imagine. A few days of this and you are off the Cuban Coast, all excited over the prospect of landing in Havana in the morning. And Havana exceeds all expectations. The past and the present have fused to form a city lovely as some wonderful dream. You walk where Cortez walked, see the battlements he constructed with thousands of slaves brought from Africa. Morro Castle still stands guard at the harbor entrance, but there is something ominous about its graceful beauty when your memory recalls the dreadful dungeons below it, carved out of the solid rock. In those dungeons the brave men who fought for Cuba's liberty were confined, many of them for years. But you turn from the past and its cruelties to the beauty of the present as you drive along the Malecon, the delightful boulevard constructed since Cuban independence.

It winds along the sea front in gracious curves and you thrill when your driver tells you that credit for its construction goes to General Leonard Wood of the United States Army, who was military governor of Cuba immediately following the Spanish-American war. Grateful Cuba passed a law paying the General's widow $500 a month in appreciation of his services.

Leaving Havana, the ship heads for New York, and the end of the voyage. You skirt the coast of Florida, see the lights of several cities and bright and early one morning you are off the New York lightship and watching the pilot boat bearing down, bringing your pilot to definitely close an absorbing episode. From California to New York on the Panama Mail is truly a trip through "The Lands of Long Ago."

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Lillian May Ehrman, premiere danseuse, with a modern ballet of forty, under the direction of Miss Betty Horst, will appear on Wednesday evening, January 14. This will be the first time that the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will interpret a complete ballet. Mishel Piastro, concert master of the orchestra, will be the conductor on this occasion.

On Wednesday evening, February 11, Vladimir Horowitz, the extraordinary Russian pianist, will make his appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Issay Dobrowen, conductor. This brilliant young artist created a sensation in San Francisco last season attracting four crowded houses—three with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and one at his own concert.

It is impossible to hear such world renowned artists, together with a complete symphony orchestra, under the direction of conductors of high rank, and one of the concerts a ballet and another a chorus of four hundred trained voices, at prices such as the City of San Francisco offers. In other music centers the public pays three times as much for concerts of such an artistic character.

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Home-ing

There is, or should be, a vast difference between a housing bureau and a home-ing bureau. The Girls' and Women's Housing (so-called) Bureau, one of the interesting tenants, in Room 214, City Club, has developed, much to its own astonishment, into a Home-ing Bureau.

No longer is it enough to find houses for the houseless,—boarding, private or apartment,—now the Bureau is asked to find congenial partners to share these rooms or apartments, or housekeeping rooms. "Must be fair-minded, about my own age, educated at least as well as I," and so on, with specifications. In this way, the home-ing begins, for after all, it takes more than one to make a home.

Women with apartments to share, and women wishing to share apartments are finding in the Housing Bureau an effective clearing house and meeting place. Each month, sixty or seventy people apply for information or advice concerning their living problems, and between seventy and eighty people list rooms and apartments. Each month, the Bureau becomes more accurately informed as to the housing situation in San Francisco, and, therefore, better able to be of service.

Any business woman is welcome. Information regarding living quarters is free.

▲ ▲ ▲

"The Needful Creed"

—LADY BYRON,
in E. Barrington's "Glorious Apollo"

I am no lover of creeds. They seem to me the prisons of the soul, which sits locked behind them so fettered that it can not even long for free air. But just as naturally as wings grow feathered on the bird, so if one reflects and loves, I believe the needful creed for oneself comes to one quite naturally and simply and wings the soul. Mine is not drawn from any book, except in the sense that all one has read and knows sinks into the heart and tinges thought, just as the falling leaves of many trees make a rich soil for the growth of other plants.

I believe most firmly in the innate goodness of mankind. If men and women could see themselves as they are, there would be no failures in goodness. But we falsify ourselves by believing in wickedness until goodness escapes us and we are left in our miserable illusion.

▲ ▲ ▲

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Black winds hanging like a mask across the moon!
(God's strength to all souls who cross the lonely moor.)
As I put work aside to be sleeping soon
The rain strikes the dull panes and struggles with the door.

Content drives me bedward, for walls and roof are strong,
The cows are bedded warmly, the wheat's safe in sheaves,
The wind is racing skyward to drive the moon along,
And babes are sleeping soundly in their cots below the eaves.

Ashes hide the embers from the drowsy, happy cats,
I could call the tabbies and, easy as a breath,
Stop a mouse that's nibbling at my storeroom's heaping vats!
But the night at the windows is deep and black as death.

I know all man may gather's but a patch against the cold!
Eternity is pressing on our safe, contented house,
While there's enough for sharing, before I'm poor and old,
Why should I not play hostess to a small, contented mouse?

—EVELYN WELLS

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AGAZINE

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To You . . .

who want to know more about Pacific Coast schools, this Directory will prove of inestimable value. Each month you will find seasonal as well as year-round schools represented in these pages—and whether you wish to find a school specializing in art, music or languges—a private or business school — we believe a glance through this Directory each month will repay you.

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We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JANUARY 1, 1931

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.
Conversational Class—Friday Morning, January 9, 11 o'clock, Board Room.
Conversational Class—Monday Afternoon, January 12, 2:00 o'clock, American Room.
Theory Class—Monday Night, January 12, 6:00 o'clock, Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Tuesday Evening, January 6, 7:30 o'clock, Auditorium.
Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, Director. (Following dates will be posted on Club Bulletin Board.)

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:00 o'clock, Chinese Room.

January 7—Current Events Section Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cloc
7—Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.	*Card Room*	12:00 noon
8—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Marie Withrow. Subject: "Present Musical Taste Abroad."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cloc
9—First Lecture by Dr. Graham H. Stuart Subject: "International City of Tangier—The Key to North Africa." Note: Course tickets $2.50 (five lectures); reserved $3.50; single admission 75c	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cloc
12—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cloc
15—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Kate Vassault. Subject: "Close-ups of Literary Personalities."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cloc
15—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Angel Pavement" by J. B. Priestley.	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'clo
16—Second Lecture by Dr. Graham H. Stuart Subject: "Reparations and the Allied Debts."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clo
19—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clo
21—Bridge Luncheon	*Dining Room*	12:30 o'clo
22—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Bertha Monroe. Subject: "International Affairs."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clo
26—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clo
28—Lecture by Mrs. Jack Vallely Subject: "Current Ideas Through the World of Books." Admission 50c.	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'clo
29—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: John Henry Nash. Subject: "Printing as a Fine Art."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clo
30—Third Lecture by Dr. Graham Stuart Subject: "Limitations of Armament." (Note: The Fourth and Fifth lectures by Dr Stuart will be given on February 13 and 27.)	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'clo

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO

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WHAT is the song you will sing to us, Youngling?
What is the key to the tune?
Will it be major or minor, paen, quickstep or dirge?

WHAT are the things you will bring to us, Youngling?
Will it be famine or boon?
Gauds and nectar and fleshpots, or ashes, hemlock and scourge?

FUTILE it is to beseech you thus, Youngling!
Foolish to hope you will tell.
Ever the future evades us; never the veil will part.

QUESTIONINGS lost in their echoes and empty—
Perhaps it is just as well.
Silence and mystery be it .... But, may it please God, a High Heart.

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

addressing the membership, one takes for granted that te accomplishments of the past are known, and so we say, Wh talk about it?" However, at the beginning of a new year e m be excused for looking backward for a moment while we enerize sufficiently to boast a little that our program for 1930 as hl no failures, to be thankful that in a year of unprecelente economic depression we have kept ourselves solvent, to e ho st enough to say we have accomplished only part of the esser: of things hoped for." Oh yes, we could have done better, ut w do not feel ashamed of what we have done, for the test f suc ss of a group in this modern age is the character develop- nent f the individuals as related to that group, and truly we an sa that as a group the National League for Woman's Serice h gone a long way this last year in friendly companionhip a l in a pulling-together of its membership.

So uch for the past—general you say, not concrete enough. The rorts of committees in March will give the concrete facts, nd af r all, this is but a New Year's Greeting from your Presilent. d the forward face of Janus is the constructive one. Let s the take stock.

We art with a surplus in our treasury sufficient to carry all bligations for the new year which we now enter, provided the ncom of the new year is at least equivalent to that of the year ust gee. We are unified, and less and less are prating democacy, f we are forgetting the artificial barriers which the very vord iplies. We are workers, not dreamers only, as our 1930 Voluner Service record with over 20,000 hours proves. Every lay so e member is discovering for herself that to serve is the nly w to enjoy this particular association and the very purpose o the League is in itself continuously proselyting new tandai-bearers. We are optimistic, for our history for eleven ears sl ws no distressing failures. We are flexible, able to adapt our pr gram to emergencies, not cramped with moss-covered raditic. We are creative, for by our November Festival we ave piven ourselves women of talent. Best of all, we have a ense o humor and do not take ourselves too seriously—a saving grace which carries us through days of hard work together without dissension or critical analysis and saves us from getting too "puffed up" with the compliments while we turn the other cheek for the slams.

This inventory points clearly to the fact that we have more assets than liabilities and therefore because we are healthy, we have a duty ahead. So far we have used the editorial "we"; we now advisedly use the singular pronoun, and I, the member, ask myself, "What is my obligation in this duty ahead?" After some thought I decide that the least I can do is once each month in 1931 to visit my clubhouse for a particular reason which fits best into my own personal program, and to make it my business to read the Club Magazine—the mouthpiece of the new administration—so that I will know what is being done by the Club officially in my name. As President I can ask no finer support for my successor, whoever she may be, than this as a resolution of a united membership. I ask for this support earnestly, for without it all her creative plans will fall short of her dreams, and this is unfair to her.

The leaders of the world are continuously telling us how the present economic condition will be cleared within a month, if as individuals we do this or that, and in many cases the request is as simple as to spend fifteen cents per capita per diem, but we pass this over with the remark, "What good would my paltry fifteen cents do?" There is an old adage about "Many a mickle" which might be quoted here, and further why have we built up organizations of thousands of members if we feel that the units are unimportant? Our egos should rise in protest at such a suggestion! We are all equally important in the scale of things, for leaders presuppose followers and without you personally the Women's City Club is distinctly handicapped. 1931 will be for the Women's City Club of San Francisco what you make it!

I thank you for your more than generous support in 1930 which now allows me safely to boast of our accomplishments together, and I wish you all a Happy New Year with continued and increasing prosperity together.

What I should like to see accomplished in San Francisco in 1931

—HALLIE KEATING

● The bright and shining optimism of a new year always holds a hypnotic fascination, but in this year of 1931 there is a quality brand new to our generation. Faith, hope and charity are entering into our wishes for the coming months more sincerely than have troubled the light-hearted contemporaries for many moons. The turbulent forces and currents of the past year have affected us all, and our hopes and ambitions for 1931 cannot help but be flavored with an altruism deeper than material desires have moved us.

For instance, I asked a frivolous friend what civic improvement she would like to dictate to San Francisco for the coming year, and she said seriously, "More five cent cups of coffee!"

It is not such a bad symbol. It carries the connotation of wider margins for housewives, of a dissipation of the horror of breadlines, and it stands for inexpensive amusements.

I should like to dream that January 1, 1931, would bring a deep-rooted spiritual and social change in San Francisco—an immediate relief of the anxiety we find about us. Nor would it bother me if that change meant a temporary social ostracism of luxury.

It would be a pleasure in such circumstances to see, for instance, $1 silk stockings on the best-dressed of women. Even shorter skirts does not mean sackcloth. It is a startling thing that the displays in shop windows emphasizes the contrast between poverty and comforr so much more definitely this winter than they illustrated in our easiest times. And somehow there is something more objectionable and rather terrible about a "drastic reduction" sale of lace pillows and satin gowns with trains than of tweed sports dresses.

In the list of New Year's resolutions, however, there are others more definitely San Franciscan:

There is the opera house.

There is the bay bridge.

There is the traffic problem, with t proposed "staggered hours," to relie morning and evening congestion.

There are the playground projects.

In the cultural field, there are wish that the Little Theatres will continue prosper; that the stream of interesting v itors to the city will grow in even larg volume—one way; that the programs literary, musical and artistic circles f San Francisco consumption will follow t promise of the past two years.

And in the midst of such weighty re lutions, I find a rather irreverent perso wish for the New Year of 1931—that the miniature golf courses about the c be converted into miniature parks, w benches on the greens and tulips in rough.

▲ ▲ ▲

Bachelors are like that

VOLTAIRE III.

DEAR EDITOR: Now that stocks have reached bed rock, our Christmas shopping bills are on file for payment (we hope before the summer vacation), and H.M. Haile Sellassie has been duly crowned Emperor of Ethiopia, we should be all set to start 1931 afresh with the usual resolutions. For the last week that's all I've been hearing around the house from my sisters, all members of the City Club by the way. Resolutions. One swears she is going to her City Club gym class and swim not less than four times a week and the other vows she is going on her parsnip and egg-plant-juice diet every Monday and Thursday. If the women keep reducing some ingenious man will have to invent a combination scale and cigarette lighter that they can carry around in their purses. However, if you girls ever get as lean as you apparently hope to get, it won't be so bad at that. Two of you will be able to occupy one seat at a movie and four of you will be able to have a bridge game while you are parked in those miniature automobiles that so many funny jokes are written about.

At my club we have a business man's gym class for tired business men to properly tire themselves out before returning home for dinner. And they do. After dinner they fall asleep until wifie wakes them to go to the Jones' for the regular Tuesday night bridge warble. And that's all a married man dreams about after his dinner. "Is it Tuesday, again?" But we bachelors have our troubles too. We don't have anyone to awaken us so we just sleep on but later get reprimanded just the same. It's 50-50 so why get married and why stay single? We men get the blame anyway.

But speaking of bridge. It's a great game provided you don't trump your partner's perfectly good ace or lead from the wrong suit. Every week they print a new book on Contract and if you want to keep upon all the new rules, how in the name of Hoyle has one time to play the game? I admit I play a poor game but once they gave me a break. I was dealt a hand containing a picture card and I got so excited I put it in my pocket for future use and they threw me out of the game. Someone said I was just plain stupid but I know it was nervousness . . . The girls tell me they have a great Bridge Section at the City Club.

Last year was the big miniature golf year here in America. For no apparent reason it seems to be shelled up for the winter, if not for all time. No one believed the interest would wane so quickly. We followed like sheep while it lasted, but who can say we Americans are not good sports? We played the game seriously and those who invested in these colt golf courses and lost, probably had more fun than if they had invested in International Hard Boiled Egg Pitter or Consolidated Harness Clip or even in the Passport Photo Retouching Corporation of Bolivia. But now what is to become of all these pin-head golf courses? They can't possibly be good for anything else save one of the following uses: First—make croquette grounds of them; second—excavate the fairways and fill them in with water and sell rides on floats; third—turn all the flood lights toward the sky and charge beacon light f to passing airplanes; fourth—connect the fairways and stage spectacular ma thon walks over them; fifth—build fen all around the fairways and make an fashioned maze in which to loose yours charging admission; and sixth—straigh out all the fairways to make them use for bowling and on the longer fairw give a prize for fly-casting every hour. course all the golf balls could be dip in a solution and sold for camphor b and the metal part of the golf clubs co easily be melted down and cast into tun forks for off-key radio singers or i piano pedals. The wooden parts of clubs could be pieced together and m into excellent deep sea fishing rods w electric flash attached to attract distres herring and the little starting and refre ment houses could be stocked with sch books, accordions, ash trays, sewing r chine casters, dried strawberries and pa combs which you use once and th away, making them into regular up-to-d drug stores. Those few elaborate cou with open air fire places could com with the city incinerator and those w running streams could stage canoe r during the season. So you see, our fri who invested in pygmy golf courses loose nothing.

Anyway the New Year is here and r of us has it on the other fellow as fa age is concerned and business can't be worse than they say it is, so why w your perfectly good tears. Keep them big laugh.

leport of Nominating Committee, November, 1930

FOR ELECTION JANUARY 12, 1931
(*Second Monday of January*)

The Nominating Committee chosen at the last Board Meeting, submits the following report:

'Our duty consisted in selecting ten members of the Club to s:ve as directors from 1931 to 1934—and they are as follows—
'resent incumbents:

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland.
Miss Marion W. Leale.

Ve are not listing any outside affiliations of the seven other mnbers we bring you, although we might mention services ef iently rendered elsewhere, but will specify the help they have gi:n the National League for Woman's Service.

Miss Jean Boyd: Served in the Defender's Club in the Presi:o during the World War and has given excellent service in vaous lines when called upon; will fill a long felt want in giv-in the Board a Marin County representative.

Iiss Katherine Donohoe: Served efficiently at Menlo Park dung the War. At 333 Kearny Street was a continuous Volunte Chairman of the Decorative Committee and has continued pe odically to render the same service in our present building.

liss Georgia Fenwick: Member since 1923; has lent effici help as a member of the Volunteer Service Committee. Fo ast year has been Chairman of Special Tea Hostesses.

rs. E. L. Grisell, *of Palo Alto*: Has been a member of the Ci Club since 1923; has served on several Committees of Volun:r Service. Interest of Palo Alto people in various Club act ities has been stimulated by Mrs. Grisell, an untiring worker.

lrs. William Palmer Lucas: Was the second President of the National League for Woman's Service, serving in the year 192; Chairman of the Magazine Committee for 1927.

Irs. May F. Riley: Volunteer Service worker in several committees; representative of the business and professional group of t: Club membership.

Iss Margaret Zane: Member since 1923; served two yea as regular Tea Hostess. Miss Zane displayed decided efficiency in supervising the Information Desk during October and November days which led to the Talent Festival.

BALLOT

Election, January 12, 1931

Return this ballot on or before January 12, 1931.

Election of candidates for board of directors the National League for Woman's Service of California, 1931-1934.

The annual election of the board of directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. Monday, January 12, 1931. Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 12.

"Article 8, Constitution and By-laws: There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

Vote for ten.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr. . . . ☐
Miss Jean Boyd . . . . . ☐
Miss Katherine Donohoe . . . . ☐
Miss Georgia Fenwick . . . . . ☐
Mrs. E. L. Grisell . . . . . ☐
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland . . . . ☐
Miss Marion W. Leale . . . . . ☐
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . ☐
Mrs. May F. Riley . . . . . ☐
Miss Margaret Zane . . . . . ☐

▲ ▲ ▲

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Patricia Morbio

New Year's Day with its urge toward esolutions, and its feeling of a page bein turned usually carries us to new peak of idealism. To be sure, we do not as a rule, dwell on those giddy heights for long but it is good to have made the ascent and to have filled our eyes with new horizons. As one homely philosopher once put it, "I try to keep my eyes on the stars but my feet slip. "The rapid and distracting occurrences of everyday living in this high power age of ours do not permit us to measure up our daily action with this lofty vision, but in spite of the scathing things said of good intentions, it cannot be denied that they are good things to have on hand whether they work or not.

It is always seemed a pity that the tremendous will to help and serve that the war times evoked has suffered such a slump in the post-war years. Much has been said of the disillusionment that followed the actualities of the war when the glamor and the excitement and the well directed propaganda had all died down. In some cases, this is quite justifiable. When the smoke screens of patriotism and loyalty and other high sounding phrases cleared, and revealed the greed and economic shrewdness and manifold selfish interests that lay beneath much of it all, it was natural that some of us might have felt tricked and fooled and cheated. However, the same elements still exist that made good housewives scurry about with their daily tasks so as to give extra time and labor at some canteen to cheer up soldiers or sailors, or at a hospital to comfort the sick, or at a Red Cross station to make bandages, or at a knitting or sewing bee to make warm clothes for "our boys." There are still soldiers and sailors to cheer, and an army of workers besides. The hospitals are full of sick men and women, some of whom still carry the marks of the war, and of little children who face a lifetime of pain and privation worse than any battlefield ever could be. The Red Cross is still carrying on its works of relief, and warm clothes are more needed than ever in these drear days of unemployment.

To be sure, the situation is not so highly dramatic as when every corner held floating flags and banners, and bands and drums were stirring up our pulses. It seems that this organization of ours that had its beginnings in war service should be the logical center for carrying on that same spirit in these days of Peace and Problems. It is part of the great principle on which we are founded, but like the heady ideals of New Year's Day, we individual members are likely to lose our contact with that high vision. Some people are almost superstitious about New Year's resolutions and are afraid to make them for fear of breaking them. Let us be of sterner stuff, and with all the enthusiasm and spirit of our war work days, do all we can to play our helpful part in this New Year that is rushing in upon us.

Christmas in Fiji

—MRS. T. A. STODDARD
Copyright, 1930 by Beatrice Snow Stoddard

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: Christmas-tide lasts till Twelfth Night. January 6 is Twelfth Night, so thoughts about Christmas do not come amiss in January.)

● Does not an old nursery rhyme say:
"Christmas comes but once a year?"
God rest the soul of this false rhymester! 'Tis not truth he sings, as I will prove by this short "sally." (With apologies to the author of "A Tourist in Spite of Himself," with whom I fain would have a scribbling kinship.) However, the real truth about Christmas is that it sometimes comes twice a year. Read and you shall see.

My first Christmas, *Anno Domini* 1925, started in Fiji. At dawn, that Christmas morning, as I was sailing home from Australia, I was dreaming that huge green waves, with lashing crests, came pounding and galloping over soaking sands to swallow me. "Hoya! Hoya!" I was shocked from out my dream by a terrific shout. Wide-awake and startled out of my wits, I sat up. Ten feet from my cabin window a black giant, clad only in an abbreviated brown khaki petticoat, sat astride the ship's rail. An astounding six-inch mop of frizzy red hair vociferously bobbed back and forth as this giant bent his glistening ebony back over the water, shook his head and yelled to other black giants, clad in less-than-scant khaki petticoats, tugging together on a huge rope. A black man with "carroty" hair! Red hair! What about this? Who was he? Why was he here?, bellowing by my cabin window so early in the morning? My watch said five o'clock. The sun was well up in the pale cloud-flecked blue and white sky. I hastily assembled my scattered wits, and brought home to my astonished self the fact that our ship was being moored to the wharf, in the excellent harbor of Suva, the capital city of the British colony of Fiji, an archipelago in the Pacific Ocean.

No time could be lost. The fierce tropical heat would soon be too violent for "white folks" to set forth. The thermometer now registered 80 degrees. Hurriedly, I joined the file of passengers down the gang-plank. Each of us was dressed in white of the thinnest texture and in the least amount that would pass muster, armed with broad brimmed hats, or sheltering parasols. So we began our pilgrimage up Suva's main street for seven o'clock breakfast at the Grand Pacific Hotel. As we stepped onto the wharf, a goodly group of aristocratic Englishman, slender and stalwart and sun-burned, in pith helmets and pugrees, accompanied by their gracious wives, extended hands and cheery words of welcome. Most of us preferred to walk, the better to see the sights, although we could have ridden in state in the rather ancient taxis.

The way lay along a freshly watered dirt road, past low shabby wooden warehouses, over a sagging wooden bridge to the narrow pavement of the one main street. Natives, boys and men trotted about everywhere. Women and girls stood slyly in their doorways, or quickly drew aside an inquisitive curtain to give a good stare at the Americans. Be not misled, however, Fijians are accustomed to strangers. This canny folk was taking stock of the probable size of our pocket books and the possible sales resistance that would have to be surmounted on our return trip to the boat. At every corner, swinging a stout "Billy," stood a policeman, at every crossing a traffic officer blew a ready whistle. Such men! In truth, each was a magnificent "football hero!" Not one measured less than six feet. His well proportioned body, muscular limbs, handsome features, deep set eyes and pleasant smile, and even teeth, revealed him a gleaming black Apollo. Cleanly and particular about his personal appearance, he wore a minimum of covering; if a traffic officer, merely a statuesque naked black torso and a short starched, white, cotton skirt sufficed, finished with nicely pointed scallops, reaching barely to his knees; if a policeman, the short skirt was of scalloped khaki, but since he is a member of the constabulary, his clothing increases with his authority, therefore, a scarlet strip two inches wide with a great brass buckle belted a khaki jacket, decked with scarlet epaulettes, that set off his massive shoulders. Legs and feet were always bare. And his hair! If one is a real beau, a real dandy, a regular fellow, he bleaches his jet black, crisp hair with lime, until it becomes a fiery red. Then combs back this elaborately trained harsh, curly mop back from his broad black brow until it sticks out in even waves all around his head for at least six inches. The redder, the stiffer, the better! Behold the Fijian Beau Brummel, the Fijian Lord Chesterfield! It may sound extravagant, but I was spellbound with admiration for these ebony Apollos Belvedere, Beaux Brummel and Lords Chesterfield.

All the shops were small, plain and wooden, their windows crowded with British canned goods and British dry goods. We stopped to chat and purchase in a tiny shop, crowded with tables, laden only with real tortoise-shell, mottled in yellow and black. But strangely enough there were no decorations in the shops nor on the street celebrating Christmas-tide. The most astounding sight of all was a sizeable building of mellow red brick, standing by the roadside and flanked with lawns and palm trees, just as in California, bearing a large white lettered sign, "Carnegie Public Library." Of course I stepped inside, eager and questioning. Behind its swinging screen doors, I found a gentle silver haired woman—an Englishwoman. She had lived in Suva for thirty years, was the mother of ten living children, and was in charge of the library while her daughter, the librarian, was on a six months leave of absence, visiting relatives in England. Yes, Andrew Carnegie's American dollars support this excellent library, and have been doing so for many years. My pride and patriotism brought a lump into my throat. I loved the proud sparkle in her blue eyes as she told of her sons and daughters, their good work as expert chemists, school teachers and government officials in these islands. "Ever since I came here as a bride I have done my bit to help civilize this colony for England, but the Englishman's job is growing less and less. There were sixty thousand East-Indian babies born here within the last ten years. These babies grow up to make such excellent government clerks and plantation laborers, and can live upon next to nothing, that the English colonists and native Fijians are constantly dissatisfied at England's continual importation of East Indian coolies This Indian immigration population has been going on since 1878, when the coolies were imported for the cultivation and manufacture of sugar and copra. With this regular and plentiful supply of Indians, the Fijian laborers are not recruited and Fijians are losing interest in the development of their country. The Fijians show no disposition to marry with the Indian coolie. He prefers the African negress. The Fijians are remarkable for their hospitality, open handedness, and courtesy; a sensitive, proud, somewhat vindictive and bashful people, with good powers of conversation, clear reasoning ability, much sense of humor, tact and perception of character. The family is the unit of society. Their code of social etiquette is elaborate, and the graduation of rank well marked, consisting of four grades below the chiefs. The Fijians used to be cannibals, but through the labors of Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, these terrible heathen practices were stamped out, and today the majority of the natives are of that faith." My chatty librarian was brimming over with information. I could scarcely tear myself away. Here again I noted the lack of Christmas festal signs

For a moment I was caught up in a whirl of wonderment and mystery, for side by side with the Carnegie Library stood the Grand Pacific Hotel in a California-Florida garden. We approached along a wide driveway of fine white gravel. Immer

ıder clusters of wisteria touched my
k as they dipped low in the soft breeze,
ı the wide verandas. Spacious halls
ıs out upon a veranda on the shadier
. There, glistening tables of silver,
. and fine white napery, savory coffee,
:us yellow slices of native "papaia"
tuck with cloves and British bacon and
g not to forget the perennial toast and
ıalade, yielded us a delicious break-
st We were loath to leave this refresh-
g pot, so soothing were the masses of
pical foliage, the breeze freighted with
e ragrance of blossoms of orange and
n1, the long leaves of the banana trees
il flapping, and the wide stretch of
)sy cropped grass of a genuine eigh-
nentury bowling green. Not the least
ıs of our fascinations were the grace-
l, lent waiters, East-Indian youths in
ots white cotton "Prince Albert"
at belted with scarlet, yellow or purple
c shes and with skull-caps in matching
lorstepping about with cat-like agility,
tlir bare feet. And still no Christmas
e or wreaths even in this modern hotel.
Al too soon several very respectable
tonbiles appeared, and we were off on
e Fince of Wales Road of "metal" or
ush rock for a drive around this island,
iti :vu. A word of what we saw. A na-
ve luse is a framework of timber, with
ttic walls and thatched roof. Every
ouse surrounded by a few banana trees,
bre fruit tree, very likely two or three
coa it palms, a patch of sugar cane, a
ro f d, corn sometimes, or yellow pump-
kins, perhaps a lemon tree, and always, by the side of the East-Indian huts, a rice-patch. Often a large fiber mat lay in the sun covered with drying rice grains, or the rice was being shaken through a sieve by a squatting child or old grandmother. Whatever else it lacked, no Indian home was without its rice-patch. We were invited to enter a Fijian home. It was well furnished with mats, mosquito-curtain, baskets, fans, nets and cooking utensils. Weapons were in evidence too, spears, throwing clubs, and bows and arrows. On a white, sandy beach a group of men were launching a canoe more than a hundred feet long. On the southeast side of the island we followed the course of the Rewa, a good river navigable for forty miles; along its banks sugar plantations made restful green vistas against the brown roofs of the sugar factories, also thick jungles with great trees and tree-ferns covered with creepers gave way to grassy plains where a few cattle graze and mission or government schools showed black faces above white coats through half-open shutters. As we neared the harbor again we passed a fine cement building, modern, two storied, the hospital; and at last nearing the sea, the cozy, wooden rambling homes of the English government officials set in flowery gardens, resting neat and tranquil, with shutters drawn, looked cool in spite of the glory of the sun (which was growing unpleasantly HOT). Imagine our consternation! We found the wharf swarming with venders. Everything from bananas to Indian rupees was pressed upon us to buy. The "canny folk" had calculated well the possibilities and probabilities of our purses. We had tarried six serene hours in Suva. Yet not a single sign of festivity nor celebration indicated that Christmas Day had ever been heard of. As far as we could tell Suva drowsed unconcerned and indifferent to that day of rejoicing in her heavy mid-day heat. Eleven o'clock! "All passengers aboard!"

On the evening of the same Christmas Day far out to sea, our Captain ordered an old-fashioned sumptuous Christmas dinner, with English plum-pudding, a brown mountain in blue flames of rum, ceremoniously carried all around the dining hall. A grand ball followed with much well-wishing and rejoicing, with all hands 'round in "Auld Lang Syne."

My second Christmas Day, and the one which proves my point, was celebrated the day following Christmas Day in Fiji, and also correctly bore the date December 25, 1925. We made merry on the same good ship, with the same kind of dinner, the same kind of flaming plum pudding, the same kind of grand ball, and the same "Auld Lang Syne." The Captain's own words were, "I've made this same voyage for twenty-eight years, and although we always lose a day going down to Australia, and gain a day coming back, due to our crossing the International Date Line, I have never experienced before two December twenty-fifths . . . two Christmas Days." This is the truth of it, Q. E. D.

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Members wishing to enroll as volunteers in any branch of the Women's City Club Volunteer Service are requested to fill in the blank and mail to Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., care of Women's City Club or leave at the Information Desk, first floor. Members unable to give service at the Club may be of great value if willing to do telephoning at home. This applies to members living in San Francisco and vicinity.

Name.....

Address .....

Telephone No...... *Home* ..... *Office*.....

I prefer Day ☐ Regular ☐ Home Telephoning
Evening ☐ Substitute ☐ Service ☐
Emergency ☐

I am available now ☐ I will be available in ☐ months

Mail th
filled-in blank
to WOMEN'S
CITY CLUB,
465 Po
STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

EDITORIAL

Happy New Year!

● City Club members who realize that 1931 has more urgent need for Service than any recent year in the history of the Club—which was born of war need—have at this time golden opportunity to assist in carrying out the great program of alleviation which has spontaneously been generated the country over.

So, the first boon which the New Year gives is the privilege of being part of that program. It is a commentary upon the time in which we live that distress of a part of humanity is distress of the whole. No longer does the king ride in purple while the populace begs for bread and no longer does the queen in her insolence and ignorance say, "If they have no bread give them cake."

The queen of today is she who is conscious of the need of her fellows.

In the year just closing the City Club has contributed no small quota to the largess of lives which touch its orbit, and stands ready to do more when and if opportunity presents. That is the center and reason for its existence—to be a factor of the community, in lean times and in plenty, in peace or in war.

Taking stock of the last twelve months, the Club is cognizant of much that has been exceedingly worth while, of friendships and work, of giving and taking. It has taken; but the things taken have been for distribution to others, as in the case of Volunteer Service. The Volunteers have found the Club a clearing house for their activities, and through its channels have found joy in diversified fields.

Many interesting and distinguished women have passed through the corridors, many messages have been uttered in its auditoria; many happy parties have shed their glow across its tables. Warmth and hospitality have never faltered and the purposes pledged in other years have flourished graciously and steadily.

Volunteer Service obtains month in and month out. In the routine of everyday serving, as in the cafeteria and library, tea room and shop, or in the high special occasions, as at the Talent Festival of last November, it functions remarkably. Visitors from other cities unfailingly comment upon the clocklike regularity, the spirit of cordiality and the efficiency with which women contribute their labor and enthusiasms to the City Club. Not as a duty to be fulfilled or as a task to be finished, but as a privilege to be of use do these women serve.

Statisticians like to compute the hours contributed; but the service may not be calculated that way any more than an artist's devotion to his poem or painting may be measured by the time he gives to the actual manipulation.

Thus does the City Club face the New Year—with a Volunteer Service unit consecrated to the ideals of the years which have gone before, with enthusiasms as high as at the beginning, with no diminution of zeal or dimming of radiance. Life is to be lived, and what happens is not so important as is the manner of meeting it. There is a "lift" in the sharing of aspirations, and that perhaps is part of the secret of satisfaction,—so very patent—derived by Volunteer Workers in their Service.

Francis Wright . . . looking back across The Century at a "Radical"

—RUTH DE FOREST LAMB
(From The Woman's Journal)

● A hundred years ago, "Fanny Wrightism" was a popula term for almost any idea as wildly radical as women's right birth control or equal education for men and women.

Frances Wright, an Englishwoman who came to this countr with General Lafayette, was the first woman labor leader in th United States. She was the dominant spirit of a group calle "The Free Enquirers," which published a paper advocating abo lition of capital punishment and imprisonment for debt; equa civil and legal rights for women, and a national system of educa tion. Frances Wright's Free Enquirers were instrumental in form ing the Workingmen's Party and took an active part in the Ne York City election of 1829, in which the workers polled 6,00 out of 20,000 votes and elected a member of the Albany legi lature.

Newspapers denounced Frances Wright as the "priestess o Beelzebub" and referred to the workers as "poor, deluded fo lowers of a crazy, atheistical woman." The attacks became s bitter, the tactics of her adversaries so shrewdly directed, Franc Wright was convinced her presence here did more harm tha good to the labor cause, and accordingly exiled herself for a fe years.

Traveling about the country with General Lafayette, M Wright had had opportunity to study our social institution particularly slavery. She was inspired by her meeting with Robe Owen, famous Utopian, to attempt a cooperative labor exper ment with a group of Negroes. With the help of some prosperou friends, she purchased a few slaves and bought three hundre acres of land at Neshoba, Tennessee, where she endeavored set up an industrial colony in which the slaves were to free ther selves gradually by working out their purchase price. There w also to be a school for colored children. The experiment faile but it was the first serious step toward Negro emancipation an directed public attention to the Negro question.

Especially did it convince Frances Wright herself of the des ability of educational methods: "I finally became convinced th there are but two remedies for all our evils, slow working, indee but sure in their effects—the rational training of youth, and, far as possible, the instructional improvement of the present ge eration. All other panaceas but these I distinguished clearly f quack nostrums and determined to forsake all practical expe ments for the great work of national regeneration . . . ."

Women leaders since Frances Wright have surpassed her practical organizing ability, perhaps, but surely none has be more courageous or far-visioned than that valiant pioneer.

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Dr. Brown's Review of the Health Conference to continue next month

● Dr. Adelaide Brown, California delegate to the Wh House Conference on Child Health, whose first paper that meeting appears in this issue of the City Club Magazi page 18, will present in the Magazine succeeding reviews of special division of the Conference. Says Dr. Brown:

Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson and Hoover have, at about year intervals, reviewed our achievements and set up new f grams. It was an inspiration to see and to meet our Natio leaders in education, social service and public health."

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

CNARDOO; *by Katharine Susannah Prichard;* W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., N. Y.

MITHFUL HAVEN; *by Booth Tarkington;*

TH SHORN LAMB: *by Wm. J. Locke;* Dodd Mead and Co., N. Y.

EMY; *by MacGregor Jenkins;* Bobs Merrill Co., Indianapolis; $2.00.

TH CRUSADES; *by Harold Lamb;* The Country Life Press, Garden City, N. Y.

In the fore-word of "Coonardoo," Katharine Prichard says, "Life in the Nor'-West of Western Australia is almost as little known as in England or America." Certainly it is very different from the sunny, singing land that Dorothy Cottrell showed us in "Tharlane;" and different from the new, crude, generous exuberant country of "Australia Felix" and "The Way Home" and "Ultima Thule,"—though they are more the story of a man's inner life and its degeneration than of the cities that he lived in.

"People who see the blacks only along the trans-continental lines, or when they have become poor, degraded and degenerate creatures as a result of contact with town and the vices of white people, cannot understand how different they are in their natural state, or on isolated stations of the Nor'-West, where they are treated with consideration and kindness."—"Anthropological relationship connects the Australian with the Veddahs and Dravidians of India and with the fossil men of Europe, from whom the Caucasian element has sprung. They are only a few generations removed, after all, Coonardoo and Andromache!"

She is appealing; pathetically fated. Coonardoo was singing. Sitting under dark bushes overhung with curdy white blossoms, she clicked two small sticks together singing:

"Towera chinima poodinya,
Towera jinner mulbeena,"—

"Kangaroos coming over the range in the twilight, and making a devil-dance with their little feet, before they begin to feed." The native melody sings through the book. She sings it as "a little aboriginal girl about nine years old in a faded blue gin-gina (dress), part of the shadows, with her dark skin, fair hair, and brown eyes shadowed across the cornea." She sings it as she plays with Hughie, son of the ranch, "Wytaliba," before he goes far away to boarding-school. She sings it as she serves "Mumae," Hugh's mother, "Mrs Bessie," whose sturdy courage made and kept Wytaliba, for him. She

sings it to her own cooboos (babies), born to her and Warieda, the native foreman who waited for her till she was quite old, —fifteen! She sings it to Hugh's own children. And when he has brutally flung her primitive faithfulness away from him as a temptation of the flesh, she sings it in her crazed desert wanderings, and when she creeps back, alone, to the deserted ranch, to die.

"To breathe this air soothed and comforted her; to smell the earth where the uloo (native huts) had spread, and the harsh fragrance of those strange trees Mumae had planted. Coonardoo was glad to be there. She crouched over her fire, singing her little song about the kangaroos which came hopping over the range in the twilight.

She was 'close up to finish'm,' she knew. — Nothing was left of the clean straight aboriginal woman, nothing of her pride and dignity and grace. She was no longer Coonardoo, but Pearl, the 'black pearl' of a traders' crew.—With all her frail and flickering intelligence, Coonardoo wondered at the ways of white men with aboriginal women. She thought of Hughie, for whom she had waited and watched, who had taken her in his arms when he was a young man, strong fellow. And then, was it true, what he said? That Winni was his son, not Warieda's? How could that be? Was she not Warieda's wife, given to him by her people, and had not Warieda sent her to Youie when he was alone, and grieving for Mumae? 'Warieda! Warieda!' She wailed for her mate, the man of her people. The children she grew were his children, surely? A whirlwind had put the spirit of the boy in her. When she was a child, Meenie and Bandogera had told Coonardoo how the whirlwinds and falling stars gave spirits for new babies to the women of her people. —Hughie has sent her away, driven her far from the place where she belonged, her place and the place of her people.—Mumae would see and know that she, Coonardoo, had done as Mumae bade her for Youie. She had looked after and obeyed Youie, though in some way she had displeased him so; brought down the torrent of his anger upon herself.

"Toweera jinner mulbeena
Poodinyoober, mulbeena, mulbeena."

The little song was driving Coonardoo, driving her memories.—Little feet of the kangaroos were doing their devil dance in the twilight. Coonardoo's voice fluttered out; embers of her fire were burning low."

The book is not all wistfulness. There is strong character drawing, — Mumae, Hugh, the black people, Geary the wild ranchman. But the primitive folk are the undercurrent of the stream, and their superstitions and simplicity are well done.

● Booth Tarkington has often been the Power that can the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us. We shall not forget Penrod and Sam, Seventeen, Alice Adams, The Turmoil, The Plutocrat: he has held the mirror up to all the ages of man, from the puling babe to the grandsire with his cane. One of his New York reviewers says that he "comes nearer than any other writer to expressing the tastes and standards of the vast numbers of self-respecting, householding, lecture-going, married Americans who determine American culture today.—They are above Mr. Lewis's Babbitt and farther removed from the new barbarians on one side than they are from the 'intellectuals' on the other." That is a trenchant description of those of us who have enjoyed Mr. Tarkington, and who remember Penrod and Willie Baxter with just that amused tenderness with which we look back upon the dear foolishness of our own young days!

But Booth Tarkington's pen has blunted, his typewriter is blurring. Nowhere in "Mirthful Haven" do we find a touch of the rollicking humor which once made us chuckle. Edna Pelter is less appealing than Alice Adams. Her wistfulness couldn't cause a sniffle, nor make the most romantic reader reach for her handkerchief. Rather, she walks through the story like a girl of the cinema, and one is conscious of the director's technique.

But what would you ask? Humor doesn't bubble under the shadow of blindness. Mr. Tarkington has long been living in that shadow, and only recently it has lightened somewhat, after an operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital. With his handicap, he has wrought out a technically delightful study of contrasts, in his story of the summer cottagers and the native folk in a Maine fishing village. Edna Pelter's father, bootlegger with generations of New England "family" behind him, has brought his daughter up in penniless pride

of ancestry, scorned by the rich summer people, jeered at and suspected by the natives,—by all but the ancient mariner, Captain Embury, who is a very present help in all her troubles.

A windfall sends Edna to be educated at a fashionable boarding-school. Taking her grandmother's name, she is known as Edna Shellpool. Gordon Corning, scion of a summer family, falls in love with her; and the Cinderella of Mirthful Haven leads her double life, in spangles and glass slippers at the summer colony, in drab at the bootlegger's cottage, hoping that her lover would be a Prince, that his love would stand the ultimate test.

Sometimes Tarkington, the observer, approaches his earlier manner. "One of Captain Embury's delightful misconceptions is on that subject,—the importance of old family. The Captain ought to read Lord Burleigh's advice to his son that there's no use setting up to be old family or of noble blood without enough property to back up the claim. Burleigh said a family's continued hold upon property was all that could give it family importance,—a shrewd perception of an obscure fact." This from the summer colony! And there is pathos in Pelter's grief for his old dog, deliberately run over and killed by the rich man's chauffeur. "He pushed back his chair, lighted his pipe,—and absently let his left arm hang over the arm of the chair while the fingers of that hand seemed to grope for something a few inches from the floor. He started slightly, lifted his hand, and looked at the palm of it curiously. 'Godfrey!' he said, 'seemed like he must be there.'—He thrust the vacant hand into a pocket, as if he feared it might absently grope near the floor again."

● "The Shorn Lamb," by William Locke, suffers as does the son of a great father: we expect too much of it. The "Beloved Vagabond" does not wander through these pages, and they have none of the singing lilt of his song. The world grows old, and the spinners in the sun grow older. This is a fantasy of a prodigal brother, who turns from his unsatisfying husks, having eaten all the corn, and returns to England, not in penitence, but in search of more corn, in the happy nick of time to greet his rich brother before he dies, and to impersonate him after death; sweetheart, and wealth and scholarship, and all! It is a tangled web, till he breaks through the strands, and hies him hot-foot back to America. There the acrobat act with "Professor Tonio Gaffarelli" is an echo of the Locke whom we have loved. It ends happily, and doubtless they lived happily ever after.

● "Emily" is in novel form a sketch of Emily Dickinson, by a childhood neighbor, MacGregor Jenkins. It is but a pale reflection of our Emily, and adds little to the glow that shines from her own letters and her verse. It does give the atmosphere of her village and garden and hills, and for that is preferable to the speculative book by Josephine Pollitt. There is a life of Emily Dickinson by Genevieve Taggard, which has been approved by her family. But what the sweet nun chose to give to the world is more satisfactory than the recent speculations.

● Our last book does not disappoint, nor does it suffer by contrast with its predecessors. Harold Lamb turned from his fictional stories of adventure, to follow the great adventurers, — Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, the Crusaders. As a historian, he grows in strength and maturity. Always he has been a careful student of ancient and medieval times, and from those sources he drew his material for his early thrillers. Genghis Khan and Tamerlane were seven-league canvases, splashed with such a giant brush that sometimes the colors ran together, and it was difficult to get a clear picture. The Crusades has gained in clarity, and the story-teller has joined friendly hands with the historian, a—joyous partnership! Mr. Lamb has travelled far, this last year, and studied the original chronicles of eye-witnesses, written before legend had blurred the outlines of the first crusaders. "This volume—begins with their setting out, and ends with the death of the last survivor.—Several of the chronicles were written by men who marched with the crusades, by two chaplains and an unknown soldier.—Upon these original chronicles the story is based. It does not deal with the legends that grew up after the crusades. It is not history rewritten. It is the story of a dozen men, most of them leaders who started out on that long journey, —what they saw on the road, and what they did, and what befell them at the Sepulcher of Christ."

I was much interested, in talking with a Japanese banker whose name means "The House of the Cherryblossoms," to be told that, all one Sunday, he had been unable to tear himself away from this last book, "The Crusades," and that he will find the time to go back and read Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. Mr. Lamb would like that!

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Book Review Dinners

On account of the many activities that require attention of our members and friends in this home-season, the Book Review Dinner will be postponed until the evening of the third Thursday in January, the Fifteenth of the month. Mrs. Stoddard will then review "Angel Pavement" by A. P. Priestly.

Notice of New Books from the Stanford Press

● Chateaubriand's *Atala*, the literary parent of much of the writing of Loti, Kipling, and Conrad, appears November 24 in a specially designed reprint edition as volume one of the *Stanford Miscellany* under the general editorship of Dr. Margery Bailey, who is the editor of *The Hypochondriack*, also published by Stanford University Press.

The *Miscellany* is designed to fill the needs of American readers who, however well they know the masterpieces of European literature, find difficulty in obtaining direct acquaintance with minor classics and curiosities. The *Miscellany* will therefore include *belles lettres* and criticism, theory, historical sources, biography, philosophy and religion, educational systems and theories; the period of romanticism—roughly, 1660 to 1830, is to be covered.

The *Atala* which is edited by Professor William Leonard Schwartz, of the Romanic Language Department, Stanford University, is the greatest artistic treatment of the eighteenth-century feeling that the life of primitive man must necessarily be an improvement on civilization.

Letters of Sarah Byng Osborn, which will be second in the series, is to be edited by John McClelland, of the Department of English, Stanford University. It is a collection of letters in the social history of the eighteenth century, letters which are valuable because they present a vivid picture of a personality and of a period.

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Birth Stones

January	Garn
February	Amethy
March	Bloodstone or Aquamari
April	Diamo
May	Emera
June	Pearl or Moonsto
July	Ru
August	Sardonyx or Perid
September	Sapph
October	Opal or Tourmali
November	Top
December	Turquoise or Lapis Laz

Wedding Anniversaries

AT END OF

First year	Pa
Second year	Cott
Third year	Leat
Fifth year	Woo
Seventh year	Woo
Tenth year	T
Twelfth year	Silk and Li
Fifteenth year	Cry
Twentieth year	Ch
Twenty-fifth year	Sil
Thirtieth year	Pe
Fortieth year	Ru
Fiftieth year	Gol
Seventy-fifth year	Diam

The Atonement of Noatuk

—VALERIE ARNOLD
(Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold)

Noatuk glided swiftly over the snow-clad hills. His skiis were gracefully fhioned out of pine; they made him flet of foot, as if he had wings. He tleaded his way in and out among the fi trees, which were laden with mounds o snow and dripping with icicles which gamed and glistened in the scattered res of the moon.

Noatuk, the Eskimo youth, was of medin height, slight, muscular, and straight as taut bow-string. He wore a reindeer pca which fell straight to his knees, and hi fur trousers were tucked into his tall w.us and fawnskin muluks.

His long slight hands and his quick dre movements marked him as a hunter. H broad flat cheek-bones and his slant-in brilliant black eyes which looked good naredly from under a well-formed low bow, over which hung coarse straight blk hair, added to the Oriental cast of his eatures. The smile of his full lips did no detract from the impression which he ave of strength of character and inter ty of purpose.

irectly, in the distance, Noatuk's eye cat ht sight of snow-enshrouded Shishaldin nature's lighthouse of Behring Sea. Its eak shot into the sky crowned by a wreth of fire, huge tongues of smoking flars, which licked the very clouds, casting roseate hue over the heavens.

Noatuk glanced to the left, he saw the ine of the Aleutian Islands sheer, bla and precipitous. In the far distance the ights glimmered from the whaling statn, Akatan, and from the scattered villes off on the sand spit he saw the littl Russian village with its Byzantine chu h alive with flickering lights. He cou place his own native village, with his rd of reindeer brought down in this seasa to find their food, the moss, and lick lt from the shore of the sea.

H thought with pride of how prosperous e was and now best of all, he had wor he praises of Unalakleet, his Chief. Wit triumph he recalled how he had drag d his trophies of the hunt into the Igloo of Unalakleet, who had greeted him with much warmth, saying:

"You are but a youth, my son, but you possess skill and judgment and every quality that makes a mighty hunter and a great leader. You will become a man among men."

As Noatuk readjusted his bow and arrows, he thought.

"What can I do to keep myself before Unalakleet, and Tanana, his daughter?"

For a year Noatuk had loved Tanana, but he dared not declare himself until he had won favor in the sight of her father. He had earned the applause of the village for his skill and endurance in the Whale, the Eagle and the Bear dance. Tanana had been the first to compliment him on his skill and grace.

"The only thing left for me to do," he thought, "is to dare to conquer Thelt."

The Thelts were said to be almost invincible. The flapping of their wings caused the thunder to crash; the gleam of their eyes made the flash of the lightning. Noatuk cared little for the ill will of the Thelts; his only desire was to win Tanana by his skill and valor.

Noatuk stopped to gaze upon the witchery of the scene with the moon high in the heavens. The straight stiff fir trees clad in their icy armor looked like an array of frozen sentinels glitering in the flood of moonlight.

High on the branch of a fir tree heavy with snow stood Thelt in her sable blackness. Noatuk stood still for a moment, frozen with astonishment at his good fortune. Unaware of his presence she was within easy reach of his fleet arrows. She was engrossed in placing her eaglet upon her back, that she might teach him to fly. After she had secured him, she flew away some distance, then back again.

Finally she alighted upon a branch, gently slid the tiny eaglet from her back, and gave him a gentle thrust. He went fluttering earthward through the moonlight, fanning the air with downy pinions. Thelt watched him anxiously as he fell sprawling upon the ground and dragged himself along.

"Now is my chance," thought Noatuk, "first I will get the eaglet, and then the mother as she flies to rescue her son."

Noatuk drew his bow, the shaft went humming through the air and the eaglet fell with the arrow through his heart.

An agonized cry rent the air. Thelt plunged down to her son, folding his soft mottled body to her breast. She sobbed and crooned over him. The thunder crashed, the lightning blazed through the black heavens; the moonlight was blotted out.

Suddenly screaming notes of the Thelts beating the air like hissing rockets broke upon his astonished ears. A fleet of eagles circled around the sorrowing mother. They had answered her cry of anguish and had come from far and near.

The mother's grief stilled Noatuk's ambition. His bow and arrows he flung away and rushed over the blood-stained snow to the side of the mother whose wide wings now spread protectingly over her son.

Noatuk threw himself upon his knees begging forgiveness, trying to caress the eaglet and bring it back to life. The Thelt beat him off with her wings.

"How dare you touch my child," she shrieked, "you murderer. You have killed my son. Go, go search the world over for skins and wood, tempered and seasoned to make a drum that shall reproduce the throbbing of my broken heart, the wail of my crushed hope. Not till then may you gain forgiveness.

"You must carry this drum from east to west and from north to south till you have penetrated every corner of the earth with its agonized booming. Let it cry out my anguish till every eye is wet and every soul is filled with the torture of a Mother's broken heart which has been bereft by the lust for killing in man's breast; then shall war be wiped out and peace reign supreme."

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"In Such Haste"

—R. L. STEVENSON

We are in such haste to be doing, to writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the deris silence of eternity, that we forget that he thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live . . . We run to and fro like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happily thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?

City Club Activities for New Yea

Bridge Luncheon

A bridge luncheon will be held at the City Club at 12:30 o'clock Wednesday, January 21. The luncheon will be served in the main dining room and cards will follow in the Auditorium, where tables may be reserved at any time if accompanied by checks.

Tickets to the luncheon are $1.25 or five dollars per table and any person who partakes of the "dollar and a quarter luncheon" is entitled to play in the Auditorium. It is certain to be a happy occasion, with a "full house" and it is advisable to make reservations as early as possible.

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League Shop Branches Out

The League Shop has branched out. It now has a street number and a doorplate and every attribute of the smartest shop in all the town. The number is 455 Post street. To be explicit it is 455-57.

And there will be found all the delectable things that have made the League Shop in the City Club corridor one of the most fascinating places in the Club. Volunteer Service will continue to take care of the customer, as in the inside shop.

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Books Wanted

The City Club Library is eager to have sets of Mark Twain, Ibsen and Lonsdale. Anyone willing to contribute any or all of these authors, either in full sets or single books may communicate with the Information Desk on the first floor or at the Library Desk on the Fourth Floor.

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St. Valentine's Bridge Party

St. Valentine's Day is more than a month away, to be sure, but as a reminder we are forecasting the annual Bridge Party with which the City Club celebrates that occasion. The bridge party will be February 10, Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Tickets may be procured from committee members or at the Room Secretary's Desk at the Club. Tables, $3.00; single tickets, seventy-five cents.

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Head Dress Dinner

A "Head Dress" dinner is one of the interesting affairs planned by the City Club for March. Every guest will wear a headdress of some sort, the choice to run the gamut from the crown of a queen to a "foolscap," and all will be welcomed. The only qualification is that the head be covered with something gay and festive. Already members are planning colorful regalia for the party.

Sunday Evening Buffet Suppers

In line with a recent innovation which has proved popular in many of the country and town clubs, the Women's City Club will change its restaurant service on Sundays and holidays beginning January 4. Breakfast as usual will be from 7:30 to 2 o'clock. Tea from 2 to 5 and in place of the regular Sunday dinner a buffet supper will be served. The Suppers will be in the National Defenders' Room and the Chef is planning menus to tempt the palates of the most fastidious. The menu will include a relish, two hot dishes or one hot and one cold dish, a salad, rolls, dessert and a beverage. There will be a change of menu each week. Supper will be seventy-five cents and will be served from five to eight o'clock.

J. E. Williamson
who lectures February 6 on "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea."

Christmas Tea at City Club

● A bit of Old England was transplanted to the City Club the afternoon of Thursday, December 18, when the English-Speaking Union held its December tea. Mrs. Marian Stebbins of Mills College read Fiona MacLeod's Christmas legend, "The Bride of the Isle."

Hostesses were Mrs. C. G. Cambron (chairman), Mrs. R. Knight Smith, Mrs. R. M. Blatchford, Mrs. H. D. Mortenson, Mrs. T. Arthur Rickard, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. William MacPherson, Mrs. E. N. Durant and Mrs. Warren C. Perry.

Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea

● Mrs. John P. Coghlan is chairman of the special committee which is in charge of the moving picture lecture to be given Friday evening, February 6, at the Women's City Club by J. E. Williamson, famous explorer of ocean depths, on the subject, "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea."

The City Club set the lecture for a Friday evening, at 8:00 o'clock so that children would be able to atend without breaking into their school routine. The picture is fascinating alike to adults and children and Friday seemed the suitable evening on which the whole family could take advantage of the opportunity to learn more about the great area under the sea. The Club plans to have but one motion picture in a year and that the best obtainable. Admission will be seventy-five cents for adults and fifty cents for children, with no seats reserved.

In his lecture Mr. Williamson will give a thrilling account of his adventures under the sea. His pictures will show forests of coral and other wonderful marine growths, such as sea fans and sponges, the whole forming an amazing jungle enveloped in the blue haze of the watery atmosphere. Schools of brilliantly colored tropical fish will be seen swimming through the forest aisles, each group keeping to its self. Occasionally a huge man-eating shark will appear.

Mr. Williamson, in recent years has made several expeditions off the coast of the Bahama Islands, where miles of exquisite sea gardens flourish beneath the waves. From his submarine studio he has photographed a variety of entrancing scenes. He also produced the films which embodied the motion picture version of Jules Verne's great story "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

In March last, Mr. Williamson spent four months off the Bahamas collecting specimens for the Field Museum, Chicago including great masses of coral, one of which weighed four tons. He also gathered specimens of the principal tropical fishes, from which plaster casts were made for the museum exhibit. These and a variety of other incidents will be shown in the pictures used with the forthcoming lecture. Some of the pictures were made off the coast of Watling's Island, once known as San Salvador, a small island in the Bahamas group, where Columbus made his first landing in the western hemisphere.

tractive and Profitable Program

Current Ideas Through the World of Books

● The Women's City Club takes pleasure in presenting a new speaker to San Francisco, Mrs. Jack Vallely. In a way, Mrs. Vallely is not new, because she has many warm personal friends and admirers in this city. She is also very well known in other parts of California. Mrs. Vallely is a woman of unusual personal charm, who selects certain books of the month and discusses and reviews them from the standpoint of the varying and provocative ideas that are now current in the world. Her point of view is sane and intelligent. Mrs. Vallely has named her subject, "Current Ideas Through the World of Books." Her reviews cover biography, travel and fiction, and though broad in scope, are satisfying to the most discriminating book lover. Her talks are interspersed with wit and humor. Mrs. Vallely's lecture will be in the City Club Auditorium, at 11:00 o'clock, Wednesday morning, January 28. Tickets—all seats 50c, on sale at Information Desk.

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Dr Powell's Lectures

Many members and friends will rejoice to know that the Very Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell, Dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, will resume his prelenten Monday Morning Lectures. Dr. Powell's subject this season will be "How Humanity Found God." This series of talks will be in the nature of a survey of comparative religions. The first talk will be Monday morning, January 12, at 11:00 o'clock, in the Auditorium. The following talks will be on the dates January 19, January 26, February 2, February 9, February 16, and February 23. It is hoped that Mrs W. B. Hamilton shall have returned from Europe in time to be the special chairman for this occasion, as usual.

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Reminders for the Future

"Problems of Post-War Europe," by Dr. Graham Stewart, five talks; first is on January 9, 8:00 o'clock.

"Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea," motion pictures, by J. E. Williamson, Friday, February 6, 8:00 o'clock.

"My Six Favorite Novelists," by John Galsworthy, March 24, 8:00 o'clock.

"A Night of Irish Humor," by Patrick MacCl, April 7, 8:00 o'clock.

MRS. JACK VALLELY
who will speak Wednesday morning, January 28 at City Club on "Books."

First International Dinner to be Japanese

● There is a difference of information as to the Japanese word for "dinner." One authority says that the word is "bansan;" another that "sukaiki" conveys the meaning intended by the Women's City Club when it announces a Japanese Dinner as the first of a series of International dinners. Miss Emma Noonan is the chairman of the series, the first of which is to be Wednesday evening, February 25. The series promises to be as interesting as the "International Barriers" lectures of last year.

The Japanese Dinner will be at 6:30 o'clock and will be $1.25 per plate. Checks must accompany reservations. The next will be of a different nation, the time, place and nation to be later announced. Right now the Japanese Dinner is all-absorbing. It will be typical in many respects.

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Sewing Machine Wanted

● The Sewing Committee has been so busy this year that it has worn out one of the sewing machines. If any member has a machine she would like to lend or give to the City Club it would be gratefully received.

Food and Menus to be Demonstrated

● Food in all its infinite variety will be seen at the City Club Auditorium at the Food Demonstration now being planned by the Club.

A famous chef will give a lecture on preparation of food and menu-making and will prepare special dishes in the Cafeteria during the luncheon hour. The demonstration in the Auditorium will begin at 10:30 o'clock and continue throughout the day. The February Magazine will carry further details about this event, which is attracting much interest among housekeepers and those who like to entertain at luncheons and teas.

Members are invited to send their choice recipes, with a view in February of compiling a City Club cook book. All will not be used; perhaps, but they will be given consideration.

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Backgammon Lessons

● The City Club has arranged to give instructions in Backgammon. Details and registration at Room Secretary's desk.

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Program

● The last Thursday Evening Program for the year took place on Friday evening, December 12. In this instance the change to Friday evening was made to accommodate the young women of the Sarah Dix Hamlin School who furnished part of the program. The girls sang two groups of Christmas carols, presented a charming play entitled "The Christmas Guest" and gave an attractive dancing act entitled "The Toy Shop."

Mrs. Carlo Morbio, Mrs. Robert Malcolm and Mrs. J. S. Resleure composed the cast of a pleasing play entitled "The First Thanksgiving Eve," written by Mrs. Morbio. The climax was clever and surprising. Another short play entitled "Pink and Patches" was given by a group of players from the Eva Smith Hackett Studio.

This was a charming bit of acting by a cast of young people which included Frances Anderson, Bob Munro, Ivy Morgan and Mabel Cleary. The last number on the program was a group of Christmas songs sung by the City Club Choral under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor. The program was finished and delightful and was enjoyed by a capacity audience. The City Club is indebted to these friends who came so willingly, generously and kindly to entertain our members.

The White House Conference

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

Dr. Adelaide Brown, Health Editor of the City Club Magazine, was called by President Hoover as a delegate to the Child Health Conference held at Washington, D. C., in November and the following article from her is first hand information from that important event, which dealt with the most valuable asset of America, our children's well-being.
—EDITOR.

● The White House Conference, the third conference to be assembled to establish standards for our children, has met and after the final report of the medical service committee is submitted in February, will dissolve. A Continuing Committee representing education, public health, medical service, the handicapped and publicity will discuss and recommend decisions on as many controversial points as possible. These points are referred to this Committee for decision. Meanwhile, the Twenty Points necessary to the development and protection of childhood were recommended and accepted by the Conference. An analysis of these points is made under the headings of the Conference and initialed as follows:

H = health.
E = education.
Ha = handicapped.

Every American child has the right to the following services in its development and protection.

1. Every child is entitled to be understood. All dealing with him should be based on the fullest understanding of the child. (H, E and Ha.)

2. Every prospective mother should have suitable information, medical supervision during the prenatal period, competent care at confinement. Every mother should have post-natal medical supervision for herself and child. (H.)

3. Every child should receive periodical health examinations before and during the school period including adolesence, by the family physician, or the school or other public physician, and such examination by specialists and such hospital care as its special needs may require. (H.)

4. Every child should have regular dental examination and care. (H.)

5. Every child should have instruction in the schools in health and in safety from accidents, and every teacher should be trained in health programs. (H.)

6. Every child should be protected from communicable diseases to which he might be exposed at home, in school or at play, and protected from impure milk and food. (H.)

7. Every child should have proper sleeping rooms, diet, hours of sleep and play, and parents should receive expert information as to the needs of children of various ages as to these questions. (H.)

8. Every child should attend a school which has proper seating, lighting, ventilation and sanitation. For younger children, kindergartens and nursery schools should be provided to supplement home care. (E.)

9. The school should be so organized as to discover and develop the special abilities of each child, and should assist in vocational guidance, for children, like men, succeed by the use of their strongest qualities and special interests. (E.)

10. Every child should have some form of religious, moral and character training. (E.)

11. Every child has a right to a place to play with adequate facilities therefor. (H. and E.)

12. With the expanding domain of the community's responsibilities for children, there should be proper provision for and supervision of recreation and entertainment. (H and E.)

13. Every child should be protected against labor that stunts growth, either physical or mental, that limits education, that deprives children of the right of comradeship, of joy and play. (Ha.)

14. Every child who is blind, deaf, crippled or otherwise physically handicapped should be given expert study and corrective treatment where there is the possibility of relief, and appropriate development or training. Children with subnormal or abnormal mental conditions should receive adequate study, protection, training and care. (Ha.)

15. Every waif and orphan in need must be supported. (Ha.)

16. Every child is entitled to the feeling that he has a home. The extension of the services in the community should supplement and not supplant parents. (Ha.)

17. Children who habitually fail to meet normal standards of human behavior should be provided special care under the guidance of the school, the community health or welfare center or other agency for continued supervision or, if necessary, control. (Ha.)

18. Where the child does not have these services, due to inadequate income of the family, then such services must be provided to him by the community. (Ha.)

19. The rural child should have as satisfactory schooling, health protection and welfare facilities as the city child. (H, E and Ha.)

20. In order that these minimum protections of the health and welfare of children may be everywhere available, there should be a district, county or community organization for health, education and welfare, with full-time officials, coordinating with a state-wide program which will be responsive to a nation-wide service of general information, statistics and scientific research. This should include:

(a) Trained full time public health officials with public health nurses, sanitary inspection and laboratory workers.

(b) Available hospital beds.

(c) Full-time public welfare services for the relief and aid of children in special need from poverty or misfortune, for the protection of children from abuse, neglect, exploitation or moral hazard.

(d) The development of voluntary organization of children for purposes of instruction, health and recreation through private effort and benefaction. *When possible*, existing agencies should be coordinated. (H, E and Ha.)

It is the purpose of this Conference to establish the standards by which the efficiency of such services may be tested in the community and to develop the creation of such services. These standards are defined in many particulars in the Reports of the Committees of the Conference. The Conference recommends that the Continuing Committee to be appointed by the President from the Conference shall study points upon which agreement has not been reached, shall develop further standards, shall encourage the establishment of services for children, and report to the members of the Conference through the President.

CONTINUATION COMMITTEE,

DR. F. J. KELLY, *Chairman, Education.*
DR. S. J. CRUMBINE, *Health and Public Health Organization.*
DR. C. C. CARSTENS, *Handicapped Child.*
MRS. AIDA DE ACOSTA BRECKINRIDGE, *Publicity.*

You note that on the understanding of the child (1) and on the rural child (19) all divisions unite. The form that will be set up for national, state and local work also unites all divisions of the conference (20.)

In the Continuing Committee the chairmanship is given to education. In the local execution of these standards where shall the chairmanship be?

The reaction of all of our women delegates was the same. The Conference around in love of the child, and it will present in its final transaction our virtues and our faults and our recommendation in caring for and developing this child whom we love. Its transactions will be a reference source of information for the future as to what point we have reached in our efforts nationally, in 1930 after twenty years of emphasis of the asset the American child is to our Republic.

Something about International Conferences

—EDITH WALKER MADOUX

A few weeks ago a morning paper printed the following words on its ont page in a brief comment which in- ided a rather genial criticism of the effectiveness of the recent preparatory armament conference at Geneva. "If y two nations don't hate each other, why st let 'em confer on something and they ll before it is over. Stop conferring and u will stop fighting." I assume that this s supposed to be witty inasmuch as it s written by one of America's most nous humorists. We propose to refute at least on two counts.

On November 12 the Indian Round Table convened in London with the attendance of the King, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Secretaries of State for India, for Foreign Affairs and for the Dominions, four official Liberals, four official Conservatives, sixteen delegates from native Indian states, and sixty delegates from British India. Very little definite result has been noted to date (December 15) except the separation from India of Burma, by its own request, to become an integral British crown colony or dominion.

Indeed the newspapers have been reporting the complete failure of Ramsay MacDonald's attempts to compose the differences between Hindu and Moslem delegates, or to settle the question of the reservation of seats in legislatures for the minorities. This was discouraging news in the face of publicized statements that "the whole of India is united at least in its desire for self-rule, and the Hindu-Moslem problem is no problem at all save that the Moslem will not tolerate Hindu domination any more than he will stand British domination." The British press has insisted that while the British government has the stupendous job of reconciling conflicting claims, still the best opinion in Great Britain is on the side of self-government for India. However, could the Native States and the Mohammedans and the Hindus be reconciled as to method and representation in such a government?

It could not be overlooked that during the past year perhaps 30,000 political prisoners had been thrown into jail in India; that the payment of taxes had been refused by multitudes; that British goods had been boycotted; that thousands of textile workers in Bombay were unemployed; indeed that Gandhi's plan of civil disobedience was verging in many quarters toward open rebellion. All this as a background for the conference in London. However, if no political solution is at hand, is there not a glorious victory as best told by the following extract from The Christian Register (Boston liberal weekly) of December 11?

The other day a Brahmin prince of India broke bread with an "untouchable" in the Hyde Park Hotel, London. His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda had at table an Indian knight, Rao Bahadur Sir Annepu Patro, and Dr. Bhim Rao Ramji Ambedkar, outcast. All are delegates to the Indian Round Table Conference. It never happened in India!

Dr. Ambedkar is the son of an untouchable who became an army officer. By virtue of talent and tenacity and overcoming incredible handicaps, he got an education for himself and now holds the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University and Doctor of Science from the University of London.

For thousands of years 43,000,000 people of India have been among the most degraded of human beings, condemned through generations to hopeless poverty and debasement. Now that India seeks independence, the pressure of racial unity becomes powerful. This dinner in the London hotel may mark the beginning of the end of the ancient caste slavery of India, and the dawn of equality.

Dr. Ambedkar has made it his life purpose to rid India of the cruelty of "untouchability." He has organized in Bombay the Social Equality League. He said:

"If we can get a decent Brahmin or other high-caste Hindu, to eat a meal with an 'untouchable' who is just as decent and well educated as he is, that is a great accomplishment in the way of reform.

" 'Untouchability' is far worse than slavery, for the latter may be abolished by statute. It will take more than a law to remove this stigma from the people of India. Nothing less than the aroused opinion of the world can do it."

And then there has been another conference, practically unheralded in this country but of portentous success. In October six Balkan states sent "representatives of all sides of life in the countries concerned, political, economic, social and intellectual, but without power to commit their governments in any way," to confer together in Athens. The resolutions were not official commitments but they were stupendously significant as unanimously voiced by delegates from the traditional area of warfare which included Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania and Jugo-Slavia. Think of the importance of resolutions like these:

(1) That the foreign ministers of the Balkan States should meet regularly each year in one of the cities of those states with the object of exchanging views on Balkan affairs and on the means of assuring solidarity between their respective countries. (2) That a study of a pact between the Balkan nations should be undertaken on the basis of the following principles: (a) the outlawry of war, and (b) the settlement by pacific means of all differences, of no matter what nature, which might arise between the Balkan nations. . .

A Central Balkan Commercial Institute was proposed with various helpful details savoring of the Chambers of Commerce. However, under intellectual cooperation, came such definite plans as these, among many others:

(1) The regular exchange of professors and students of the Balkan Universities.

(2) Regular exchanges of children between the Balkan countries during holidays in order that they should know each other better.

(3) Balkan exhibitions, such as that of popular art which was held in Athens during the conference.

(4) Education in the study and understanding of Greek and Latin classic humanism in the Balkan countries.

(5) The improvement of the teaching of history in particular since "the teaching of the Balkan Peninsular ought to be in the service of peace and not have an aggressive character." And this was a conference with the delegates coming from the very theater of warfare,—every crag a fortress! "Let us, then, confer together."

Where is God?

In the glee of childish laughter,
In the booming of the sea,
In the beauty of a violet,
In the crust HE meted me.

WHERE IS GOD?

In the heart of every mother,
In the gleam of a distant sun,
In the stilly deeps of night,
In the joy of work well done.

WHERE IS GOD?

In the busy game of life,
In the babe's first cry of breath,
In the hope of life afar,
In the firm sure arm of Death.

—NOEL PARDON

Robert Browning, as Appraised at the City Club by Mrs. M. C. Sloss

—FANNIE LYNE BLACK

In these busy modern times our minds are occupied with the ordinary thoughts of everyday life. We are engaged with schemes of business, with ways and means, with commercial projects, with political and international questions, and with all these considerations, live in the restlessness that characterizes the age.

In planning interesting programs for the Thursday Evening group in our Club, it occurred to me recently that it might be well to turn aside from travel talks and the presentation of political problems to consider the beauty and the philosophy in the writings of a great poet for these things are as necessary to a full life as the more material questions. There is deep thought in the old saying, "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily."

George W. Russell the Irish poet and sage, in explaining why he had been asked to become a member of a board formed to promote rural life and prosperity in Ireland, an economic project, said that it was to supply the quality of imagination in their business deliberations.

It was with these thoughts that I asked Mrs. M. C. Sloss, for many years Literary Director of our San Francisco Browning Society and Compiler of a valuable anthology of poetry entitled "Certain Poems of Importance," to come and tell our group why Robert Browning is worthwhile today.

She accepted the invitation graciously and willingly and though the date fell on an evening immediately after her return from a Washington Conference on Child Welfare, she came in smiling and enthusiastic over her subject. She said she thought the chief object of her address would be to endeavor to dispel the idea that Browning is difficult to understand and intelligible only to scholars and students.

Some of his poems especially the longer ones might lie in this category, but in the rich treasury of his writings, there is a wealth of poetry calculated to charm and reward the average reader and the casual power, a power which might have led him to be painter, sculptor or musician. In the field of poetry which he chose, the artistry seeker for beauty. Browning was a born artist with the consciousness of inner of his nature is ever present and manifest. Thus it is that any reader, however casual must have some answering earnestness to appreciate the charm of his writing.

Robert Browning born in London in 1812, had the advantage of cultured and comfortable surroundings. He never had to struggle with poverty or with unfortunate obstacles in life. His father, also Robert Browning was by profession, a bank clerk, and a great reader whose real life lay in gratification of literary and aesthetic tastes. His mother was a Scottish gentlewoman, a musician of good taste, and endowed with a serene affectionate nature.

Robert Browning's formal school life was not an extensive one. The most valuable part of his education was gained from his father's books and from the cultural atmosphere of his home. His youth and early manhood were spent in acquiring a knowledge of various arts, drawing, dancing, music, fencing dramatics, writing and dreaming, laying a foundation for his life work to come. He was over thirty when he met Elizabeth Barrett. The story of their courtship and runaway marriage in opposition to the indomitable will of her father who never forgave her, is well known and always interesting. In this connection Mrs. Sloss told of a play now being produced in London, called "The Barrets of Wimpole Street." It deals with the characteristics and peculiarities of the Barret family in the eighteen forties, and has brought much objection from the descendants now living in London. But in spite of this, the play is successful and drawing full houses. Mrs. George Child, one of our members who has recently returned from England, saw it while in London and she speaks of it with high praise and enthusiasm.

It is hard to understand why there should be such stubborn opposition to such a marriage on the part of Elizabeth's father. It was followed by fifteen years of ideal happiness and out of this beautiful companionship came the wealth of love poems written by both the Brownings; poems of such spiritual beauty that Mrs. Sloss said she had the greatest difficulty in making a choice for her anthology. Those for which she had no space she left out with regret. Browning lived a full life, died in December 1889 in Venice, and was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey on the last day of that year.

To illustrate her points of the simplicity, the beauty and the humanity of Browning, Mrs. Sloss read several of his shorter poems. Among these were—"How They Brought the News From Ghent to Aix;" "Incident of the French Camp;" "Youth and Art;" "Home Thoughts From Abroad;" "My Last Duchess;" "Up at a Villa Down in the City;" Prospice and Love Among the Ruins." She confessed that it was difficult to make selections, the treasury being so vast and her space of time so limited. However, the object of her address would be attained if, in the minds of her audience, an interest in Browning would be renewed and stimulated. The proof of Browning's influence and impression on our life and thought lies in the fact that from his writings as from those of Shakespeare and Tennyson, great numbers of expressions, sayings and lines have passed into our language and are used, often unconsciously, in our writing and conversation. I am not sure that, in this short resume of Mrs. Sloss's address, I have given her full justice, but I know that those who listened to her will agree that the hour in which she spoke was a rich one. Her audience was most appreciative. I am sure that each person felt the stimulus of such a talk and that in consequence of it many volumes of Browning have been brought down from book shelves, opened and read with pleasure and increased interest.

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Revelation

I wander tonight and rejoice
In the moon-enchanted trees,
And I hear far off the muted voice
Of unknown seas.

And I suddenly know that I
Am a part of the wonder scheme;
And that I am passing from sky to sky,
From dream to dream.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

What San Francisco is Doing for the Unemployed

—EDDIE BOYDEN

San Francisco, with typical generosity, is caring for its unemployed.

Scores of agencies, working in harmony, e doing effective work in relieving a sitation filled with heartaches and discouragement.

Perhaps the most effective plan in opation is that of the Citizens' Committee r the Stimulation of Employment, of hich Supervisor Andrew J. Gallagher is airman.

The citizens' committee, working in njunction with the Board of Public orks and the San Francisco Park Comssion, is providing work for more than 00 jobless men and women. A registrabn bureau in Exposition Auditorium has ed more than 6000 unemployed men d women. Under the plan as pursued the citizens' committee, work for men h dependents is first provided. For ee days each week employment is furned to heads of families, for which they eive $5 a day. At the end of three days econd group of unemployed is put to k for three days. The jobs are thus ated through the registration list.

The San Francisco Junior Chamber of mmerce, through the medium of an enhsiastic group, is urging home owners to "clean up, paint up and fix up" at a e when labor is cheap. The junior mber committee has issued printed ds, inviting home owners to list what s of labor they need. In this manner dreds of unemployed men and womentire given the tasks of window washing gardening, painting and repairing.

The men furnished employment by the Citizens' Committee for the Stimulation of Employment, are working on various municipal projects. One group of workers is constructing fire trails on Mt. Davidson. Another is at work constructing a golf course at Sharp's Point. Still another group is toiling daily in John McLaren Park, building pathways, clearing brush and grading land.

The unemployed women registered at the Exposition Auditorium bureau are serving meals to the male laborers, thereby earning for themselves.

The White Christmas Fete Committee, of which Charles W. Collier is general director, furnished work for more than 300 men and women. The downtown decorations were built entirely by San Francisco labor. The men and women thus engaged were chosen exclusively from the ranks of the unemployed.

Governor C. C. Young's state committee for the relief of the unemployed already has outlined an ambitious program, calling for employment of thousands of men early in 1931. The work outlined consists mainly of highway construction.

No discussion of the unemployment situation in San Francisco would be complete without reference to the Salvation Army.

The Army, always in close touch with the seamy side of life, has established "soup kitchens" and is providing work and clothing for the destitute.

Temple Emanu-El has offered the municipality the privilege of one hundred beds to be placed in the basement for use of men without work.

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Unemployment

—FRANCES PERKINS
(From The Woman's Journal)

● By this time we are all familiar with the fact of unemployment, though we in the United States are not completely informed as to its actual extent. We know, however, that for the past year unemployment has been prevalent in most of the countries of the world, that Great Britain, Germany and Italy are seriously affected, and that of the great European nations France alone is as yet untouched to an appreciable extent by this serious economic disease.

As to what has caused the general wave of unemployment, or rather what is the underlying cause of the temporary slackening of commercial activity, there is only a vaguely general agreement. Overproduction of commodities, and their uneven distribution, the replacement of men by machines, the merging of many industrial firms into large industrial units, rapid industrial changes to which society and business have not yet adjusted themselves, unscientific and haphazard industrial management, last year's collapse of the New York stock market, though this is regarded more as a symptom than a cause: these are some of the things mentioned by the economists.

But as to which of the guilty elements should bear the greatest burden of guilt, none is willing to state. In our own country, at least, most people were too busy being prosperous to do more than glance up abstractedly when the rather more than occasional job seeker first began to knock

(Continued on page 24.)

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9-Store Buying Power

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Greetings, everyone!

May the coming year bring good health and much happiness to each of you.

This is our budget month. Each January we take stock, clear up past debts and start anew. Let's budget our time and thoughts as well as our incomes this year. Try to make life brighter for others. It is quite easy to be cheerful and happy when life flows in pleasant channels, but far different when grey days of uncertainty take away the very joy of living. And life has been trying for the majority under the present condition of changed values.

Let's have a mental housecleaning first of all. Discard all thoughts of disaster. Make it a rule not to even think "hard times." Spend normally but wisely. Entertain moderately and above all do not horde. Keep good thoughts and money in circulation. We are as we think — no greater—no poorer.

In planning your household affairs try to keep a happy balance. If your income permits the buying of new equipment, by all means install it. If you can redecorate, you provide work for many. New draperies add so much to the attractiveness of the home and in doing these things, from the purchasing of small articles to those costing hundreds of dollars you start an endless chain, from the time you order until it reaches the manufacturer and that is why it is vitally necessary that we not overbuy. If each of us would buy what we can really afford business would soon return to a sane basis.

Next to this phase comes that of entertaining. Just because funds are restricted, it is not necessary to omit all forms of social obligations. Fewer courses and less expensive foods bring down the cost of dinners or luncheons. Just a piece of good homemade cake and a cup of steaming tea or delicious coffee would be quite enough for afternoon tea or evening refreshments. Sandwiches or a salad may be served first if you like and even in these one may reduce the expenditure by using substitutes such as one-third of lean veal, pork and chicken—all boiled together for either salad or a hot creamed dish. And instead of avocadoes, use that fruit to garnish a mixture of apples, oranges and pineapple.

Tested recipes for delicious cakes should be in every homemakers file, and it is wise to make one in advance to be sure that it answers your requirements. These are based upon standard measurements and call for fresh ingredients and a good oven. Unless one follows instructions to the letter the results will not be the same. For instance, the majority of recipes call for cream of tartar baking powder and if one uses the other type, the quantity must be reduced accordingly. Then again, if a substitute is used for the butter, salt must be added. A happy medium under these conditions is to use half and half. Any of the following recipes are suitable for a beverage and sweet service.

ANTOINETTE CAKE: Cream one-half cup of butter, blend with it one cup of brown sugar, then add two beaten egg yolks; next mix and sift one and one-third cups of pastry flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Add alternately to the first mixture with one-half cup of milk; then add one cup of chopped walnuts, lastly folding in the two stiffly whipped egg whites.

Bake in two layers in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Cover with a soft white frosting or for immediate service top with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

COCOANUT CAKE: Cream three-fourths cup of butter with two cups of granulated sugar, then add one cup of cocoanut milk, and four well beaten egg-yolks. Next mix and sift three cups of flour with three rounding teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Add to first mixture alternately with the four stiffly whipped egg whites. Bake in well-greased and floured tins in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes, or until cake leaves sides of tin.

If fresh cocoanut is not available, drain the milk from the canned variety using a piece of clean cheesecloth to press out the milk. Cow's milk may be used but the cake will not be the same as this is a heavy moist type of cake. Frost with any preferred white icing, covering with the canned cocoanut drained from all liquid, then mixed with granulated sugar until fluffy and dry.

FAIRY GINGERBREAD: (A cake dessert) Mix and sift three-fourths cup of brown sugar, two and one-half cups of pastry flour, and one teaspoon each (level measurements) of soda and baking powder, one tablespoon of ginger and two (or less) teaspoons of cinnamon. Put into a mixing bowl, then mix together three-fourths cup each of molasses and melted butter or fat, add two beaten eggs and when well blended mix with the dry ingredients, adding lastly one cup of boiling water. Bake in gem pans. (The batter will be thin, but the small cakes are tender and delicious.) Top each with sweetened whipped cream or frost if preferred.

To ice, make an uncooked frosting: first soften two tablespoons of butter, then work into it about one-half cup of powdered sugar, then add two tablespoons of hot cream, again adding more sugar until of the desired consistency to spread.

EGYPTIAN CAKE: Dissolve five tablespoons of chocolate in five tablespoons of boiling water; then beat one-half cup of butter to a cream, and blend with it one

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al one-half cups of sugar; next add four wl-beaten egg yolks, one-half cup of mk and the melted chocolate. Blend with th mixture one and three-fourths cups ofpastry flour that has been mixed and si ed with two level teaspoons of baking pcder. Lastly fold in the stiffly whipped eg whites and flavor with one teaspoon of vaılla. Bake in layers in greased tins in a oderate oven (375 degrees F.) until ca leaves sides of tin or between twenty an thirty minutes.

he secret to this cake's attractiveness as dessert is the filling and it must be coumed on the day of making—though thlayers could be baked in advance if deed.

OUGAT FILLING: Beat two egg yolks un very thick, add a few grains of salt, the one cup of finely chopped nut meats anfive tablespoons of sugar. Next beat thegg whites until stiff and dry and fol them into the yolk-mixture. Lastly adctwo cups of double or pastry cream tha has been whipped until it will hold its ape. Flavor to suit with vanilla and if t filling is not as stiff as desired add mo sifted powdered sugar to make the righ consistency.

UILITY CAKE: Beat two cups of sugar witlone cup of butter to a cream. Next addour beaten egg yolks and beat until mix re is light. Now mix and sift three cupof flour, three teaspoons of baking powr and a pinch of salt three times, theridd alternately to first mixture with one ip of milk. Flavor with one teaspoon of vaılla and lastly fold in carefully—the ffly whipped egg whites. Bake in a modate oven from twenty to twenty-five minıes.

Nw this quantity makes four nice layers. may be frosted as one cake with a boile frosting, white or chocolate, or two layermay be put together with a cocoanut creafilling and to the others add enough grou chocolate to color well. Bake the regu way—then ice with a fudge frosting. r use two white layers with two of chocolte and put together alternately and frost e whole with chocolate.

A ood frosting may be made by melting t squares of unsweetened chocolate in thtop of a double boiler. Then add a pinchof salt and five tablespoons of hot strain coffee. Stir until smooth, then gradlly add powdered sugar until mixture comes quite thick; then add nine marshallows, cut into small pieces or an equalmount of marshmallow paste. Beat until mooth, lastly adding a heaping tablespon of butter. Test on a piece of paperr a saucer as it must be firm. More sugarnd more coffee may be added until the dired consistency is reached. This frostii will be smooth and glossy, yet will kp soft under the surface and it is advisle to spread it on thick as it is of fudge onsistency.

YELLOW ANGEL CAKE: Sift five times one cup of flour with four teaspoons of cornstarch and one-eighth teaspoon of salt. Have ready a syrup made by boiling one and one-fourth cups of sugar and five tablespoons of water until syrup will thread. Pour over seven stiffly whipped egg whites, then add the beaten egg-yolks and lastly fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Flavor with one teaspoon of orange extract or fresh juice. Bake in a tubed ungreased pan for one hour in a slow oven or about 320 degrees, raising to 350 for the last five minutes. Add grated orange peel to any white frosting if an iced cake is preferred.

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In Memoriam

● Mrs. W. H. Warren of Palo Alto, member of the Women's City Club, passed away on December 8. She was active in Volunteer Service for many years, at one time being chairman of the League Shop when the organization was at 333 Kearny street, and served in the present League Shop. Mrs. Warren also assisted Mrs. Maddux in Current Event Lectures.

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December Festivities

The Women's Traffic Club held a bridge dinner at the City Club the evening of December 18.

The City Club's own Children's Party was held December 20, with daughters and small sons of members making merry at a luncheon. Many met later in the Swimming Pool.

French Classes

● Madame Rose Olivier will continue her French classes after the first of the year. Conversational classes on Monday afternoon and Friday morning. Theory classes on Monday nights. Any member interested in registering may do so at the Room Secretary's desk. Theory classes—beginning Monday evening, January 12; fifteen lessons, $6.00 for members, $7.50 for non-members. Conversational classes beginning Friday morning, January 9 and Monday afternoon, January 12—twelve lessons, $7.50 for members and $9.00 for non-members.

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Pacific Heights Outdoor School Changes Ownership

The Pacific Heights Outdoor School, which has been in operation for several years has recently passed into the proprietorship of Miss Bertha M. Earll, a pioneer member of the Women's City Club. Miss Earll has taken the management and direction of the nursery and play school after a study of similar institutions in the East and Los Angeles. She has a trained staff and the equipment and housing are excellent. She will maintain a limited enrollment of nursery and kindergarten children.

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"Stanford" Children's Party

"Stanford Women" held their Children's Christmas Party at the City Club December 15, when juniors and adults joined in a jolly prelude to the real holidays.

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(Continued from page 21)

at the door about two years ago. Then gradually they found themselves feeling that this discontented fellow was forming an annoying habit of knocking; and then, suddenly, there he was—a whole, long, haggard line of him—the bread line!

In the state of New York we gauge our estimates of industrial welfare or depression by the statements of 1,700 representative factories, which render monthly reports to the State Department of Labor. Manufacturing is the state's larges industry, and we know that the lines of business are so closely interwoven that the condition of a single important group is quickly felt by all.

A Steady Decline

According to the reports of these 1,700 firms, from November 1, 1929, to August 31, 1930, factory employment in the state dropped steadily month by month, acquiring in ten months a total decline of 18 per cent. The high point of the year in factory employment had occurred in October, 1929; a moderate decline the following month would not have been unusual or alarming, but a November drop of 2.3 per cent was sufficient to occasion comment. It assumed significance when followed in December by a drop of 3.9 per cent, particularly as December is a month in which factories often enlarge their forces. An added decline of 2.2 per cent brought January to the lowest figure ever recorded for the first month of the year.

In February and March the respective decreases were only one-half and one-tenth of one per cent, but it is unusual for these months not to show an appreciable increase, for factories usually begin to take on new workers in February, in anticipation of the spring season, while March is ordinarily the month of greatest activity in the spring. April and May followed without the usual seasonal acceleration, but with added drops each month of 1½ per cent. This brought us to the summer months, June, July and August, whose respective declines of 2, 4 and 1 per cent would ordinarily be attributed to seasonal dullness, and would have passed without much notice but for the fact that they were tacked on at the end of a steadily declining scale.

We awaited with no small degree of interest and concern the figures for September. For September we felt would be the key month. If September should show an increase in factory employment greater than that which could be attributed to the natural return from summer slackness to autumn activity, then we could believe the unemployment crisis passed. If, on the other hand, there should be only such an acceleration as inevitably comes when the schools begin, the tourists come back from abroad, the "to let" signs disappear from in front of the apartment houses, the cellars are filled with coal and the winter wardrobes are replenished, then we felt that we might prepare for a winter which would have some of the characteristics of old-fashioned "hard times."

Now with the September figures at hand, we find a 2.4 per cent increase. This of course is better than no increase at all and it is a fair percentage rise from the previous month; but it is by no means sufficient to offset the accumulated 18 per cent decline of the ten months preceding. Indeed, it leaves the September employment level in New York State the lowest that it has been since the Labor Department began to keep its monthly record of factory employment in 1914.

And so I think it safe to predict that during the coming winter most of you will be reading more than you, as laymen, ever read before, about this thing called unemployment. For this is a phenomenon whose true causes can only be gradually unfolded, as we study the avenues that are most greatly affected, as we compare conditions in our own country with those of others, as we weigh the extent of depression in one year with that in any other when similar conditions have prevailed.

There is at least this hopeful feature about the general business depression through which we are passing—the depression which has been felt by all, but has left its deepest imprint naturally on the wage earner at the lowest end of the scale—that in America at least it has awakened the public consciousness and conscience to the existence of unemployment as a great social problem; that it has set employers, economists, social scientists generally thinking seriously about how best to cope with this problem, and, more important still, how best to track it to its sources and exterminate it.

Programs of Public Works

Since the only real cure for unemployment is jobs, the most obvious way to relieve a condition of unemployment is to create places where men can work and be paid for doing so. When private industry is in a condition of temporary depression the state has the power to institute *programs of public works*, which may provide employment for large numbers of surplus laborers. There are always public projects which need to be developed — roads, bridges and waterways needing to be built. Public works programs undertaken in the United States during last year totaled three and a half billion dollars and gave employment to approximately 900,000 people. It is expected that this year's total expenditures, including the work on public buildings which is under way or contemplated, will reach $4,000,000,000, and will employ directly 130,000 more persons than the work of last year. At least part

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ts work has served to ease the unemployrnt emergency.

The State of Iowa spent during August $,000,000 on roads as a measure of uneployment relief. In New York State hhways are being built, grade crossings eninated, and work is going forward on ste hospitals, state office buildings and o state prisons.

Such measures affect the economic situion by keeping up the purchasing pwer of the wage-earner and so gradually rke a demand for manufactured goods, ad this in turn starts the machinery of industry. After this immediate end has bn served it is the duty of responsible gernments to study the situation which mes necessary such emergency relief.

The first step is to establish some farreching *system of unemployment statistic*—to find out with a greater degree of acuracy what percentage of unemploymt exists in good and bad times. This ca be done, either by adding greatly to thexisting statistical machinery of most labr bureaus, or it can be done by taking a csus of unemployment. Indicating the puic's gradual awakening to the unemplment problem, even in advance of the prent crisis, several American cities of recit years have instituted house-to-house unmployment surveys. In Buffalo last yea a census of unemployment was taken by udents of local colleges; Cincinnati anColumbus have both conducted local carasses of the unemployed within their borers; Baltimore in 1927 undertook sucan enumeration to ascertain the numberf persons gainfully employed in normaimes. In the 1930 Federal census the Uned States for the first time undertook offially to obtain certain unemployment infmation through its questionnaire.

Amittedly it will be a good many years befe the best kind of unemployment statics are available; but while the cumbersme census-taking machinery is being put to operation, there are other importantmatters with which to concern ourselv. One of these is the provision of adeate machinery for connecting men in ed of jobs with such jobs as exist. Durg the years of relative prosperity in our untry the fee-charging employment agery has become a thriving business, and honest hands it is a legitimate and usef business. But it is a system peculiarlysusceptible to abuses, and never more so tn during a period when jobs are so hardo get that men will subject themselveto real injustices in order to obtain them

"With the spirit of social responsibility becoming more and more prevalent among employers, and with economists and sociologists all bent on a solution of the problem, t is only a question of time—and I hink we may hope a comparatively hort time — until unemployment may be made to disappear as surely as smallpox and yellow fever vanished when earnest minds set about to eradicate them."

Unscrupulous Agencies

Instances have come to our attention of laborers required to pay one fee to an agency (and usually it is a fee they can ill afford to pay) and another to an unscrupulous employer, who is in league with the agent. We have encountered other cases of agents who collected relatively large fees from applicants and then sent them out to jobs that did not exist at all. Others have been known to send a man to a job (collecting a fee in advance, of course), and then to cause him to lose that job so that he would have to pay another fee to obtain another place.

A big part of the social housecleaning, therefore, which the unemployment situation has hastened us into, has to do with employment agencies. We have found that we must build up *a system of free public employment offices*, so strong, so useful and and so far-reaching that the

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unscrupulous private agencies will find themselves without patrons. It has been suggested that the Federal Employment System be made a great coordinating agency for the whole country, insuring efficiency and cooperative action among the state bureaus. We have already taken steps toward coordinating the non-fee-charging agencies in the State of New York in the State Employment Service, which maintains at present ten offices in various parts of the state. Against a relatively small number of free agencies in the state as a whole, there are in New York City alone more than 1,100 licensed fee-charging employment bureaus. We believe that it is possible to build up the technique of the free public agency to the point where it will be the means not only of forcing the unworthy agencies to retire, but of relieving and actually helping to prevent unemployment.

We believe also, and our experience with the State Employment Service would seem to justify the assumption, that the services of free employment agencies will be extended more and more to include not only the laboring classes but great numbers of "white-collar" workers. In addition to domestic help and unskilled labor, this bureau has now on its lists as competent applicants for positions requiring highly trained clerical, professional and executive experience as have any of the fee-charging agencies, and these lists are being constantly extended.

When we have provided public works, have built up an adequate system of employment statistics and have established good employment exchanges, the complex problem of unemployment still leaves much to be done. What is to happen to those men who lose their jobs and for whom there is no other work? Many unbiased thinkers advocate some form of insurance.

Industrial, or unemployment, insurance has not yet been tried in this country, but if the time comes for us to adopt it, the United States will have several European models to choose from. England, Italy and Germany have each a system of unemployment insurance, which derives its funds from contributions of employers, employees and the state.

Unemployment Insurance

It was probably in anticipation of some of the most usual criticisms of industrial insurance as a "dole" that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, in advocating the adoption of unemployment insurance a few months ago, said: "It is, of course, necessary for us to recognize that insurance against unemployment must not by any chance become a mere dole—a handout from local or state agencies—which encourages idleness and defeats its own purpose. It should be possible in developing a system of unemployment insurance to draw a hard and fast line against any man or woman who declines to accept an offered position." Further than this Governor Roosevelt advocated that contributions to the industrial insurance fund be made by workers themselves.

If some plan of unemployment insurance, similar to the one suggested above, is laid before the New York Legislature at its next session, it will be the first time in America that a legislative body has been asked to consider such a measure. Private corporations and business firms, however, have adopted plans for industrial insurance which are declared satisfactory to workers and employers, and may be particularly useful when business is not thriving.

General Electric's Plan

The plan by which the General Electric Company hopes to prevent wholesale lay-offs in times of industrial depression is an outstanding one. Under this plan emergency benefits are paid out of a fund to which joint and equal contributions are made by employees and by the company. Aid is given through group action to those workers who are in need or who require temporary loans, or for whom only part-time work is available. In times of unemployment emergency the plan receives the cooperation of the employees of the company who are not usually affected by unemployment, and the assistance of the company in equal amount.

Outside of insurance, many other measures are being taken by industrial firms to relieve unemployment. Probably the best-known plan is that of the Ivory Soap manufacturers, Proctor and Gamble, of Cincinnati, who have so stabilized their production that they are able to guarantee every employee, of six months' service with the plant, forty-eight weeks of continuous employment each year.

Others dealing in more distinctly seasonal products have had to cope not only with the fluctuations in the business cycle, but with the variations in demand which come at different times of the year, and in many cases with seasonal supply. Such firms as the Columbia Conserve Company, of Indianapolis, and the California Packing Company, of San Francisco, have made a "conscious effort" to find products which will keep the factories working the year around and eliminate the old-time casual labor element. The International Harvester Company, of Chicago, which finds its product much influenced by the weather and crops, has been working for years to adjust its various items of production so that employees laid off in one department may be absorbed in another. The John A. Manning Paper Company, of Troy, New York, follows regularly the

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pacy of training employees for various jcs, so that they may be moved from one seion to another in slack periods. The hed of the Packard Automobile Compay, of Detroit, says that in his company nenore cars are produced when demand is eavy than when it is light, "the dem.ds for the big selling months being mt from the surplus produced in the perios when demand is less active."

Within the past few months 292 leadng ndustrial firms in the State of New Yec have reported that they have adopcedome plan for combating unemployne'. Many of these acted in conformity wit recommendations of the Committee forhe Stabilization of Industry for the Preention of Unemployment, appointed astspring by Governor Roosevelt. The netods of preventing unemployment whit these firms announced include vorng employees in part-time shifts; dvace planning; manufacturing for toc in dull periods; transferring emloyes from slack departments to busy ones. In addition to those which reported hathey had adopted some plan, there vete306 others which, in replying to the uesonnaire of the Stabilization Committee, aid that they had no definite plan; ut rny of these described some effective nethd which they were using to prevent tayin off employees in the present period f sl kened business.

Tlse replies and these plans indicate gre development of social responsibily aong employers. Certainly there is vide:e here that employers have abanone or are gradually abandoning, the ld he and fire methods with their comlete adifference to the workman; that ney a recognizing as an economic necesty t sound business a program which eepsup the wage-earner's purchasing owe

Wit this spirit becoming more and ore revalent among employers, and ith onomists and sociologists all bent n a sution of the problem, it is only a uestio of time—and I think we may ope comparatively short time—until nemployment may be made to disappear sure as smallpox and yellow fever nish when earnest minds set about to adica them.

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oolBook to Be omiled

City lub members are invited to send eir ch ce recipes to the Club, to be pubhed i the City Club Cook Book which to be sued in February. All of the reoes cnot be used and there may be eplica ns, but it is planned to make e coobook comprehensive and choice.

Twenty-five Cents Fine If you do not!

On Page 9 you will find the ballot for the election of ten candidates to the Board of Directors for the years 1931-1934. The election will be held next Monday, January 12, and we urge that you cut out the ballot at once and return it being sure to put your name on the outside of the envelope so that you will be given credit for having voted.

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Kindergarden in the new Home

Another kindergarten and elementary school, Kiddie Castle, moved to 3569 Washington Street after nine years at 254 Twelfth Avenue. Evelyn Rosenthal, a member of the Women's City Club has been the director of this school. In the new quarters are accommodations for a limited number of resident pupils. Well lighted and ventilated class rooms, indoor playroom for rainy weather and special occupational room for arts and crafts are features of the school.

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What Should College Do for Women? A plea for an Education Based on Women's Needs

—MINA KERR
Dean of Women, Atlantic University
(From The Woman's Journal)

● For long centuries the education of women was wholly different from that of men and was confined within the narrowest limits. Then suddenly, within about one hundred years, it was made wholly like that of men. It was then the first women's seminaries began to develop, leading later to the opening of college courses to women. Very naturally, the curriculum for men created through the eight preceding centuries of university education was taken over almost unchanged for women students. Women had to prove that their brains were of equal power and range and that they could master all subjects men could master.

Naturally, too, women's first teachers were men, for no women were yet trained to teach the more advanced subjects and courses. But men still largely direct the higher education of women in America. Of over a hundred colleges for women, men are presidents of all but ten, many of the academic deans are men, and from fifty to seventy-five per cent of the full professors are men. In one large college for women, over twenty-five years old, up until five years ago no woman ever sat on the curriculum committee for the courses in arts and sciences. In another college for women numbering nearly two thousand students, one woman only sits on the curriculum committee.

When we turn to the so-called coeducational colleges and universities, we find that they are coeducational in one respect only, that the student body includes both men and women. The president, academic deans, most of the trustees, are men, while the professors with the exception of a few scattered women, perhaps three or four per cent of the entire number, are men, even when forty to fifty per cent of the students are women. There are but two or three institutions in America that are truly and completely coeducational in executives, trustees, faculty and students, and even these have never yet had any women as academic deans or presidents.

The result is that our curriculum for women is *still* based on men's experience, work and needs. But we are at last beginning to ask: "Do men and women do different work?" Do they have different needs?" "Do they have different contributions to make to society?" "Should they have different curricula?" Women had to win equality of opportunity and prov equality of ability. Must not the next de velopment add differentiation to equality?

To be sure, home economics college and courses are a beginning in the adapta tion of curricula to women's special needs Men are now everywhere willing to ad courses in cooking, sewing and household management for women students, and t grant to these courses full academic recog nition. A few other colleges have made be ginnings at adaptation to women's need in less objective ways. But these are excep tions. Has not the time come when women should have greater opportunity to tr their hand at the development of a differ ent curriculum and a different kind of uni versity education in certain respects fo women? Somehow they must get the exec utive authority and administrative chanc to make the experiment.

It is true that men control the mone which builds colleges and so control als the executive, the more highly paid an more interesting positions in the college Perhaps American women are themselve at fault in that they have not taken enoug initiative and responsibility in the educa tion of other women. It may be tha through their own timidity or lack of en ergy and interest they have thrust upo men the executive leadership in educatio which women should take for women an men for men. However that may be, would seem as if the time had come f women to direct their own college educ tion to meet their own needs.

Not long ago a young woman who h been out of college for two or three yea said: "We were taught everything exce how to live and work in this world as it and to do our part as women in this twe tieth century." Alice Duer Miller, in h new book, "Green Isle," writes: "Strange enough, there is nowhere the average pe son can go to learn how to live his dai life. Children are taught Latin and astro omy, but no school or college tells the how to clear their minds for a decisio how to tell certain psychological, or ev psychopathic, types and how to deal wi them; how, for any individual, to ar the line between idleness and serenity, t tween overwork and fullness of life. t tween sweet charity and being every ma dupe. Everybody needs such instructio something halfway between religious p cepts and practical talks to salesm Women need it particularly, for they not get, as early as men do, the experie of the business world."

Partners, Not Competitors

There is a great struggle agai women's entering the fields and positi long held entirely by men, but if wom have the same curriculum and educat for the same kinds of work, they are l ically certain to seek to use that educati Many of us believe, however, that wom

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a different, though an equally impor-
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ication should herefore emphasize the
ds in which pre-eminently they have
e bility to serve. In this way we should
et instead of competition, cooperation
cpartnership between men and women
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Surely any woman who has an urge
itin her to attain any knowledge, enter
yield, realize any vision in any realm
l and work, should have the freedom
nd opportunity to follow her gleam and
g any kind of education she chooses,
ethough it be for engineering, inter-
ational law, or diplomatic service. But
e ct is that, though a few may follow
dlures, seventy-five per cent or more
Amerıcan college women graduates go
to neir own homes to be home-makers,
ildmakers, citizens of the community,
ati and world today, and also usually
eco e the leaders among the women of
eir ities.

First in the Curriculum

Wat then are the special contributions,
orm of work, and needs of most college
omi? What curriculum content will
repe e them for life and leadership?
irst would place the use of the English
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oice a sense of words and a knowledge
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ourse is a tremendous asset for a hostess
nd another in a home, and for a citizen
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ges et this goal definitely before them
the curriculum and methods of teach-
ng, te beautiful English speech of col-
ge gi duates would affect their children,
ther eople around them, and sooner or
ter ; American speech.

Th women need to know health in
ll its spects, for themselves, their chil-
ren, eir family, and their communities.
Vom even more than men determine
he hlth of family and nation. There-
ore t y should learn personal hygiene,
ocial ygiene, mental hygiene, and the
rincip s and methods of public health.
s a fndation, they should have enough
hysio gy and biology to understand the
uman body. To know what, why and
ow in ood, clothing, exercise, sleep, and
ll car of the body is of the utmost im-
ortan to their children and to society.

And ince women largely train children
n the ars from one to five, when disposi-
ions a d attitudes are effectively determ-
ned, tly should as child-makers learn all
hat ca be taught in the curriculum about
hild p chology and child behavior. How
o mak a disposition, a mind, a spirit, is
nore important than geometry or Greek
o the majority of college graduates.

Women as home-makers for the most part create the atmosphere and so the happiness or unhappiness of the home. Hence, they need to understand how to guide the many human relationships of husband and father, children, guests, servants, tradespeople and all who come in touch with the home. Women make or mar, by their understanding or lack of it, the home centers and all human relationships. Psychology, mental hygiene, literature and other subjects may be directed to the teaching of the best adjustment of human relations.

Again, women do most of the buying and spending of the family income. Hence it is the economics of consumption rather than the economics of production that most women need to know. Yet nearly all economics taught in college courses for women as well as men has been the latter. If women know what money symbolizes, how it is created by work, and so respect it, if they know values in food clothing, and all that goes into a house and home, they will conserve and use the nation's wealth for that nation's well-being and happiness. Women, as fully as men, need to be trained as economists, but chiefly economists in consumption.

Creating Beauty in the Home

Of all the contributions of women, one of the most vital is beauty. Its creation and conservation should be part of every college woman's education. She should leave college knowing and loving beauty in many forms. The ability to dress in good taste, with a sense of color and design, is something that can be learned. Beauty in a house is by no means wholly a matter of expense, but equally a result of knowledge, taste and judgment. A house may be simple, quieting to the eye, restful and pleasing to all who enter it, yet be very inexpensively furnished. As with dress, everything is in knowing how. A beautiful home is a joy and blessing to children, guests and the whole family life, but it requires that the home-maker shall know and love beauty in architecture, pictures, music, furnishings and decoration, and shall make an harmonious whole of her house.

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In the Community

Not only is this sense of beauty needed within a home, but also within a city. Women, since they have become citizens, have already done much through their clubs to beautify school grounds, playgrounds, streets, parks and all public places. One of the greatest contributions of women citizens should be in bringing beauty to our towns and cities. American women of the twentieth century have all the responsibilities as well as privileges of citizens. Hence college graduates must know history and government, must be trained to think in terms of the community, the nation and the world, must know conditions, problems, needs, movements and organizations. They must be made to see political and economic aspects of national and international life at the present time. They need to think in circle beyond circle, home, community, nation, world, and to realize how each circle widens out into the next.

The real job of most college women in American society covers the use of a beautiful English speech, health of body and mind, human relationships, the economics of consumption, beauty in home and community, and citizenship. With these demands and goals of life as it is today for women, it seems sensible to make the curriculum first of all meet these demands and reach these goals. It is probably a question of refocusing, redirecting, re-emphasizing the content of the curriculum for women, rather than eliminating any of the fundamental departments of culture, whether these be languages, sciences or philosophy.

Let us put first things first for the majority of college women who are going to live as home-makers, mothers and citizens. Let us, as women, be women to the utmost, live our women's lives, give our women's service, think out and make our own curriculum to suit our own goals. Let a man be a man and a woman a woman, and let us no longer merely copy men in curriculum, athletics and college residence customs. As women accept themselves, respect their own womanhood, and develop their own powers and services as women, they will find greater happiness for themselves, win greater recognition from men and meet more completely human needs.

▲ ▲ ▲

Miss Gohrman to Assist Women

● Miss Hilda Gohrman has been appointed to the organization and the management of a Women's Department for the Morris Plan Company of San Francisco. She has held the position of secretary of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, Executive Secretary of Parr Terminal Company, and Educational Director to the Better Bedding Alliance. She has done social service work with the Associated Charities.

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Conquering "City Nerves" A prescription for learning to live peacefully in the City's rowdy congestion

—GULIELMA F. ALSOP, M. D.
(From The Woman's Journal)

● "City nerves" are without doubt an adult accomplishment, compounded as much of emotional exasperation as of physical discomfort. After a summer vacation, the noise, dirt, crowds, the whole jostling of the city itself, make us ask *"Cui bono?"*

Why do we barter our natural heritage of trees and leaves, quiet skies at night, a gentle dawn, and twilight leisure for the dubious mess of pottage of a winter's salary? And so every harsh roar of a truck that cuts across our hearing just as we are at last falling asleep fills us with a double rage.

This emotional exasperation accents, doubles, our "nerves." When the fire engine bellows joyfully down the street at 2:00 a.m., like a boisterous gang of boys having a good time, then we decide, once for all, to leave town. But leave town most of us can not. Perforce we must remain. Therefore, to save our skins, our very lives, we must evolve within ourselves an answer to the horror of the city. We must begin, with a slow but dogged perseverance, to change the city or to change ourselves.

Perhaps we are more pliable than the city, though we must remember that no superhuman monster or diabolical power made the city, merely we ourselves. It has no separate life apart from us. It lives only by our breath, so change it we can and will, as witness the slow beginning of restraint upon the merry horde of overgrown boys who toot the horns and speed the trucks and enjoy the noise.

These drivers have no "city nerves," and, with the thought of changing ourselves, we ask, "How did they get that way?"

These people without nerves appear first of all, to be men. So women are facing once again their eternal hypersensitiveness, this hypersensitiveness which is so often a liability to women themselves and yet so increasingly an asset. In modern life quick, sensitive adjustments are necessary. The feminine temperament is coming into its own.

Secondly, these people without nerves are out-of-door people. Most of us who quiver under the rasp of the city are indoor people. To remedy this necessitates a change and alteration in our daily schedule of work and rest. Life is more pliable than the towers of stone that permit our increasing, rowdy congestion. Hours of work have already changed enormously, hours of work will change yet more. We

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See Christmas Advertisement on Page 16 . . . Center of Magazine

can be of the number who demand for themselves time to walk part way to work and part way home, and a free week-end. Never was there a time when what human beings demanded for themselves was more quickly achieved.

Not only should we demand time for out-of-doors for ourselves, but we should be equally willing to see that our subordinates get time for out-of-doors. Many of us run offices with a large staff. We can run an office in a soul-and-body-destroying manner or in a human, mutually adjustable manner.

Next, these out-of-door people sleep soundly. They would not even hear a fire engine that shrieked under their windows at 2:00 a.m. For actual physical help in lessening the impact of noise, dirt, ugliness, on our bodily nervous mechanism, we need to learn how to sleep. Sleep comes to the muscularly tired and shuns the nervously tired.

This brings us to the problem that dogs the city dweller, of how to lead a sufficiently muscular life, of how to get exercise every day during the winter. Some schedule must be worked out that will ensure enough muscular fatigue to induce sleep. If, during the week, only a daily walk can be taken, this walk must be a brisk swinging walk in comfortable shoes, followed by a long week-end in the country, in the park, or at a beach. Many of us forget how superb the beaches are in the fall with their stormy breakers and the surf birds running on the shore. We think of them only in terms of summer baths and summer tan. And one will meet no crowds on the beach in the fall.

Those of us who are torn to pieces by the city noises are likely to be tired people who want to rest on Sunday. If so, a half day of rest and the other half spent out-of-doors will be a greater refreshment than the whole day spent indoors resting.

The establishment of a regular bed hour will bring to the aid of the sleeper the force of bodily habit. To knock off work or reading about an hour before bed time and, if the environment permits, to take a short stroll out-of-doors, or, in other circumstances, to do some household puttering, will allow a toning down of the mental tension and so the individual will fall asleep more easily. A slow, lazy, tepid bath (not hot—this is stimulating and wakening), soaking ten minutes or so, a cup of hot malted milk or cow's milk with two crackers, and a warm bed will put most of us to sleep, provided we are not worrying over some knotty problem of tomorrow.

A dark handkerchief or some dark material folded and laid across the eyes, or better still a simple eye mask of black velvet ribbon fastened around the head with tape, will keep out excessive light and so prolong the period of sleep for those who waken easily under light. Cotton wool, twisted into a small plug and pressed lightly into the external opening of the ear canal, will serve to muffle sound. This cotton should never be pushed in but should merely act as a stopper in the outer ear. An avoidance of stimulants after lunch also makes a difference in the ease and celerity with which people fall asleep, many light slepers not being able to take even afternoon tea.

The Successful City Type

The successful city type tends to become more and more alert, capable of quick adjustments and nervous. These characteristics, one knows, are necessary to mere continuance of life on the city streets. They can also be sharpened into an apprehensive, jerky, desperate attitude that snaps under excessive strain. So all things that increase this nervous tendency should be avoided entirely, as coffee after dinner. Too much meat, too much work, too many overlapping engagements, too many telephone calls, too many cigarettes, coca-colas, coffees, stimulants, all "fray our nerves" and make us ready to "jump out of our skins" at some sudden affront. And these sudden affronts, like a thousand pin pricks, jabbing our awareness of the city's ugliness, of its lack of peace, courtesy, leisure, graciousness, keep us in a continual turmoil.

In this emotional impasse we might relieve our mental tension by working actively with some city betterment league, by making the condition of the city a real issue in local politics. And then we must focus our attention on something other than the traffic, the crowds.

There is still a blue sky, blue as the bluest Mediterranean, shining behind the silver towers, and a wind that ruffles the colored scarves of the women.

▲ ▲ ▲

Take Care of Your Feet

● Dr. Shearman M. Henri, surgical chiropodist, now a member of the staff of the Women's City Club Beauty Salon, has the following to say:

"Modern women are coming more and more to realize the need for foot care, especially with regard to the feet of growing children.

"Hygiene of the feet falls under two headings—preventive and corrective.

Preventive treatment embraces: Proper shoes and stockings, exercise (other than walking), trimming nails straight across, changing stockings daily, bathing (not soaking) feet in tepid water, walking with toes pointing forward, dusting with foot powder occasionally.

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▲ ▲ ▲

Compliments Received

Many compliments have been received by the City Club staff upon the Christmas decorations in the corridors, lounge and library. Wreaths, garlands and Christmas trees made the rooms redolent of the season's cheer.

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AGAZINE

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***The* Women's**

City Club

Beauty Salon

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SPECIAL NOTICE

The Management has decided to make this economic and attractive offer:

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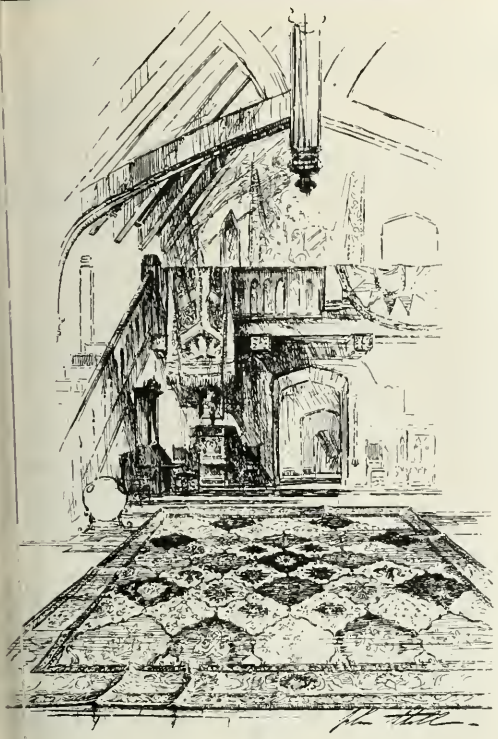

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The Women's City Club Magazine School Directory

SELECT A SCHOOL OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

Providing the right atmosphere for the child during the educational period presents itself as a problem to the average mother and father. To secure the right environment which will permit recreational and physical development features necessitates careful investigation and suitable recommendation. On first thought one might think that any school in the Bay District would be environmentally suitable but even in this more or less limited area one finds a variety of climatic conditions and factors that make it necessary to consider the seasons of the year. To accomplish the best results for each type of climatic requirement, the Women's City Club Magazine school directory has tried to present the representative school in each section and they are presented to you in these columns.

In the wholesome atmosphere of a good private school boys and girls find each school day a new and interesting experience. They live, work and play according to a systematic schedule. They are given an opportunity to acquire a sense of values other than scholastic and to develop wisdom, leadership and self-control under the guidance of men and women who know boys and girls, who believe in them, and whose experience makes them fine, wise and sympathetic leaders.

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We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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•

To You . . .

who want to know more about Pacific Coast schools, this Directory will prove of inestimable value. Each month you will find seasonal as well as year-round schools represented in these pages—and whether you wish to find a school specializing in art, music or languges—a private or business school — we believe a glance through this Directory each month will repay you.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1, 1931

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversational Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock, Board Room.
Theory Class—Monday Nights, 6:00 o'clock, Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Tuesday Evenings, 7:30 o'clock, Auditorium.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:30 o'clock, Chinese Room.

February 2—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cl
4—Current Event Section Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Leader.*	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'c
4—Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, *Leader.*	*Card Room*	12:00 no
5—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Trader's Wife" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 o'cl
5—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Ralph W. Chaney. Subject: "On the Trail of the Dinosaur in Mongolia"—Illustrated.	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
6—Lecture by J. E. Williamson Subject: "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea." Illustrated. Admission $1.00.	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
9—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cl
10—Valentine Bridge Party (Tables $3.00)	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
12—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. William Cranston. Subject: "Russian Experiences and Impressions."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
13—Fourth Lecture by Dr. Graham Stuart Subject: "Problems of Peace and Security in Europe." (Tickets 75 cents)	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
16—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cl
17—Food Demonstration (Members and guests)	*Auditorium*	10:00 o'cl
19—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Bertha Monroe. Subject: "International Affairs."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
23—Pre-Lenten Lecture by Rev. H. H. Powell Subject: "How Humanity Found God."	*Auditorium*	11:00 o'cl
25—International Dinner Japanese Sukaiki. $1.25 per person.	*Main Dining Room*	6:30 o'cl
26—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Lewis Byington. Subject: "Proposed New Charter for San Francisco."	*Auditorium*	8:00 o'cl
27—Fifth Lecture by Dr. Graham Stuart Subject: "United States of Europe." Tickets 75 cents.	*Auditorium*	8:00 o

Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

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Thru the WONDERLAND *of Long Ago*
on the CRUISE-TOUR *to* HAVANA

Grim . . . they tower in tropic shade, the tortured walls of Panama's Old Cathedral . . . Scars left by Morgan's men . . . wounds of ruthless, sacrilegious fury . . . glow, almost livid, through tender mantles draped by Nature's hand . . . mantles of creeping moss and scattered vine spread with fairy, fragrant blossoms . . . Sunset bathes the ravaged ruin in weird, prophetic glory.

Fascinating beyond imagining is the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail through The Wonderland of Long Ago . . . In Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, the Canal Zone, Colombia and Havana, you pause in history's solemn hush . . . tread reverently before shrines of simple, splendid faiths that labored to keep alight the torch of Civilization in the gloom of brooding tropic jungles . . . The magic of the past steals up with memories of rushing pirate bands . . . the peace of Angelus bells intoning evening worship . . . the merry chirp of castanets in shadowy, moonlit gardens.

Throughout your liner is your home . . . The luxuries of Panama Mail service go with you into every port . . . attend you during rapturous nights at sea . . . make you fit and eager for the next day's episode ashore . . . But there's only one Cruise-Tour to New York . . . the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail . . . It sails from San Francisco alternate Saturdays . . . A postcard will bring details. Plan your trip—right now.

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2 PINE STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

Painting by Edward Bright Bruce, California artist, recently hung in the San Francisco Stock Exchange Building, showing the San Francisco skyline as one looks toward the Marin Hills across San Francisco Bay.

/OMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

Te reputation our club has built for itself locally has spread abroad. Because of this, it has been my privilege this ek t represent you in Los Angeles in a piece of service to a oup hich is initiating headquarters for business women. The ost fitering comment was the remark "Well even if it isn't a ralle proposal, we believed the City Club of San Francisco uld :d would help us see our way clearly, and so we asked you com"

Wh away from the club activities which have been so all-sorbig for two years, I tried to see our organization in per-ectiv This is what stands out in differentiation from any ner group in the country—the recognized purpose which holds r membership, holds it even at a time of economic stress when ordinry club membership in the minds of many becomes an ravance. The service slant of our program has never been re cicisely expressed than it was at a meeting of twenty-five our embers at the Women's Athletic Club of Los Angeles t Thesday morning. After telling the news of the National ague asked this question, "Why do you continue your mem-rshup t long distance? Is it for the clubhouse privileges enjoyed when you or your friends come north, or is it perhaps for the magazine itself which keeps you in touch with your club?"

One member rose and said, "Personally I continue to hope that I will some day return to San Francisco and render my service through the National League." And the group applauded!

In preserving our purpose—Service—in developing our talents for the good of each other, in proving our ability not only to start something but also to carry it on, we accomplished for women's groups all over the country something which we cannot overestimate. It was comparatively easy to capitalize the war habit of group formation and to establish our first headquarters, but now we are face to face with the monotonous strain of everyday existence under circumstances over which we have no control and which involve a world unrest. The year we now enter demands the same service as did the past year. And with the same support this club of ours will continue to merit its present reputation of a sound business established on a high ideal. If you want to know how enviable this reputation is, travel to other groups and come back thankful—as do I—for your active membership in this National League for Woman's Service, and with a resolution to become an integral part in its support.

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February Brings a Distinct Novelty to Members of the Women's City Club—a "Set-up" of Food and Its Preparation

The od Demonstration to be held at the City Club Febru-y 17 is an event around which clusters many ramifications be-les the reparation of food and the arrangement of menus. In e Auorium, beginning at 10:00 o'clock, members will be ivilege to see modern appliances for the kitchen and will then alize hv attractive that hinterland of a home may really be. is no fashionable for the housewife to be proud of her kitchen and quite engrossed in its appointments. The Demonstration of February 17 will give many suggestions and hints as to the beautification and utilization of kitchen space, besides disclosing secrets for the preparation of food. The kitchen is as modern as the radio if it is properly equipped, and as intriguing. Food prepared at the Demonstration will be served in the cafeteria at the luncheon hour.

Galsworthy's Only Lecture Here Is At Women's City Club of San Francisco

John Galsworthy's lecture at the City Club the evening of March 24, is the only appearance in Northern California of the distinguished author of the "Forsyte Saga," and the succession of brilliant plays which have illuminated the English-speaking stage.

The City Club takes pleasure and pride in presenting Mr. Galsworthy and congratulates itself in having secured him for the March lecture, which has for its subject, "Six Favorite Novelists."

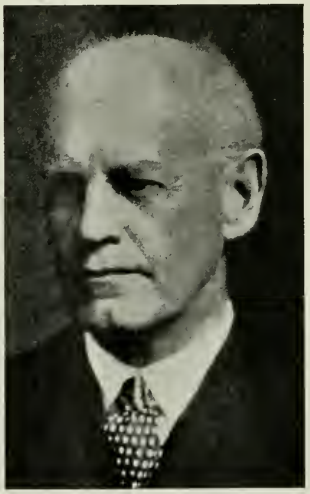
For more than three decades Mr. Galsworthy has been well known to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, few modern authors having gained a wider or more enthusiastic following. As a literary artist he is supreme, for not only are his books models of taste and fine feeling, but he has seen contemporary life with a clear vision and has dealt effectively with its meaning and purposes.

As a lecturer Mr. Galsworthy will bring a message which American audiences will be eager to hear. Standing, as he does at the head of living writers of English, he is one of those rare figures whose works have assumed the magnitude of classics while their author still lives.

Mr. Galsworthy began to write for publication before he was thirty and in less than ten years he achieved remarkable success. Upon graduating with honors from New College, Oxford, he had intended to become a barrister, but was encouraged by his wife to take up literary work. His first novel, "Jocelyn," was published in 1899 and in 1901 he began the "Forsyte Saga" novels, which brought him international fame. Since that time he has produced almost forty books, including novels, short stories, sketches and verse. In some of his most striking novels Mr. Galsworthy has dealt with the limitations and defects of the main section of English upper class society as exemplified by the Forsyte family. In one of his stories, "The Dark Flower," his theme has been the problems of love and marriage. These books have given rise to much discussion. In all his works he has shown that he is a stern opponent of social injustice and has strong sympathy with the wronged and oppressed.

In 1909 Mr. Galsworthy produced his first play, "Strife," which had for its subject the struggle between capital and labor. It met with remarkable sucess. In 1910 this was followed by "Justice," which stirred the British public by its graphic exposure of the horrors of prison life, and eventually brought about some needed reforms. Then came his later plays, including "The Little Dream," "The Pigeon," "The Eldest Son," "The Fugitive," "The Mob," "Loyalties" and "Old English," most of which were presented with great success in America as well as in England. It would be difficult to say which of these plays was the masterpiece, for all of them were distinguished by dramatic qualities of the highest order.

Not only is Mr. Galsworthy a brilliant novelist and a great dramatist, but he is endowed with a most attractive personality, a fact which adds much to his interest as a lecturer. Those who have read his books have gained some idea of his philosophy and genius from the Forsyte Saga.



John Galsworthy

He once summed up his creed as follows: "Although I have been called a socialist I am neither a socialist nor an individualist, for the true path lies obviously in the middle. The English and American communities have undoubtedly been extravagantly individualistic and are now beginning to pull their horns in. As a writer who tries to see both sides of things and tries to see them as they are, extravagances and excrescences naturally tend to get pilloried. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my socialism."

Mr. Galsworty has seen much of the world, having traveled in many lands. At the outset of his career he visited Russia, Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. On a sailing ship between Australia and Capetown he met Joseph Conrad, then a sailor, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. During his travels in later years he has been a keen observer and has gathered much material for his books. At the present day he spends most of his time at his beautiful country house in Sussex or at Grove Lodge, a picturesque Georgian mansion in Hampstead, a London district renowned for its literary associations. He is a diligent worker and writes constantly at all places and in all weathers. Outside of his writing his main occupation is to study people and human ways, so that he may portray them vividly as he sees them.

Since his last visit to this country Mr Galsworthy was honored by receiving the Order of Merit from King George the Fifth, for distinction in human endeavor. His genius as a novelist has been the subject of many glowing tributes written by well known authors and literary critics including the late Joseph Conrad, and such present day celebrities as Hugh Walpole, St. John Ervine, William Lyon Phelps, C. Lewis Hind and Frank Swinnerton. In a recent magazine article Thomas Mann, the well known German novelist, wrote as follows: "I shall always treasure my acquaintance with John Galsworthy. Viewed as a social figure he represents the typical Englishman of good family with his tall stature, his air of perfect health and the rosy color which give the lie to the snow of his head. The knightliness, the moderation, the lovable morality of his nature constitute something like the blossoming of western Europe an civilization. The word gentleman, that is so rich in physical and moral connotation, would describe him if it were only more spiritual."

Tickets for the lecture are priced at $2.50 and $3.50, and may be had at the Room Secretary's desk in the lobby of the Women's City Club. All seats are reserved.

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Past

The clocks are chiming in my heart
Their cobweb chime;
Old murmurings of days that die.
The sob of things a-drifting by.
The clocks are chiming in my heart!

The stars have twinkled, and gone out
Fair candles blown!
The hot desires burn low, and wan
Those ashy fires, that flamed anon.
The stars have twinkled, and gone ou

—JOHN GALSWORTH

Special Committee Sponsors Galsworthy Lecture

Te special committee in charge of the Galsworthy lecture consists of:

Anderson, Mrs. Frank B.
Barrows, Mrs. David P.
Bourn, Miss Ida
Brownell, Mrs. E. E.
Bailey, Miss Ella
Booth, Mrs. W. F. Jr.
Chapman, Mrs. S. G.
Clark, Mrs. Edward H. Jr.
Clifton, Mrs. Horace
Coghlan, Mrs. J. P.
Coleman, Miss Persis
Coppee, Miss Pauline M.
Cooper, Mrs. Charles Miner
Currier, Mrs. Edward
Dill, Mrs. Marshall
Edwards, Mrs. James W.
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Eyre, Mrs. Perry
Fenwick, Miss Harriett
Friedlander, Miss May
Friedlander, Miss Fanny
Girvin, Mrs. R. D.
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Hamilton, Mrs. W. B.
Hopkins, Mrs. Timothy
Huntington, Miss Marion
Koser, Mrs. Newton
Koshland, Mrs. Marcus S.
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Leale, Miss Edith
Lord, Miss Ida
Madison, Mrs. Marshall
McKinstry, Miss Laura
Miller, Mrs. G. O. G.
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Morrison, Mrs. A. F.
Page-Brown, Mrs. A.
Palmer, Mrs. Silas
Pierce, Miss Mabel
Polk, Mrs. Willis
Slack, Miss Edith
Stephenson, Mrs. H. A.
Stoddard, Mrs. T. A.
Sutton, Mrs. Effingham
Thorsen, Mrs. William R.
Treat, Mrs. Payson J.
Volkmann, Miss Johanna
Walker, Mrs. Willis
Williams, Mrs. W. Wilberforce

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"Food Demonstration" at City Club

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Homemaking in its many phases has been discussed in these columns during the past year or so. Menus and recipes have been offered and the response from the readers has been pleasing. It is gratifying to be of service, even in a small way.

The keen interest shown in the food exhibit in November by both donors and purchasers prove that after all, most women are essentially homemakers, regardless of our present mode of living. Membership in this splendid club, and the close proximity of smart hotels and attractive tearooms has not diminished the average woman's enjoyment in baking a cake or turning out a pan of flaky hot biscuits. But—and that's the catch! She will not spend hours in the process as her grandmother, or even as her own mother did but a few years ago. She is bringing to bear upon such homey things that same efficiency that startled the country, when she left the fireside to drive an ambulance in France or to fill the numerous positions in the industrial world, left vacant when the man-power of the Nation sailed across the seas. She wants every task accomplished as quickly and perfectly as possible.

Manufacturers know this and each year present new products as well as appliances which help to "take the work out of housework." These as a rule are shown in the shops, where experts teach their use, while chefs demonstrate new methods of cooking standard foods.

The clever woman keeps abreast of the times, so that she may serve the very best that the market affords at the least cost of time and effort. She attends these culinary classes. She studies her subject. If she enjoys a new dish, she makes inquiries of the proprietor so that she may duplicate its deliciousness in her own kitchen. Sometimes she is successful; again she is not. The sauce is not quite smooth enough, or the flavor lacks the piquancy that intrigued her fancy. To overcome such difficulties she must seek information from the chef himself, who as a rule jealously guards his secrets. Occasionally these chiefs of the culinary arts appear before the public, sharing the knowledge which has been gained over a period of years of constant endeavor. Such opportunities are rare treats for the homemaker.

On the morning of February 17, at 10:30 o'clock, a food demonstration conducted by a famous chef will be held in the City Club auditorium. A model kitchen and breakfast room, or nook will serve as a background. The latest equipment in an up-to-date stove, an electric refrigerator and dishwasher will be used, and all of the smaller electrical appliances which eliminate labor, as well as pots and pans will be displayed if time does not permit their use. Attractive furnishings in both kitchen and nook will offer new ideas for home decoration. Do come and see for yourself. It is to be our very own party so that we may study and enjoy every phase of modern homemaking—for that is truly what it is.

After the food has been prepared and cooked, it will be transferred to the cafeteria, where one may partake of each dish, instead of the usual service, if desired. Plan to dine there on that date—for in that way you will know exactly how such delicious dishes taste as well as look. Better go light at breakfast time, for such delightful concoctions will waft such appetizing odors from the stage that the most rigid dieter will be unable to resist their challenge.

Last Fall when the Talent Festival was held in the Auditorium there was an amazing lot of jams, jellies, salads and pastries contributed by members, while many stated that they would have gladly made their very best dish, if time or locality had permitted, but employment during the week or distance of residence from the club had made it impossible. Those members have an opportunity now to share their recipes for choice dishes. It does not matter whether it is soup or salad, entree or sweet, the cook book now being compiled by the club is to be complete with directions from every type of cookery. It wants every member to be represented in the publication. Please send yours.

When copying your formula, be exact, even if you are a "guess" cook. Measurements, time and temperature mean so much to the inexperienced and the Club book should be a daily aid in serving good food. Look over your files today and send your choice recipes, as there may be duplicates and one or more will permit a selection.

Don't forget the date, February 17 at 10:00 o'clock.

City Club Members to Hear of and See "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea"

● J. E. Williamson, distinguished explorer and scientist, who will lecture at the Women's City Club Friday evening, February 6, on "Beauty and Tragedy under the Sea," has no compunction in opening up the secrets which the sea has been for ages treasuring. He will show moving pictures which he took with the undersea photography which he invented.

The mighty deep has ever held a fascination for man. Beneath its great expanse of 148,000,000 square miles, the ocean is literally one vast teeming foment of life, and in its eerie depths are strewn the wrecks of treasure laden ships. We conjure up visions of rotting hulks bathed in soft filtered sunlight, while myriads of gaily colored fish keep watch in the shadows of the coral forests; we picture wrecks gripped in the perpetual darkness of the vast silent depths, jealously guarded by strange, weird monsters; we read of sunken cities, a continent eungulfed—the lost Atlantis. But again and again has the grip of the deep refused to surrender to the puny efforts of man the secrets of this undersea world of mystery.

And now comes this young man, who with the use of a marvelous invention has been able to descend to the floor of the ocean and with the aid of his cameras, both still and motion picture, gives the world a remarkable record of his adventures under the sea. Only the imaginings of Jules Verne can suggest the rugged beauty, the strange terrors and the really valuable scientific revelations of Mr. Williamson's films which he shows as he explains the submarine mysteries and relates his experiences.

Mr. Williamson is the originator of undersea photography and motion pictures. While a cartoonist on the "Virginian Pilot" of Norfolk, Virginia, some fourteen years ago, he conceived the idea of utilizing, for photographic purposes, the flexible metallic tube invented by his father, Charles Williamson, for deep sea salvage and submarine engineering. This tube, which formed an open pathway to the floor of the sea where it terminated in a steel chamber, was operated through a surface vessel above.

He went quietly to work designing and modeling a special chamber which he believed would enable him to take actual photographs beneath the sea's surface.

Imagine his excitement a few weeks later when the "Scientific American" ac claimed Mr. Williamson's achievement in originating submarine photography, the creation of "A New Art."

Mr. Williamson has a charming personality, a fine stage presence, a pleasing speaking voice, and a fascinating story Not even Colonel Charles Lindbergh speaks of his achievements with more modesty. He treats his subject objectively rather than personally; he might be speaking of someone else. And yet his story loses none of its charm through this manner of treatment.

Mr. Williamson also shows how, by the use of the Williamson Tube, an open pathway is established permitting officers to descend to the actual scene of operations. Great banks of undersea lights illuminate the scene, thus facilitating the work of rescue.

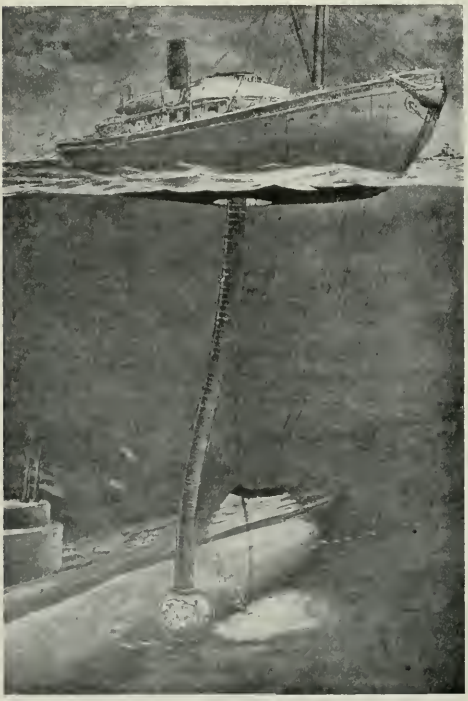
Thus, instead of divers being lowered into the pressure and darkness in an effort to locate the sunken submarine and gain first hand knowledge while the Navy Department and the whole world stand helplessly by, the officers themselves can descend to the actual scene of a disaster and plan and direct the work of rescue and salvage from their position of advantage at the floor of the sea.

With the magic of color photography under the sea, Mr. Williamson shows his films a group of amazing scenes beautiful as a visioned fairyland. His thrilling experiences—his encounters with the ocean currents with sharks, morays and other denizens of the deep are some of the rare treats of his lecture on "Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea."

February 6 is the date, and the City Club is the place.

The special committee sponsoring the Williamson lecture includes:

Mrs. J. P. Coghlan, chairman
Mrs. E. H. Clark, Jr.
Mrs. E. L. Grisell
Mrs. Mary Walter
Mrs. E. W. Newhall
Mrs. H. N. Clift
Mrs. Edward Stanwood
Miss Jean Boyd
Mrs. Arthur Bailhache
Mrs. Allen Cline
Mrs. Frank Soule
Miss Lucy Allyne
Mrs. Leroy Briggs
Mrs. May F. Riley
Mrs. S. L. Strickland



This scene shows the hazards risked by Mr. Williamson in taking photographs under the sea.

Mills College Welcomes Public to Chamber Music Series

Kathleen Parlow

Wednesday evenings of music at Mills College are occasions anticipated by music lovers throughout the San Francisco Bay region. Each week a concert of chamber music or a faculty or student recital is presented and the public is invited. During the 1930-1931 college year the Parlow Quartet, which has received wide acclaim, presents programs before students and friends of the college on alternate Wednesday evenings.

The personnel of the Parlow Quartet includes artists of recognized ability. Miss Kathleen Parlow, director of the Quartet holds the enviable reputation of the "world's greatest woman violinist." At the age of fourteen she played with the London Symphony Orchestra and was so enthusiastically received that it was decided that she should go to St. Petersburg to study with Leopold Auer, master of Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist and many other famous violinists. Following her study in the Russian capital, Miss Parlow toured the continent. She has, since then, made tours of Europe, the United States, Mexico, and the Orient.

Harvey Peterson, second violinist, is a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. He studied with Ysaye in Brussels and with Piastro in San Francisco.

Romaine Verney, violinist, who has studied music since his sixth year, is a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris, and has played sucessively with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with which he is at present.

William Dehé, graduate of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music, and a pupil of T. Mossel and Julius Klegel, was for four years cellist in the String Quartet of Princess Sviatopolk-Czetervertinska. He has been a member of the Berlin Royal Opera, first cellist in Riga and Kiev of the Schneevoight Orchestra, in Moscow of the Koussevitsky Quartet and soloist of the famous Russian Ballet in Moscow. He has been a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra since 1921.

There are eleven remaining concerts by the Quartet on the spring calendar at Mills College.

As added features to the Mills College music season, the Society of Ancient Instruments, and the Brosa Quartet will visit the college during the coming six months and present programs to which the public is invited.

The Brosa Quartet of London, which will make its first appearance at Mills College on Sunday, June 14, will remain there six weeks throughout the Summer School under the department of music, presenting concerts twice each week and teaching their respective instruments. The Brosa Quartet made its American debut at the Coolidge Festival in Chicago last October.

The concert hall of the Mills College music building is perfectly adapted in size and accoustical arrangements for the interpretation of music—chamber music in trio and quartet, and concerts for voice or solo instruments. Here six hundred people may sit comfortably in full view of the stage.

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"Europe Behind the Scenes"

—CHARLOTTE NICHOLS

Didn't you find the French disagreeable and the English cold?"

How often this question has been asked you on your return from Europe.

We traveled through seven countries during a period of five months, and during that time never heard an unfriendly word. Never had an argument or a discussion with our fellow beings. Perhaps one asset was in the fact that our nerves were free from the strain entailed by frenzied tourist dashing, and that we wanted to know, for instance, how the French lived instead of how many people stand in front of the Mona Lisa every day in the Louvre.

One riding in a third class carriage from Nimes to Carcassonne fell into conversation with some sailors on their way to Marseilles. They were bursting with curiosity over us, and one turned to me and said in French:

"You are an American an traveling in a third class carriage? Why, I thought all Americans were rich."

This is the situation. We are all supposed to be rolling in wealth and naturally inspire awe and sometimes resentment. I told him that there were many Americans who were *not* rich, and who were trying to get the most out of their money just as they were. Immediately his attitude changed. "Will mademoiselle have my newspaper? Is the window too draughty?"

Another time on a train from Aix les Bains to Chambery I noted a tired looking old Frenchman staring hopelessly at his cigarette. His lighter had broken. We offered him a match, and the look of gratitude on his face turned to astonishment when he saw that we were Americans. Why should this be? Isn't humanity the same in a third class carriage as it is on the New York Limited?

A tired peasant woman with a squawling baby on her lap is the American tourists' conception of a third class carriage. In a car going to Vienna we met a charming Swiss woman from the University in Constantinople who entertained us with stories, a bulbous jolly little German with eyes like buttons and a rich baritone voice, who admitted he had sung with the famous Richard Tauber. A darling young French couple from Algiers who told us wonderful tales of their interesting life. A young painter who to look at alone was a delight with his beautiful features and expressive hands.

I strolled through to the first class carriage to take a peek at

my fellow citizens. "A party" of them lay smothered in dusty velvet and cigarette smoke. They were tired to death of each other, sick of seeing each other's faces, and had found a remedy in sleep. When the train stopped, I noticed a girl from that party walking her fox terrier along the platform. A group of young trainmen glanced in admiration at the pretty creature. (The dog!) One held out his hand to caress the animal. A violent tug and his canine majesty was aboard the train again in a hurry. A pick-up! It is ridiculous to imagine that just because you are in Europe—everyone is trying to flirt with you.

Every tourist who is interested in the picturesque German peasant should go to the beautiful little town of Berchtesgaden not far from Salzburg. Here you can see, undefiled by batteries of cameras, the wholesome gayety and quaintness of the Bavarians in their musical comedy costumes, the embroidered "hosen" and jaunty feathered hat. We were invited one evening to join in their ancient dance. It is not easy to whirl and curtsy and dip and swirl, but before we knew it the gay music set our feet to tingling, and it must have been a strange sight, our American clothes mingling among the greens and yellows of the Bavarian costumes.

Another interesting town is Rothenburg on Tauber, like a little dolls' city covered with cobwebs. One afternoon while we were bicycling along a country road outside the walls of the city, we spied two German boys with their knapsacks on their backs trudging down the road. They were taking a walking tour of Germany and had come all the way from Hamburg. We all sat down under a tree and ate apples and talked and all felt refreshed from the rest and the chat. When we parted their Auf Wiedersehen, Gruss Gott (God Bless you) was sincere.

Our stop in Oberammergau was novel. We stayed at the International Fellowship of Reconciliation Camp. Here we found ourselves practically the only Americans among interesting people from France, Germany, Sweden, the British Isles, and many other countries, even including India. We took wonderful hikes, went swimming, and in the evenings sat around the fire in the assembly room and sang songs. After two days they were not "that Swede" or "that German," but friends.

I think our experiment was a success, for everywhere we went we found friendliness, not only among the class of people I have mentioned, but among the gentlefolk as well. Budapest, that enchanting city of graceful architecture, brilliant Gypsy color and plaintive violins stood out as a spot where Americans are always welcome, and are always willing to stay longer.

Just leave your trunks at home, take your dictionaries, and strike out with a lot of smiles in reserve, and don't always be interested in "things," be interested in people.

We met Francis Hackett, the author of "Henry the VIII" in Tours, and his friendship was one of the most delightful things we encountered on our trip. Some of his brilliant thoughts and unusual comments will remain longer with me than 14th century armor in an obscure museum—and if he can travel with his lunch in a basket—well I guess we can!

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Gypsy scene enjoyed by Miss Charlotte Nichols on her recent trip abroad, when she availed herself of the "Reciprocal Club" privileges accorded Women's City Club members and was a guest at the American Women's Club in Paris and the American Women's Club in London.

EDITORIAL

● With this issue the Women's City Club Magazine begins its fifth year. It was established the following February after the opening of the Women's City Club, which was in April of 1926.

During the intervening months it has been the privilege of the Magazine to chronicle many pleasant events and aspects of the Women's City Club, and its columns have carried much about the activities of the Club in its departments as they correlate.

On the eve of the Community Chest campaign and the relief for the unemployed, it is not amiss, perhaps, to take cognizance of the City Club's place in the community.

In every relationship of an institution to its city, the Club has functioned with credit to its founders and its environment. It has, in parlance, "held up its end."

Each year the Magazine has carried publicity for the Community Chest, for the Campfire Girls and for other agencies. Weekly a group definitely known as the City Club group, works at the Red Cross headquarters at the Civic Center, sewing and preparing for that grisly thing known as "Emergency."

The City Club does not profess to assist individual instances of stress. That were the province of the agencies which the Club assists and sponsors. But in sporadic cases it has been known to make an exception, as when, in the month just closed, a young woman telephoned that she had secured a much needed job but that she could not take it because the position necessitated the knowledge of driving an automobile. Could someone—would anyone, teach her to drive? Right there Volunteer Service extended its gracious hand and the young woman got her job.

The Girls' Housing Bureau is another piece of work which the City Club assists.

Another group from the City Club goes to Letterman Hospital, the national army and navy hospital at the Presidio and plays bridge with disabled men. One member, an expert, teaches bridge to the men at stated intervals.

When the National Conference of Social Workers was held in San Francisco two years ago a request came to the City Club for a unit of Volunteer Service to register the delegates as they arrived and reported at the Civic Center. The Club received several letters from the national officials of this organization commending the efficiency and graciousness with which this piece of work was done.

The National Fruit and Flower Mission, likewise, has expressed its appreciation to the City Club for co-operation in its work of assembling and distributing California flowers at the Ferry building on occasions.

Another member of the Volunteer Service group assists at the clinic at Stanford Hospital with secretarial work. Clerical work to be done at short notice for social service agencies has been expected by the Volunteers, who have addressed circulars and envelopes.

In the recent relief for the unemployed the City Club has assembled clothing which members and others have contributed, and from the Club it is distributed by the general committee.

In short, the City Club in its capacity as a member of the Municipal Family, endeavors to be as helpful as possible.

Lectures to be Amplified by Loudspeaker

● The City Club has acquired a loudspeaker apparatus and henceforth lectures in the City Club Auditorium will be magnavoiced by means of the invention. The J. E. Williamson lecture, February 6, the John Galsworthy lecture of March 24 and the Patrick Magill Irish humorist, event of April 7 will be made more entertaining by means of the loudspeaker.

The acoustics of the Auditorium are comparatively faultless, even for the natural voice, but it has been found that speakers like to rely upon the artificial means for amplifying their voices, thereby relieving the strain of a long discourse.

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Annual Election

● The annual election of officers for 1931 will take place at the regular meeting of the Board of Directors on Monday, February 16. The annual membership meeting will take place in March, the exact date to be announced later.

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Edward Bright Bruce

● Edward Bright Bruce, eminent American landscape artist, member of a pioneer family of Santa Barbara, has the distinction of having had a large painting in oils installed in the handsome new San Francisco Stock Exchange Building. Bruce received the commission to paint the picture, using his own judgment as to treatment of a subject portraying the City by the Golden Gate. A copy of the canvas is reproduced as a frontispiece of this magazine. Bruce, who has been abroad for several years, rounds out the roster of artists who have contributed to the decoration of the Stock Exchange Building, a list which includes Diego Rivera, famous Mexican painter, Ralph Stackpole, Robert Boardman Howard, Otis Oldfield, Ruth Cravath, Adaline Kent and Clifford Wight.

The Bruce picture might be simply "San Francisco." It shows in the foreground the towering buildings of the lower city grouped with regard to contrasting effect rather than photographic exactness but with such faithfulness as to detail that many a distinctive skyscraper may be recognized. In the background are the Marin hills, the shoreline of Richardson's Bay and the intervening waters.

The story of Edward Bright Bruce is as interesting as his work. Eight years ago he was a lawyer and business man in New York. When the urge to paint became overpowering he abandoned business, determined to devote his life to art and went to Italy. There in a countryside village he began to paint, working under the guidance of Maurice Sterne. After two years his landscapes began to be recognized and since many public and private collections here and abroad have acquired his paintings.

Bruce has a villa near Florence, Italy, but after spending the last year in California, most of the time in Monterey, he has decided to remain here. Mrs. Bruce is a Californian, member of the Hollister family from which the San Benito County city takes its name, and a niece of the late Vanderlyn Stow.

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Headdress Dinner

● March 10 is the date of the "Headdress Dinner" to be given at the City Club. It will take place at 6:30, in the main dining room, and it is expected that many charming and possibly a few grotesque headdresses will be worn that evening. Miss Mary Wilcox is chairman and she and her committee are working out novel ways of making the dinner a gala event. Further particulars will be published in the March Magazine.

Modern Musical Taste Abroad

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● The first Thursday Evening Program of 1931 was given on January 8, when Miss Marie Withrow presented an address under the title, "Modern Musical Taste Abroad" to an appreciative audience.

Marie Withrow is a musician and vocal teacher of high standing and reputation both in this country and in Europe. Though she has lived and taught abroad for long periods, San Francisco claims her as her own artist in the world of music and accepts with pride the knowledge of her achievements in Eastern and European cities. She has recently returned from Europe after attending the debut of her pupil, Batti Bernardi at the Opera Comique, Paris, where he has signed a contract for two years as an active member of the company. Mr. Bernardi appeared in his initial performance as Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly." He is the third of Miss Withrow's students to be so honored. Miss Christian, who substituted for Galli Curci in Chicago was a pupil of Miss Withrow, and she has also trained a number of successful London singers.

Her activities in music have covered a wide field, for she has written text books for singers, and last year, made one of the important addresses at the British-American Conference of Musicians, held at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland.

At the request of many of her friends here she kindly consented to give the Thursday Evening group of the City Club, the benefit of her observations of what Europe is doing and enjoying in musical composition at the present moment. It was shown by what she said that there is more earnestness and constrained thought in musical study in Europe than in this country, for she remarked that Europe produces music, and America noise, and she found criticism much more fearless and severe over there. The new school of music requires physical action, gesture and pantomine. These make the singer more alert, and necessitates strict attention.

All progress is made by actual work and patient concentration. In this country we are thrilled over a new thing, but the thrill soon wears off and we change easily, not remaining long enough with a method to see it established and get whatever of value it has to offer. In most European countries particularly in France and Italy all details especially of language are closely considered and perfection demanded. No singer will be accepted on the Italian opera stage who has not learned to sing the language like a native. Foreign French and Italian are received with scant courtesy. Singers are obliged to learn the languages as they are spoken in conversation.

The French excel in comedy and more than in other countries make fine distinctions of wit. German music is of the heavier more earnest variety. Miss Withrow had some interesting experiences in Dresden. There she heard an opera of Beethoven's rarely presented and almost unknown, it being generally understood that "Fidelio" was the only opera written by the master. This second composition is called "The Women's Vow" with simple music but quite in Beethoven style.

She also heard an opera by Weinberger called "Schwanda The Piper" in which the scene was laid in Hell. She remarked with satisfaction, that the cast held only one woman, all the rest being men. Another beautiful Dresden performance was Richard Strauss' dramatic ballet of "Joseph's Legend." This was entirely of the new school, combining music and dancing. One of Dresden's noted dancers Mary Wigmann is now in New York where she is winning much attention and admiration.

At a castle in Meissen, Miss Withrow heard some beautiful chorals given by a group of fifty young boys. These remain in her mind as a delightful remembrance. Then in Paris at a private concert she heard a new electric instrument, "Les Ondes de Martinot," which is played with the piano, and produces a remarkably beautiful and wierd effect. The piano furnishes the lowest tones and the electric instrument the upper.

Miss Withrow spoke of the many young women who had studied vocal music under her direction. She said they had beautiful voices, they sang with great promise, and then she added in a hopeless way,—but they got married and that ended musical study. She regretted such a situation, because of the great value and stimulation of music in a home. She spoke of one home where father and mother were both musicians and told an amusing story of the result of such study in the family. On one occasion a gentleman came to rehearse some songs which he and the mother were to sing at a musical affair. Mother not being quite ready to receive him, eight year old daughter Katie went down to present her mother's excuses. The gentleman sat at the piano playing rather carelessly a piece of music. Katie remarked, "That is minor and not major." Somewhat surprised the gentleman sang a short selection. Katie's comment on the song was—"It is hard for you to breathe." Realizing that he had a real critic, and desiring to test her knowledge of music and German, he asked "Would you like me to sing something for you, would you like to hear 'Gute Nacht mein herziges kind'?" Katie said, "Yes but which one are you going to sing, Brahms or Abt? I like the Brahms." Now, mother appeared and the rehearsal was about to begin. Katie asked, "May I stay and hear the songs?" but before mother had time to answer, the frankly criticized gentleman said in loud decisive tones, "No you go out in the garden." Miss Withrow's stock of experiences and impressions could not be packed into the limit of an hour, but what the space of time allowed her to relate were most interesting and informing, so that her audience went away with expressions of appreciation and approval.

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City Club Director is Guest at "Reciprocal" Clubs

—MARIAN BURR.

After months of Oriental and African travel my sister and I had the joy of using our reciprocal privileges with the American Woman's Club in Paris. It gives one the feeling of being where there is real civilization and comfort again. The building is being extensively enlarged and promises to offer even greater attractions.

In London the American Woman's Club with its perfect equipment, and above all, that court tea room added much to our stay there. We appreciated the completeness of that organization.

The Halcyon Club, with its very convenient location so near Piccadilly, and its small but excellent club house is very charming. Unfortunately, most of the house was closed for repairs in August, but the secretary made us most welcome to that part which was open.

The New York Woman's City Club the greatest sort of help to anyone visiting in New York. Its sleeping accommodations are limited to four rooms, so one must make reservations far ahead. The many small rooms for entertaining are usually available.

From our experiences we can heartily recommend the reciprocal privileges of which we took advantage.

The Greater Need

—S. WALDO COLEMAN
Chairman General Executive Committee

The social and moral character of any community may be measured by ie provisions made for the care of those ho through misfortune, poverty or ill ealth require help or advice or financial sistance.

San Francisco has always been proud of high civic responsibility for those in ed. This year, more than ever, we must lfill our obligations to the less fortunate izens of our community who need our lp at this time. Many families and many dividuals require emergency relief be use of circumstances over which they ve no control.

Such relief can be given through the dget participating agencies of the Com unity Chest. Their part is to carefully vestigate each case and determine what d should be provided. Our part is to sure the agencies that the requisite funds r the year 'round maintenance of social d welfare work will be available.

The Community Chest will conduct its nual campaign for funds this year from bruary 25 to March 10. The quota set the board of directors of the Chest as amount necessary for the support of 107 agencies throughout the year is ,440,000. The increase of $150,000 er last year's goal will not be budgeted year 'round expenses of the agencies t will be used as a fund for emergency ief.

Upon the success of the Community Chest depends the welfare of thousands of men, women and children. The Chest is conducted with marked efficiency and economy. The foremost leaders of the city volunteer their time and ability to carry out a tremendous piece of work. Every citizen of San Francisco can be proud of the Chest as an evidence of social progress and as an instrument of community well-being.

Last year, 21,424 families were given relief through agencies of the Community Chest. This is a large increase over 1929 when only 13,164 families required assistance.

Similar increases are evident in many other departments of welfare work. The child-caring agencies report that during the past year 3,548 boys and girls were cared for in orphanages and similar institutions with an aggregate of 533,073 days' care. Day nurseries supported by the Chest received 1,833 little children of working mothers and provided 120,718 days' care. Foster homes were found and supervised for 3,313 children.

Health agencies report 42,589 calls made in homes of poor people by visiting nurses. Convalescent care was provided for 1,549 children and adults. Community Chest hospitals gave free or part pay care to 4,070 persons, aggregating 53,911 hospital days' care.

Homeless, unemployed men were given 132,148 beds and 175,676 meals.

These statistics and similar reports from each of the 107 agencies indicate that every effort has been made during this difficult year to alleviate the distress due to poverty and its attendant evils. Next year, the need will be greater because of the cumulative effects of unemployment, and therefore the response of those who can give must be complete and generous.

The Community Chest not only raises money for the maintenance of its member agencies; it also provides opportunities for the presentation and solution of social problems through its seven councils and their committees. The Relief Council, the Children's Council, the Housing Council, the Boys' Council, the Recreation Council, the Hospital Council and the Health Council are groups including representatives from all the recognized social agencies of San Francisco.

Other thousands of men and women who do not want to be objects of charity must be given employment. On Friday, February 6, you will be given the opportunity to vote upon the employment bonds which will provide $2,500,000 for necessary work in San Francisco. Authorization of these bonds will provide funds necessary to push eighteen projects for public works, thus enabling these bread winners to earn food and shelter for their families.

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o WOMEN'S
CITY CLUB,
4 POST
STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO

Members wishing to enroll as volunteers in any branch of the Women's City Club Volunteer Service are requested to fill in the blank and mail to Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., care of Women's City Club or leave at the Information Desk, first floor. Members unable to give service at the Club may be of great value if willing to do telephoning at home. This applies to members living in San Francisco and vicinity.

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone No. ..... *Home* ..... *Office* .....

I prefer Day ☐ Evening ☐ Regular ☐ Substitute ☐ Emergency ☐ Home Telephoning Service ☐

I am available now ☐ I will be available in ☐ months

Activities Within the City Club

Mrs. Hamilton Given Dinner by Professional and Business Women

● Mrs. William B. Hamilton, director of the Women's City Club who is recently home from an extended European tour, was tendered a dinner Thursday evening, January 15 at the City Club by the Business and Professional Women's Club. After dinner Mrs. Hamilton addressed the guests, sketching the trip in its entirety. She had expected to deal with one or two details of the six-months' sojourn, but her audience was so entranced that at its close the speaker realized that she had relived the tour in retrospect. Mrs. May F. Riley, president of the local chapter of the Business and Professional Women, presided and permitted questions from the floor, to which Mrs. Hamilton graciously responded.

There was especial interest in Italy and Mussolini. Mrs. Hamilton told of the apartment houses built by laborers on land given by Mussolini for the families of men working under the minimum wage regime. Light, airy and architecturally as attractive as space permitted, the tenements, said Mrs. Hamilton, apparently were a successful experiment.

The speaker wore a Paris ensemble of black velvet, the coat trimmed with a deep collar of white fox. Her small hat was of black satin.

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Theta Sigma Phi Dinner

Mrs. W. B. Bonfils ("Annie Laurie") was the guest speaker Monday evening, January 5, at the regular monthly meeting of the San Francisco Alumnae Chapter of the Theta Sigma Phi, national journalistic fraternity.

The group met at 6:30 p.m. for dinner at the Women's City Club in the Dining Room Annex.

Mrs. George O. Wilson president of the local chapter of the organization, was chairman of the evening and guests included Miss Isabel Jackson, Miss Patricia Fizer, Miss Gretchen Kine, Miss Dorothy Staib, Mrs. Lewis Fletcher (Marjorie) Liondale, Mrs. Garrett Elmore, Mrs. Louise Lane and Mrs. Edward F. (Eleanor Sparling) Bolt.

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Church Women Give Tea at City Club

Mrs. C. Edward Holmes was chairman in charge of the tea given at the Women's City Club, January 13, by the Women's Commission of the San Francisco Federation of Churches. The affair was largely attended.

Book Review Dinners are Feature at Club

Mrs. Stoddard will review Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's "The Trader's Wife" at the regular Book Review Dinner, Thursday evening, February 5.

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Changes in French Class Schedule

Mme. Olivier, the City Club's French Instructor, has combined her two Conversational Classes and the meetings will be held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock instead of Monday afternoons and Friday mornings. The Theory Class will meet as usual at 7 o'clock Monday evenings. Other classes will be formed on request.

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Choral Section Changes

Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, Director of the Choral Section, has announced that the Choral rehearsals will be held on Tuesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock instead of Monday nights as heretofore.

The Choral Section of the Women's City Club has entered upon the spring and summer term. Features of the rehearsals are the physical exercises given by Miss Helen Benson, and the vocal technique by Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor.

Meetings are held each Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and all interested members are invited to join.

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Offices in City Club for Rent

For information regarding rental of offices on the second floor, or for rooms for meetings, dances and other functions, inquire at the Executive Office on the Fourth Floor. The Chinese Room is a particularly delightful setting for luncheons, dinners, and card parties. Other rooms of various sizes are also available.

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Mrs. Curry's Lectures on Art Well Attended

Mrs. Charles E. Curry is again giving her lectures on "Appreciation of Art." The members meet in the Card Room at noon of the first Wednesday each month and all phases of art are discussed.

When there is an interesting exhibition or special display of some kind in the city at the galleries or in the shops, Mrs. Curry takes the group to view them and gives one of her delightful talks in explanation. Mrs. Curry welcomes all members and guests who accompany them.

Miss Leale Guest of Honor

Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, president of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Richard Evelyn Byrd, U. S. N., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Wright were honor guests at the inaugural banquet of The Los Angeles Fellowship of Business Women, Ltd., given Tuesday evening, January 20, at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale, California.

Lawrence Grant was toastmaster and speakers were Mr. George O. Noville, Lieutenant Commander of North and South Pole Expeditions and Mrs. Mabel V. Socha, President Board of Park Commissioners, Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Commander Noville spoke on "Transoceanic Flying" and Mrs. Socha on "Women's Opportunities for 1931."

Miss Leale remained in the south a week and was guest at several other interesting affairs.

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Dr. Graham Stuart's Audiences are Enthusiastic

Dr. Graham Stuart's lecture on "Problems of Post War Europe" are bringing together a delighted audience every other Friday night at 8 o'clock.

Following Dr. Stuart's talk the meeting is open for discussion and many interesting points are brought out and much valuable information gleaned.

The last two lectures will be given in February. "Problems of Peace and Security in Europe" will be the subject of the lecture on February 13 and the last lecture on February 27 will be "The United States of Europe."

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Valentine Bridge Party

Once again City Club members will enjoy a social game of cards when, on Tuesday evening, February 10, the Valentine Bridge Party will be held in the Auditorium. This is always a pleasant way for members to entertain their guests. Tickets are $3.00 a table and are on sale at the Room Secretary's Desk.

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Current Event Lectures

City Club members are anticipating the resumption of lectures on Current Events by Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, which she gives the first Wednesday morning of each month at 11 o'clock in the Auditorium. Because of her absence from the city Mrs. Maddux did not lecture in January but she is planning to give the February lecture on Wednesday the fourth.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

OADSIDE MEETINGS: *by Hamlin Garland;* MacMillan Company, N. Y., $3.50.

HE DEEPENING STREAM; *by Dorothy Canfield.* Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y., $2.00.

' BUCKRA; *by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney.* The MacMillan Company, N. Y., $2.50.

AUGHTERS; *by Gabrielle Reuter.* The MacMillan Company, N. Y., $2.00.

IE CHEERFUL CHERUB; *by Rebecca McCann.* Covici, Friede, Publishers, N. Y., $2.00.

July heat, and a dusty turnpike; pokeberries purple in the corners of a ke-fence; hot haze shimmering, and a ida shrilling; feet that drag in the dust. ien, . . . the little sounds of falling ver! A curve in the road, and a spring bbles up and chuckles over the rocks, fns lean over, and a bird drops down toathe. Magic!

That's just the way I feel when I find a charming book from an unexpected source.

Long ago,—how long I won't tell—I n: Hamlin Garland in one of his earlier b ks ("A Member of the Third House," I ink it was), and found him argumenti ve, and sententious, and even a little d . And so, as it is easier to do when a p on seems dull, I avoided him. How m h we miss, sometimes, when we do th! For now I find him, in "Roadside Meetings," saying those very things of hi self,—that in his young days, he was ar mentative and sententious (never pretedious, tho'!), and dull! What a very re eshing thing for a writer to do! And h unusual!

There is a simplicity and modesty about th book which is rare. It chronicles "the vi situdes of a man of letters," from the da when, as a young man of twenty-three, he at with his father and mother in their tin cottage in the tiny village of Ordwa on the treeless plain of South Dakc , and heard a knock at the door. The ur pected visitor was a Methodist minist from Portland, Maine, who changed th course of Hamlin Garland's life by tel ig him that he could easily work his wa through Boston University,—and so be n an epic! For nearly two years Garlar had been "holding down a claim" fo miles west of Ordway, "a handsome pie of velvet-green upland in May, but in ugust hot and hard as a brick pavemc , and in winter a wind-swept, desolate are plain." He now planned to "prove up on the land, sell his equity, and use th money for his education in Boston. At ost, his profit would be less than two

hundred dollars. "I figured that I could land in Boston with one hundred and fifty dollars. Nevertheless I assured my father that I would not ask help from him, but find some way to earn my way through the school."

The sublime nerve, the high courage, of twenty-three! He stopped in Chicago, to buy a twenty dollar suit, of which the coat, "a Prince Albert frock of a purplish color, was mostly cotton but it fitted me well, and I was rather pleased with it. I was a stalwart, brown-bearded young man of middle height, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat, and carrying an imitation leather valise which contained a few shirts and socks. I also owned a pasteboard trunk containing some books and a few extra articles of clothing.—No aspiring youth ever entered this capital in less exultant mood!"

That adventure required more bravery, I think, than Admiral Byrd's flight across the unknown Antarctic wastes.

The Methodist minister's letters of introduction were will-o'-the-wisps. No education in Boston University; no study, but days and nights in the public library. "There was but one thing to do, and I did it. I went every day to the great hall in the library, resolved on becoming as learned as possible before my money was utterly gone. . . . I was able to keep within my budget of twenty dollars per month, and could count on lasting through till May. . . . With no money to pay tuition in any school, I made the Public Library my university, and in this connection I first met a distinguished man." It was Dr. Edward Everett Hale on whom he called to ask him to endorse his reader's card, and who became his friend.

The boy's (for he was only a boy) only extravagance this winter was the purchase of tickets to the Boston Museum, where Edwin Booth was "visiting star." "By paying thirty-five cents, I could stand at the back of the first balcony. . . . Each day I made record of the Shakespearean characterizations I had seen the night before. . . . By day, I read in the library, books on the evolution of the drama. . . . What an education that was! . . . I was only a brain. . . . Booth and Shakespeare were the greatest educative influences in my life at this time. Outwardly seedy, hungry, pale, and lonely, I inhabited palaces and spoke with kings." All this led to his first lecture, "Edwin Booth as Iago." But that was later.

In the spring, his money gone, and twenty-five dollars borrowed from his father, Hamlin Garland was ready to give up the fight, and turn to carpentering in the country. And then the letters of the Methodist minister bore fruit. A kindly doctor to whom they introduced him offered him a sunny attic room,—and the tide turned. A professor in the Boston School of Oratory announced "a class in American Literature, conducted by Professor Garland!" And the Boston Transcript gave him a book to review, "The Minister's Charge," and a letter of introduction to Howells, his first literary idol. "It is probable that no young writer of today could feel for any author the same awe, the same boyish worship which filled my heart and weakened my knees as I enquired the way to the hotel where Howells was staying." That was the first of the "Roadside Meetings."

After the story of that first struggle, the talk is not of Hamlin Garland, but of those hero-friends of his whom he met along the road. He shares them with the most generous and gracious gesture. Lowell and Booth and Howells, Katherine Herne, the actress; James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Whitman and John Borroughs, Kipling, Stephen Crane, Eugene Field, Roosevelt, James Lane Allen, Joaquin Miller, Israel Zangwill, Shaw, and Mark Twain, and Henry James,—a lordly company! He tells them over, a glittering rosary of glorious names. Always he sits at the feet of his heroes, and only by inference do we know that they have honored him as the apostle of the West, one of the earliest pioneers to teach Americans that they should write naturally of their own people and their own land, and not of castles and lords and ladies in England or in Spain. For so Hamlin Garland, the farm boy, the "Son of the Middle Border," became worthy of admission into this goodly company.

● "The Deepening Stream" maintains Dorothy Canfield's standards of sanity and balance. After introspection and morbidness and perversion which are so often mated with cleverness today, it is joyful to find one writer on whom one can depend to reach always, as a flower does, toward the light. Some of the characters

are all of those things,—introspective or morbid or perverse,—but some one is struggling out of the fog, and her stream of life flows always clearer and clearer as it deepens, leaving its impurities behind.

This is Matey's story, "the clear flashing childish brook flowing on into the serene river."

"When people talked about things they could remember Matey always wondered which kind of remembering they meant—the kind that was just a sort of knowing how something in the past had happened or the other kind, when suddenly everything seemed to be happening all over again. Why did time fade out some memories so that they didn't seem any more real than a story in a book? And why were others, whether you liked it or not, a living part of you at any moment when they came into your heart?"

The memory which was always "a living part of her" was one of the three children, Francis and Priscilla and Matey, lost in the yellow gorse on Izohebie Hill in the Pyrenees, when she was six. "The tall broom on each side bristled furiously with what Matey called when she was talking English, 'stickers' and when she was talking French, 'pique' . . . She turned her head from one side to the other to look at the prickly stiff green bushes. Like rough, sprangling-branched little trees they were, millions of them, every one separate. How different *gênet* looked when you saw it through the windows of Dominiqua's house, the smooth carpet of its yellow blossoms laid like seamless silk, fitted to every roll and shoulder of the hills. You wanted to lean out from the window and stroke your hand over a mile or two of that soft gold." Years and years after, when Matey had lived through death and birth and war and happiness, the gorse meant life to her. She "looked out again over the miles and miles of blossoming broom, and thought again how different it looked when you were up above it from the way it was when you were down in it, sunk below the tops of the unlovely, rough bushes, valueless millions of them, anonymous and obscure as human lives, like them earth-rooted, thorny, dark, a few sparse blossoms scattered along their years. And it was the woman who was on the lookout rock again, a fresh wind blowing in her face, the great wind of the high places, from which as far as the eye can see there stretches out illimitable living gold!"

That was Matey. But Priscilla was afraid of life, and Francis was devious, and Father and Mother strove each for supremacy, love buried fathoms deep beneath friciton. So Matey's little brook flowed turgid and muddy, till it met the clear stream of Adrien's life in the little village of Rustdorf, with the old Quaker father whose serenity had power to hold them all, through the anguished years of war, and bring them home again to peace.

The latter chapters are a poignant war-story, taken bodily, perhaps, from Dorothy Canfield's own experience. For she, like Matey, went with her husband and children to France immediately after the outbreak of war, and became absorbed in relief work till 1919.

Dorothy Canfield (or Mrs. John R. Fisher) has an international reputation. She studied for her doctor's degree in Romance languages at the Sorbonne and at Columbia University. Her books are being published in France, England, Holland, and in the Scandinavian Countries. The Manchester Guardian says that "she is one of the few American authors who, while profoundly influenced by her European experiences, and her appreciation of many things in Europe, retains a full-blooded Americanism of the best kind."

● The stories of "Po' Buckra" and "Daughters" are everything that "The Deepening Stream" is not. No clear running stream is here! Rather, the tortuous, muddy, reed-clogged swamps and bayous of the tropic south, in the one; and in the other, some struggling watercourse in the desert, shrinking into nothing from the heat, sinking into the earth from inanition, and then—swept by destroying torrents! Each is a well-drawn study of painful problem; but there is no answer.

The "po' buckra" is the poor white o the lowest class, in whose veins fight th warring strains of Indian and white an negro. Such is Barty Grunson, of Hell Hole Swamp. What but tragedy coul come of his mating with Judith Beaufain the last lost lady of the Barony plantation on the South Carolina coast?

The "Daughters" are girls of post-wa Germany, Petra and Helge Cardenias They give one no desire to be a girl i modern Germany. But the saving figure i the book is their mother, Dorothea, wif and widow of the Geheimrat, called upo to bring up her daughters in this difficul new day, to meet "the pressure of want the destruction of moral codes, the ne aimlessness and the new cynicism." Sh stands straight as a column against a luri sunset.

Turning from these two books to "Th Cheerful Cherub" is opening a windo to let the fresh air in. Rebecca McCan used to draw him in the margins of he school-books. She said, "At a studio te in New York a very serious woman rushe up to me and said, 'Are you the authe of "The Cheerful Cherub?" Well, la spring you kept me from committin suicide'." So, if anyone here is thinkin of suicide,—read him,—and you won't!

For instance:

Sometimes at night my conscience wake
With pangs it seems that naught can lul
If I could always feel like this,
How good I'd be, and oh, how dull!

And

A star was shining in a well.
I let the pail down slow and far.
It broke the light to little bits—
But once I almost had a star!

And

Be kind to all dumb animals
And give small birds a crumb.
Be kind to human beings, too—
They're sometimes pretty dumb.

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Lecture Extraordinary

● Word has just been received that Madame Mary E. Raiola, the distinguished lecturer on Classics, will speak at the Women's City Club the latter part of this month, February. Her subject is "Pompeii and the New Excavations."

The committee on programs is very pleased to be able to make this announcement to the membership, as Madame Raiola is the only woman authorized to speak by the National Museum of Naples.

The lecture Madame Raiola offers has been prepared with the cooperation of the learned Italian scholar, Dr. Vittorio Machioro of the Museum of Naples. The lecture is delightfully illustrated by numerous extraordinary slides obtained from the collections of the Museum of Naples, with the help and advice of the director of the excavations at Pompeii.

Madame Raiola is an enthusiast on her subject. Dean Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, says of Madame Raiola:

"I cannot speak too highly of the seriousness with which she devotes herself to her work and of the accuracy and value of her information, not only with regard to the new excavations, but to archaeological remains, formerly overlooked b me. Madame Raiola made Naples and i environs: Pompeii, Solfatara, Avernus, C mae, the Temple of Apollo, Baia an many other spots live anew for me, al for my family and several scholarly Ame ican friends."

Many of the members have met M dame Raiola in Italy and are eager t welcome her to San Francisco.

The date of this lecture will be poste upon the Bulletin Board. Tickets for th lecture are on sale at the Informatio Desk at 75 cents, including Tea.

Are Married Women People?

—SYMPOSIUM COMPILED BY IDA M. REED.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A member of the California Legislature, Assemblyman Emmett of Santa Paula, California, is reported to be drafting a bill to be submitted to the legislature, which would bar married women, or heads of families, from employment in state offices. The City Club Magazine asked Ida Reed to canvass the leaders of the California Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs as to their opinions about married women working.)

In times of economic depression, hysteria is sometimes mistaken for logic. Just now one of the topics of conversation is "Have married women the right to work. Are they people or aren't they?"

Below we quote the opinions of some of the business and professional women of California. My own opinion is that

Creed or sex should not enter the question of the right to work. The buying of service is strictly a matter of equity in which the parties are incidental and the values only important. A married woman may be presumed to be able to deliver valuable service for commensurate pay. Such being the case, it is no more just or logical to deny the married woman employment than the married man.

Ida M. Reed, president
California Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

"A woman is an individual and whether married or single, should have an individual right to work in whatever position or capacity she is capable of filling."

Caroline Bachich, secretary
Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

"No class of workers should be discriminated against. Married women are individuals with individual needs. History tells us that in the seventeenth century there was discussion in regard to women having souls. In the last century women were not considered capable of being educated. The Dial Time has brought us to the year 1931 when all women have the right to expect the privilege of human beings."

Annie Little Barry,
Vice-President-at-Large of The California Federation of Women's Clubs, Berkeley.

"In that period of history when the major tasks were performed in the home the male head of the family earned the income to provide the lawful currency that met outside demands required. Now our economic structure is changed, but the changed status of women or the home is invariably ignored when she is brought into the economic picture. With few exceptions present-day conditions satisfactorily account for the married women engaged in gainful occupations. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they will be greatly outweighed by the men on salary whose incomes from other sources are more than ample to permit of a separation from a pay roll without distress. Would we question their right to work? It will be nice when we stand on our own feet instead of trying to affix to the shoulders of struggling womenhood some of the fancied misfortunes of the economic world."

Z. Clement,
Former president, Business and Professional Women's Club.

"The question is not, 'Should married women work,' but rather should a married woman as an individual have the constitutional right to contract her abilities. Surely in this age of boasted equality no sane person can question the right."

Ethel Carroll,
Librarian Oxnard Library; president Southern District Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

"It is my general feeling that positions should be held by persons best equipped to fill them. Trained women should have their place in the modern business and professional world regardless of their marital status. Dismissal of women whether married or unmarried in order to employ men in their stead should be met with vigorous protest. Men and women should have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

Winifred M. Frye,
Director Textiles, State College, Santa Barbara; first vice-president California Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

"This wave of economic conditions that is affecting all lines of business is only temporary. Women, through higher education and ability, have advanced to their present recognized high standing in business they occupy today. Married or single their life work should not be taken from them. Equal rights to all."

Lillian R. Goldberg, Hanford.

"A married woman should have the same right to work for her living as her son or single daughter has. The children of a married man and woman work to supplement the income of the family. Why should the wife not have the same right?"

Jane C. Humphreys, Los Angeles.

"To prevent married women working would place upon husbands financial obligation imposed by law on women for care of indigent kin, a condition which causes separation of children and parents and defeats the very purpose which the proponents of discriminatory legislation against women hope to accomplish."

Amelia F. Johnson,
Attorney-at-Law, Los Angeles; legislative chairman California Federation Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

"Yes, a married woman should work. All people should work. As an individual she should be allowed to choose her work."

Margaret Mary Morgan,
San Francisco.

"A controversial question with the argument in my mind, all on one side. 'SHE' has always worked, for years without a salary, now for a pay envelope. No woman wants to walk ahead of the man, nor does she want to walk behind him. All she wants is to walk beside him.

"Marriage may or may not be a handicap. Men ought to know. If it is a handicap, business should be left to the unmarried of both sexes. Except during the period required to bring the future workers into the world, woman is as well able to carry the responsibilities of salaried work as the man. During this period of travail surely the man should free her from outside duties as his share of the responsibilities in which he is an equal partner. But he should not expect to take her business job unless he is willing to lose his job for the same cause. An absurdity, isn't it?"

Francis Effinger Raymond,
San Francisco.

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"The Rush of Growing Things"

Recently a description of Sagamore Hill, from the late President's own pen came to light.

"At Sagamore Hill," he wrote, "we love a great many things—birds and trees and brooks and all things beautiful, and horses and children, and hard work and the joy of life. . . .

"We love all the seasons; the snow and bare woods of winter the rush of growing things and the blossom spray of spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits and tasseled corn, the deep leafy shades that are heralded by the green dance of summer, and the sharp fall winds that tear the brilliant banners with which the trees greet the dying year."

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

To Develop the Child's Maximum of Capacity

—MARGARET MULFORD LOTHROP
Acting Secretary of the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Lothrop is a graduate of Smith College and was connected with the Stanford faculty for many years. She was in the Department of Sociology, under the Division of Economics before taking up this new work in San Francisco, both as a student of Sociology and one versed in its practcial application.)

● The White House Conference of 1930 is not an isolated occurrence, but a measure of growth and a promise for the future. It is built upon a firm foundation of theories laid down by the previous conferences, which have been tested and found to be basic to good social work. Building on these, new guideposts pointing towards the future have been erected.

There has been an insistance that the whole child be studied, that he is a unit and should be treated as such; not divided into component parts. Even in the composition of the conference was this recognized. As a result, representatives of medicine, of education and of social work in its various phases met together with a common interest—the child.

This conference has been notable for a positive approach, a demand for fullness of life, for positive mental health, as contrasted with the earlier attitudes, which, of necessity, were almost entirely directed towards an alleviation of bad conditions, or, as in the mental field, with a study of deviations from the normal. The Bill of Rights for Handicapped Children applies to all children who have a disability, whether it be physical, mental, financial or racial. "The handicapped child has the right: To grow up in a world which does not set him apart; which looks at him, not with scorn or pity or ridicule—but which welcomes him, exactly as it welcomes every child; which offers him identical privileges and identical responsibilities. To a life on which his handicap casts no shadow, but which is full day by day with those things which make it worth while, with comradeship, love, work, play, laughter and tears—a life in which these things bring continually increasing growth, richness, release of energies, joy in achievement."

Linked with this positive approach is the emphasis upon the assets rather than upon the liabilities within the individual. "A majority of the physically and of the mentally handicapped children possess aptitudes and abilities which, when developed by proper social, academic and vocational training can make these children socially and economically competent. To every child we owe the opportunity to develop to the maximum of his capacity."

The family is still recognized as "the richest medium for the nurture and development of the child." It is realized that his own family can give a child something which no other agency can give.Therefore emphasis is placed upon the danger of alienation of the child from his family. If the home is unfit and it is necessary to remove the child every effort should be made to rehabilitate that home so that the child may be returned. No child should be taken from his family for financial reasons alone. As a direct result of former conferences there has been a decrease in institutional care of children and a great increase in aid given to children in their own homes. In addition there has been an increase in foster home care. It is to be hoped that succeeding years will show as splendid a result in utilization and preservation of home ties for all children, and of education of parents to the possibilities of a family life rich in understanding care.

Closely allied is the problem of menta health. As mentioned before, the commit tee stressed Positive Mental Health, but it did not forget that social maladjustment and mental maladjustment too often go hand in hand. The social worker of the future will more than ever be required to have a knowledge of psychological law: which explain human behavior, a knowl edge of the principles of mental hygiene coupled with an ability to use them, and an experience sufficient to enable her to recognize those conditions, which should at once be referred to a specialist. The Committee on Problems of Mental Hy giene stressed the point of view that "al experiences of life, as well as the native organization and endowment of the indi vidual, influenced the mental health of the individual in one or another direction— that is to say, either positively or adversely and that very few of life's experience are without anything significant whatever from the standpoint of the eventual level of mental health of the individual in volved." With this in mind, one cannot help but agree with the committee in its belief that there should be a great exten sion of the mental hygiene approach in social case work.

The keynote of the conference was the insistance upon providing for the child that which he needs for a full life. Such action, however, is dependent upon a real knowledge and understanding of the child. He has his likes, his abilities, his reactions to other individuals and to inci dents in his life. He has certain needs which the Committee on Delinquency has attempted to list. However, in order to fully understand him, we must also under stand his environment. The child is not alone. He is not simply a child surrounded by a family, surrounded by a school, sur rounded by an industry, but— the child, parents, his teacher, his employer, through their longings, through their craving through their desire, inextricably weave themselves into the child's life" and are part of it. The committee went further and pointed out that "it is precisely as the individual with his life to lead meets the more rigid, the more fixed, the more tra ditional needs of the institutions which surround him, that stress arises, maladjust ments and delinquency."

We must, therefore, understand also the social institutions which surround the child, such as industry, the school, the church, the family, and know what the need for their protection and develop ment. Only thus can be developed for the child a philosophy which through com promise or through acceptance, may build

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im into society as a member of society. This is as true for the neglected child, or the problem child, or for the orphan, s it is for the delinquent.

It is a task then, for all of society, not nly to provide that trained workers for esearch and for treatment, not only to rovide facilities for early detection of andicaps, not only to do all possible to djust the environment so that it may elp and not harm, but also, above all, to ve time and thought to the understand- g of the individual and his natural de- re for a rich and full life.

▲ ▲ ▲

is Own Home Town

—LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Queenshaven, I hear the sharp, quick rustling of the palmettos, the splash d murmur of the incoming tide, the elancholy song of negroes across the ly; I see the iridescent plaster of the old lls at sunset, the crescent moon so clear d silvery, over the lighthouse, the white gnolias in their olive foliage; I feel the ll, rich sweetness of that incomparable ; above all, I can feel—across the gulfs time and circumstance—the throb of impassioned heart of my own youth . . ile phrases! I have tried before to de- ibe the city. But I cannot do it. No man vo has been young in the deep and true se can render into words the scene of h youth. For that has taken its colors f m a poetry, a passion, a tragic beauty t t are beyond all speech. I see a sunset nv and remark that it is fine and turn a y to worry over yesterday's news from Rssia and tomorrow's article. When I wi a lad in Queenshaven the solemn staming sunsets over the bay were song al heroism and immortality to me.When th sun's great, red disc set behind the d ky islands and the first stars pulsed th ugh the afterglow I knew the universe toe divine and perfect and my eyes filled wi tears. Wordsworth is right in the psy- chlogy of his great ode, whatever we may thk of its metaphysics. Life encroaches un n our innermost selves and hardens ar blunts them. The glory and the fresh- ne are no more.

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In Memoriam

Miss Louise W. Katz, Stanford University member Women's City Club, graduate Cornell University, member of Kappa Alpha Theta, head cataloguer at Hoover War Library, Stanford.

Do You Know That?

The League Shop has a very charming selection of Valentines?

The Cafeteria is now serving a 40c luncheon as well as the 50c luncheon.

The Sunday Evening Buffet Suppers are proving so successful that the setting has been changed from the National Defenders' Room to the Main Dining Room to accommodate the guests.

The statement for 1931 dues will be mailed on February 14.

You may rent a Backgammon set or a Mah Jong set at the Check Room on the Fourth Floor for 50 cents.

Dr. Shearman Henri, the Surgical Chiropodist, is in attendance in the Beauty Salon.

We still have some Women's City Club Calendars on sale at the League Shop.

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Four More Powell Lectures

Four Monday Morning lectures remain to be given in the series being delivered by the Very Reverend Dr. H. H. Powell, who has been entrancing large audiences with his survey of "How Humanity Found God."

The dates are February 2, 9, 16 and 23, and it is anticipated that the lectures will become even more interesting as the speaker brings the thought to its conclusion. The talks are given at 11 o'clock in the Club Auditorium and Mrs. William B. Hamilton, just home after a lengthy stay in Europe, is chairman. Dr. Powell is favorably known to San Francisco audiences, being Dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific.

Send Your Favorite Recipe

Members are reminded that they are invited to submit their favorite cooking recipes for the City Club Cook Book which is being compiled. One "pet" recipe from each member would aggregate eight thousand recipes in the book and this, obviously, is impossible. But the contributions will be carefully considered and it is likely, of course, that there will be duplications. But every recipe is wanted. So write yours out and mail it to the Club.

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The finest tea at the most reasonable price.

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. . . in an amazing range of prices!

18.50 to 69.50 and up

Even a load of coal can make a comfortable bed—if you're tired enough. The heat of the noonday sun was too much for this West Indian, delivering his coal in Cartagena in Colombia. Indifferent to passers-by, the shouting of donkey drivers and the incessant tooting of the few automobiles in the old pirate raided city, he draped himself over his cargo and proceeded to get his forty winks.

PHOTO BY FRANK J. MANNIX, PANAMA MAIL S. S. CO.

To the California Poppy

A wealth of color everywhere
Adorning hill and plain,
As 'twere soft webs of yellow gold
Fresh spun from sun and rain!
And, when I draw to near approach
And catch a closer view,
I find with joy, my Poppy fair,
Each separate flower's just you.

Your petals four of texture thin
With silvery satin sheen
Glow warm upon a slender stem
Of dull and somber green.
You nod and nod and nod and nod
To every passer-by;
You make him think he's welcome, qu
To stand a-lingering nigh.

We count on your return each spring
And hail the first glad sign,
For soon, we know, you'll thwart all bor
That would your charm confine;
But all the cheer that you'll impart,
So lavishly and free,
Could not be bought at any price;
'Tis outdoor ecstasy.

—IDA CAPEN FLEN

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Japanese Dinner Intrigues

The Japanese Dinner, or "sukaiki" take place Wednesday evening, Febr 25, with Miss Emma Noonan in cha Much interest has been evinced in this first of a series of "International Dinn and it is expected that the affair wil entertaining and instructive. The nex the International Series will be a Rus dinner.

It is the committee's aim to have dinner as much like the native feas possible, with the viands being prepa Japanese fashion, on the table with a zier in the presence of the diners. Thus be going on at least one table. There be a Japanese hostess in Japanese costu at each table to discuss the viands as t appear in their original form. The International dinner will be Russian.

THE CLEVER WOMAN'S FOOD DEMONSTRATION

NEW • DIFFERENT
INTERESTING

FEBRUARY 17, 1931
10:30 A. M.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

We are fortunate indeed to have two such attractive occasions for entertaining as Valentine's Day and the birthday of George Washington fall upon a week-end. The first is on Saturday the fourteenth, while the latter is on Sunday the twenty-second. Luncheons, bridge teas and evening affairs will be delightful if either the rich red and gold or the more delicate pastel shades are used for a Cupid party, while our national colors lend themselves attractively for dinners.

Menus suitable for either occasion may be worked out in both colors and foods, as the contrasting tone such as navy blue may be supplied by placing paper doilies on the serving plates as well as in the favor and flowers.

If you are planning a Valentine luncheon in pink and green the menu could be as fruit cup, creamed entree, peas and potatoes, molded salad and frozen dessert with petit fours. For the fruit cup serve a combination of cubed pineapple, pink Royal Anne cherries and crepe de menthe or green maraschino cherries to garnish. A delicate creamed food such as chicken, ham, sweetbreads, tuna, crab, shrimps or lobsters with bits of pimiento and green pepper would make a delicious entree and served with green peas would keep closely to the two shades. Lime jelly in molds could have a combination of fruits for a filling or canned pears could be tinted pink with vegetable coloring, serving also a tinted dressing made with whipped cream and maraschino cherry liquor. A strawberry mousse or ice cream with small cakes iced in pink and green would complete the repast.

Assorted sandwiches, or a salad with thin bread and butter sandwiches with coffee or chocolate would be splendid for a late service and for that type of refreshment it is almost necessary to plan the color scheme with the decorations as such foods rarely come in the tints one wishes.

For a patriotic dinner, served from one to eight o'clock on Sunday, depending entirely upon the hostess' preference of hour, one could have as the first course, tomato bouillon, with a roast ham or a corned tongue and mashed potatoes and spinach. A salad made of chopped apples, celery and nuts heaped into red apple shells could be placed on blue paper doilies with a tiny flag waving proudly above.

A frozen sweet in pink, or a special brick ordered from the caterer would be appetizing for dessert, though an ice box cake of strawberry flavor or mousse could be made the day before if one is fortunate enough to have an electric refrigerator. Those recipes have been published in these pages so this time we will choose something different to offer a choice. Any marshmallow or gelatine and whipped cream pudding may be tinted a delicate pink if desired, though a white pudding decorated with red maraschino cherries and small blue candies would keep the colors to a greater degree.

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To Make a Marshmallow Pudding: Cut one-half pound of marshmallows into pieces, to them add one-fourth cup of milk and cook over hot water until dissolved. Remove from fire, stir well until cool; then fold in one cup of stiffly whipped cream. Lastly add ten finely cut candied cherries. Turn into a mold that has been dipped into cold water and place in refrigerator for about eight hours (or overnight). When ready to serve surround with lady fingers after removing from mold to serving plate.

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To Make a Frozen Cherry Pudding: Line a spring form with split lady fingers, cutting off the ends so they are even. Place others on the bottom of the form, using the cut ends as wedges. Next make a filling by soaking two tablespoons of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water for five minutes, then dissolve by adding three-fourths cup of boiling water. Set aside and beat the yolks of six eggs until light; to them add one and one-half cups of sugar, beating until well blended. Next add the contents of one small bottle of maraschino cherries, chopped, also one tablespoon of the liquor and lastly the dissolved gelatine. Let mixture stand until it commences to thicken. In the meantime, whip one pint of pastry cream until quite stiff and mix with the stiffly whipped six egg whites. Next blend the two mixtures —the cream and eggs with the gelatine and egg yolks and turn the whole into the cake lined mold. When ready to serve more cherries may be used to decorate with spoonsful of whipped cream and it is advisable to do this work while the frozen sweet is still in the mold. An hour or two in the refrigerator will suffice for that part, while the dessert should be chilled for at least four hours and for special occasions it may be prepared the day before as standing does not harm the mixture.

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COMING EVENTS AT CITY CLUB

(Just a reiteration of the Calendar, page 4)

Friday evening, February 6, 8 o'clock
LECTURE BY J. E. WILLIAMSON
"Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea"
Illustrated with Motion Pictures
ADMISSION $1.00

Tuesday evening, February 10, 8 o'clock
VALENTINE BRIDGE PARTY
TABLES $3.00 — SINGLE TICKETS 75c

Friday evening, February 13, 8 o'clock
LECTURE BY DR. GRAHAM STUART
"Problems of Peace and Security in Europe"

Friday evening, February 27, 8 o'clock
LECTURE BY DR. GRAHAM STUART
"United States of Europe"
TICKETS 75c

Tuesday morning, February 17, 10:30 o'clock
FOOD DEMONSTRATION
A Model Kitchen will be set up on the stage of the Auditorium and a well-known Chef will prepare special dishes, which will be served to the members at noon in the Cafeteria.

Wednesday evening, February 25, 6:30 o'clock
International Dinner
JAPANESE SUKAIKI
RESERVATIONS IN ADVANCE, $1.25

Tuesday evening, March 10, 6:30 o'clock
FANCY HEAD DRESS PARTY
MAIN DINING ROOM — $1.25 PER PLATE

Tuesday evening, March 24, 8:15 o'clock
LECTURE BY JOHN GALSWORTHY
"Six Favorite Novelists"
TICKETS $3.50 AND $2.50

Tuesday evening, April 7, 8:15 o'clock
LECTURE BY PATRICK McGILL
Irish Poet and Humorist
"An Evening of Irish Humor."

All tickets on sale at the Room Secretary's Desk, Main Floor

Are You Contemplating a Trip Abroad?

Literature is now available for the Summer Tours. These differ in length of itinerary and price so as to meet the varied requirements of those who enroll.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS	INDEPENDENT TOURS	STEAMSHIP AND R. R. TICKETS
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Cheerio!

Cheerio!
Fear not because the clouds are black!
Have faith, and you will never lack
A rainbow—
A rainbow
To guide you to the pot of gold.
It may not hold the wealth foretold;
Be it so—
You may find
A treasure that you never dreamed
Of, hidden by veneer you deemed
Genuine—
Happiness:
Congenial work, wherein you may
Help others while you make your way
To success;
A quiet nook
Where you may rest and play, and shar
With some one for whom you may care
A good book;
A true friend—
One who perhaps is hard to win,
But who will stick through thick and thi
To the end;
Contentment—
A peace of mind that makes for health;
And maybe just a bit of wealth,
Heaven-sent.
Onward go,
Then—with a faith that the dark skies
Are holding blessings in disguise—
Cheerio!

—ESTELLE H. LORQUI

A Little Lamb Will Go Far With These New Recipes

In February the housewife's fancy often turns to thoughts of lamb—but too often she turns away again because they are expensive thoughts. But they needn't be if you know the right cuts and how to prepare them. New lamb recipes that will make your meat money go far are here-with offered:

A sheep is rather a large animal and it has a lot more to him than two hind legs, a few ribs, and a little bit of stewing meat, even though most of us don't use that knowledge to save ourselves money. We have fallen into the habit of asking the butcher for the familiar and higher priced cuts, while he has learned to give us only what we ask for, instead of offering new suggestions.

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Roast Lamb Roll, Franconia

Lamb roll (5 lbs.)

Salt	1 bay leaf
Pepper	1 onion, sliced
Flour	Potatoes, pared

Have the butcher prepare the lamb roll from the forequarter (shoulder, breast, neck and shank). Wipe with a clean damp cloth and rub with salt, pepper and flour. Brown in a very hot oven (500 degrees F.) for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups boiling water, the onion and bay leaf, and cover. Reduce temperature to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 1 hour. Add a little more water, if needed. Place the potatoes around the meat and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Bake about 1 hour longer—until potatoes are browned. Serve with brown gravy.

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Roast Lamb Aux Champignons

Trim excess fat from a shoulder of lamb. Wipe with a clean damp cloth and rub with salt, pepper, and flour. Put in roasting pan and brown under broiler. Add 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 stalk celery, cut in pieces, 1 clove garlic, a few peppercorns and 2 cups boiling water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until tender. Allow 15 minutes to a pound. Add boiling water as needed. Remove meat from pan and keep hot.

To 4 tablespoons fat in the roasting pan, add 6 tablespoons flour and stir until well blended. Add 3 cups boiling water or stock and stir until thickened. Saute ½ pound sliced mushrooms fresh or canned in butter and add to the sauce with ¾ cup sliced stuffed olives. Season more, if necessary. Serve with the meat.

New Board of Directors

Attention of City Club members is called to the fact that seven new members were elected to the Board of Directors January 12, 1931, and that the personnel of the board is now as it appears on page 5.

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At the Food Demonstration, to be held at the City Club February 17, the housewife will get many new ideas re the equipment of her kitchen.

WANTED . . . A HOME!

I am seeking a private home of refined, restful and happy atmosphere, preferably in Western Addition. I am 24 years old with a child (girl) 2 years who must receive perfect and complete care. Could arrange for care of child Sundays. I want to arrange for my breakfast each day and about 3 dinners during week. You will not be troubled by laundry arrangements. It will be quite satisfactory if there is another child. Possibly I would be interested in sharing a large enough apartment with someone who will care for child. Please write full details and telephone number that appointment may be made.

Address: Mrs. J. E. E., a member
Women's City Club, Room 210, 465 Post Street, San Francisco —Adv.

Claire Soeurs put ten little moire bows on this Afternoon Ensemble . . .

Ten little bows, some in black and some in white, eight on the frock and one on each pocket of the coat. To these add a moire belt, an ermine collar, a slightly flaring skirt . . and the result is . . *charming!* This authentic copy, in imported black crepella . . . $89.50.

A recent arrival in the French Room, which presents the most complete and most moderately priced Paris collection in town . . .

French Room . . Third Floor

HALE BROS

Palace of Fine Arts of San Francisco

—ELIZABETH GERBERDING

● The beautiful Palace of Fine Arts is one of the greatest assets of San Francisco. I do not believe that most of the residents realize how great an asset it is. It has been pronounced by experts to be one of the five most beautiful buildings in the world today. What the other four are is a disputed question. First would come the Taj Mahal. Next might come the 13th Century palace of the Alhambra in Granada, Spain, which is considered to be the finest example of Moorish art. The Parthenon, erected in Athens in 450 B. C., were it restored, would be one of the five. Santa Sophia the famous Metropolitan church of the Greeks at Constantinople, built by Justinian, might be the fourth. Think of the honor to this city that it should contain the fifth on the list, here, on the extreme western boundary of the new world, on the borders of the Pacific ocean! The Palace of Fine Arts has been called by experts the most poetic building in the world. To me the most vivid description of its charm is its relation to moonlight. The mysterious awe that one feels in moonlight is similar to the mystic enveloping flood of emotion given by the cluster of columns, brooding, soothing, awe-inspiring. As one walks between the clustered columns curving in delightful proportion, the solemnity of the ages descends upon the dreamer. The charm of the Palace was felt by everyone who could feel during the Exposition, but the remarkable fact is that no amount of desecration that followed, the stagnant, neglected lagoon, the deserted building during the years its fate was in doubt, the notice nailed to its entrance that the Federal government would raze it on a certain day, none of these things was able to destroy its charm—it gripped one just the same.

In order to give this incomparable structure, the Palace of Fine Arts, its proper setting we are bringing to the attention of the people of San Francisco the glaring fact that, while the Palace stands majestically, one corner is cut off by a building which obstructs the view of the Bay from the Palace. It should stand alone, with the view from it unobstructed to the Bay, with no private houses to mar the vista. The use of the building should be for the finer things of life. In the deed given to the city by the Federal government it is stipulated that it shall be used for the purposes of art and education only.

The California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association is endeavoring to have the city purchase the corner at the north end of the Fine Arts Lagoon facing the Marina boulevard, reaching from the Presidio reservation to Baker Street. John McLaren, Superintendent of Golden Gate Park, has said that he hopes to carry out his long-cherished plan of providing the proper setting for San Francisco's famous Palace of Fine Arts. He has said that he will restore the Lagoon to the beauty it had during the Panama Pacific Exposition. Who can ever forget the lovely kneeling figure in the rotunda! It was a Grecian figure in a temple, seen against the tiered columns of the Palace. France and Italy have no temple so beautiful. Let us have it again, alone, in its setting, untouched by modern dwellings, San Francisco's "Gem of Buildings." The fifth most beautiful building in the world today was built to celebrate a supreme achievement of man, the Panama Canal. The Exposition is a memory; but what a memory. The Palace of Fine Arts represents the memory of that fairy city. It is a symbol of the magical dream in which we lived, our enchanted land. It was for the Panama Canal, but what joy it brought.

For this there flowered in the West
The beauty of the world of art,
The fruit of ages and the heart
Of all endeavor in the best.

But palaces and courts will live:
The cloisters in the patio,
The pillared lake, the glow, will go
With us through all the years we live.

We see and we shall always see
The Beauty of this gift of Fate,
And we shall see across the Gate
An arch of triumph frame the sea.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

"Just as no two people are exactly alike—so the same hat will never give the same smartness to two women of different types"—says Rhoda, who analyzes people in terms of becoming lines. The soft woven straws, which are so new, mould to your head like a felt. If you have a straw or felt bring them in and have them remodeled in this season's styles.

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Pension Fund over $720,000.00, standing on Books at	1.00

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
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BEAUTY SALON of the Women's City Club

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Mrs. Jack Vallely's Lecture

Mrs. Jack Vallely, who gave a book eview at the City Club, Wednesday, Jan- ary 28, touched upon the following new olumes:

ducation of a Princess,
Grand Duchess Marie

he Giant of the Western World
Miller and Hill

Var for Profits	*Russbuldt*
he Conqueror's Lady	*May*
outh America	*Rothery*
ark Trails	*Cherrie*
ngle Gold	*Pedrick*
luterbach of the China Sea	*Thomas*
hen Ships Were Ships	*Barnes*
lers of the Plagues	*Tobey*
ndree's Story	*Andree*
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Th was the text, as it were, of Mrs. Valle 's captivating talk.

John Joseph Casey's Paintings on View

● Fifty oil paintings and drawings, representing the life work of John Joseph Casey, San Francisco artist, have arrived here from New York where they had been in storage since the soldier artist died there last April. They will be shown in San Francisco from March 1 to 15.

The works are dated before and after the World War. There is a hiatus from 1914 to 1918 as Casey was a soldier in the French Foreign Legion during the War. He served three and a half years at the front, was wounded once and decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

Casey was born here and got his initial art education at Mark Hopkins School. He further studied at the Art Students' League and the Academy of Fine Arts in New York and under Edmund Tarbell and Frank Weston Benson or the Boston Museum. He went abroad in 1909 and was the pupil in Paris of Charles Lasar, the friend of Henry James and Thomas A. Edison and dean of American instructors in France. Lasar was the teacher of Cecelia Beaux and Violet Oakley, greatest of American women painters, and also of the novelist-artist, Amelie Rives. A portrait in red crayon of Lasar by Casey will be included in the exhibition.

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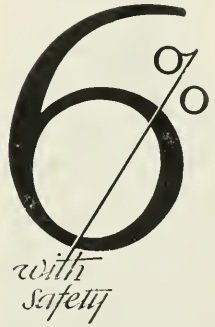

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Arturo Toscanini

(Editor's Note: Arturo Toscanini, now conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, is occupying the center of the musical stage of the world these days. Sunday, January 18, he conducted a concert in New York to which his wife in Milano, Italy, "listened in" and at its close he said a few words to his world-wide audience, concluding with a personal salutation to his wife. Within a few minutes she radioed back that she had heard the concert and his voice with perfect clarity.)

● Arturo Toscanini, son of Claudio and Paola Montani Toscanini, was born in Parma on March 25, 1867. In 1876, he was registered as a non-resident student in the Parma Conservatory, and attended Professor Griffini's classes in solfeggio. In 1878, he became a resident student, studying the 'cello with Professor Carini and counterpoint and composition with Giusto Dacci. As a student 'cellist, he went with the Parma orchestra to play at the Turin exposition in 1884, and at about this time had published his only compositions on record, a Berceuse for the piano and several songs.

Toscanini was graduated from the conservatory in 1885 with perfect marks in the departments of 'cello and composition, for which he was awarded "lode distinta." He had not yet, however, attained prominence beyond the conservatory, where his unusual memory had already caused comment; it is said that when Dacci doubted what he heard about Toscanini's memorizing powers, the youth convinced him by writing out from memory the prelude to *Lohengrin*. While a student, Toscanini had also done his first conducting, leading the conservatory orchestra in his class compositions.

Soon after graduating, Toscanini went to South America to play the cello in the mainly Italian orchestra of an opera company in Brazil. According to Tobia Nicotra's biographical eulogy of Toscanini, the company's conductor, a Brazilian musician named Leopoldo de Miguez, was at odds with the orchestra, and, when the company went from Sao Paulo to Rio de Janeiro, resigned just berore the scheduled opening of the Rio season with *Aida*. The impresario persuaded the concertmaster, Superti, to conduct *Aida* instead of Miguez. But the audience, not relishing the presence of a substitute as leader, had booed Superti out of the pit before he could get beyond the opening measures. Superti urged the chorusmaster, Aristide Venturi, to try his luck with the baton, but Venturi had only taken a step into the pit before the booing decided him to make a hasty retreat.

The musicians, according to Nicotra's narrative, then took matters into their own hands. Toscanini was propelled to the rostrum; someone enveloped him in a borrowed dress coat; a baton was thrust into his hand. He closed the score, and began the opera anew. Thanks to curiosity the audience had quieted; it was soon aroused to fervent enthusiasm. The result was that Toscanini prepared and conducted eighteen operas during the Rio season.

He returned to Italy to find that this incident had made him well known; from then on, his principal work was as a conductor, although, at his own request, he played a 'cello in the orchestra for the Milan premiere of Verdi's *Otello* in 1887.

In 1896, he was called to La Scala in Milan to conduct the orchestral concerts in succession to Martucci. In the following year he was married to Carlotta de Martini. La Scala was closed for a year, then reorganized and reopened with Giulio Gatti-Casazza as general manager and Toscanini as musical director. He held this post (except, according to Nicotra, in 1904 and 1905) until his departure for New York in 1908, while continuing to conduct operas and concerts in other Italian cities.

Coming to the Metropolitan Opera Company at the beginning of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's regime, Toscanini made his New York début in *Aida* on the opening night of the season, November 16, 1908.

Owing to a nervous breakdown, Toscanini had to return to Europe before the close of the opera season in 1915, and it became rumored that he would not return to the Metropolitan. These reports, at first denied, were confirmed in September. Giorgio Polacco took his place. Italy's entrance into the war, and Toscanini's desire to be near his son, who had volunteered as a soldier, were the principal reported reasons at the time for his determination not to come back, but a friend of his has mentioned dissatisfaction with artistic conditions at the Metropolitan as an impor

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tant factor in his decision. The Metropolitan tried hard to induce him to return, but without success.

His American admirers had to content themselves, for the time being, with reading of his distinguished patriotic services, his conducting music for the soldiers as near as possible to the front, even under fire; of how he conducted almost on the firing line at the taking of Monte Santo.

In 1920, he assembled an orchestra from the best available players, which, after an Italian tour, sailed for the United States in November to make a tour sponsored by the Italian government and a group of prominent Americans. Under the title of the Scala Orchestra, Mr. Toscanini's organization gave its first concert in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 28, and gave opportunity for renewed admiration of the conductor's powers.

On returning to Italy, Toscanini was made artistic director of La Scala which, closed during the war and early post-war periods, was reopened on December 27, 1921, with Verdi's *Falstaff*. He held this position for eight years.

In November, 1924, Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the board of directors of the Philharmonic Society of New York, announced that Toscanini had agreed to conduct the Philharmonic in a series of concerts during the following season. Returning here after four years' absence, Toscanini made his first appearance with the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall on January 14.

His first 1927 appearance was scheduled for January 13, but Toscanini fell ill on arriving in New York, and two weeks passed, while it began to be feared that he would have to return to Italy without conducting at all. One report had it that he was entirely worn out, and would have to take a year's rest. But he recovered in time to conduct four concerts early in February, and these showed that his illness had in no way affected his conductorial powers. He resumed his work at La Scala in March, and in April the Philharmonic announced that he had become a regular conductor, and would give over thirty concerts the following season.

Toscanini's 1928 season with the Philharmonic lasted from late in January until the beginning of April. As chief conductor of the merged Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, he was scheduled to return to New York in mid-January of 1929 for a term of eleven weeks, but owing to the demands of his work at La Scala, was in America for only half that time, returning to Italy in April to take the Scala company to Vienna and Berlin. Except for a Swiss tour with the Scala orchestra in 1924 this tour marked Toscanini's first appearance in Europe outside of Italy, if available records are correct. This fervently acclaimed tour closed Toscanini's work at La Scala; he had decided to devote himself to symphonic conducting and to make the conductorship of the Philharmonic-Symphony the principal feature of his artistic activities. He returned to New York for the first eight and the last eight weeks of the season of 1929-'30, and, in April, took the Philharmonic-Symphony on its first European tour, which included concerts in fifteen cities in France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Belgium and England. In July, he made his first appearance in the Wagner festival at Bayreuth, conducting *Tannhauser* and *Tristan und Isolde*, and he will again conduct at Bayreuth next Summer. He is now back in America for his sixth consecutive season as an orchestral leader.

Many regard Toscanini as one of the most prominent examples of the "virtuoso conductor," of the type which is sometimes believed to receive excessive attention. But this label suggests a musician who, besides possessing a striking and influential personality, consciously keeps himself in the foreground, who gives "personal" readings in which the spirit of the music and the composer's intentions may be sacrificed for effectiveness.

Toscanini has, indeed, a striking personality, but it would be hard to find a musician who is more objective in his art, more sincere and devoid of pose, more governed by the ardent desire to give the best possible performance of the music before him. Of course, one may disagree

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with him on certain points of interpretation or detail, but without denying the sincere, objective conviction which seems to mark all his artistic activities. Off the conductorial podium, Toscanini keeps himself in the background as far as possible, shunning publicity, avoiding interviews, and preferring a quiet life with his wife, his son, Walter, and his daughters, Wanda and Wally.

Toscanini's phenomenal memory and his near-sightedness have been often commented upon, also his occasional outbursts—how, for instance, in a performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera* at La Scala, he resisted the public demand for an encore by the tenor, Zenatello, and, when it kept up, left the stage, went home, and started for South America the next day; how, in a symphony concert in Italy, he struck his baton against the bow of an offending violinist, who sought consolation in the courts. But these occasional tantrums should not be misunderstood; they are caused not by a thwarted ego, but by thwarting of his desire for artistic perfection—not by an offense against the man, but by an offense against the music.

His work has not lacked recognition, and, internationally noted as one of the world's greatest conductors, Toscanini could have ample reason to congratulate himself as a successful musician, to find happiness and satisfaction in his laurels. But, in all probability, he never will; he must always strive for perfection, aim at the unattainable—and in this striving we have at least a partial explantion of his recreative genius.

▲ ▲ ▲

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Morocco

—MIRIAM CURTICE DODGE

● Morocco, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts, which latter subject has caused so much suffering among the student-body in our institutions of higher learning. Morocco is either French zoned, very good; or Spanish, very bad; or International, wherein solely is Tangier.

For the most part Morocco is as it was one thousand years ago. There are the living descendants of Corsairs who devastated the coasts of Europe; and the loveliness of the women they carried off from Greece, Spain and Italy lives still in their great, great grand-children. That the French have worked a miracle there is acknowledged by all who knew Morocco twelve years ago—good ports, new towns, fine hospitals, splendid schools, roads second to none, and railways approaching completion. He who would see the place before it is utterly Europeanized must go at once.

Much could be done in a tour of three weeks, though six months would not be too long. Before March, North Africa is inclined to be cold when one is out of the sun. February and March are best, as by then the worst rains are over, and the flowers are out. April begins to be too warm. In French Morocco, travel by motor is easy over roads as good as the two Corniche that thread the Riviera. French is of course the language the tourist uses, while in the large cities one finds luxurious hotels with cuisines beyond reproach in a climate that surpasses all.

After a journey over Spanish Moroccan roads to Tetuan, however, one votes for air-travel; and this introduction to their zone is typical of Spanish occupation. Money has been appropriated time and again for the making of roads, but over and over again it is swallowed up in the maw of official graft and the roads remain tracks. There is, however, a regular air-service of fourteen hours from Marseilles via Perpignan to Casablanca.

North Africa to the proletariat means a blur of desert, camel-trains, date-palms and sheiks, whereas the real desert exists only on its southernmost border and is not visited until one has left the cities far behind. One hears of the naive stranger who, after lunching at the hotel in Casablanca hailed an Arab driver of an ancient Rosinante and bid him, "Drive me to the desert." In the interest of accuracy, be it said, the name Garden of Allah is applied to the Great Sahara by those who inhabit it.

It is essential to know more of the Arabs than that they are Mohammedan Moors. The latter term, Moor, is applied to people living in North Africa from Tripoli west. Mixed Arabs are termed Moors—not the pure Arabs. Some say that Moors are equivalent to Berbers and

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nomad tribes, while others restrict the name to an admixture of Arab blood.

As to the Berbers, they are probably descendants of the Phoenicians. The Arabs found them in possession of Morocco and drove them into the mountains, where mostly they have remained. The Arabs and Berbers have not blended and are easily distinguished. The Arab is tall, thin, with fine eyes and aquiline nose; a gentleman and treacherous. The Berber is short, squat, with high cheek-bones and small eyes; a tenacious bourgeois. The Berbers first inhabited Africa; the Arabs have only passed through from the East from time to time and left their mark. For five centuries, however, these Arabs were the dominant power in the world. They had every right to consider themselves the most highly civilized people in Europe.

After years of bloodshed the Moors conquered Spain and made there great improvements in the condition of the people. It was they who built the lovely mosques and palaces of Granada, Seville and Cordova. In fact, so great was the infusion of Arabic into the Spanish tongue that one-eighth of the language of Spain today is of Arabic origin. In the tenth century where the richest in Europe were sleeping on beds of rushes and mental attainments of any kind were confined to the priesthood, Moorish culture in Spain was so advanced that the catalogues alone of the library of King Alkaban extended to forty-four volumes.

The first port of call when sailing from Bordeaux is a modern French port in the making, Casablanca, with a French plenitude of hotels, from the most modest to the largest gesture in luxury. But it is only the curtain before the stage—don't linger. The town is so modern it has never had street-cars; it jumped straight from camels to gasoline and gives the effect of a portion of the Levant plumped into a Southern California real estate "development." The traffic of two ages thuds, clatters, honks and shuffles by; camels, Citroens, donkeys and Daimlers.

The male resident wears a Fez, plus fours of maroon, an embroidered silk waistcoat finished off by wrinkled socks—or if not wrinkled, held up by Boston garters worn outside. Really something should be done about the Boston garter epidemic in North Africa. It is spreading south and even may threaten in time the wide open spaces of the Sahara.

The last of March is Carnival time, celebration at the end of the thirty-day feast of R'ndam commanded by Mahomet. Great rejoicing, feasting, costuming as at Mardi Gras. The quartier reserve containing its two thousand girl prisoners, is crowded with all manner of Arab fast-breakers, as well as French soldiers, Legion Trangere, blacks and Berbers.

Mazagan, on the road to Marak'sh, has its celebrated sixteenth century cistern built by the Portuguese.

Continuing South toward the desert to Marak'sh at the foot of the Great Atlas Mountains, one passes the first Arab villages, clusters of huts, thatched, pointed of roof and shaped like bee-hives, the group surrounded by a hedge of dead thornbranches.

Marak'sh or Marrakesh, The Red, so-called because of the red earth wall surrounding it, is Arabic for Morocco City. There are numerous hotels there, but La Mamounia is a dream of loveliness and luxury.

There one first sees storks perched on the ruined walls and ramparts. The Arabs say the souls of corrupt judges inhabit these birds.

The town is reached by General Lyautey's splendid road which, if one journeys on, reaches Mogador of the perfect climate where all ills are cured. As between Cairo and Morocco for winter resorts, Marak'sh is strong in public favor. All its streets are of sand; no foot-falls are heard. Yet as one nears the center of town, the market-place, Djemma El Fna, it becomes the noisiest kind of inferno. Trading in blacks exists under cover in this open-air fair. Chlou boys perform there in the afternoons—occupying somewhat the position of sing-song girls in China, lower than the Japanese geisha, clad in embroidered skirts with cymbals on their little thumbs. The audience throws money into slippers on the dance-floor, but the substantial profits come later. This public exhibition is merely bally-hoo to attract rich natives who will engage the boys that night. When darkness falls the boys disappear. What becomes of them the balance of the night, Europeans will not discover.

(To be continued.)

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• Some of the most desirable positions in business are reached through the channel of secretarial service. The secretary to the executive officer of an organization is likely to come in contact with every phase of the activities of that establishment. The secretary who actually is fitted to assume responsibility may expect to be given an ever-increasing share of executive duties. She should be able to relieve her chief of all the routine supervision of his office. Her technical skill in secretarial accounting should enable her to care for her employer's financial records, even to the complete preparation of his personal income tax return. Her ability to dictate effective business communications should be a distinguishing feature of her work. This attainment usually is the result of well-directed study. Her breadth of training should make her resourceful in everything pertaining to the business with which she is associated. Her general business outlook should be developed to such an extent, through systematic training, that she will be able to comprehend the significance of all events which have a bearing upon the interests of her employer. For the girl of ability there is hardly a better opportunity in business than that which is found as the chief aide to an executive officer.

Unless she aims for advancement to a secretaryship, a stenographer may need little more training than that provided by a high school stenographic course. But the *real secretary* needs much more; so

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY
A HELPFUL GUIDE TO FIRST CLASS SCHOOLS

much more, indeed, that the girl who aspires to become a confidential secretary certainly should equip herself through advanced study for the responsibilities involved. The genuine secretaryship takes on some of the characteristics of a profession, and accordingly it warrants the best type of training that our vocational schools and colleges are able to provide.

A pleasing personality is almost essential to success. A striking personality in itself, if free from affectation and eccentricity, may move a girl a long way toward an executive post. A natural aptitude for business, obviously, is a requisite. Mack of tactfulness sometimes is overlooked by one's friends but seldom by the one whose recommendations result in promotion. Common sense, poise, never-failing courtesy, correctness of speech, and respect for confidential problems, are so easily recognizable as important traits that we hardly need mention them. However, the fortunate possessor of all of these natural characteristics cannot rely upon them alone to carry her to her goal.

Business activities have become so complicated that a secretary who aspires to advancement needs to make a painstaking study of the scientific principles which underlie business operations. Just as the public accountant finds it necessary to base his career upon a study of accounting theory and practice together with other principles of business administration, so the prospective secretary is faced with the necessity of becoming thoroughly versed in certain fundamental subjects. College committees interested in the problem of the secretary have made quite a little progress, during the last decade, in defining and meeting the needs of these young women.

Many schools throughout America have established secretarial-training divisions. Some of these training centers are simply in the process of development; some are completely organized and equipped to give adequate preparation.

Secretaries have been selected more or less haphazardly, usually from groups of typists with certain agreeable characteristics but without sound educational background, or sometimes from college women whose ideas relating to secretarial service frequently warp their perspectives and utterly disqualify them for advancement. In the future, a scientific approach to the training and selecting of secretaries probably will provide employers with a superior grade of assistant and relegate to subordinate places those young people whose personalities and educational backgrounds do not justify their advancement to the more responsible positions.

Your School Problem

When your boy and girl face their College Entrance Board requirements will they be prepared? Have you provided the environment which permits a balanced program of supervised study and recreation, or are they merely trying to "get through" high school in an atmosphere which is not conducive to their best interests? Their preparatory work will be an important influence at the very beginning of their college careers.

The routine of the modern home is of necessity seldom suited to the needs of the growing child of school age. It provides too many distractions and too many opportunities to dodge school work.

In the wholesome atmosphere of a good private school boys and girls find each school day a new and interesting experience. They live, work and play according to a systematic schedule. They are given an opportunity to acquire a sense of values other than scholastic and to develop wisdom, leadership and self-control under the guidance of men and women who know boys and girls, who believe in them, and whose experience makes them fine, wise and sympathetic leaders.

We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

Top o' the Hill . . . . .

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announces the opening on January 19, 1931, of the second semester of its fully organized Lower School. In this school, clothing, diet, posture correction, sunbaths and open air, hours of study, play and work are scientifically co-ordinated to the needs of each child. Full school curriculum will be simultaneously maintained. Immediate physical betterment and higher scholarship are looked for as first results. A lasting physical and mental endowment will be the final score. The work of Top o' the Hill Sunshine School is based upon Top o' the Hill's own five years' successful work, known to all child specialists of Central California.

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School curriculum parallels that of the State and accredits to any educational institution.

For further information address:
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(Box A

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MARCH 1, 1931

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Oliver, *Instructor.*
Conversational Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock, Board Room.
Theory Class—Monday Nights, 7:00 o'clock, Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Tuesday Evenings. 7:30 o'clock, Auditorium.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:30 o'clock, Chinese Room.

March 2—Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
2—Sukiyaki—(Japanese Informal Dinner) First of a series of International Dinners.	*Auditorium*	6:30 P.M.
4—Current Event Section Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
4—Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.	*Card Room*	12:00 noon
5—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Ring of the Lowenskolds" by Selma Lagerlof.	*N. D. R.*	6:00 P.M.
5—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. William Palmer Lucas Subject: An Evening of Poetry.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
9—Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
10—Fancy Headdress Dinner	*Dining Room*	6:30 P.M.
12—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. W. B. Hamilton. Subject: Impressions Gained from a Recent European Tour.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
16—Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 P.M.
17—Annual Membership Meeting Buffet Supper—75 cents.	*Cafeteria*	6:00 P.M.
19—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Issac Ezra Subject: "China and the Silver Question."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
23—Lenten Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
23—Reception in honor of Mrs. John Galsworthy	*Auditorium*	4:30 P.M.
24—Lecture by John Galsworthy Subject: "Six Favorite Novelists."	*Auditorium*	8:15 P.M.
25—Lecture by Mrs. Jack Vallely Subject: "Current Ideas Through the World of Books."	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
26—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Carl J. Rhodin. Subject: Reading of the Play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
30—Lenten Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.

Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME V MARCH, 1931 NUMBER 2

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Thru the WONDERLAND *of Long Ago*
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Grim . . . they tower in tropic shade, the tortured walls of Panama's Old Cathedral . . . Scars left by Morgan's men . . . wounds of ruthless, sacrilegious fury . . . glow, almost livid, through tender mantles draped by Nature's hand . . . mantles of creeping moss and scattered vine spread with fairy, fragrant blossoms . . . Sunset bathes the ravaged ruin in weird, prophetic glory.

Fascinating beyond imagining is the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail through The Wonderland of Long Ago . . . In Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Canal Zone, Colombia and Havana, you pause in history's solemn hush . . . tread reverently before shrines of simple, splendid faiths that labored to keep alight the torch of Civilization in the gloom of brooding tropic jungles . . . The magic of the past steals up with memories of rushing pirate bands . . . the peace of Angelus bells intoning evening worship . . . the merry chirp of castanets in shadowy, moonlit gardens.

Throughout your liner is your home . . . The luxuries of Panama Mail service go with you into every port . . . attend you during rapturous nights at sea . . . make you fit and eager for the next day's episode ashore . . . But there's only one Cruise-Tour to New York . . . the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail . . . It sails from San Francisco alternate Saturdays . . . A postcard will bring details. Plan your trip—right now.

PANAMA MAIL
Steamship Company
2 PINE STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

Members of Executive Board of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, named at the annual election Monday, February 16.
Standing, left to right: Miss Margaret Zane, Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Miss Emma Noonan.
Sitting, left to right: Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, re-elected
to the Presidency of the City Club, and Miss Mabel L. Pierce.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

HE best-laid schemes o'mice an' men" is applicable to the present writing, for here I am, addressing you again as President after the definite announcement last month that thereafter I would serve in the ranks once again. Sincerely hoped to retire to the ranks for I am always distinctly conscious of the value of such service and of the fact that it is the volunteer service of the membership itself which accomplishes the great things of our program. I would be a private this year if my personal ambitions were to be realized. However, I have been persuaded by those who know most intimately the needs and requirements of the organization for 1931, that a continued and uninterrupted leadership is fundamental. The general economic condition reflects itself in all the clubhouses of the country; in our particular clubhouse, with the five-year leases expiring, readjustments must be made. With the next amortization payment increasing as per schedule, there is need of concentrated attention to the matter of finances. Appreciating these arguments, I yielded to the drifting, but only after securing a definite pledge from some twenty women who have served or who are serving on the Board of Directors—a pledge that they would be drafted too, to carry "over the top" "the building project" as outlined in 1921. These leaders feel pride in the accomplishment of the first five years to date; how gorgeous it will be when in April with this now uninterrupted program, they shall announce that the formative years have been one hundred per cent successful! (With the help of each member this can be done.) With this success will come the inner glow that we have "made good," and thus justified the confidence placed in us by our financial backers, and deep down in our hearts we shall know that at the same time as an organization we shall have done something for other groups of women all over the country who desire to do likewise. We whom you have elected to office (indirectly through an electoral college, so to speak) have not ignorantly accepted this year's leadership, for we have served you before. You may feel confidence that we are not in it for what we can get out of it, but rather what we can put into it. In pledging this to you, I realize that we serve by pointing the way; the accomplishment rests with you.

There will be much that an informed membership can do. On April 12th we shall have rounded out five years in our own building. As the plans for the celebration mature, each member must feel a personal obligation to be a very part, for the success of our organization has been the result of the group consciousness peculiar to a service program. The Talent Festival proved this beyond question. The monthly message in the magazine is totally inadequate as a news item. As plans are formulated in the next few weeks, we hope to arrange definite hours when we may meet together to talk informally of the family affairs of our National League for Woman's Service. There is a stirring future wrapped up in the particular program for 1931 and I long to share it with you. The annual meeting this month will be condensed as far as the rehearsal of past accomplishments is concerned, amplified as to future plans. Your presence there will mean your endorsement of the prophets and your support will spur the leaders to greater heights.

The honor of personifying the organization is to be mine for another year, it seems. I humbly accept it, pledging to you and to the service program I love the best I have to give—unselfishly and unreservedly.

Miss Leale Elected to Club Presidency

● Miss Marion Leale was elected to the presidency of the Women's City Club, at the annual election, Monday, February 16.

Miss Leale has been president for the last two years and was the unanimous choice of the nominating committee when the 1931 president was discussed.

Other officers for the year elected at the same time were Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, first vice-president; Miss Mabel Pierce, second vice-president; Mrs. Edward Rainey, third vice-president; Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., corresponding secretary; Miss Margaret Zane, recording secretary; and Miss Emma Noonan, treasurer.

Annual Membership Meeting

● The Annual Membership Meeting of the Women's City Club will be held Tuesday evening, March 17—St. Patrick's Day.

The meeting will take the form of a buffet supper at six o'clock, after which there will be a reading of reports of various committees at seven o'clock. This is not so formidable as it sounds, as the reports are to be "bunched" in groups as they relate to each other and will be presented by one person, who will summarize as much as is consistent with clarity.

The supper will be served in the cafeteria, the price being seventy-five cents. Miss Marion Leale, president of the City Club, will preside.

Every member is cordially invited to attend. It is not only her privilege but her duty to know the ways and means, the whys and wherefores of her club. Tuesday evening, March 17—Supper at 6, reports at 7 o'clock.

Health Examination Next Month

● The semi-annual Health Examination sponsored by the City Club for the benefit of its members will take place next month under the general direction of Dr. Adelaide Brown, Health Editor of the City Club Magazine. The examination will continue from April 13 to 25, inclusive, and be conducted, as usual, at the Club.

This is one of the notable pieces of public service which the City Club has extended to members in the last three years. For the nominal sum of $10, which is the registration fee, any member of the Club may have the privilege of a thorough medical examination under the most competent of physicians. Hundreds have availed themselves of the privilege and feel that in being given a clean bill of health they have been given peace of mind of untold value. Others have been saved more serious illness by having incipient maladies and symptoms revealed before they became formidable.

"Little White Card" Is "Open Sesame"

● Mrs. W. Wardell Jennings, one of our club members, is very enthusiastic about the benefits derived from the use of the "little white card" which she obtains from the club every year before starting her tour of Europe. She says:

"When we have filled our minds and souls with the deep beauty of Westminster Abbey, when we have gloried in the pictures of the National and Wallace collections, when we have stood in awe before the Rosetta Stone in the British Museum, and we just can't absorb any more, what a joy it is to take the little white card and obtain the peace, the restfulness, and the comforts of the Woman's Club in London.

"After all, we must feed the inner woman, and what lovelier place could be found than the Woman's Club to which our reciprocal card admits us.

"In Paris we have even more advantages. There are the dear home papers, American magazines, and a home-like atmosphere. Tourists are given all kinds of useful information about trip tickets, pensions, and other facts that help smooth the way for a traveler.

"So, before going East, or to Europe, take the advice of one 'who knows whereof she speaks,' and ask for the reciprocal card which will mean much for your comfort. It is also a means of introduction to many nice things."

Mrs. Grissell Heads MacGill Committee

"A Night of Irish Humor" is the title that Patrick MacGill has selected for his lecture. He will treat his subject historically and analytically, and spice it with his own dry humour, in his altogether charming Irish manner, proving that picturesque oddities of speech are not humour; that the stage Irishman is of English origin; that popular Irish (?) witticisms are ninety per cent of English making; that the Irish Bull was a Fleet Street Calf; that the humour of Swift, Curran, Sheridan, and Sterne is only Irish by mere location of writing. Mr. MacGill holds that the real humor of Ireland is the humour springing from lore and legend, and still vital and living in tradition preserved by the simple peasantry.

Ticket, reserved seats, $1.25 and $1.00, are on sale at the Information Desk. The date, Tuesday, April 7, at 8:15 o'clock. Mrs. Grissell is chairman of the committee in charge of the lecture.

Reception to Mrs. Galsworthy

● Mrs. John Galsworthy will be tendered a reception at the City Club from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, March 23, the day before her distinguished husband is to lecture at the Club. The reception will be held in the Auditorium and the reception committee will consist of the Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman, and the board of directors of the Club. Tea service will be thirty-five cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy have been spending the winter at Phoenix, Arizona.

Food Demonstration a Success

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Despite threatening skies and early hour, the front row of seats arranged in the auditorium for the Food Demonstration on February 17 were filled long before the scheduled appearance of Otto Paul Reise, famous chef, trained in Germany and connected with both the Ritz in Paris and Savoy in London, who shared some of his culinary secrets with us. Two colored chefs assisted and their smart white jackets, spicky caps, and enveloping aprons gave quite a business-like air to the modern kitchen arranged on the stage.

Here creamy walls, grey and white stove, white electric refrigerator and grey cabinet formed an attractive background for the long, damask-covered table where Chef Reisen displayed his art. At the back were two windows, with the cabinet in the center, concealing the doorway. The windows were draped with white Swiss curtains, tied back in graceful folds. At the left green shrubbery showed beyond the frame, while on the ledge stood a pot filled with orange marigolds. Back of the other window, lovely red blossoms added a note of color to the green, while a low blue bowl blended its hue in the attractive picture from its place on the shelf below. Beneath stood a breakfast set. Painted in a soft green and decorated with flowers, the table was completely set for two. Silver, china, glasses, doilies, napkins, and a low bowl filled with old-fashioned buttercups made a silent appeal for an inviting breakfast. Beside the coffee-pot stood an automatic toaster, insuring perfectly browned toast for the first meal, just as the refrigerator preserves and chills the various foodstuffs throughout the day. On its top rested a bunch of bright yellow carrots, with huge brown-skinned avocados, shiny purple eggplants, and vivid green artichokes—any of which would have made a delicious addition to our luncheon or dinner menus.

Owing to the limited time, it was necessary to have most of the vegetables scrubbed and sliced; the stock ready for the gumbo, and the rolls grated and dipped—to facilitate the cooking. Each dish, however, was prepared and cooked before the audience and the completed product in turn taken to the cafeteria, where it was served for luncheon. Chicken gumbo, ragout of lamb en casserole, French rolls, dessert, and fruit and vegetable salads were evolved, Chef Reise's fingers moving with lightning rapidity and his instructions keeping pace with his movements. To see him chop apples filled one with awe, and the necessity for sharp knives and proper tools was apparent even to the most inexperienced.

The food prepared comprised a complete menu, offering a choice of salads, as the gumbo could be served with or without rice, depending upon the accompanying dishes, with either a vegetable or fruit salad, and the ragout of lamb en casserole is just a more perfect concoction of lamb stew, while the hot biscuits and French rolls with coffee offered a filling and appetizing menu. The Chef's recipe for gumbo calls for shrimps. The soup is delicious, but if one does not care for the seafood flavor it would be best to omit or reduce the quantity of shrimps. The secret of the ragout is in the separate cooking of the vegetables, as the finished casserole presents a brown, glazed interior with the center a mixture of browned meat, over which are seen tiny French carrots and peas with a border of perfectly browned potato balls, and the gravy is clear—quite unlike the average offering in the family kitchen where the vegetables cook down to a mushy state. Tiny hot biscuits, perfectly glazed, and light and flaky within are to be had in about twenty minutes if one uses the same recipe. The salads are made in big bowls and served at the table. French dressing was added to the sliced vegetables, while pineapple juice and olive oil were poured over the fruit mixture, then gently stirred with wooden spoon and fork. The French rolls afford a change in desserts and are attractive in appearance, though some may prefer to serve them with a sweet fruit sauce. Copies of the recipes will be printed for those of you unable to attend this most interesting program.

We are indebted to Mr. Reise and the following firms for their cooperation in this demonstration and for the loan of the modern equipment and package foods: Sperry Flour Company products, Sussman and Wormser Company; dishes, League Shop; breakfast-room furniture, O'Connor, Moffatt Company, W. and J. Sloan Company; toaster, home utilities, Goldberg, Bowen Company; kitchen tables, Dohrmann Hotel Supply Company; General Electric refrigerator, L. H. Bennett Company, Ltd.; Acme Fruit and Produce Company; meats, Baumgartner Bros.; poultry, Parantino and Sons; and coffee, M.J.B. Company.

Recipes used at Food Demonstration:

Chicken Gumbo

Wash and clean and cut two pounds of chicken into one-inch squares. Cut three ounces of veal and two ounces of raw, lean ham into dice and braise all three meats in four ounces of butter. When well heated, add one-half cupful of onions, cut small, one-half cup of celery chopped, and one-half cup of bell peppers, cut small. When vegetables are well moistened add one-half cup of sliced okra and two medium sized tomatoes, peeled and quartered. Stir well, then add one quart of chicken stock (or water) made with trimmings. Let boil slowly for about thirty minutes, or until done. Then sprinkle one-half cup of shrimps with a pinch of flour, sauten in butter, and add to Gumbo. Salt and season with file, thyme, and white pepper. When ready to serve, mold a timbale of hot, boiled rice in the cen-

ter of soup plate and over it pour the Gumbo. This quantity serves sixteen

Vegetable Salad Bowl

Into a large, chilled salad bowl put three quartered (and broken apart) heads of lettuce; six tomatoes, peeled and cut in quarters or eighths; one bunch of radishes, thinly sliced; two cucumbers, peeled, scored, and sliced thin; one bell pepper, shredded fine; and one tablespoon of grated carrots. Have ready one-half pint of French dressing and add just before serving. Serves ten.

Ragout of Lamb, En Casserole

Cut two and one-half pounds of boned shoulder of lamb into one and three-quarter-inch squares, dredge slightly with salt and white pepper and saute in frying pan until well heated through. Next sprinkle with one finely chopped onion and two stalks of celery, also finely chopped; let cook until ingredients are moistened thoroughly; then add three tablespoons of flour and saute until well browned. Next add two cups of stock or water, one cup of tomato puree and let cook until thickened; then put into casserole. Braise one bunch of carrots, cut small (French), and four young turnips, quartered, in butter; brown twelve small boiling onions and add to the meat. Cover casserole and place in oven and bake until contents are done, or from thirty to forty minutes. Remove lid, garnish with one cup of hot cooked peas and twelve small browned potatoes, sprinkle with chopped parsley, re-cover, and serve. Serves ten.

Lark Rolls

Grate off crust from six French rolls. On top, make an incision about one inch in length, take out some of the inside and fill with jelly. Next beat three eggs, add one teaspoon of sugar, one-half cup of milk or cream, and a few drops of vanilla. Soak rolls therein, thoroughly. Roll in grated crumbs and fry to a golden brown. Dust with cinnamon and sugar and decorate with almonds. A delicious and clever way of using left-over French rolls for dessert.

Fruit Salad Bowl

Put two heads of lettuce, quartered and broken apart; six oranges, peeled and cut into sections and free from membrane; four apples, peeled, quartered, and sliced; four slices of pineapple, cut small, with juice; and a pinch each of sugar and salt, and over all pour three-fourths cupful (three-eights pint) of olive oil. Mix thoroughly before serving. Serves ten.

Biscuits

Blend well one pound (four level cups) of flour with one ounce (piece size of walnut) of shortening; add one ounce (two tablespoons) of sugar, one ounce (one teaspoon) salt, and one ounce (three teaspoons) baking powder and pass through a sieve. Make a medium-soft dough, being careful not to work same too much, using about one cup of milk. Put on board, fold lightly and roll out to thickness of one-half inch.

Fancy Headdress Dinner

When —TUESDAY, MARCH 10
Time —6:30 O'CLOCK
Where—WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

"What's The Idea?"

Just this—A "GET-TOGETHER" Evening to drive "DULL CARE" away.

Requirements

That you either wear a HEADDRESS of some COUNTRY, PERIOD, FLOWER, or BIRD; or something ludicrous. It may also be a COLONIAL or FRENCH HAIR-DRESS.

Prizes

Three prizes will be offered:

1. The most ELABORATE
2. The most ORIGINAL
3. The most LUDICROUS

Entertainment

There will be a "MID-WAY PLAISANCE" with FORTUNE TELLERS, SIDE-SHOWS and Strolling MINSTRELS.

The FORTUNE-TELLERS will tell all you want to know of the FUTURE and nothing of your PAST—so you will be safe in our hands. There will be NOTHING to fear and EVERYTHING to anticipate.

CARD-TABLES will be available, without charge, for those who wish to reserve them. (Reservations must be made before the evening of the dinner.)

The Dining Room

will be decorated in CARNIVAL spirit for the occasion. Make up your NO HOSTESS tables and plan your HEADDRESS at once.

Reservations

$1.25 per plate, and please make your reservations NOW. There will be no charge for anything, except the dinner. Everything will be FREE—even LAUGHTER.

COME ONE — COME ALL — for the FANCY HEADDRESS DINNER of MARCH 10th is something we will all be talking about for months to come.

MARY FITCH WILCOX, *Chairman.*

Thursday Evening Programs

—BY MRS. A. P. BLACK

In the person of Mr. John Henry Nash of San Francisco, the Thursday Evening group, on January 29th, had the privilege of entertaining one of the greatest printers of the world, fully recognized as such, and of listening to his address on the subject of "Printing as a Fine Art." In addition to this, Mr. Nash had brought to the Club many specimens of his beautiful work and these rare books were laid out on tables for examination by the members, and also freely passed among the audience so that all could see and appreciate their loveliness. The subject given to Mr. Nash was notably applicable to him, for he is a true artist, as all his work proclaims him to be. In the course of his address, he gave a running history of the printing from the period of Laurens Janszoon Coster and Johan Gutenberg in the 15th Century up the present time. He also gave some idea of the time and preparation involved in the production of such fine books, making them valuable and treasured possessions to those able to purchase them. He brought a few books personally when he came to the Club in the evening and he remarked that he felt rather careful of the suitcase containing them, as some were valued at $10,000. Suffice it to say, that they were the works of great authors, worthy to be set out and preserved in such ropal dress and fashion.

On February 5th, the Thursday Evening group had the pleasure of an address by Mr. Ralph W. Chaney, Scientific Investigator of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. Mr. Chaney was a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews expedition in Mongolia a few years ago, which resulted in the discovery of the remains of the strange animals which, in the dim ages of the past, lived and roamed over that country. Mr. Chaney chose for the title of his address, "On the Trail of the Dinosaur in Mongolia." It was an account of the expedition and its results, illustrated with a generous supply of slides. The talk was also a most interesting description of a part of the world which the ordinary traveler can never see, with the story of the nomad people who live there, and who in all the ages have not learned that the earth can be made more fruitful than to raise without cultivation the pasture for their sheep, which compose their sole diet, without variation or addition. Mr. Chaney came to us from Berkeley through the solicitation of a friend. It is hoped that he felt repaid by the appreciation, close attention and many remarks of approval from his audience. His address was most unusual, illuminating and worth while.

New Books in the Library

The following books have been added to the City Club library in the last few weeks:

FICTION

The Deepening Stream ..... *Dorothy Canfield*
Arthful Haven ..... *Booth Tarkington*
Mosaic ..... *G. B. Stern*
A Note in Music ..... *Rosamond Lehmann*
Miss Mole ..... *E. H. Young*
Success ..... *Lion Feuchtwanger*
Cudia ..... *Arnold Zweig*
Philippa ..... *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*
To Forsythe 'Change ..... *John Galsworthy*
The Fool of the Family ..... *Margaret Kennedy*
The Redlakes ..... *Francis Brett Young*
The Limestone Tree ..... *Joseph Hergesheimer*
Brick Street ..... *Fannie Hurst*
Rachel Moon ..... *Lorna Rea*
Vagabonds ..... *Knut Hamsun*
Imperial Palace ..... *Arnold Bennett*

NON-FICTION

A Tourist in Spite of Himself ..... *A. Edward Newton*
Berkeley Square ..... *John L. Balderston*
South America: the west coast and the east ..... *Agnes Rothery*
Roadside Meetings ..... *Hamlin Garland*
R.v.R. ..... *Hendrik W. Van Loon*
Joseph Fouche ..... *Stefan Zweig*
Three Titans ..... *Emil Ludwig*
Goodbye to Western Culture ..... *Norman Douglas*
India and the Simon Report ..... *Sir John Sumon*
Human Children ..... *Paul Eipper*
The Glory of the Nightingales ..... *Edwin A. Robinson*
Frederick the Great ..... *Victor Thaddeus*
Elizabeth the Queen ..... *Maxwell Anderson*
Coming of Age in Samoa ..... *Margaret Mead*
Growing Up in New Guinea ..... *Margaret Mead*
John Marsh, Pioneer ..... *George D. Lyman*
Little America ..... *Richard E. Byrd*
The Lives of a Bengal Lancer ..... *Francis Yeats-Brown*
Education of a Princess ..... *Marie, grand duchess of Russia*

A Night of Irish Humor

Patrick MacGill, Brilliant Irish Poet and Playwright

● PATRICK MacGILL, who will speak at the City Club Tuesday evening, April 7, is a figure of romance in a modern world. In appearance tall, with splendidly chiseled, handsome features, his face has that expression of ineffable understanding that tells of hard early struggles and the courage that surmounted them. His face has humour and a great, nameless charm; the face a child loves. His voice, with its soft Irish brogue, falls kindly on the ear, as the voice of a poet should, and above all, he has that indispensable thing, a personality. Indeed the personality of Patrick MacGill excites almost as much interest as his writings, and to this day public curiosity remains keen as to how this author of international repute, the personal friend of princes, eminent statesmen, and the great in all walks of life has carved his way up the slippery heights of fame until today, with a clever, charming wife and three beautiful children, all of whom are accompanying him to America, he occupies a unique place in the literary life of London.

Patrick MacGill was born in the little mountain village of Glenties, County Donegal, of poor peasant parents. Born on Christmas Eve, in 1890, in a little thatched cabin amid the bleak mountains of "dark Donegal," he was the eldest of ten children. At the age of nine he was sent out into the world to earn his own living as farmhand, laborer, roadmender, anything but begging or stealing. But all through these difficult days the young poet kept the fire of the faith within himself alive by taking advantage of the free Libraries in every town and city he visited.

Followed years of hunger, pain, cold and misery, but it had the effect of stinging the young poet into rebellion, of putting a pen into his hand and making him articulate, but without the pick he never would have handled the pen. At the libraries provided by that great human benefactor, Carnegie, a vast new world opened up to the hungry young workman's vision. Straight from his toil, often in his mud-caked overalls, the avid seeker after knowledge would go to the Public Library and there, aided and guided in his choice by a wisely sympathetic and now vastly proud librarian, Patrick MacGill became familiar with Homer, Livy, Ovid, Plutarch, Virgil, Seneca, Montaigne, Heine, Hugo, Tolstoi, Gogol, and other giants. When he was eighteen he conceived the idea of making a collection of his verses and publishing them at his own expense. He sold his book by hawking it from door to door at twelve cents a copy, and if ever by chance one comes into the market now, bibliographers eagerly purchase it for their collection; the last one fetched 500 dollars.

Greatly daring, the young poet sent a copy to the editor of a famous London newspaper—the Daily Express. It was the poetic beauty of the spirit which could produce such a poem as the famous "Goin' Home," which has been sung to a dozen different musical settings, one by the King's Choristers in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which riveted the editor's attention.

BOOKS THAT HAVE REACHED WORLD FAME

"Offer him a post on the staff," directed the Editor. Patrick MacGill came to London, and tried his hand at journalism, but was a failure. 'A writer amongst navvies, and a navvy amongst writers,' was his whimsical admission. However, so that the young tyro should not be disappointed, the editor published an article from Patrick MacGill's pen—strange journalism, probably, but so wildly beautiful, so startlingly unusual was the article that it attracted no less a person than Sir John Dalton, the tutor of King George when a boy, and at present, his chaplain. He offered the young poet a post in the Royal Library, and it was there in the castle of England's King, that the famous 'Children of the Dead End' was planned and written.

It is, primarily, to supervise the production of this great war play, "Suspense," that Patrick MacGill has come to America. However, during his sojourn here, he consented to speak before a few audiences. By a fortunate turn of events the Committee on Programs was able to secure this famous Irish poet, novelist, and dramatist to lecture at the Women's City Club on the evening of Tuesday, April 7, at 8:15 o'clock.

EDITORIAL

Five Years After.

That is the slogan of the celebration to be held at te City Club Monday evening, April 13.

It is five years since the City Club opened its doors t its (then) six thousand members and thereby became an integral part of the City of San Francisco. The exact date, according to the records, was April 12, bt that day this year is Sunday. So, on Monday, April 13, there will be a formal dinner in the Club Lning Room to sincerely celebrate the triumph of an ida and the perpetuation of an ideal.

There will be a few brief addresses, but in the main th jubilee will be a reunion of the pioneers and the frnds who have since joined with them in the making an the enjoyment of the City Club.

There was a dinner five years ago, shortly after the fonal opening of the Club, a jolly affair at which the offials were felicitated upon the beauty of the buildin and the general attractiveness of "the outward and vible signs" of the spirit within. The officials themse es were more proud of the spirit within, and to this da they see it shining through, like a light burning in an alabaster vase. It has never faltered, for the lamp ha been kept in order. The "plan" has worked out as prphesied and the situation at this time, Five Years Afr, is as was expected. Through the last year and a ha of financial stringency over the nation the City Clb, like every other institution, has felt the leanness. Nce the less, 1931 finds it at the port for which it was chrted, with the passenger list increased by two thsand and the engines working perfectly.

It is with gratification that the officers are planning thdinner, for the "project" has become a substantial enty. Not that it ever was nebulous. It was founded upo too sound a basis to merit that indictment. But projcts are ever hazards in greater or less degree.

This one has "worked out" with mathematical precisn and Five Years After indeed marks an epoch.

A new executive board begins its administration this moth.

The unique characteristic of the Club, the thing whi most definitely differentiates it from other clubs —Vunteer Service—carries on with augmented enthusism. The Vocational Guidance Bureau in its vigor keep pace with the other departments and the League Shop continues with steadily increasing trade.

Members are asked to watch the bulletin boards in the ain lobby for further particulars of the Five Yea After Dinner. It will be one of the outstanding even of the year's activities.

Rervations may be made. The service is $1.25 per ate.

Mday Evening, April 13.

Carnival!

—PATRICIA MORBIO

● On March 10, it is planned to have a "Head-Dress" Dinner for members of the City Club.

You needn't wear a costume, you know. You only need to be funny or beautiful or bizarre from the eyebrows upward. It's a head-gear party, and there are all sorts of marvelous ideas for head-gears. There are books full of colorful plans and pictures that have been loaned us, and that may be seen for the asking at the executive secretary's office. There are effective paper hats, made to represent flowers and birds, that can be bought very cheaply. Turbans can be made of colorful scarves and wound about the head and bejewelled with Woolworth's finest gems. If you are internationally minded, you can make yourself a head-gear of gay flags. If you have a suppressed desire to be Oriental, let it be released in one of those gorgeous Chinese head-dresses that can be rented cheaply in Chinatown. Don't be yourself that night, but be what you'd like to be just that once.

After a good dinner, enlivened by stunts from the various tables, you can go down to a "Midway Plaisance"—or "Zone"—in the Auditorium. There "barkers" will direct you to side-shows—to fortune tellers—to freaks of nature—to silhouette booths, etc., and maybe you can win a prize at the shooting gallery.

Gather together a group of your congenial friends and assemble a jolly table for yourself. Some of "us girls" have made plans already. Harriet Adams has a table engaged, and among her group will be: Mrs. P. C. Rockwell, Mrs. Harry R. Mann, Mrs. Solly Walters, Miss Mary Cairns of New York, Miss Evelyn Larkin Miss Alba Phelps, and Miss Glenita Tarbox. Mary Wilcox is heading a table at which will be, among others: Miss Johanna Volkmann, Katherine Watson, Helen Ashton, Miss Carlie Tomlinson, Mrs. Joseph Black, and Mrs. Edward Stanwood. Elsa Garrett will be hostess at another table. Patricia Morbio will have a table of Pierrots and Pierrettes. Among these will be Mrs. G. A. Applegarth, Mrs. John Coghlan, Mrs. E. C. Currier, Mrs. Le Roy Briggs, Mrs. R. K. Malcolm, Mrs. Harry Markey, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson. These members will later serve as barkers for the side-shows.

It is all going to be great fun. Dinner will be $1.25, and will include admission to the "Zone," and all its attractions. Reservations can be made through Miss Osborne at the Club. If you want advice on what to wear, and how to get it, you may consult Mary Wilcox or Patricia Morbio at the Club on the afternoons of Saturday, February 28 and March 7. They will be on hand to give you advice and assistance in your planning.

So come on, everyone. It really is going to be a gay, care-free evening—what Ellen Glasgow once called a "high moment." She further says, "It is the high moments that make a life, and the flat ones that fill the years."

An Art Resume of Hope and Prayer

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● When I think back over the last eight years of art and its development in San Francisco, I see hope. It was only seven years ago that progressive art, called Modern, had to be picked up out of the dust of derision and distrust and placed upon a gallery wall by a cooperative non-profit association. It took courage and it took faith—and that courage and faith has been justified in many quarters. The public is beginning to catch up with the artists of their own time. It has had to. The awakening has come slowly through education, through the constant persistent presentation of art, contemporary in spirit, for the public's consideration, through lectures and writing on art, and through the personal contact with those artists themselves who saw the modern movement.

In our city schools, under the able supervision of Aaron Altman, our children are developing a new talent and taste which is having a far-reaching influence with their elders. At the California School of Fine Arts, with its director, Lee Randolph, and his progressive staff at the helm, those who wish to specialize in art are being carefully trained but at the same time allowed freedom to develop any personal creative genius they may possess. The San Francisco Art Association, under its new director, Spencer E. Macky, has widened the scope of its annual exhibition, which will be held in the Legion of Honor again this year, although the plans are already finished to build an extensive gallery for lectures and a permanent art exhibition at Chestnut and Jones, the generous gift to the Art Association of the late Senator Phelan. The San Francisco Society of Women Artists arranges annually an exhibition of painting and sculpture followed by a Decorative Art Exhibition open to the craft workers, and this year to be held in the fall. The Galerie Beaux Arts, blessed by three daylight galleries in the heart of the city, is carrying on its work as an Art Center for the public and artists by showing each season from eighteen to twenty exhibits accompanied by monthly lectures and programs on art. The East West Gallery, in the Women's Building, directed by Mrs. Estelle Curry, holds consecutive exhibits from home and abroad; and the Art Center on Montgomery Street, headed by the Don Works, is showing a series of exhibits for the younger artists of the community. The San Francisco School of Design, directed by Lucien Labaudt, holds day and night classes for those who are interested in modern costuming.

There is a proposed Art Commission for the city to be voted upon on our next election, and the War Memorial is at last on its way, with a larger gallery, I am told, than any in our present Museums. The Legion of Honor and the de Young museum, which should lead the way as educating factors in our community taste, are coming to life under the active direction of Lloyd LaPage Rollins, a young man with fresh ideas, who returns to San Francisco after the Harvard and the Fogg Museum, with the will to bring important exhibits from abroad and contemporary work from the East.

Perhaps the surest sign of our advancement in art is shown by the dealers. Public demand is their dictator, and behold new wine has been put into old bottles. We find Mr. Allen, the new member of the firm, Vickery Atkins and Torrey, announcing a renewed interest in the exhibition of painting. We find young Courvoisier developing from his father's conservative art shop a little gallery with a modern flare. We find Mr. Gump, junior, announcing a series of modern exhibitions.

Then there are the Morning and Evening papers with their art columns once a week. Eight years ago there were none. We were told the public did not read art news.

Through education all this has happened, dear Public. And according to our population, the people of San Francisco do attend exhibits of art in larger numbers than in other cities, which encourages us to clap our hands with hope, and again say: San Francisco knows how.

BUT there are still the artists who produce the art. WHAT OF THEM?

LET US PRAY fervently for a few husky PATRONS OF ART who think of PURCHASE in terms of two, three, four, or five figures.

In a day when it is fashionable to curtail on luxuries, like ART, and with the other hand give donations to those who are out of work, LET US PRAY for an approbation and a donation and a bequest to purchase a permanent collection for the city of American Art, and LET US PRAY that the California artists will be included.

LET US PRAY that the city itself will become a PATRON OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, as it has of music—a hundred and thirty-five thousand a year, I am told it is.

LET US PRAY that the art sections of the clubs will stop talking and being talked to about art and DO SOMETHING FOR IT.

LET US PRAY that, when the budget is being made up for the construction of public or business buildings, the architects will allow a few paltry dollars to go to the painters and sculptors for decoration.

LET US PRAY for PUBLIC AWARENESS of these prayers. Their answer would be a Renaissance in Art for San Francisco, and our artists happily at work.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

IE INTERNATIONAL CITY OF TANGIER; *by Graham H. Stuart;* Stanford University Press; $4.00.

I POLITIQUE ETRANGÈRE DES ETATS UNIS ET L'AMÉRIQUE LATINE; *par M. Graham Stuart,* Professeur à Stanford University, Californie; Publicationa de la Conciliation Internationale, 173 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

I ERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING; Agencies Educating for a New World; *by John Eugene Harley;* Stanford University Press; $7.50.

CRRECTIVE PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR GROUPS; *by Charles LeRoy Lowman, M.D., and Claire Colstock, A.B., M.A., and Hazel Cooper,* Directors of physical education and corrective physical education in the Pasadena city schools; Barnes and Co., N. Y.

SITY YEARS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA; *by Harris Newmark;* Houghton Mifflin Co.; $6.00.

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A triple pleasure is hidden in our selection of "The International City of Tangier" as our leader, our ov "Book of the Month." Written by Graham Stuar of the Political Science Department at Stanford, it a part of our Club life, because Mrs. Thomas Stddard and her Committee on Programs have rece ly presented Dr. Stuart in a timely course of lec ires on "Problems of Post-War Europe." Such a bo has a wider appeal than to the membership of a stu y-group; it reaches out to the many internationall minded among our club women who are debarred fro evening lectures. A still wider scope, a greater thi l, lies in the germination of the book and its gro th during Dr. Stuart's wander-year in France an Spain and Great Britain, and finally in Morocco. Ea fact, each deduction, is verified with meticulous car from material in four languages, not usually acc sible to the student, never to the globe-trotter.

I sked Dr. Stuart for the background, the embryolo , of this study in internationalism. Instead of reply g, he gave me a little blue book of his which pre ded this, published in Paris under the Carnegie Enowment for International Peace. They should be con lered together. If I may quote from Earle Babcock s preface to "La Politique Etrangère des Etats Uni et l'Amérique Latine," he will give you a quick und standing of Dr. Stuart's year in Europe, his rich exp iences there, and his wide preparation for an inves ation of one of the two internationally-governed citie —Shanghai and Tangier.

● La Division des Relations Internationales et de Education de la Dotation Carnegie pour la Paix Inte ationale envoie fréquemment à l'étranger des Prof seurs Américains dont la mission est de se rendre dans quelques Universités d'un ou plusieurs pays et d'y faire des conférences. Sous le titre de Professeurs Carnegie des Relations Internationales, ils doivent multiplier et renforcer les relations intellectuelles et amicales entre les Etats-Unis et les pays qu'ils visitent. —M. Graham Stuart, Professeur de Sciences Politiques à Stanford University Californie, Membre du Conseil de la Hoover War Library de cette Université et auteur d'importants ouvrages sur l'Amérique Latine et ses rapports avec les Etats-Unis, a passé l'hiver 1929-1930 en France en qualité de Professeur Carnegie des Relations Internationales. Il a fait, en francais, des conférences très appréciées aux Universités de Montpellier, Toulouse et Poitiers, ainsi qu'à Paris au Centre Européen de la Dotation Carnegie et à l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques. Les sujets qu'il a traités sont les suivants: Le nouveau Panaméricanisme; Le Doctrine de Monroë; Le Mexique et les Etats-Unis; Les Etats-Unis et le Canal de Panama; Les Etats-Unis et le Nicaragua;—choisis d'abord à cause de la compétence toute spéciale de M. Stuart dans ce domaine et ensuite parce que les rapports des Etats-Unis avec les Républiques de l'Amérique latine n'ont pas toujours été parfaitement compris en France. Il a paru utile, dans ces circonstances, de présenter impartialement les faits."

Surely, every man and woman interested in the friendship and peace of the nations, every college student who belongs to a Cosmopolitan Club or lives in an International House, will get the same joyousness, the same "kick," that I find in this first-hand proof of like-minded folk in France and here on the Pacific Coast, working for the same end, speaking in the same terms! A part of the same reaching out toward the ultimate goal is the effort which the Stanford Press is making in the publication of books on "World Politics," which Dr. Stuart has edited. We have quoted them once, but they are worth listing again: "Politics of Peace" (Martin), "Law and Procedure of International Tribunals" (Ralston), "The Washington Conference and After" (Ichahaci), "Public International Conference" (Hill), "The Government of Ha-

waii" (Littler), "International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno" (Ralston), "Greece Today" (Mears), and the two Stanford Press books which we present today.

After his lectureships in the French universities, Dr. Stuart spent several months in France, Spain, and Great Britain (the three countries which have been most concerned with the history of Tangier), in examining as far as possible all the material which has appeared on the subject of its gradual development into an international city. Let him state his own purpose. "The World War...solved many of the difficult problems of diplomacy. The settlement itself, however, raised others. Among the most difficult was that of international administration...The ultimate success of international administration can be determined only after a long and fair trial. Yet the measurement of success or failure is after all largely relative and can be best approximated by a comparison of somewhat similar situations." He considers "that the most difficult problems are the international administrative areas of Shanghai and Tangier...Each area has presented its problems for a considerable period of time, and neither set of solutions is yet entirely satisfactory." He calls Tangier "The oldest and most difficult problem of international administration."..."For that reason an effort has been made to explore the situation first from the standpoints of geography, history, and diplomacy. With this as a foundation it has been possible to study the gradual development of the international control and to picture its present functioning."

I could wish that he had made more use of the colorful figures which cross his stage—Raisuli, Perdicaris, the Riffs, the threatening Kaiser and intervening Roosevelt, Mussolini, Mouley Hafid, the Mendoub, the Sultan. I should think he would have felt a hankering to take some tales from Arabian Nights. But crises and excitements are severely restrained. This is a scholar's book. Many of us who are club-members are not scholars. But we are hungry for the crumbs from the laden table of knowledge. This is a big crumb, and edible.

I commend to you "The International City of Tangier" as a laboratory experiment in the proof of a theory—internationalism.

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● "International Understanding," by John Harley, of the University of Southern California, and "Corrective Physical Education," by Dr. Lowman, of the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles, are both technical books. But they are well worth calling to your attention because each has a mine of new and rather un-get-at-able information for those who are specially interested in these subject . Mr. Harley's dedication is apt. "This study is respectfully dedicated to Aristide Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the French Republic, and Frank B. Kellogg, former Secretary of State of the United States of America, who, as responsible statesmen, had the courage and vision to express in two succinct paragraphs the aspirations and longings of millions of human beings throughout the world." It is good for us to recall those paragraphs of the Kellogg-Briand pact for the renunciation of war. They are the second, wider chapter of the Gettysburg Address.

"Article I. The high contracting parties solemnly declare, in the name of their respective peoples, that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

Article II. The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Paul Mantoux says, in the preface, "The new world now to be built is a world where civilization shall be protected against further catastrophes by international organization, or, at any rate, by international understanding." Mr. Harley says, "The main lines of the present study concern recent development in higher international education." He has made a detailed examination of all existing machinery,—international scholarships and fellowships, exchange of professors and students, international travel, international houses, international education in public schools and American universities, official international organizations, vacation schools, special institutes, endowments and foundations, scholarships and fellowships.

I cannot see how his survey could be more complete. As a reference book it is invaluable—for educators, for internationalists, for those mothers who are groping for the best ways in educating their boys and girls, for college students who are trying to find the straightest path into a world which, as yet, they know so little, and for those who would like to make the world over a little nearer to their heart's desire.

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● Dr. Lowman's book on corrective physical education is as complete and invaluable for those who are trying to correct crooked bodies—their own or others'—or to keep straight ones straight. It has the unique element of collaboration between the educators who are handling normal children, and the doctor who in his orthopedic hospital is salvaging their broken bodies. Its scope extends from breathing exercises to corrective games and dancing, from posture to pantomime. For nursery or classroom or hospital, or for individual home development, it is unusual in its practical suggestions and its inclusiveness. And it is written with such simplicity anyone who runs may read—mother or nurse, or a stenographer, after hours.

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● Of "Sixty Years in Southern California," Charles F. Lummis says: "I have read no other book with so unflagging an interest and content as these memoirs of Harris Newmark. These are the frank, naive, con-

ersational memoirs of a man who for more than sixty ars could say of Southern California almost as truly . Aeneas of his own time: 'All of which I saw, much which I was.'" For my own part, at first I was in- ned to offer the criticism that the average reader uld tire of such detailed recollections of every oneer who lived in the early days of Los Angeles. lit in the middle of the book I found, with quick sur- ise, a Watkins name! "Probably one of the most eresting visits to Los Angeles ever made by a well- known personage was the sudden call with which Lady anklin, the wife of the eminent, lost explorer, hon- ed our little town far back in 1861. The distinguished dy, accompanied by Miss Cracroft, her niece, Com- odore and Madame Watkins, and Collector Rankin, rived in San Pedro on the *Golden State* during the st week in November, and was driven with her com- nions to the Bella Union Hotel, from which she de such short excursions about the city as were en possible." If a mere San Franciscan finds a quick- ening interest in the passing mention of a name, how nly interesting these memoirs must be to everyone who had a pioneer ancestor in the City of the Angels! I wish that one of our few pioneers who remain, whose heads are white with many winters, would do the same thing, and as well, for our city by the Golden Gate.

Of the books which have been reviewed in our Book Department in the last few months, the following will be found on the shelves of the Club library:

Tharlane (Cottrell); Chances (Gibbs); Spreading Germs of Hate (Viereck); Mrs. Grundy (Markun); Seed (Norris); The Edwardians (Sackville-West); The Last Full Measure (Morrow); The Little Dog Laughed (Merrick); Tattered Loving (Bottome); The Power of India (Pym); Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas (Andrews); Gandhi of India (Andrews); A Calendar of Garden Jingles (Lyman); The Pointed People (Field); Mirthful Haven (Tarkington); The Shorn Lamb (Locke); The Crusades (Lamb); Roadside Meetings (Garland); The Deepening Stream (Canfield); Po' Buckra (Shelby and Stoney); Daughters (Reuter); The International City of Tangier (Stuart); Sixty Years in Southern California (Newmark).

Galsworthy Lecture

So enthusiastic has been the demand for tickets to the lecture of John Galsworthy Tuesday evening, March 24, that it has been arranged to have an amplifier on the third floor, where members of the City Club and their friends may be seated at $1.00 per person. The distinguished Briton will be introduced on the third floor, so that the audience will have opportunity of seeing him. But he will immediately descend to the Auditorium, where he will speak of "Six Favorite Novelists." He will be seen and heard in the Auditorium throughout the lecture, but only heard on the third floor. Tickets for the latter place may still be procured.

This will be Galsworthy's only lecture on the Pacific Coast for this year at least.

Known, as he is, to tens of thousands of American readers through his splendid books, and equally well known through his delightful plays, Mr. Galsworthy is certain to receive an enthusiastic welcome in San Francisco. Ranking, as he does, in the forefront of living novelists and dramatists, whatever he says on the platform will be found uplifting and inspiring. No other visiting author has been so well fitted to discuss life, its meanings and problems, and to have the privilege of coming into contact with the distinguished English novelist, dramatist and essayist, internationally famous as the author of "The Forsyte Saga" and the brilliant plays, "Loyalties," "Justice," "Strife," "The Eldest Son," "The Fugitive," "Escape," "Old English," will be a valuable experience for any audience.

Galsworthy Committee

The special committee sponsoring the Galsworthy lecture of March 24 comprises:

Anderson, Mrs. Frank B.
Bacows, Mrs. David P.
Boone, Miss Ida
Brownell, Mrs. E. E.
Bailey, Miss Ella
Boone, Mrs. W. F., Jr.
Chapman, Mrs. S. G.
Clark, Mrs. Edward H., Jr.
Clifton, Mrs. Horace
Coghlan, Mrs. J. P.
Coleman, Miss Persis
Cooke, Miss Pauline M.
Cooper, Mrs. Charles Miner
Cutter, Mrs. Edward
Dill, Mrs. Marshall
Edwards, Mrs. James W.
Esberg, Mrs. Milton
Eyre, Mrs. Perry
Fenwick, Miss Harriet
Friedlander, Miss May
Friedlander, Miss Fanny
Girvin, Mrs. R. D.
Griffith, Miss Alice
Hamilton, Mrs. W. B.
Hopkins, Mrs. Timothy
Huntington, Miss Marion
Koser, Mrs. Newton
Koshland, Mrs. Marcus S.
Langhorne, Mrs. James Potter
Leale, Miss Edith
Lord, Miss Ida
Madison, Mrs. Marshall
McKinstry, Miss Laura
Miller, Mrs. G. O. G.
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Morrison, Mrs. A. F.
Page-Brown, Mrs. A.
Palmer, Mrs. Silas
Pierce, Miss Mabel
Polk, Mrs. Willis
Slack, Miss Edith
Stephenson, Mrs. H. A.
Stoddard, Mrs. T. A.
Sutton, Mrs. Effingham
Thorsen, Mrs. William R.
Treat, Mrs. Payson J.
Volkmann, Miss Johanna
Walker, Mrs. Willis
Williams, Mrs. W. Wilberforce

Madame Mary E. Raiola, lecturer, traveler, archaeologist, student of new and old Italy, who spoke at the City Club Tuesday, February 24, on "Excavation of Pompeii."

Madame Raiola Guest at Tea at City Club

● Miss Jean Boyd, one of the directors of the City Club, was hostess Thursday afternoon, February 19, at a tea at the Club in honor of Madame Mary E. Raiola, archaeologist, traveler, student of old and new Italy, who spoke Tuesday afternoon at a tea held in the American Room, her subject being, "Excavations of Pompeii."

Miss Boyd's guests included the members of the Raiola lecture committee, of which the hostess was chairman. In the group were:

Mesdames Philip E. Bowles, Frederick W. Bradley, Philip King Brown, Robert H. Collier, Charles E. Curry, Edwin R. Dimond, Charles Miner Cooper, Elizabeth Gerberding, J. J. Gottlob, Andrew G. Griffin, Austin Sperry, Sigmund Stern, Harry Hill, C. Edward Holmes, Ira Kahn, William Kent, Marcus Koshland, Frederick Kroll, Francis W. Leis, Horatio P. Livermore, M. C. Sloss, Alexander Lilley, Douglas Cushman, Charles Deering, William B. Hamilton, S. M. Baldwin.

Misses Flora Lowe, Edith Slack, Mabel MacIntosh, Anna Beaver, Marion Burr, Alice Burr, Ethel Young, Margaret Zane Edith Allyne, Lucy Allyne.

Attending Child Welfare Conference

● Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, member of the Women's City Club, is in Washington, D. C., where she attended the "White House Conference" on Child Welfare and Protection.

Dues Payable Now; Delinquent April 1

● Annual dues of the Women's City Club are due March 1 and will be delinquent April 1. A committee of volunteers is receiving checks and currency on the second floor, just opposite the elevator. Checks may be mailed and the receipt and new card will be mailed back as quickly as possible.

The new card is gray. Have you changed your blue for a gray? If not, you are in arrears after April 1.

Copies of Historical Magazine Available

● Members of the City Club who want to send to eastern or European friends a comprehensive history of the City Club and "how it was done" are reminded that there are available copies of the "Historical Number" of the Magazine, published last November, at the time of the "Talent Festival." This issue is much in demand as Easter and other anniversary gifts to friends in other places. They may be procured at the Room Secretary's desk in the main corridor.

An interesting visitor at the City Club in February was Miss Mary Lou Delker of New York, for whom Mrs. Kendrick procured a guest card.

Thus Doth Fame Travel

The February issue of "The Woman's Journal," published in New York, has the following "story" about an event at the Women's City Club which engrossed members and friends last November:

A TALENT FESTIVAL

● An unusual two days' celebration was held in November by the San Francisco Women's City Club. It was a Talent Festival and every member of the club was asked to offer for exhibition something she had made herself. Professionals were asked to contribute a gift of their talents as artist or as physician, lawyer, or musician. The result was thrilling. Four thousand attended and it was estimated that fewer than five hundred were guests.

The volunteer service for which the San Francisco Women's City Club is noted had entire charge of the celebration beginning with the first pledges of exhibits, and a conservative estimate puts ten thousand hours as their volunteered service. The gifts were sold and over $2,000 was earned for the clubhouse funds.

Semi-Annual Health Examinations Next Month

● The semi-annual Health Examinations conducted by the City Club will be held this spring, beginning April 15 and continuing for two weeks. Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman for several years of the committee which has directed this splendid piece of work, will announce further particulars in next month's Magazine. Dr. Brown is now in the east. The Health Examination blank will be found on another page.

Fourth Wednesday Mornings

● Members and friends of the Women's Club are invited to mark their calendars, especially, for the fourth Wednesday mornings of the months of March and April. On these mornings, from 11:00 to 12:00 o'clock, Mrs. Jack Vallely will speak on the general subject, "Current Ideas Through the World of Books." Her talk is not a book-review in the general acceptance of the term, but it is rather a discussion of the current ideas contained in the latest books of biography, travel, and fiction. Mrs. Vallely illustrates this discussion by apt word-pictures, quotations, and analyses of the various themes of the books on her list of about twenty each month. Those who had the pleasure and profit of hearing Mrs. Vallely in January and February will gladly welcome her again, and those who did not hear her may now have that pleasurable opportunity, for Mrs. Vallely will speak, March 25 and April 22, in the Auditorium, at 11:00 o'clock. Single admission, 75c, on sale at Information Desk.

lew "Reciprocal Club" ,dded to List of Exchanges

(The Lyceum Club of Madrid has been added to the list of European clubs e hanging reciprocal privileges with the \men's City Club of San Francisco. This w be welcome news to the members who a planning trips to that delectable land o 'Castles in Spain."

pain is the objective of so many trav- e s this last few years that it is safe to p dict that all summer long the Lyceum C b will have at least one guest from San F ncisco.

N·s. Rettenmayer to Smmer Abroad

● Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, member of th City Club, accompanied by Miss Jean- n e A. Greene, of Alhambra, is enroute to urope, where she will spend the sum- m. Mrs. Rettenmayer procured "recip- ro l privilege" cards from the City Club of an Francisco, which will entitle her to us the Paris, London, New York and ot r clubs as she would the City Club in he home city. The travelers stopped over in 'ashington, D. C., for several days.

C·y Club Has New Tenant

● The City Club has a new tenant, the Ch ldren's Book Shop, sometimes known as The Post-Street Book Shop." It is sti the Post Street Book Shop, for the ad ess is 455 Post Street, where the win- do rivals in attractiveness that of the Ro -Royce Automobile Company the Mi on Prevette millinery shop, and the Ma e Walsh apparel shop in the City Cl 's building.

'e new shop handles a famous line of har-beaten silver and an equally well kn n pottery, as well as other things sui ble for gifts. The shop also opens into the ity Club main corridor, the door be- ing ear the telephone switchboard.

"Reciprocal" Guests

● Among the guests who came from ther cities to the Women's City Club this nonth and presented cards entitling the to Reciprocal Club privileges were:

Mis Helen K. Wallace, of New York
Mrs C. L. Olmsted, Chicago
Mrs R. P. Ranney, Cleveland
Mrs H. R. Wilde, New York
Mrs E. F. Henderson, Dublin, New Hampshire
Mrs Perry Hubbs, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs Arthur Binney and daughter, Miss Marian Binney, New York.

This was the second visit to the City Cb of Mrs. Binney and Miss Binney.

Mrs. Shoup Sends Magazines from Europe

Mrs. Paul Shoup, who is spending some months in Geneva, has subscribed to two League of Nations Magazines. One is the "International Review of Education and Cinematography," published by the International Educational Cinematographic Institute—Rome. The other is the "League of Nations in Review" and the "Covenant and the Pact," published by the Geneva Research Information Committee. These books may be obtained at the "Loan Desk" in the Library.

Mrs. Shoup is a former director of the Women's City Club, her term expiring this year.

Doctors Dine

● Dr. Alfred C. Reed, director of the Pacific Institute of Tropical Medicine at the George Williams Hooper Foundation for Medical Research at the University of California, was the principal speaker at the dinner given Saturday evening, February 7, in the Chinese Room of the Women's City Club by the Women Physicians' Club of San Francisco, Dr. Dorothy W. Atkinson, president.

Dr. Reed's subject was "Medical Backgrounds in the Orient." Dr. Sophie B. Hewitt is secretary-treasurer of the Women Physicians' Club, which holds its dinners every few weeks at the City Club. There were about sixty present at the dinner of February 7. On the same evening the Public Health Association, with Dr. Adelaide Brown presiding, enjoyed a dinner in the main dining room, where about a hundred guests assembled.

Choral Section Rehearses

● The Choral Section, under the leadership of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, is starting rehearsals on several new numbers. Meetings are on Tuesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Notice of meeting-place is posted upon the bulletin board in the main lobby each week.

Musicians' Club Dinner

● The Musicians' Club of San Francisco and the Woman's Auxiliary of the Musicians' Club gave a Valentine dinner the evening of February 14, in honor of Issay Dobrowen, recently named conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

It was unfortunate that a sudden illness prevented the distinguished guest of honor from being present, but the dinner and program was enjoyed by about sixty guests. The table was attractively decorated with French dolls and valentines. Much amusement was caused by the guests guessing the names of operas or opera characters described by "jingles" found on the valentines. John Manning presided, assisted by Samuel Savannah and Miss Lulu Blumberg.

Miss Frances R. Grant

Vice President of Roerich Museum, New York

Noted authority on ancient and modern art to visit this city in March

● A distinguished visitor to the Women's City Club during March will be Miss Frances R. Grant, Vice President of Roerich Museum of New York City and a noted lecturer on art subjects. Miss Grant was formerly editor of "Musical America." Later becoming interested in the work of the Master Institute of Roerich Museum and entering ardently into its activities, she became its executive director, later becoming its Vice President.

As a writer Miss Grant is known for her numerous magazine articles on the art and philosophy of Nicholas Roerich, as well as the ancient art of Asia, and the modern art movements of North and South America. She lectures on the Himalayan Sanctuaries and describes the pilgrimage through India of Nicholas Roerich and his party when they started on their perilous and extraordinary scientific expedition through Central Asia. The story of the Roerich Central Asiatic Expedition is a fascinating chronicle as told by Roerich in his books and paintings and by Miss Grant in her lectures.

In her tour of the west Miss Grant will remain in San Francisco for two weeks or more.

Red Cross Works Weekly at City Club

● Members of the Women's City Club who have been making surgical dressings for the past four years at the Red Cross Center will in the future, work in Room 208 of the Club. All members are invited to join this group which meets every Friday. The room is open at 10 o'clock. Come and stay as long as you like. These dressings are at present being made for the Children's Hospital Clinic. Mrs. Edward R. Hayden is Chairman.

Talks on Children's Books to be Given by Mrs. Powell

● Mrs. Grace S. Powell, proprietor of the Children's Book Shop, which has just become a tenant of the City Club and is now established at 455-457 Post Street, has graciously consented to give a series of talks on "The Building Up of a Children's Library," the dates to be announced later, on the bulletin board in the main corridor or in the Magazine. The lectures will be open to members, without admission fee.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Snow and ice and wintry winds will greet Saint Patrick's Day in many states, but not in California; for here by the seventeenth of March, Spring with her wealth of glorious blossoms offers us the refreshing green of the Emerald Isle in profusion. And who among us does not long to entertain when the home and table may be gayly decorated with fragrant blooms?

Green should predominate, though white and gold and the rich brown of chocolate are the accompanying colors. Harps may be fashioned out of green cardboard and gold cord for attractive place cards, with a huge one for the centerpiece, though there are unusual Jack Horner pies made of paper which contain favors for the guests. If the harp is chosen bank daffodils about the base with sprays of asparagus ferns entwined among the strings. One may purchase complete sets of table covering, napkins, nut cups, place cards and favors in the St. Patrick motif, if desired, but for formal occasions a damask or lace cloth in white or one made of green satin would be exquisite. Green glassware on a white table, or crystal on green, with the foods in the same tones as far as possible should be planned.

Bridge luncheons or a service after the game will appeal to most hostesses. For the latter a salad, or a hot creamed entree with thin bread and butter sandwiches; or assorted sandwiches with green fillings followed by small cakes frosted in green and white and a frozen sweet such as pistachio ice cream in individual molds or a Bavarian cream served in sherbet glasses would be appealing to the most fastidious.

For three courses have an entree, salad and dessert. A hot ring mold of spinach or asparagus could be filled with any preferred creamed food; the salad made of white fruits molded in green-tinted gelatine, and an ice box cake, also tinted, with pineapple for flavor. If the repast is to be formal, a fruit cocktail made of diced avocados, Royal Anne cherries and green creme de menthe or maraschino cherries would be delicious. Cream of spinach or asparagus soup, also tinted, could precede a spinach or artichoke ring filled with creamed fresh mushrooms, crab, tuna or chicken garnished with sprigs of parsley for the main course. The salad should be molded. Lime flavor of the prepared jelly, or tint the foundation jelly if using the granulated product. Place a perfect pear half in each mold with a green maraschino cherry in the center. Or, fill washed and drained bell peppers with cheese and cut in slices, arranging three slices in shamrock design on the serving plate. For dessert, either tint a whipped cream sweet or serve pistachio ice cream or lime water ice, if that flavor was not used in the salad. Have petit fours iced in green and white.

A real "Jiggs" dinner of corned beef and cabbage would be a novelty to the majority. Or you could have a corned tongue with spinach. Then, too, a baked ham with spinach would give the repast a hearty main course; while chicken, fried or baked, is well liked by all, and is usually found in Irish homes on this occasion. Let the accompanying courses supply the green note by having a fruit cup of diced pineapple, avocados, cherries, and top each with a green cherry. Artichokes with green mayonnaise would be simply prepared for the salad, though one molded in green and filled with any white mixture, such as suggested for the bridge luncheon, or chopped celery and tuna fish would be delightful for any meal. Frenched lamb chops with green paper frills, served with boiled new potatoes rolled in parsley butter, and green peas with tiny hot biscuits baked in threes (shamrocks) would offer still another main service. A French cream pie, or an ice box cake could be delicately tinted if one could not make an ice or care to order a mold from the caterer.

Recipes are always in demand, and those suitable for St. Patrick's Day service will be published below:

Green Mayonnaise: To one cup of thick mayonnaise add two tablespoons of spinach that has been pressed through a sieve; or the same amount of finely chopped parsley leaves pounded with a few drops of lemon juice and squeezed through cheesecloth; or add a wee bit of vegetable paste that comes for this purpose and is sold by most grocery stores.

Green Fruit Cocktail: One-third diced avocados, two-thirds canned white cherries, cherry syrup tinted and flavored to suit taste with all or part of liquid from small bottle of green maraschino cherries. Quantities depend upon size of glasses used, and canned or sweetened fresh grapefruit juice blends nicely if more liquid is needed to fill each service. Two avocados, one No. 2 can of cherries and one small bottle of maraschino cherries should be sufficient for six.

Green Cream of Artichoke Soup: Cook six artichokes in four cups of boiling salted water until soft; then pass through a sieve. Next melt two tablespoons butter, blend in two of flour, then add a dash of cayenne, a grating of nutmeg, and stir until it is smooth and bubbling; then add the hot liquid (water in which vegetable was cooked) and the artichoke pulp. Cook for one minute, then add one cup of scalded cream, two tablespoons of salted sherry seasoning and one slightly beaten egg. Do not add salt until last, as the sherry should be sufficient; then season to suit taste.

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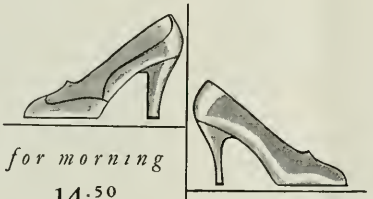

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Serve at once, with croutons. Tint, if desired, with vegetable paste for a deep green.

Cream of Asparagus Soup: Use canned soup, diluting with hot milk, according to directions; then tint to suit. (This is preferable to making the fresh product, as the strength of the liquid and quantity in each can makes definite directions impossible as fresh asparagus will not be available this month.)

Spinach Ring: Wash thoroughly, then chop and cook without any water. Turn and watch frequently to prevent scorching, as the vegetable is much finer if cooked in its own juices. For the ring: measure out one and three-fourths cups of the hot cooked spinach, heat two tablespoons of butter and in it blend two of flour, and when bubbling add one-half cup of milk and let cook, while stirring, until quite thick. Next, beat three egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, pour the hot cream sauce over the yolks and stir until smooth, then add the hot spinach and season highly with salt and pepper. Add also a grating of nutmeg and one-half teaspoon of onion juice, or one tablespoon of finely grated onion. Mix well and set aside to cool.

Next beat the three egg whites until stiff and fold into the cool cooked mixture. Turn into a well-buttered ring mold and place the mold in a pan half filled with boiling water. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven or until set. To test, insert a silver knife—if done, the knife will come out clean.

To Make an Artichoke Ring: The hearts are preferable. Cook in boiling, salted, acidulated water (add either two tablespoons of lemon juice or cider vinegar with salt to suit) until tender. Remove leaves and chokes, then dice the hearts. Next make a thick sauce by blending three tablespoons of flour with four of butter and when mixture bubbles, pour over one cup of scalded top milk or use half milk and half cream. Stir constantly until smooth. Then place over hot water and cook for fifteen minutes. Season highly with salt, pepper, cayenne and either Worcestershire sauce or sherry seasoning, as preferred. Pour this hot sauce over four well-beaten egg yolks and when blended, set aside to cool. Then beat the egg whites until stiff, fold into the custard mixture with two cups of diced artichoke flesh. Turn into well-buttered mold and bake in a pan half filled with boiling water in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

For an asparagus ring: follow directions for artichoke ring, substituting canned asparagus cut in inch lengths for the artichoke. It will require two cans of tips.

Creamed Fresh Mushrooms: Brush, cut off stems and peel; then drop into a bowl of lemon water to prevent darkening. Wipe carefully, then slice caps and stems thinly. For one pound allow five tablespoons of butter. When melted drop in the mushrooms and cook about four minutes, while constantly stirring; dredge with one and one-half tablespoons of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper, and over all pour one cup of cream. Stir well and let cook five minutes more. Serve over toast fingers or use for filling in ring mold. For six: double recipe.

Chicken A La King: First make a white sauce by melting two tablespoons of butter, blending with two of flour and then adding two cups of scalded milk or half milk and half cream; or use for a richer dish, part mushroom liquid and cream—the total to equal two cups. When sauce is thick add one and one-half cups of diced cooked chicken, one-half cup of diced canned mushrooms, three tablespoons of finely chopped pimentos, a small amount of finely minced green peppers, and Worcestershire sauce, sherry seasoning, and salt and pepper to suit taste, as this dish must be highly seasoned.

When served in green tinted ring, keep mixture as white as possible by not scorching butter when making sauce.

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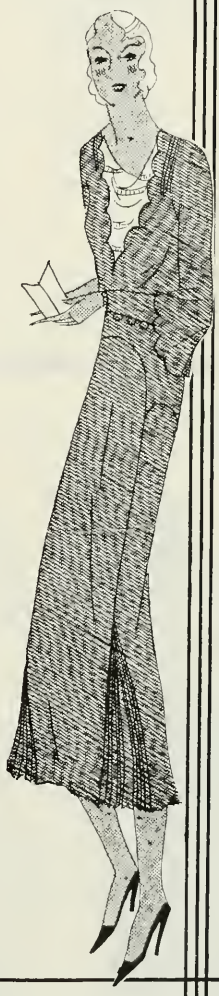

One of the new Spring Carolyn Frocks . . in bright navy flat crepe, with cowl neckline of white Georgette for contrast $29.50

Dress Shop, Third Floor

HALE BROS

To Cook Corned Beef (by pressure cooker): Wash well, place in cooker and add boiling water to just cover meat. Secure lid and bring pressure to fifteen pounds. Hold at that point, or not over seventeen pounds, for one hour for a six- or eight-pound piece of meat. Shut off heat—but do not open vent. Let pressure reduce slowly, which will require ten or fifteen minutes more. This insures tender beef. Do not cook cabbage with the meat, but remove some of the pot liquor and cook separately, as the rapid boiling necessary for the vegetable toughens the meat fibers.

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In a pot: wash six pounds of brisket well, put in pot and cover with cold water. Bring to boiling point quickly, skim, then reduce the heat to simmering point. Let cook very slowly from between three to four hours. If cooking vegetables with the meat for a whole meal, about three-quarters of an hour before it is done, skim off excess fat and add peeled onions, and carrots. Twenty minutes later add peeled potatoes, but do not cook cabbage in same vessel.

Green Bavarian Cream: Soak one level teaspoon of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes. Dissolve in one-half cup of scalded milk. Next add one-third cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Have ready a pan of crushed ice or ice water. Place the bowl in it and stir until mixture commences to thicken. Then add one pint of pastry cream, stiffly whipped. Add also a dash of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla. Tint delicately with green vegetable coloring. Turn into one large mold or sherbet glasses. Decorate each serving with strips of angelica and green cherries, arranged shamrock fashion on a topping of (white) stiffly whipped, flavored cream.

Pineapple Ice Box Cake: (12 servings) Soak two level tablespoons of granulated gelatine in one-half cup of cold water for five minutes, then dissolve over hot water and to it add one can of crushed pineapple, one-half cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of lemon juice. Stir until gelatine and sugar has dissolved. Then set aside or place in refrigerator for a short time until it commences to thicken. Then beat one and one-half cups of pastry cream until stiff and fold into the first mixture. (For a green or other colored dessert, add vegetable coloring to cream to tint a delicate shade.)

Line a spring form pan, round or square, with waxed paper. Cover the bottom with halves of split lady fingers and arrange halves around the sides as closely as possible, cutting off the rounded ends to make them stand evenly. Use these cut ends to wedge those on the bottom. Put in part of the cream mixture—about an inch deep—, add another layer of lady fingers, repeating with cream and cake until mold is filled. Then place in ice box for three or more hours, or overnight. When ready to serve, unmold by removing sides of pan after placing cake on serving plate. Heap the top with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Decorate with fruits to harmonize with color scheme. Green cherries and angelica in shamrock design for St. Patrick's Day; maraschino cherries or fresh strawberries, for red and white, for Independence Day.

This filling may also be used in individual molds by lining each with thinly sliced sponge cake. Or heap in sherbet glasses and serve with small cakes.

Cheese Fills Lenten Needs

● How to prepare delicious meals without meat for a starting-point is a perplexing problem for many housewives. The solution is simple—substitute cheese. There are so many flavors that blend deliciously when used in combination with other foods, or when served alone as the main dish.

Cheese is a natural substitute for meat since it is rich in the same kinds of nutrients which meat supplies, especially in its high percentage of protein or muscle-forming materials. It is from 90 to 99 per cent digestible, and thoroughly assimilative when balanced with the proper foods.

These foods must constitute a balanced ration in nutritive value as well as an attractive and palatable combination which always favors digestion. The watery and refreshing fruits or tender vegetables are a pleasant contrast to the concentrated cheese.

In the planning of menus with the spotlight on cheese one should be careful to diminish other protein or fat foods in order that the meal may not be too hearty or over-balanced. It is wise to keep in mind that cheese is very rich in fat, and other fats should be limited in amount, and too that cheese is soft in texture and should be associated with something having tough chewy or crisp textures.

When a cheese dish is the main feature such crisp and succulent vegetables as spinach, celery, cabbage and lettuce with a dressing or with salt alone, or simply

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hit salads, should be served in place of t heavier desserts.

The imported highly-flavored cheeses s ne brilliantly during the early spring i iod. Their individual flavors of swiss, r uefort, limburger and others afford a s zy and pleasant contrast to the milder d nestic products. These unique flavors o n accent the goodness of a fruit or a v etable salad, and add the right touch to a otherwise tasteless macaroni or rice d .

The following delicious recipes will make a occasion of unusual and appetizing di es; a change too, for those who are w ry of the winter's heavy meat courses.

Ci se and Spinach Roll

2 arts of spinach
1 pful of grated cheese
1 blespoonful of butter
Salt
Bread crumbs

ook the spinach in water for 10 minut Drain off the water, add the butter, co until tender, and chop. Add the gr d cheese and then bread crumbs en gh to make a mixture sufficiently sti to form into a roll, or leave more mo t and cook in a baking dish.

Sh d Tomato

ke a medium size tomato, peel it and re ve pulp, having opening in the top as sm as possible. Sprinkle insides with salt and pepper, invert and let stand thirty mi tes.

Then take some roquefort cheese, put in a b l, add a little cream and mix with a for until smooth. Chop one hard-boiled egg nd mix with the cheese. Fill the tom o with this mixture.

Cover top with mayonnaise and decorate with red pepper cut in fancy shapes and apers. Serve on a platter with lettuce leav .

Scrabled Eggs with Cheese

½ pound of cheese grated or cut into small pieces
6 eggs
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley
a pinch of nutmeg
½ teaspoonful of salt

Be the eggs slightly, mix them with the ther ingredients, and cook over a very slow re, stirring constantly, so that the chee may be melted by the time the eggs are c ked. In food value the dish is equal to ne ly 2 pounds of average beef.

Salad Delicieuse

Cr m together two parts cream cheese and e part roquefort cheese, and mold into f y balls, about the size of a pigeon's egg, be served on slices of pineapple, sprin d with chopped black walnut meats and d ssed on lettuce leaves.

▼ ▼

Dues Payable

Annual dues may be paid at Room 224, Second Floor, between 10 and 4 o'clock.

She Has Heard

She has heard the cymbals
Of a citadel—
She has heard witch-laughter
In a broken bell . . .

She has lived on bread-crust;
She has savored Wine.
She has walked with peacocks,
Peacocks—and Wine.

Now they call her aimless,
Vague—uncertain.
Whispers say her room lacks
Chair, bed, curtain!

But last crocus time when
March stamped the air
She bought one purple crocus
At a penny-fair.

And she walked for miles to
A wind-worn hill
To bless one unmarked grave—
And then stand still . . .

She has heard the cymbals
Of a citadel—
She has heard witch-laughter
In a broken bell . . .

—QUEENE LISTER IN THE HARP

▼ ▼

Dr. and Mrs. Lucas in East

● Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas left the middle of February for Washington, D. C., to attend the Child Welfare Conference, and will return early in March. Mrs. Lucas is a past-president of the City Club and recently was elected to the 1931 board of directors.

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Education Conclusions of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection

—EDNA W. BAILEY
Associate Professor of Education, University of California

Dr. Adelaide Brown, Health Editor of the City Club Magazine, was called by President Hoover as a delegate to the Child Health Conference held at Washington, D. C., in November and the following article by Dr. Bailey summarizes the deliberations of that conference, which dealt with the most valuable asset of America, our children's well-being. Dr. Brown is again in Washington —attending the concluding conference.

● This Section enrolls a larger number of sub-committees (74 in all) and covers a wider range of interests than those touched by any of the other three Sections. Out of about 500 pages of summaries, almost 300 pages are devoted to the reports of this one group of committees. The meetings of the Section were very well attended; and while discussion was lively, no serious disagreements on points of major significance appeared among the delegates. The Chairman of the Section, Dr. F. J. Kelly, has been named as head of the Continuation Committee, in whose hands now lies the responsibility for bringing the work of the Conference into useful shape. None of the previous White House Conferences placed any comparable emphasis on the role of Education, nor left to educational forces the major responsibility for carrying out the agreed-on program of child welfare activities.

Another striking characteristic of the Conference work in relation to Education is found in the recognition of the tremendous importance of educational activities and influences carried on outside formal educational institutions, public and private. The family, the playground, industry, the church, agencies for work with boys and girls, commercial recreation, all are given clear and impressive recognition as vitally significant factors in the education and training of youth. There is repeated emphasis on the necessity for cooperation between the school and these other agencies, and general recognition of the lamentable inadequacy of existing machinery for securing mutual understanding and making effective mutual undertakings. There was a noticeable insistence, polite and friendly but recurring, that schools must become more flexible, more skilful in cooperation, less inclined to expect all the concessions necessary in working together to be made by non-school agencies.

A number of delegates have pointed out that, as the 1919 Conference was the climax of the "Children's Year," the 1930 Conference has become the focus of the "Parent's Year." Every one of the seven committees of Section III reflects this dominant conference interest in the role of the family in education and training; some welcoming it, others accepting it as an inescapable fact. No encroachment by the State on the rights of parents, no governmental release for parents from their duties, are contemplated in this Report.

In the summaries of the work of this Section, and still more vividly during the discussions in the meetings in Washington, we find a fervid interest in the extension of educational opportunity to all children, everywhere, under the Government of the United States. Those in outlying possessions—Porto Rico, the Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii—received special recognition in the report of the committee on the School Child; but the greatest emphasis in the meetings was placed on the neglected children in our very midst: the Negroes, the Indians, the handicapped, the gifted, the children entering industry. "The Children's Charter," as the revised edition of the "Twenty Points" summarizing the Conference has been called, begins each statement of its platform with that moving phrase, "For every child"! It is plain that a great deal remains to be done, before we can have easy consciences as to these underprivileged groups. California delegates have reason to feel proud of our good beginning; so far as legislative and financial provision is concerned, there is no reason why any child in this State should lack medical care or educational opportunity. Our next task is the arousing of communities and parents to such interest and devotion that full advantage will be taken

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loudly of these State provisions. The Conference emphasized both explicitly and implicitly the point of view that full opportunity and protection "for every child" were to be regarded as a right, not a charitable gift; that failure was not only failure in duty, but a failure in common sense provision for the welfare of the State. This business-like attitude toward what have been urged as philanthropic endeavors was marked, convincing, unanimous; it cleared the air of endless arguments and sent the delegates home with clear commissions to the communities.

The work of the Section was carried on through seven committees, divided in turn into 74 sub-committees. SECTION III A, *The Family and Parent Education*, presented results of an important study of the home environment of 9000 school children, showing the disintegrating effect of urban industrial life on the family as an institution, but showing also that city children are "better adjusted" than rural children. These findings "seem to warrant a conjecture that there are aspects of the old family pattern which not only could but should be changed." "These desirable changes are probably related to the authoritarian and undemocratic parental attitude of the old-fashioned family." The summary maintains that the family fulfills needs created needs of the human race; that its fundamental values are the product of the interaction of personalities within the family; and that present cultural trends, so far as they threaten the essential nature of the family, must be adjusted to permit its conservation. The report is further characterized by insistence on national responsibility for seeing that an income adequate to the basic needs of a family is available to all our people, that youth be given instruction in home management, and that schools and colleges should provide instruction to further the satisfactions of participation in family life. Discussion brought out the confusing state of our knowledge of family life, and the great difficulties in the road of any "integrated research" into family problems. Much less was heard concerning the hampering effect of family life on child development than might have been expected, considering recent emphasis on mother fixations" and so forth.

SECTION III B, *Infant and Pre-School Child*, presented results of two extensive studies for which all students of children in America must be grateful. The first surveys children in three types of institutions, day nurseries, nursery schools and kindergartens. Over 1200 institutions, caring for 50,000 children under 6 years of age, were studied. Interesting contrasts between "relief institutions" and "educational institutions" are pointed out, with special emphasis on the very heavy load carried by the personnel of relief institutions. The second study surveys the education and training of the young child in the home, as shown by field study of 3,520 children in 2,7 white families. A picture of "the typical family" of the young child, and of the "life of the Four-Year-Old" is presented. "The outstanding problem of the period is the establishment of basic habits of physical care and of attitudes and adjustments toward objects and persons. The physical and mental health of late years is built on the foundations of the early years."

The Committee on the *School Child*, working through forty-seven sub-committees, presents facts and recommendations concerning the health of 27,000,000 school children. Emphasis on the educational aspects of school health service, on need for organized health instruction from kindergarten through teacher-training institutions, developed a clear need for professional training for physicians, nurses, and teachers who participate in the health program. There appears in the report an insistence on consideration of "the whole child," which was more or less taken for granted in the discussion from the floor.

The Committee on *Vocational Guidance and Child Labor* reaffirm the already well-established principles in this field, emphasizing vocational counseling in schools, and the desirability of a national minimum standard with regard to child labor. "The control of child labor with its corollary, the extension of education, is one of the most important of the nation's efforts to realize democracy."

The Committees on *Recreation and Physical Education* pointed out recent advances in their field, but recognized that the rural child and the pre-school child are in greatest need of opportunities for advancing their development through physical education and play. The Committee on *Special Classes* dealt with public-school education of all types of exceptional children. "It is sound public policy, not charity, to provide special treatment and training for all types of exceptional children." In general, it is recommended that these children be cared for in ordinary schools along with ordinary children, but with special equipment and teachers trained to deal with their needs. This reaction against institutionalizing children who present problems is in full accord with the views advanced

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by SECTION IV, dealing with The Handicapped Child.

The Committee on *Youth Outside of Home and School* reports on 47,847,206 young people under 18: 28,000,000 in schools, 4,000,000 already "gone to work." "Over 40% of these 18 years is spent outside of home and school." The Conference did nothing more useful, more stimulating, than this survey of fourteen community agencies, vital influences on our children during this 40% of their time. The playgrounds serve two and a quarter million daily; but motion pictures "catch the eye" of 115,000,000 a week, one-third of whom are under 16. There is much food for thought, not all of it pleasant, in this survey; the final recommendation sounds a warning note: "There remains the larger imperative of not undermining the basic and primary units of our associational life. Such agencies owe to the home and neighborhood a re-enforcement, not a separation from them."

The work of SECTION III, and the interest shown in its reports at the Conference, emphasize once more our national faith in Education. They indicate also a wholesome realization that education and training of our children is a task far beyond the scope of formal school education, requiring the best efforts, well coordinated, of all right-thinking adult members of the nation.

▼ ▼

Annual Dues Now Payable

The annual dues of $6 are now payable and will be delinquent after April 1. A group of Volunteers will receive checks, cash or currency between the hours of 10 and 4, at Room 224, second floor of the Club, or the amount may be mailed.

Spring Fashions — 1931

—BY KATHERYN ALLEN

● To capture in Spring costumes the striking beauties of sun-drenched colors or the softened tones of late afternoon —this is the aim of 1931 fashions. And the "ladylike mode" with its Victorian ancestry combines these ideas into new and glorifying creations.

Thus Paris suggests. American taste accepts the "ladylike" styles. And we use many variations of color contrast for Spring and Summer—in public, at home or at the popular resorts.

Some of the following fashion points are the results of the nation-wide research instigated by Amos Parrish, one of America's leading fashion writers. In San Francisco, these investigations show, women wear smart accepted styles. We are conservative enough to practice the old precept—

"Be not the first to try,
Nor yet the last to cast aside."

For those whose preference turns to plainer colors, black, beige and grey are often background or foundation colors. A brilliant splash of plaid, green, blue or red emphasizes the color note and the personal choice of the wearer.

The "ladylike mode"—forgetting the severe lines of the tailleur—gives woman her right to good taste in self-expression. Gown lines and colors are again individual.

As to gowns—every occasion demands its dress jacketed whether it be a street dress, a lace afternoon gown or the formal evening gown. Sleeves are short or graduated to the wrist on all dresses except active sports or formal evening gowns. As the daytime occasion becomes more formal, sleeves are longer and more intricate. Evening wraps deserve a word here because of their shimmering brief beauty. The three-quarter length is best with short sleeves, elbow length, trimmed with fur bands on satin or velvet. They are simpl yet effective in black or pastels and quit warm enough for short dashes from doo to limousine.

Skirt lengths, too, are ruled by hours o the day. Active sportswear dresses end a the upper calf; street dresses, middle call afternoon, middle calf to the ankle; an evening dresses just miss the floor.

Dresses—and pyjamas too. Very smart these dinner pyjamas of lace or silk Lounging is three times the usual pleasur when a lounging pyjama set accents th time. This newly accepted garment ofte answers our problems for informal formal ities.

Clothes for summer and early resor wear seem to divide into active sportswea and formal types. Cottons of tweedy weaves will be ever so good in many colors. Py jamas, again, and simple bathing suits wi make hours beside the water more tha ordinary pleasure. Flat crepe achieves grea success in evening models. Colors too ar separated into pale pastels, combining wit white in coats and accessories, or brillian "off shades," according to the desires o the wearer.

But hats—and where is the woman wh is not thrilled with a new chapeau—ne hats are tiny and soft—or wide-brimmed but always worn back on the head, show ing lots of hair. If you like the latest wear a forehead veil with a halo hat.

Jewelry this year is less of the novelt type. White is the vogue in ivory, crystal and white jade. Many dresses are wor without necklaces if the neckline is high o heavy. Most necklaces are sixteen inches or thirty inches long to look well with th many new versions of cowl necklines.

The key to this entire problem—alway remember this point this season—is th "ladylike" color contrast in the ensemble A street dress, for instance, of contrasting shades of one color, together with matching hat, shoes, bag and beige hose mark the well-dressed woman. The "ladylike mode" allows much freedom for experimentation but does not condone mistakes Be "ladylike" while contrasting colors and always use good taste.

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Morocco

— IRIAM CURTICE DODGE

Continued from February Magazine

ake-charmers, letter writers, sword an fire swallowers, jugglers, acrobats, ory-tellers, water-blowers collect the cr ds, a circle of gaping Arabs around ea performer, with here and there a do or, wrapping up bits of fur or herbs in verse of the Koran for the patient to swallow; or bleeding his patient. One re- fra s from any obvious comparison to our ow ancient, medical custom of bleeding, in hatever sense intended. Djemma El Fn the market place, is outstanding, un ue among the sights of the world.

A interesting market-custom of the ne door-neighbor, Algeria, in the holy cit of Beni Sgen, where there are no sho s, is that of selling everything by auc on in "the square." The auctioneers car the goods around the circle of buyers, sto ing before each person to hear his bid wh it is said in a whisper. He may be sell- ing costly carpet or a bunch of dates— it is all the same—the goods can pass only to the highest bidder. As the price can be raised only a franc at a time, it may take days to acquire an object.

Marak'sh, the mightiest, most densely populated, most tragic of Moorish cities, has the great 12th century mosque of Koutoubia, mosque of the Library, twin sister of the famous Giralda tower in Seville. It was built by Christian slaves taken in battle, and if one stops at Hotel Mamounia, one has the tower just beyond the windows into which floats, five times a day the high, nasal whine of the Muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer.

The most authentic and amazing of the Arab dances is to be seen here in a private house an ecole de ballet. The girls range from twelve to fifteen years, some clad, some not; all perform the same genre of dance little action, fast-tapping, abdominal motion. One child took our mint-tea tray laden with cups, danced with it on her head, lay prone and rose with it still perfectly balanced.

Along nearest the desert here one finds many palm-trees, and a curious sight is the fertilization of the date-palm. The flower of the male tree is carried to the top of the female tree by an Arab who places it in the cleft in the head of the tree, chanting the while a religious air. Date palms bear for over one hundred years.

Another staple of diet in Maroc is locusts one way of exterminating them lest they devour the population. One can drive for forty hours through clouds of locusts, with no surcease. On occasion one meets caravans of over a hundred donkeys and men en route to market laden solely with sacks of locusts.

Just outside Marak'sh in a valley of the desert is the best camel market. There one can see Arab horsemanship and trading in camels, donkeys and mules. Strange to say, these last command the highest prices of all.

Generally, one's route turns north from here to Rabat, lying dazzling white in the sun. At Rabat-on-the-sea was the university of pirates, in days of yore, a huge edifice devoted to the nurture of would-be Corsairs, which is now, alas, a prosaic museum. Here El Mansur, the great, built the Tower Hassam, which is surrounded by ruined Roman columns.

In the Souks, or native markets, over the hole-in-the-wall shops, are loosely-woven awnings of dried palm leaves, that span the narrow streets from roof-top to roof-top, reminiscent of the tortuous streets of Canton, made dark against the heat. The resultant stenches are classic in their variety and power. Verily, the perfumes of Araby are not all in costly phials.

The Arab section of a Moroccan city is called the Medina; the Jewish section, the Mellah.

Zouaves and Spais, cavalry from the desert, clatter by in floating blue bur-

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"Just as no two people are exactly alike—so the same hat will never give the same smartness to two women of different types"—says Rhoda, who analyzes people in terms of becoming lines. The soft woven straws, which are so new, mould to your head like a felt. If you have a straw or felt bring it in and have it remodeled in this season's styles.

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Salé (ugly choice for a name), elder sister to Robat, was the capital of the Kingdom of Fez during the time of the Goths. It is no longer Salé of the sumptuous carpets, but a mere ruin. Its mosque was built by 30,000 Christian slaves brought from Spain by El Mansur. Another 30,000 were set to work on the Tour Hassam in Rabat, while another 30,000 were sent on to Marak'sh. The Moors claim that Salé was founded by Noah when the Ark rested on Mt. Djebel el Goudi, behind it.

After a bloody raid on the town by Christian Spaniards, Salé in revenge turned Corsair and became their greatest stronghold. Here is one of the few Medersas (universities) that women can enter to gaze upon.

Only lovely ruins are left to us of Meknes; the ruins of the dream that Moulay Ismail, descendant of Mahomet, built to rival Versailles. He longed to be another Roi Soleil, but the most that he accomplished was to leave, when he died, 800 children; something more than Louis XIV did. Ismail was constantly trying to form an alliance with Louis and finally proffered marriage with Louis' daughter by de La Valliere. This offer was accompanied by a report from the French consul at Salé, saying there had been thirty-five additions to the royal family at Meknes in the past month. That may somewhat have discouraged the young lady, for the marriage never took place. One is shown, however, a carriage sent to Moulay by Louis. Rather like asking for bread and getting a stone—one writes for a bride and receives a buggy.

Meknes, the Magnificent, is an expression of royal prodigality. The Bab (Gate) Mansur is one which will for once completely satisfy the artist-tourist. It is all that he imagined the others should have been if they had not been mutilated or allowed to fall to ruin. The rich gold, black and green tile mosaic of the façade is intact. Even the intentional "fault" is discernible. Mohammedan superstition thinks bad luck attaches to anything perfect, so in the upper frieze of the Bab a few yellow tiles were inserted into the green.

Again old Moulay Ismail was responsible for this gate. He was a dramatic figure in Moroccan history and the only one who ever controlled all of Morocco at one time—and that for fifty-five years—unheard of in those troublous times. He owed, be it said, his success to his army of 15,000 negroes which he trained and with which he went over the country subduing Berbers and other wild tribes. Brave and cruel, he had one bad habit—that of swinging his scimitar as he mounted his horse and neatly decapitating the slave who held his bridle. During those 55 years he managed to think of quite a few things he wanted done; not being in the end an economical executive. But then, how could

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he be, with 800 children to house and defend, not to mention the wives.

His palace has twenty-five miles of protecting walls and the ruined stables sheltered 12,000 horses.

Behind the walls of the Dar El Makhzen palace, provided with eunuchs, are the members of the harem of Moulay El Hassan, who preceded Abd El Aziz, "as was," which inevitably brings to mind old Abou Inane. What a chance for a rhyme—insane, the bane, etc., etc. I'd try it if I had more time. Things do seem to pile up.

A word of warning! The best of local rugs throughout Morocco receive the official stamp of the French government, which guarantees them as to antiquity, fastness of color and price. It behooves the buyer to demand this visa.

A peep into the Hammams of one town will do for all. These public baths are pitch black; all heated, some with dry, some with steam. There naked, seated figures are disclosed by the guide's lantern, like forgotten souls in Limbo, being baked by subterranean fires.

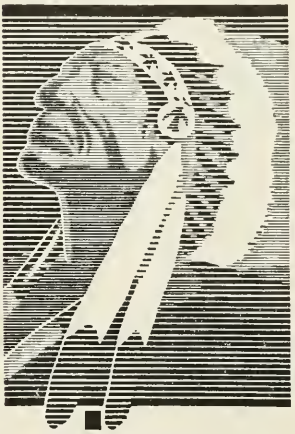
In the cemetery here lies Sidi Mohammed Beu Aissa, founder of the strangest sect in Africa. His devotees, the Aissaoua, distinguish themselves by being able to eat live scorpions, swallow glass, chew cacti, thrust daggers through their flesh and to perform more unmentionable accomplishments while they are in fanatical frenzies. Ordinarily their practices do not injure them, but on special "feast days," not infrequently fifteen to twenty Aissoaua are found dead around the tomb. It is thus not inappropriate that their founder should be buried across the road from the slaughter-house Allons, enfants de la patrie, let's move on to other dinner-subjects!

Take that of Kouscousoo, the Arabian version of the Spanish piloff, only with flour instead of rice. A French professor quotes eight different recipes for it, containing anything that is at hand; ingredients variable, like bouillabaisse—depending on the temper of the chef and whether he's had a hard night out with the boys.

Another thing! Mint tea—you must drink mint tea! Put fresh mint and sugar into a pot already provided with tea. Pour in boiling water and see what you get.

One evening at a feast of Arabian dishes in Fez, one among us tasted all the courses, proving there are still great men in America. It may not be the land of the free, but it is still the home of the brave. But I diverge.

The tale goes that a vastly rich Cheriff (meaning descendant of Mahomet, i.e., nobility) asked us to dinner. Not ours to question why. Methought, one who has eaten shark's fins in Pekin, bouillabaisse in Marseille, rissoto in Rome, poi in Hawaii, escargots in Paris and what have you in Korea should be able to manage Kouscousoo in Morocco. Further, it might be rather good, "If," as Sam Weller said, "you're sure it isn't kittens." We went—through little alleys, black as night, around



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the larger holes. No taxi's in the narrow streets of Fez. Arrived at a small battered door, a white-swathed figure ushered us in, and behold! Haroun al Raschid's palace itself! An immense tiled courtyard open to the stars, with a moon above beggaring description; our host in blue embroiddere gondoura signalling a "son of the Prophet;" a fountain splashing accompaniment to his excellent French; a slave to lead us to the salle á manger where we reclined on cushions; walls of tile mosaic, while the upper half was solid carving of the plaster; another slave who brought us water and a bowl, to wash our hands before the meal; three brother cheriffs appeared; salutations; a low table placed before us all; one huge covered bowl of brass. It proved a melange delicious, of meat, olives and vegetables; no forks, no spoons. The host unearthed tid-bits of meat for each; yes, of course, fingers; conversation about the voyage he took to Philadelphia; clad in his Arab costume, he was amused to stop the traffic in New York; another bowl; a third; at last the chef d'oeuvre, Kouscousoo! raisins, olives, chicken, cereals and nectar! it must have been! Only I had trouble with my fingers; sent for spoons; all went well again; the cheriff took a handful of the cereal, gave it three deft tosses in his hand and lo! a ball which he popped into his mouth with no unseemly drippings; conversation about our host's caravans from the South. When, a black slave boy entering, the eldest cheriff laid his hand kindly on his head and said, "A hundred miles he followed the caravan over the sands—on his legs of nine years—a hundred miles to bring to me emeralds too dear to trust to any other." To the delight of the cheriffs, one, a Parisian, sang "California! Here I Come!" and knew all the English verses. It was news to me. Yet I live there. Discussion of wives and marriage; of course each brother had a harem upstairs, but one pretended—and so did he, that there was but one wife; ladies of

(To be Continued)

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REPRESENTATIVE
SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS listed in the Women's City Club Magaz e Educational Guide merit consideration. We recommend them to you and shall appreciate your mentioning City Club Magazine when you write directly to the schools.

If you do not find in this issue a school which seems to meet all of your requirements, we shall be glad to offer suggestions if you will write us as fully as possible.

Women's City Club Magazine
Advertising Dept.
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San Francisco

Professor Stuart Autographs Book

● Professor Graham H. Stuart (Stanford), who gave a series of lectures at the City Club and whose latest book, "The International City of Tangier," is just off the press, autographed copies of the book after his last lecture of the series, February 27, when he spoke on "United States of Europe."

Headdress Suggestions

City Club members who would like suggestions as to the headdress to wear at the "Headdress Dinner" of March 10 are referred to two authentic volumes on "History of Feminine Costumes of the World" by Paul Louis de Giafferri, lent to the Club. These volumes may be seen at the office of the executive secretary during the day and those who want to refer to them in the evening may apply at the room secretary's desk.

Mrs. Cambron Presides at English-Speaking Tea

Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron was hostess Thursday, February 19, at the tea given at the City Club in honor of Mrs. Professor Mary F. Patterson, who spoke on "Egypt."

Mrs. Cambron was assisted by Mrs. C. G. Carlisle, Mrs. E. N. Durant, Mrs. William McPherson, Mrs. Otis Burrage, Mrs. Warren Perry, Mrs. Emma de Noon Lewis, Miss de Noon, and Miss Floride Green.

Madonna Todd Is Speaker

● Theta Sigma Phi, writers' sorority of Universities around the bay, held its monthly dinner at the Women's City Club February 2, when Madonna Todd talked on "Radio Publicity."

Mrs. George Osbourne Wilson, president of the chapter, presided.

The February issue of "The Woman's Journal," published in New York, has the following "story" about an event at the Women's City Club which engrossed members and friends last November:

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NUMBER

OMEN'S
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AGAZINE

Published monthly by The Women's City Club, San Francisco

931

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APRIL 1, 1931

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FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*
Conversational Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock, Board Room.
Theory Class—Monday Nights, 7:00 o'clock, Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Monday Evenings, 7:30 o'clock, Auditorium.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:30 o'clock, Chinese Room.

April 1—Current Events Section . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.

Lecture on Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 noon
Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.

2—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. George M. Wright.
Subject: Some Notes on the Wild Life of Our National Parks (Illustrated)

9—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. James Ferguson.
Subject: High Spots in a Summer's Travel.

Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review.
"The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck

13—Fifth Anniversary Dinner $1.25 a plate . . . . . *Main Dining Room* 6:30 P.M.

16—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. W. B. Hamilton.
Subject: Impressions Gained from a European Tour.

22—Lecture by Mrs. Jack Vallely . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Subject: Current Events Through the World of Books.

23—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. W. L. Lawton.
Subject: Protection of Roadside Beauty (Illustrated).

30—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *American Room* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Marguerite Darch.
Subject: The Romance of the Schumanns (Illustrated with Music).

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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The Headdress Dinner held at the City Club, Tuesday evening, March 10, brought out many original and beautiful costumes. Upper left: *Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio, white satin bodice, white tulle skirt, and small black tricorne hat.* To the right, standing: *Miss Mary Jamison, Mrs. Florence Groom, Mrs. Louise O'Hara and Miss Myra Lane.* Seated: *Miss Vera Riley, Mrs. Amy Cook, Mrs. Florence Langfo good Indians all.* Upper Right: *Mrs. R. F. Grannis.* Lower Row, Left to Right: *Miss Leila McKinne, Miss Jeannette Doub, who w first prize, and Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson, Caroline Bachich; Miss Mary Wilcox, moving spirit of the party; Miss Dorothy Wise, who ga charming Spanish dances; and Mrs. Harry Staats Moore and Mrs. John P. Coghlan, whose "Mary Widow" hats, incredibly big, were on really worn by women of fashion.* Below: *General view of the City Club dining room with the party at its height.*

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

I ALWAYS attend the annual meeting of every organization to which I belong. So spoke a member to me the night of our annual meeting, when I commented upon some unfamiliar faces in the audience. I was conjecturing why members who seldom use the clubhouse would come to hear reports. This answer was one reason, at least. To be sure, annual reports do render an accounting of stewardship, and as such are valuable, but is this the *summum bonum*, after all? They recount the experience from which we profit, and they catalogue our triumphs and satisfy us as we glow with satisfaction over our successes, but beyond all this, surely they should record the progress of the organization for which, but for a passing moment in its long history of accomplishments, we are responsible. And so, unless these reports of 1930 honestly record the setting forward of the N. L. W. S., they are worthless. Measured, however, by this standard, we hope they satisfied the members who came to the meeting to learn what had been done, and we hope those of you who read them in print will likewise be satisfied.

But shall we stop with this? Not if we are true to our ideals! 1931 challenges the entire membership! In fact, the reports at the next annual meeting depend entirely upon each individual member's responsibility toward them in the ten months ahead. As I said in my report, appearing elsewhere in this magazine, volunteer service must now expand to realms outside, our bank account must be augmented to make us secure in our present policy, our talents must be shared one with another. With this triple program ahead, no time can be lost, and you who were not at the annual meeting are now asked to join with those who were, in this —the broadening of the highway of our service.

On April 12th, we shall celebrate five years of residence in our own building. The occasion is one which calls for reminiscence, for present joy, and for future prophecies.

We shall dine together on Monday evening, the 13th, and celebrate our birthday with joy and gladness. When, in the experience of any of us, has come anything as outstanding as the spirit of the evening of our annual meeting? "The greatest thing in the world" was there, intangible but perfectly evident to us all. Nowhere could such a meeting possibly occur except in an organization founded with the purpose of giving rather than of receiving. The inspiration of such an experience must not be for naught! With such a spirit in our midst, let us come to our birthday dinner, on April 13th, ready with light heart to re-dedicate ourselves to a task which has brought us untold joy in the doing—and which has knit us closer together by the bond of common experience.

Annual Membership Meeting Assembles Hundreds

● The Membership Meeting of March 17 was one of the most inspiring gatherings of the City Club's year. It was, to the officers and board of directors, Armageddon Redivivus, a reviving of the exciting old days at the canteens and at 333 Kearny Street, when every worker in the ranks and every officer was on hand to report the day's events and to chart the work of the next day. "A stunning meeting," "a thrilling meeting," was heard on all sides.

The annual rendering of reports and summarizing of stewardship followed a buffet supper in the Cafeteria. Members helped themselves at the long tables at the end of the room and seated themselves at smaller tables, where parties of two, four, six, and larger, had been arranged. The hour was set for six o'clock, and so efficient was the service and so expeditious was the reading of reports, that members who wanted to keep lecture or theater engagements were able to do so.

This does not mean that the reports were meage but that their contents were condensed and cor pressed, so that salient facts were emphasized. T reports are on file and accessible to members who wi more detail. There were moments of deep feeling a their corresponding interludes of gayety, as when M. Esther Phillips in the housekeeping report, whi she read for Mrs. William B. Hamilton, told of $ having been expended for a "frame for Helen". "Hele is the painting in the dining room, and membe understood exactly what was meant, and likewi were not entirely in the dark when Miss Phillis spoke of "touching up" certain rooms.

Following are the reports, boiled down and bri- ming over with optimism and fellowship; documen representing the material and spiritual values of te solvent institution which is "house and home" f eight thousand women.

President's Report

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

● At no time in our history has there been a more conscientious assuming of responsibilities upon the part of the members of our Club than during the past year. In my message in last month's magazine I gave the reasons which had persuaded me to become your president again, despite the fact that I had said I wanted to become a worker in the ranks and had chosen the specific work I wanted to do.

And now I take this opportunity to thank our Board for its loyal support and the staff for its efficiency; to thank you (the members) for tolerance and understanding, and to tell you what a continuous inspiration for greater effort your cooperation means to me. The vision of it all overwhelms me at times and I wonder how we can possibly accomplish all there is to be done this year, and all that might be done. Already 1931 is three months old.

Having read, during the past year, many Presidents' Messages in magazines from other clubs, and having exercised the training of reading-between-the-lines which my office of presidency has given me, I have found one note almost universal—a setting-forth of what the Board of Directors is providing for the membership and a call to the membership to appreciate and make use of what the clubhouse facilities have to offer. Always the clubhouse; always what the member can gain for herself by joining!

No such call to you from me would be in keeping with our purpose of organization. I assume that you belong to the National League for Woman's Service because you believe in service. I assume that you say to yourself at regular intervals, "What service can I give to the club, aside from those which call for a uniform, and from which I find myself just now barred because of personal obligations elsewhere?" May times am I stopped on the street or in the club by someone who apologizes to me because she can't serve—to me, her president, personifying the serve organization she consciously joined. Always there is the consciousness that service is expected and ae knowledge that without it she herself is missing ie best part of the club program. Ask any volunteer what the club means to her. Will she answer, thior that entertainment, or this or that privilege? io. Rather will she say, "We have so much fun on jis day each week!" And so, as President of the Natical League for Woman's Service as differentiated fm other presidents, I may say that from groups no serve come the inspiration to the officers, and notas in most clubs, from the officers to the group.

From earnest conferences with some twenty of he founders of the League, as mentioned in the Mch Magazine, and from many conversations with individual members, both volunteers and others, I m persuaded that the moment to which we have looed forward has arrived. Volunteer service in our wn building is an established fact and is operating c- cessfully. The time has come to grasp the vision a central file for similar service in the community an to mobilize the membership of the National League or Woman's Service for active participation in c-munity affairs. To this end the organization of he Volunteer Service Committee has been broade d. The Chairman of this new committee will survey he opportunities for volunteer service abroad, will ass upon the policy of accepting the call and if she feels it justified will initiate steps for the training group to answer the call. Serving under her wil

ur vice-chairmen; one will be the commander-in-ief of all volunteers in the clubhouse, one will super-se all outside group formations, one will act as per-nnel officer to enroll new volunteers and assign them their various tasks, and one will act as secretary to ep the files.

The importance of this development of our service-ogram cannot be overestimated. The reputation of ir volunteers has been built upon conservative plans. his enlargement has not been attempted until it was lt that the services already initiated were well-tablished and well-organized. The file of this com-ittee should eventually embrace the entire member-ip. I ask you now at the beginning of 1931 to ask ourselves seriously the question, "What service shall personally render?" We are sailing under false colors ntil such time as at least a majority of us are serving, nd I fear that some of us are now basking in the light reflected glory. This forecast of active participation the membership beginning in 1931 is what I wish ost to emphasize at this time.

Secondly in importance comes the completion of the nancial scheme which shares honors with our volun-er service in making us famous. There is one step ill to be taken before the founders can feel assured at the original scheme has succeeded beyond any nance of being tampered with. The surplus for 1931 ust exceed the surplus for 1930. Apart from your rvice then, you should consider how as one of 8000 embers *you* can increase gross receipts or personally ld to the treasury.

I come now to the second committee to be devel-ed this year—a Ways and Means Committee, a mmittee whose name is self-explanatory and which akes its appeal direct to you, the member! Will you nsider your own obligation to them? Will you ap-oach the clubhouse tomorrow morning with the ought in your mind that it is your own home you e earning, and will you therefore initiate and sup-rt means of increasing the income? I refrain from e trite suggestions so obvious to all, but I expect u to recount them to yourselves with personal appli-tion and with the resolve to talk them over with is new committee—Ways and Means. Those of you ho cry out to increase dues as a source of income, put your minds to other ways and means, which will be your personal contribution to the financial scheme without involving others.

Thirdly, with our purpose developed, with our finances made sound, our recreation becomes justified. Only eight months more and the November Talent Festival will be here. The main idea emphasized at the first Festival was appreciation of each other, and I am sure we all enjoyed the experience of two days' playtime together in our clubhouse. I sincerely hope each member is now asking herself what talent she will display next November. I hope the auditorium will be too small for the loans and that the gifts will be made with thought as to their originality, for "talent" means creative effort, and the popularity of the simple raffia dolls showed us all that a new idea is genuinely appreciated. It is my dream that the thousand gifts of last year will be trebled this year and that each individual article will have behind it a new idea and be executed perfectly. We have only eight months in which to work, but that is long enough if we begin now to think and plan our own part in the Festival. Next month the committee will open "office hours" for consultation with you. Will you seek them for conference and seriously plan the display of your talent in November?

And now I have outlined three definite developments of the National League for 1931. You who are present are but a small group of the 8000. Will you pass the word along to at least ten members who are not present? This is the word:

First, the Volunteer Service system is to expand to outside fields and therefore to include eventually the entire membership. 1931 must see you enrolled.

Secondly, the income of the National League for Woman's Service is dependent upon each member, for the membership itself is the only fountain, and as you spend and support your own household so will the coffers fill up.

Thirdly, the Talent Festival made but a small beginning in 1930, but it *did make a beginning*, and this year its success is dependent upon the serious consideration of the talents to be loaned and the talents to be given by you. It is not the commercial value of the gift but the idea it develops.

Treasurer's Report

—MRS. S. G. CHAPMAN

The following is an extract from my report read at e Annual Membership Meeting, March 17.

The generally depressed condition of business that ade 1930 one of the most difficult periods in the nancial and industrial history of the country, affected e earnings of our Club in common with every other terprise throughout the world. Conditions prevail-g during the greater part of the year were such as to use a practical cessation of profitable activities. evertheless, we have taken care of all of our obliga-ons. Interest charges of $60,166 have been met. Taxes in the amount of $18,636 have been taken care of. Insurance premiums amounting to $3,480 have been paid, $9,289 has been expended for general maintenance, repairs, and renewals, and $25,000 of the first mortgage bonds have been retired, which will reduce our interest charges next year by $1,500.

With a return to normal business conditions, so confidently predicted for 1931, and with the conscious cooperation of the membership, in a plan to be outlined by our President, the Income Statement for this year will tell a different story.

Annual Report of Executive Secretary

—EDNA H. OSBORN

The National League for Woman's Service holds a unique place among the organizations of the world, and its peacetime experiment in service, given individually and voluntarily by the members, and which animates every activity, is being watched eagerly and sometimes critically by the clubs in this country and abroad. The real test of the volunteer service came when the League founded the Women's City Club and took possession of its own building in 1926; and now, after five years, we find it firmly established in practically every department and supplementing the work of the regular staff. Too much praise cannot be given the members who are doing this fine piece of work, but in the final analysis they are the ones who are getting the joy out of their club and expressing the real spirit of the National League.

I wish I might mention individually each group that comes in week after week and month after month to do its appointed work and to help keep the machinery of the departments running. Time and space will not permit, but I am going to mention, as an example of the responsibilities they are willing to assume, the group of some twenty volunteers, who handle the payment of annual dues amounting, as you know, to nearly $50,000.00 a year. These volunteers, many of whom have given this particular service for the past four years, work with practically no assistance from the office. The system has been evolved with the helpful suggestions of the volunteers themselves. They have their definite work to do and assume full responsibility. The number of steps involved from the time the eight thousand bills are typed until the last money is paid would surprise the members, but it is done enthusiastically and efficiently, and I am sure the volunteers themselves derive much pleasure and satisfaction from their service. The staff, probably having the closest contact with the volunteers, has the deepest appreciation of the service rendered and realizes how it ties in with the operations of every department.

There have been a number of changes in the personnel of the staff since the last annual meeting, and I wish to express my appreciation of the cooperation from both the old and new employees in trying to adjust themselves to their work. If the service has not at all times been what the members thought it should have been, it was not for lack of interest or willingness to serve, but because many difficult adjustments have had to be made.

Housecleaning consumed much time during the late summer and fall, when each floor, from the pent-house to the swimming pool, received its share of attention. The House Report will give some of these details.

The Periodic Health Examinations, which have become an established activity of the Club, were given from April 1 to 14, when 45 examinations were made; and again in October, when 38 were made. Dr. Adelaide Brown is the Chairman of the Committee and has a staff of five doctors and a trained nurse. Examinations will be offered again next month, from April 13 to 25.

In addition to the Lectures and Courses arranged by the Programs Committee and the special functions honoring distinguished guests and arranged by the Hospitality Committee, various activities took place in the clubhouse. The Third Annual Decorative Art Exhibition was held under the auspices of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists, with the co operation of the Women's City Club. During the two weeks from April 19 to May 4, approximately 13,000 persons visited the exhibition.

The Lounge was the setting for the third Annual Firelighting on Monday evening, October 6. The rooms were filled to capacity and an informal spirit of friendliness and good cheer pervaded. Miss Esther Phillips, as speaker of the evening, gave a most inspiring talk, after which Miss Leale, in her delightful manner, unveiled the portrait of Mrs. Hoover. Mr. Peter Ilyin, the artist and donor, and Mrs. Ilyin were our guests of honor on that occasion.

On June 28 and again on December 20 there were Swimming Parties for the children in the Pool, followed by special luncheons on the Third Floor.

Miss Ida Lord and her committee of fifteen arranged with a great deal of success the Hallowe'en Party. The details, both in the decorations and refreshments, were most carefully carried out and elicited much delighted comment.

The Football Dinner, following the Big Game, the Thanksgiving Dinner, and the Christmas Breakfast and Dinner were all well attended.

Mrs. W. R. Werner and her committee were hostesses at the Bridge Luncheon on January 21. Luncheon was served in the Main Dining Room and cards followed in the Auditorium. The Valentine Bridge Party on February 10, was enjoyed by about 160 members and their guests. Miss Georgie Fenwick, Mrs. C. W. Davis, and Miss Emogene Hutchinson received.

Under the direction of Mrs. Ira Sloss, a Food Demonstration was given on February 17. Chef Otto Paul Reise and his assistants prepared a delicious four course dinner in the model kitchen arranged on the stage of the Auditorium. The dishes were served in the Cafeteria at noon.

The members will long remember Tuesday evening, March 10, when Miss Mary Wilcox and Mrs. Carl Morbio arranged a very colorful and jolly Headdress Dinner which was served in the Main Dining Room. One hundred and seventy-five members and guests entered into the spirit of the evening and decked themselves out in all manner of head decorations, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. A short program followed, which included some beautiful Spanish dance

ir. Fortune-tellers revealed the future of many of the gsts by means of palmistry and handwriting, and th side-shows caused much merriment.

On June 15, 1930, Miss Alice Carr became the Women's City Club Travel Bureau representative. There had been a long-felt need for this type of service and with the establishment of the Bureau in the lobby, it not only filled this want but added a bright bit of color to the arcade. It was with regret that we discontinued the service on November first, when Miss Carr opened her own offices as the representative for an eastern travel service.

Three new tenants have come into the building this year—the Post Street Book Shop, the Girl Scouts, and the Girls' and Women's Housing Council, all doing distinctive and worthwhile types of work. We are very happy to welcome them, and wish them all success in their various endeavors.

As Executive Secretary, my office is the clearing house for all departments of the Club and the link between the Board of Directors, volunteers, members-at-large, and employees. I ask each one to feel free to come to the office at any time to discuss matters pertaining to the Club and that interest them especially.

Annual Report of Committee on Programs

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

This account includes also the separate reports of the seven activities in the Club that function within the field of entertainment. The Club offers programs of two kinds, those without fee and those for which a fee is charged.

PROGRAMS WITHOUT FEE

Appreciation of Art—It is gratifying to note that this group, which is a small one, after three years of endeavor to gain an understanding as well as an appreciation of Art, is as enthusiastic as when it started. The noon hour on the first Wednesday of the month finds them eager for the half-hour discussion, which precedes the visit to one of the galleries. Many of the group have visited exhibitions on view during the preceding month and have read the current art magazines and the comments of the critics—all of which makes for a real accomplishment. Mrs. C. E. Cory, *Leader.*

Choral Section—The Choral sang a group of songs at the Sunday evening concert in April, 1930; it also appeared at the ceremony of the Fire Lighting last October. A third appearance was at the Christmas Festival. Rehearsals have been held every Monday evening during the year. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, *Director.*

Current Events—The Current Events Section is now entering on the seventh year of its continuous activities but had to be cut down to one meeting a month—the first Wednesday—on account of the increased duties of the Chairman. During 1930 there were fourteen meetings: smallest attendance 99, largest attendance 215, average attendance at each meeting 151. During the year the section has suffered the loss of two of the most faithful members, Mrs. S. G. Erskus and Mrs. William Warren, who helped to tabulate the attendance. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Chairman.*

Lectures by Dr. H. H. Powell—Commencing from six to eight weeks before Lent, and following on through the Lenten Season until Easter, Dr. H. H. Powell, Dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, has delivered two series of weekly lectures on Monday mornings at eleven o'clock. His subject in 1930 was "Why Intelligent People Still Believe in God"; in 1931, "How Humanity Found God." The average attendance has been 75; the inspiration and information, immeasurable. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, *Chairman.*

Sunday Evening Concerts—These concerts were discontinued with the beginning of the summer season, last May.

Thursday Evening Program—During the past year, 47 programs were presented before the Thursday evening group. Programs were omitted on the evenings of July 3rd, November 6th and 27th, December 18th and 25th. Eighteen evenings were devoted to accounts of travel. Other subjects discussed may be classified under the general heads of literature, art, drama, social service, matters of local and national interest, and international political affairs. The audiences have been of good size and very attentive and appreciative. It is a pleasure to think of the fine speakers who came and generously gave us of their knowledge throughout the year. Mrs. A. P. Black, *Chairman.*

PROGRAMS WITH FEE

French Classes—The classes during Spring, Fall, and Winter, comprising beginners, secondary, and advance students, have been satisfactorily attended, and the interest shown by them and their earnestness in attending are indeed very gratifying. The total number attending is 40. During the summer the special offer for private courses received a prompt response of 12 students. Rose P. Olivier, *Instructor.*

Lehman Lectures—Because of a change in his year's schedule of activity, Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, of the English Department of the University of California, found it impossible to give the annual Spring course on Current Literature which has delighted the City Club members and their friends for the last four years. But by way of recompense, Dr. Lehman gave a

single lecture on Tuesday evening, December 9th, on the subject of "Gandhi, 'His Own Story' and his Work." Mrs. Edward Rainey, *Chairman*.

Outdoor Section—Under the expert instruction of Mrs. G. Earle Kelly, of the Extension Department of the University of California, the Outdoor Section held six meetings in the Club House in laboratory study with lectures, and six field meetings with lectures on the study of flowers, plants, and trees. Mrs. T. A. Stoddard, *Chairman*.

Public Speaking—In October, under the admirable direction of Jean Campbell Macmillan, of the Extension Department of the University of California, a class of ten enjoyed with profit and pleasure a course of eight Monday morning lessons in the Art of Public Speaking. Mrs. E. J. Turkington, *Chairman*.

Book Review Dinners—A dinner has been held on the first Thursday evening of each month, with an attendance of from 50 to 80 persons, at which time a current book of fiction has been reviewed by Mrs. Stoddard. This activity is completing its fourth year. Miss Nellie Gillespie, *Chairman*.

Celebrated Speakers—The plan of the Committee on Programs is to present one celebrated speaker a month, inclusive of one moving picture, and also two series of lectures on the two general topics, International Affairs and Contemporary Literature. A brief survey of Programs offered follows:

"The Art of Table Conversation," Lady Agnes Adams
"Cops, Crooks and Crime," Imra Wann Buwalda
"Gandhi: 'His Own Story' and his Work," Prof. Benjamin H. Lehman
"Beauty and Tragedy Under the Sea," J. E. Williamson (Motion Picture)
"Excavation of Pompeii," Madame Mary E. Raiola
"Six Favorite Novelists," John Galsworthy

Lecture Courses—On the subject, "Current Events in the World of Books," Mrs. Jack Vallely delivered a lecture on the fourth Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock, in the months of January, March, April. On the general subject of "Post-War Problems in Europe," Dr. Graham Stuart, of the Political Science Department of Stanford University, delivered a group of five Friday evening lectures on the following topics:

January 9 "International City of Tangier"
January 16 "Reparations and the Allied Debts"
January 30 "Limitation of Armament"
February 13 "Problems of Peace and Security in Europe"
February 27 "United States of Europe"

Annual Report of Hospitality Committee

—MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER

● Owing to the lack of travel, due probably to the financial depression, it would seem that fewer notable figures have been visitors to California this year—a fact reflected in our hospitality activities. However, those distinguished guests who have been entertained at the Club have formed an interesting group, one of pleasing diversity, with an international flavor as well. Among them may be mentioned:

Miss Ruth Pyrtle, six young Japanese girls, Lady Agnes Adams, Mei Lan Fang, Mrs. A. H. Reeve, Lady de Chair, Miss Antonia Brico, Helen Dare, Mrs. Edgerton Parsons, and delegates from the Women's Pan-Pacific Conference, Agnes Peterson, Miss Katherine Carl, Mrs. Gerald Campbell and Mrs. Fin Lund, and Dame Rachel Crowdy.

Among the persons of note we invited, but who fo lack of time or frail health were unable to accept ou hospitality, a few may be mentioned:

Mr. Alfred Hertz, Mme. Claire Dux, Miss Kather ine Cornell, the women principals of the Opera Com pany, Frau Doctor Walter Simons, the Honorabl Mrs. Victor Bruce, Lady Hoosie, Prof. John Dewey and Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

There were the usual Thanksgiving, Christmas, an New Year festivities; also the annual Firelightin ceremony, the reception to new members, and last but by no means least, the highly successful member of the Talent Festival, in all of which the Hospitalit Committee took their share in the joy and privileg of service.

Annual Report of Reciprocal Relations Committee

—MISS ESTHER PHILLIPS, *Chairman* (read by Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper)

● There are now thirty-one clubs with which we have reciprocal relations. Our globe-trotting members may go to seventeen clubs of the United States and to fourteen foreign clubs: to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, England, Scotland, France, Austria, Spain, and China, and find well-equipped and congenial clubs which our members are privileged to enjoy. During 1930, we issued ninety cards to th Women's Club of Paris and one thousand and on cards to clubs in other parts of the world, and gues cards to our own club numbered fourteen hundre and forty-two. We welcome our guests from afar. Ma those of you who travel take to our far-away friend our cordial greetings!

Annual Report of Volunteer Service

—MRS. WILLIAM F. BOOTH, JR

) The year of 1930 has been one of steady growth for Volunteer Service. Members who joined the ub last March realized that certain obligations sted upon each, and therefore signed for regular rvice or signified a desire to respond when called casionally. This spirit of cooperation and under- nding has made it possible to answer an increasing mber of demands for emergency service.

The installation of Volunteers in the Beauty Salon s added another service to the departments op- ated by the Club. During the past year, twenty anches of service within the clubhouse functioned gularly, each sub-chairman assuming full responsi- lity for the efficiency of her own department. Out- le the clubhouse, Volunteers were represented in ght activities.

Contributions of flowers have added much to the auty of the Club and given pleasure to many.

The annual report of the Sewing Committee an- unces 41 meetings, a total attendance of 370, with 1,178½ hours of service. Over 1,000 completed articles for use in every part of the Club testify to the ability of this group.

The Talent Festival of November 5 and 6 deserves more space than a single report permits. The importance of these two days cannot be easily estimated. The idea conceived by our President received inspiring support. It proved the means of bringing members together and gave each the opportunity of expressing in some concrete fashion her belief in the joy of service.

The Loan Exhibit itself gave evidence of the diversified talents lying within our membership. The result of the first year's endeavor shows approximately 700 gifts, and about 10,000 hours of service. It is an achievement which will make the year of 1930 forever notable in the history of Volunteer Service.

Exclusive of services given on November 5 and 6, 7,207 distinct services amounting to 19,120 hours have been given.

Annual Report of Vocational Information Bureau

—MISS EMMA NOONAN

(During the year 1930 fourteen hundred (1400) made use of the Bureau. This did not include e variety of questions answered over the telephone, r letters written to Port Alberni, B. C., as a result the City Club magazine reaching that out-of-the- y place—and to many parts of the United States. Our callers came from the usual sources—Colleges, hools, Social Agencies, Vocational Bureaus, Wo- n's Clubs, Personnel Departments in stores and er organizations, British Consulate General, Eng- h-Speaking Union, Clerical and Domestic Agencies, mbers of the Club including members of the Board Directors, friends, and strangers.

Owing to the universal unsettled employment con- ions, there were fewer callers from outside centres. e publicity gained through the Director's talk at nford brought interesting results, including unex- ted publicity over the radio.

Among distinguished visitors were: Agnes L. Peter- n, Assistant Director of the Women's Department, reau of Labor, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Chase ring Woodhouse, Director, Women's Institute of siness and Professional Relations, Greenboro, N. C.; s. H. R. Brookes, wife of the late Commissioner neral to the United States from Australia; Clara per, Secretary of the New Education Fellowship; ss J. W. Merrill, American Library Association; s. Mattie O. Joy, Registrar of State Teachers Col- lege, San Jose; Helen Fisk, of Los Angeles; and two traveling scholarship holders from England.

Information, both through interviews in the office and on the outside, was gathered. No source was neglected. To give statistical results of our work is impossible.

The Bureau supplied information to the American Women's Association, New York, which helped them materially in the organizing of their General Service Department. To quote. "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the information . . . your experience is so exactly of the type which I have been seeking that I know it will be of great service to our General Service Committee, which is contemplating a similar work."

The Director attended a conference of the Rehabilitation Association, Special luncheon meetings, Associated Charities; was speaker guest at dinner meeting of the Theta Sigma Phi Sorority; meetings of the San Francisco Center, where the subject was of interest in this work; visited the Bureau of Guidance and Attendance, and the California School of Gardening for Women at Hayward.

Abnormal conditions necessitated the Bureau's handling many cases that did not strictly come under its jurisdiction. These were in all cases referred to the agencies that were equipped to care for them. Correspondence was taken care of in the same way.

The Committee has plans for the future for which it will ask your interest and support.

"Volunteer Service" is one of the aspects of the City Club which especially claimed the attention of Mrs. John Galsworthy on the occas of the tea tendered her Monday, March 23, at the Club. As an Englishwoman she was cognizant, of course, of the gallantry of the "V. A. L. of her own country during the war, and with but a few words of explanation she was thoroughly aware of the work and possibilities Volunteer Service as it is utilized in the City Club. Above is the Monday group which presides in the Lounge and serves tea to members fifteen cents per service. Left to right, Mrs. C. J. Goodell, Mrs. R. A. Hudson and Mrs. Amos M. Hicks.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination beginning April 13, 1931, and continuing two weeks. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Telephone Number*_____

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

- Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

- Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

EDITORIAL

And so we come to "Five Years After."

After the fire which destroyed San Francisco in 906, the men and women who rebuilded the city egan from the very first to celebrate one year after, wo years after, on up the corridors of time, until now. With each year they took cognizance of the New City s it emerged from the ashes.

We, the National League for Woman's Service, hich founded the City Club, too, have counted the ears as they progressed, and "Five Years After" nds us just where we expected to be when we built ur clubhouse. That is the kind of foundation upon hich we builded. As Miss Leale said the evening of larch 17, at that stimulating membership dinner, We are that kind of a club."

The actual date of the occupation of the Club was pril 12, which this year falls on Sunday. So, instead, e are to celebrate the event on Monday, April 13, ith appropriate ceremony.

"Five Years After" falls happily after the member- ip meeting of March 17, at which the members were pprised of the *status quo* of the Club, financially, ith its relation to the community, in regard to its evelopment from the National League for Woman's ervice, and in every other aspect in which a member ould be interested.

Also, between the lines of the several reports so ccinctly given, there rang a prophecy that the City lub, as such, would, while still keeping its very efinite entity and individuality, turn again to a more teral adherence to the tenets of the National League r Woman's Service. There has never been deviation om the early doctrine, but the interpretation has robably appeared liberal. The exigency is behind us; e necessity is past, and achievement gives us leisure r reflection upon the present opportunity for greater sefulness and service. In war time our jobs were cut t for us, willy-nilly, and emergency was our cap- in. Now we may deliberate, using our faculties in lecting what we sincerely believe is the greatest od for the greatest number, always within the let- r of our constitution and original purpose.

But all that will be laid before the membership in s proper time. Meanwhile we prepare for the sixth ear which follows "Five Years After."

Members are asked to watch the bulletin boards in ie main lobby for further particulars of the Five ears After Dinner. It will be one of the outstanding vents of the year's activities.

Reservations may be made. The service is $1.25 er plate. The hour is 6:30 o'clock.

Monday evening, April 13.

Semi-Annual Health Examination

● The Semi-annual Health Examination, which the City Club offers free of charge to its members (except for the nominal registration fee of $10.00 to defray the clerical costs) will take place this month at the Club under the same corps of highly qualified physicians as in the last two years, with Dr. Adelaide Brown in general charge. The dates are April 13 to April 25, inclusive.

Dr. Brown has been called east twice in the last few months by President Hoover's Child Welfare Conference in Washington, but with all her manifold responsibilities has found time to arrange for the spring Health Examination at the City Club. Dr. Brown is Health Editor of the City Club Magazine and has had reports from the Child Welfare Conference in the last several numbers, one of the articles being from her own pen and others from persons selected by her.

On the opposite page of this Magazine is a Health Examination Blank which the member may fill and send to the Club, accompanied by her check for ten dollars. This is her registration for examination, which every woman—every person, in fact—should have at intervals to "check" upon the general condition. This "check" or going-over is often the means of preventing serious illness. It is a tremendous satisfaction to know that one's body is entirely fit. If not, it is well to know symptoms, so that treatment may be given to preclude the possibility of more serious trouble.

To know one's physical status, to be certain that anaemia or cancer or any other insidious disease is not gaining foothold in the body is a blessed assurance. But if it is—if already one of those dread things has gained admittance, how much better to know of it, that all the battery of medical science may be trained upon it.

That is the fundamental psychology of the Periodic Health Examination as it is semi-annually sponsored by the City Club.

The value of the work lies in the word "periodic." Your dentist asks you to come to him at least once a year. Many insist upon twice a year. Is not the body as important as the teeth?

Begin now to evaluate your health conditions and keep it up at from one to two-year intervals.

The City Club committee on Periodic Health Examinations is as follows:

Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, treasurer, Dr. Ina Richter, and Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman.

The corps of physicians selected by Dr. Brown for the Health Examinations remains the same as last October, the date of the last examination. The staff includes: Medical Examiners: Dr. Ethel Owen and Dr. Ina M. Richter. Gynaecological Examiner: Dr. Alma Pennington. Laboratory Diagnosticians: Dr. Aghavani Shaghvian and Dr. Hilda Davis. This service is offered only to members of the San Francisco Women's City Club.

House and Department Report

—MRS. W. B. HAMILTON, *Chairman* (Read by Miss Esther Phillips)

To the laity the following itemized report would probably not be as thrilling as a "best seller," but to the housekeeping sense of the City Club member, especially one who keeps a budget, it is of much interest.

As read by Miss Esther Phillips, who interlarded it with pertinent comment as she proceeded, it was both absorbingly interesting and humorous and very amusing. "Housekeeping on a large scale is just the same as on a smaller scale," she said, "only more so."

Post Street Tenants		
Minor Repairs		$128.10
League Shop—(ARCADE FLOOR)		
Two Managers. Present, Mrs. Helen Martin		
Second Floor		
Halls and Rooms 201-2-4-6-9-11-16		346.95
Mezzanine Floor Entrance		74.80
Third Floor		
All Rooms—Sidewalls washed, touched up and varnished; corridors washed and touched up; all walnut trim touched up	$352.90	
Kitchen Vent and Grease Vent Metal and Brick Flue	227.00	
Cafeteria—Steam Table and Skylight	300.82	
Restaurant Tables	56.00	936.72
1929.		
Fourth Floor		
Walls of Lounge, Library and Main Halls washed, touched up and varnished; phone room—lower part painted and glazed to match main corridors	$180.92	
Dressing Room	24.80	
Lounge Furniture	68.00	
Lounge Love Seat	128.96	
Clock	25.00	
Shades	17.20	
		444.88
Chairs		
General House		21.10
Auditorium		
Maple Floor	$176.00	
Less: Paid by S. F. Society of Women Artists	100.00	$76.00
Chandelier Chains		6.50 82.50
Rooms		
Painting and Tinting	$1,148.95	
Sewing and laying carpets	441.33	
Bedspreads	369.81	
Furniture	60.25	
		2,020.34

Very few transients.
No conventions and few travelers.

Swimming Pool		
Pool, tiling, showers		1,391.46
1. New office clerk.		
2. One instructor less.		
3. Two attendants on ½ time during epidemic.		
4. Pool closed one week, Sept. 1st to 10th, for renovating. Closed to children Sept. 20th to Nov. 19th on account of epidemic.		
5. Two special parties for children June and Christmas.		
Ventilator Flues and Ducts		777.70
Henry Nier—Showers	$142.50	
Linoleum Gymnasium	11.40	153.90
Ozone Machine		76.25
Elevator Shafts		14.00
Recovering Awnings		80.55
Resetting Cylinder Locks to New Master Key		75.00
Building Alterations		
Chinese Room	$458.43	
Post Secretarial School Rooms	85.36	
Dining Room—Guard Rail—Windows	25.00	
Beauty Salon—Cupboard door	13.42	
Beauty Salon—New Manager, August, Mrs. Nellie Jackson Harbour.		
Proportion of improvements for year, greatest in this department		582.21
Additions and Betterments		
Charged to Post St. Investment Co. New Doors on Stair Landings	$149.76	
Wicket for first floor desk	37.00	
Transom for Trade Entrance	20.00	
		206.78
Furniture and Equipment		
Charged to Post St. Investment Co.		
1 Juice Extractor for Cafeteria	$ 45.50	
Chinese Room—Curtains	257.11	
Lamp Shades	53.40	
Frame for "Helen"	57.80	
Frame for Portrait of Mrs. Hoover	45.50	
1 Galvanized Hood for Steam Table	71.70	
1 Underwood Typewriter	83.03	
1 Royal Typewriter	83.03	
		914.87
		$8,110.51
During the year 1930 we purchased Linen as follows: Napkins $461.74, Towels $291.94, Sheets $232.00, Pillow Cases $120.56, Total		$1,106.24
Total Expenditures for Christmas Wreaths, etc.		81.65

Mail this filled-in blank to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Members wishing to enroll as volunteers in any branch of the Women's City Club Volunteer Service are requested to fill in the blank and mail to Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., care of Women's City Club or leave at the Information Desk, first floor. Members unable to give service at the Club may be of great value if willing to do telephoning at home. This applies to members living in San Francisco and vicinity.

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Headdress Dinner Is Happy Success

The Headdress Dinner held at the Club Tuesday evening, March 10, proved to be one of the merriest events of many months. The main dining room was converted into a jinks room, with confetti and balloons adding to the festive appearance. The headdresses themselves, however, were decoration enough. Members entered into the spirit of the party with enthusiasm, and the result was a motley of fantastic, grotesque, and beautiful headgear. Many of the participants wore entire costumes to correspond with the head covering. Others, however, wore evening dress, with only "above the ears" in costume.

Mrs. Frederick G. Baker was awarded first prize for the most original headdress. It was a lovely superstructure of gauze and artificial flowers and birds, all made by the wearer. The wings of the huge butterfly which formed the "theme piece" were of organdy, which Mrs. Baker had tinted to simulate the natural colors. Miss Jeannette Doub was awarded first prize for the most elaborate headdress. It was a curious and beautiful Russian affair of silver tinsel, with a long, silver veil enveloping the figure like a frosted coat of mail. Miss Florence R. Keene, editor of the Poetry Magazine, won first prize for the "most ludicrous" chapeaux. She wore a wig of tiny, tightly-twisted curls, from which hung beetles, bugs, and other tiny creatures of the garden.

The judges were Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, Mrs. John P. Coghlan, and Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, and a hard job they had, for there was great diversity and originality. A group of Indians, for instance, with tomahawks, made the choice hazardous for the tribunal, and many lovely confections indicated much detail work but did not exactly fit under the classifications by which the judgments were made.

Miss Mary Wilcox was mistress of ceremonies and directed the gayeties with consummate ability. After dinner the guests formed a serpentine and as they marched to gay music the judges came to their decisions. Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio was chief assistant to Miss Wilcox. Both wore interesting and attractive costumes, but waived the privilege of entering the contest.

▼

Sing me a sweet, low song of night
Before the moon is risen,
A song that tells of the stars' delight
Escaped from day's bright prison.
A song that croons with the cricket's voice,
That sleeps with the shadowed trees,
A song that shall bid my heart rejoice
At its tender mysteries.

—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Mrs. Galsworthy Is Club's Honored Guest

The City Club never appeared more attractive than on the afternoon of March 23, when Mrs. John Galsworthy was the guest of honor at a tea tendered by the Club, with the board of directors as hostesses. Not even in the holidays, when Christmas wreaths make the lounge and library a place of loveliness, have the decorations been more beautiful. Long-stemmed iris, bridal wreath and fruit blossoms gave the rooms a bower-like appearance. Miss Isabella Worn contributed the work of decorating the rooms as her Volunteer Service.

Throughout the building were stationed members of the Volunteer Service in their attractive uniforms, and the business of handling the large number of guests was done with precision and graciousness. Mrs. Galsworthy commented especially upon the Volunteer Service and expressed appreciation of its contribution to the City Club. In her own country Mrs. Galsworthy, of course, knew of the work of the women of the V. A. D. (Volunteer Aid Detachment) during the war, and appreciated thoroughly Volunteer Service in San Francisco.

Mrs. Galsworthy was charming in a gown of gray lace and silk, with a small felt hat of the same color. In the evening of her husband's lecture she wore an evening wrap of gold brocade, trimmed with sable, and her silver-white hair was lovely in its simplicity of arrangement.

The tea was attended by hundreds of members and their guests and the day was clement enough for many to sip their tea at tables on the roof garden. The large assemblage was handled with the greatest ease and facility. It was one of the red letter days of the Club's social life. Miss Leale, president, and Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, vice-president, of the Club, and Mrs. A. C. Charlton, wife of the British Consul General at San Francisco, and as many of the directors as could possibly be present, stood in the receiving line.

▼

Forgetfulness

So I shall go, and in some other air
Dig in a phantom earth with phantom spade;
And all the memories of the world will fade
From less to less: I shall grow unaware
Of things that were most precious and most fair,
Till all the lovely ghosts of earth are laid:
I shall forget even the things you said—
I shall forget your eyes, your voice, your hair.

And in that twilight region where a year
May be a million ages, or a day,
Someone will come and whisper in my ear
A name I do not know, but, strangely stirred,
I shall arise, and muse awhile, and say,
"Helen?—Helen?—I do not know the word."

—ROBERT BELL

John Galsworthy Lectures at City Club

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

Charles Dickens, born in England.
Robert Louis Stevenson, born in Scotland.
Katherine Mansfield, born in Tasmania.
Joseph Conrad, born in Poland.
W. H. Hudson, born in The Argentine.
Mark Twain, American.

These were the "Six Favorite Novelists" discussed by John Galsworthy Tuesday evening, March 24, at the Women's City Club in his one Pacific Coast appearance of his present visit to America. The distinguished Briton, creator of the "Forsyte Saga," which many consider a typical British family and worthy prototype to succeed the Newcomes and Pendennis of Thackeray, read from manuscript, but interlarded witty commentaries into the context, proceeding in vigorous voice and delightful manner. He was presented by Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, first vice president of the City Club, and chairman of the Hospitality Committee.

Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Galsworthy first appeared on the third floor in the commodious cafeteria, where hundreds were assembled at an "overflow" meeting, content to hear the lecture as it was amplified from the auditorium. Mrs. Cooper introduced the celebrated guest to this audience and the party descended to the stage on the first floor.

Tall and spare, aristocratic in bearing and diction, Mr. Galsworthy represented to his audience the typical British man of letters, cosmopolite and commentator. He punctuated his address with humorous allusions to his "manager," saying that lecturing was a new field for him and that he was told by his agent to speak for an hour and fifteen minutes. At the end of that time he was called to the platform to take a rousing ovation, which indicated that the great audience would have liked the time to be twice that length.

Mrs. Galsworthy, accompanied by Miss Leale and other members of the City Club board of directors, occupied the front seats, where also sat the new British Consul General and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Charlton, and President and Mrs. Sproul of the University of California. The place was filled to the last seat in the boxes and balconies, and the cafeteria above was also filled.

Mr. Galsworthy generalized a bit at first, naming each favorite only after he had finished analyzing the preceding nominee, thus giving a flavor of suspense to the discourse, a scholarly and beautifully worded causerie. He stated that the only thing in common with the six was that they were all dead.

He spoke of Dickens' sheer exuberant genius and his place as a satirist in English letters.

Stevenson was characterized as one of sensitive and adventurous spirit, not a "main-stream writer"—in that he did not attempt to depict the life of his time nor psychologize—who used no heavy-footed roundings-up because he was too absorbed in the telling of a tale to be grandiloquent, who had "bloom on his spirit and spring in the heels of his fancy."

Then came the surprise — to many, at least — Katherine Mansfield, unconscious imitator of Chekov, the Russian, whose genius was so great that she could dispense with normal architecture in building a novel, whose work followed no shape or sequence, but caught the fugitive "in between moments" of life, on the wing, as it were; for she died before she was thirty.

To Joseph Conrad the speaker paid the tribute of long personal friendship. Galsworthy described his work as "folding over" and often losing the pattern, but declared that the expatriate Pole, who quit the sea to write, excelled in sheer power of word painting. He characterized Conrad as one who had the cosmic sense and transcribed his experience, "unconsciously amassed," to the printed page in a blending of realism and romance, with the individual stamp of the author unmistakably impressed into the story.

W. H. Hudson, author of "Green Mansions," "The Purple Land," and other tales of his native South America, was catalogued as one who used noble simplicity of language to paint rare fantasies.

And then came the great compliment to American belles lettres, the selection of Mark Twain as the Playboy of the World of Western Literature. "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" he termed "anodynes to high-brow ague," epics of boyhood and the rhythm of the Mississippi River. "The river," he said, "was to Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) what the sea was to Conrad and the plains to Hudson." Twain set the stroke for America's national humor. With a brief eulogy to Frank Norris' "McTeague," the lecturer then returned to generality, and ventured that, this being an age of cleverness, and cleverness being deadly to stature and charm (the salient features of a novel) there is possible, but not grave danger, of a dearth of great novels in this speeding mechanical age which seeks short cuts to mastery.

He made no mention of his own work, except to say that he had been at it a long time. The name of the beloved Soames Forsyte, venerable head of the family around which the Forsyte Saga is written, did not pass Mr. Galsworthy's lips.

The lecture bristled with epigrams, and a genial tolerant smile crossed the speaker's face time and again as he scored a point. "The beauty of the world is the novelist's despair," he said, "and we are bound by our canons to present our visions with implicit proportions of truth. The great novel must stand the test of time, and to be permanent and poignant it creator sees no truths of nature apart from his own vision."

Report of the Library Committee

—ELISA MAY WILLARD

The Club library is so much appreciated and used that our one regret about it is that we cannot provide more books for you all. We wish that every member who wants Story of San Michele or Angel Levement or the Edwardians or Education of a Princess, might find it there on the desk waiting for her when she asks for it, but to bring that desired end about, we should have to buy 15 or 20 copies of those books, which is obviously impossible.

Our aim is to provide at least one copy and often two or three copies of the best new books which are the most in demand, but also to consider the building up of a good general library of books of permanent value. With this aim in view, last summer, when the publishers' output of good books was at a low ebb, we took that opportunity to add some older standard fiction of which we had felt the need—not complete works of any one author, as those would have included their less important books, but a selection of the best works of each, including Henry James, George Moore, Charlotte and Emily Bronte, and Jane Austen, and a complete edition of Robert Browning's poems.

You may be interested to know how many books we have in our library. The number remains about the same, as our shelves are already full, so that we have to eliminate some of the less desirable older books constantly, to make room for better ones. We have in our library about 3500 books. There is not room on the shelves for all of these, but you furnish space for the rest in your own homes, as there are constantly from 900 to 1000 books out in the hands of the members.

This last year, 1930, the library income was $949.32, which was $8.00 more than in 1929, $125.00 more than in 1928, and $324.00 more than in 1927. The income from the Hilda Nuttall Fund, so generously donated by Mrs. Sarah Rosenstock, amounted to $150.00, and you furnished the rest of the income, amounting to $799.32, by your fines on overdue books. The best month for fines, from the librarian's point of view, was December, when we were all too busy to bring our books back and I paid in $84.50 in fines in that month. This money, unfortunately, cannot all be spent on books, as it has to go for supplies, magazine subscriptions, and the new magazine binders you have noticed on the library table, as well as the re-binding of worn-out books of permanent value.

So, you see, our precious income of $949.32 had to be spent on a good many necessities besides books, and yet in spite of that we managed to buy 345 books in the year, not counting extra copies of popular books, and we are rather proud of the fact that the demand for non-fiction is so great that only one-third of our purchases have been novels.

You might be interested to know what non-fiction was the most popular, and I will close with a few of the titles:

Little America
John Marsh, Pioneer
Lives of a Bengal Lancer
Good-bye to Western Culture
Story of San Michele
Tourist in Spite of Himself
Maurois' Byron
Coronado's Children
Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi

▼ ▼

The West Wind

—JOHN MASEFIELD

It a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I ever hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
Fe it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
Ad April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Ale orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
Tre is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
Ad the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

"Ill you not come home, brother? you have been long away,
It April, and blossom time, and white is the spray
Ad bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain—
W you not come home, brother, home to us again?

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run,
It's the blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes' song,
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

Final Session of White House Conference on Child Health

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.

● The final reports from the three committees under Medical Service was postponed until February 19-21.

They were reports on: Committee A—Growth and Development; Chairman, Kenneth D. Blackfan, of Harvard Medical School, Professor of Pediatrics. Committee B—Prenatal and Maternal Care; Chairman, Fred Lyman Adair, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, of the University of Chicago. Committee C—Medical Care of Children; Chairman, Philip Van Ingen, President of the American Pediatric Society.

Each committee met as a whole and presented and discussed the final conclusions and recommendations. These conclusions were presented by the chairman of each section, under the General Chairman of Medical Service, Dr. Samuel McC. Hamill, of Philadelphia. The sections included physicians, dentists, trained nurses in executive positions, and active leaders in social work. The contributing sciences were also represented.

The membership who had worked actively on the program numbered 333. Some few served on two committees. The transactions of the Conference will fill twenty volumes.

The spirit of the Conference was conservative; the aim of each chairman was to base conclusions on scientific study.

The scattering of the child among many specialists was frowned upon. The whole child must be studied, and records kept in health and disease. Its spurts of growth must be noted. The warning was given to lessen stress on the child of heavy school and social programs when the velocity of growth comes.

The picture of the child—physical and mental, its immediate background, its heredity, and its emotional balance under normal living were considered equally valuable in a study of a child's growth and development.

Committee B urged better obstetrics—more careful prenatal, intranatal, and postnatal care to be done. The mother is normal in every way before receiving responsibilities. The obstetrician should see baby and mother at four to six weeks, before dismissing the case.

Abortions of all types are a menace to woman's health. The deaths from sepsis are greatly increased, and these deaths *during pregnancy* are included in Maternal Mortality Rates.

The midwife was discussed at length in many sections. At present absolutely ignorant, she is 42,000 strong in the southern states, where the colored midwife officiates at the births occurring in the families of one-tenth of our population. Training her will be necessary to lessen maternal and infant deaths in the South. Can her substitute be a trained nurse, with special midwife's training?

The matter of sterilization of the unfit was incorporated in the Chairman's final report.

Home and hospital obstetric results were contrasted. There is no brief for hospitals as yet in California.

Committee C, on Medical Care. Again the *whole child* was stressed. Better convalescent care was urged. Poor posture emphasized the responsibility of teachers parents, physical educators, and doctors Dental guidance of the child.

The pediatrician should be equipped a all these ponts.

In conclusion, Secretary Wilbur said "In mass problems, mass mistakes are costly. Use research methods to know facts, then go ahead." This was the spirit of the Conference.

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Are you going to spend another vacation envying your friends their ability to swim? Take lessons now, and join them in their fun. Members' private half-hour lessons, $1.00, or ten lessons for $7.50. Guests' private half-hour lessons, $1.25, or ten lessons for $10.00.

Safeguard your children. Give them the opportunity to learn to swim and so lessen the dangers of "the old swimmin' hole."

The water is warm and clean. The service is prompt and courteous. The pleasure of a swim is complete.

Volunteer Service Scores

● The Volunteer Service "Squad" which served and directed the extraordinary attendance at the tea for Mrs. Galsworthy March 23 is being complimented on all sides for its efficiency and general attractiveness of uniform and courtesy.

First Flight

CLAUDE HARDY-BALLANCE

I was called to the phone one morning and asked to write an article for our magazine. I replied, "I can't!" I never wrote anything in my life. I always hated to study and used to be the despair of my governesses. When I went to college I just studied enough to get by. Having brothers and cousins who played polo and rode in amateur races, as soon as I could read I studied the sporting news in every newspaper I came across, so what on earth could I write about!

Well, I hear you are greatly interested in flying. Won't you write about flying?"

Again, I said, "No," and then being persuaded, replied, "Well, I'll do my best and tell you about my first flight."

About 1914, I was out at the Cliff House having tea with a young New Zealand friend. We were seated at one of the windows watching a plane. In those days there were very few of them, and they were always regarded with curiosity. I said, "How I should love to go up in one," and my young friend replied, "Let's go down to the beach and make arrangements to go up tomorrow morning"; which we did. When we went to the beach in the morning we found something had gone wrong with the plane, and we couldn't go. We then found out there was another plane we could go up in, in a day or so. We were doomed to disappointment again, and then to our joy found a celebrated pilot, who said he would take us up.

I will never forget the thrill I got when we started, and how sorry I was when our flight was over, though when we were coming down I said to myself, "There is nothing left for us but to bump when we land," as we seemed to be headed right for the ground. Instead of this, we made a wonderful landing, and I got out of that plane feeling I had had one of the thrills of my life. Although I have been up hundreds of times since, I will never forget the joy of my first flight.

I am often asked if I ever feel afraid in the air, and I can truthfully say, "No." I was talking to a man the other day, who is connected with one of the biggest flying corporations. He said that the women patronized the passenger planes going south more than the men. I said, "Sure thing. They know when they come across a good thing." I have persuaded several of my friends to fly to Los Angeles and, with one exception, they have become as fond of flying as I am.

My only visit to Fresno, I will never forget. I flew up with a friend, and when we landed there I thought I'd never experienced anything like the heat, although I've been in India and Egypt. We stayed there about two hours, and oh, the relief when we got into the plane and, as we got nearer and nearer to San Francisco, felt the lovely cool air. I was more convinced than ever that there was no city like San Francisco. With a good pilot, there is no joy like flying.

Retort Negligible

"And when she said as you wasn't no lady, what did you say?"

"I says, 'Two negatives makes an infirmiary!' I says, an' I lands her a couple."

▲

Where There's Smoke, There's Fire

Consider, Clarence, on a 'bus,
When to an ancient dame he spoke:
"Ma, can I help you to alight?"
And she replied, "Who said I smoke"?

F&O

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HALE BROS

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

GRAND HOTEL; *by Vicki Baum;* Doubleday, Doran, and Company, New York; $2.50. Reviewed by Eleanor Watkins.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS; *by Gunnar Gunnarsson,* translated by Roberts Tapley; Macmillan Company, New York; $2.00. Reviewed by Hallie Keating.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REMBRANDT VAN RYN; *by Hendrik van Loon.* Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

GRAND HOTEL; *by Vicki Baum;* Doubleday, Doran, and Company, New York; $2.50.

● GRAND HOTEL; *by Vicki Baum;* Doubleday, Doran, and Company, New York; $2.50.

"The hall porter was a little white about the gills, as he came out of No. 7 box. He went for his cap, which he laid on the radiator.

"What was it?" asked the operator at the switchboard, earphones over his head and the red and green stops between his fingers.

"They've taken my wife to the hospital all of a sudden."—The operator was only half listening. He had a call to put through.

The play, "Grand Hotel," is playing to S. R. O. houses in New York. The opening sentences of the book, from which the play was written, faintly indicate the detail of its photographic observation. The scene is laid in Berlin, but by any other name—"St. Francis," "The Palace"—the background would be as accurate. Even the minor characters, little more important than theatre props, are alive every instant—the porter, Senf, agonizing over his wife's accouchement in the hospital; little Georgi, the bell-boy, modelling his dreams upon the dashing Baron Gaigern, who risks all on a throw; Rohna, the head reception clerk, who "was a count himself, one of the Silesian Rohnas, an ex-officer, and a good fellow;" Dr. Otterschlag, veteran, who sat daily in the lobby, who asked daily for letters that never came, whose face "consisted of one half only, the sharp and ascetic profile of a Jesuit; the other half was not there. In place of it was a confused medley of seams and scars, crossing and overlapping, and among them was set a glass eye—'a souvenir from Flanders,' he was accustomed to call it when talking to himself."

These go back and forth across the stage, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy; they ring the curtain up; they are there when it falls, while other guests of the hotel have come in with their baggage through the revolving door, played out their brief tragedy or comedy, and disappeared into the outer world.

Character-drawing is in every detail. The leading characters are so clearly drawn that it is difficult to say which one "leads." Baron von Gaigern in his short life had known nothing but war; in peace he found his daily dose of excitement, and incidentally, his living, by hidden robbery and gambling. Krengelein, poor provincial clerk, condemned to certain death by his doctor, leaves his penny-pinching wife with their home, realizes on his little property, and comes secretly to the great city and its best hotel for his last fling, his last taste of Life—the first and the last. What reckless courage in his first self-conscious visit to an expensive tailor!

The two women sell themselves, as a matter of course, but for different pay. Little Flammchen for money, for if one is poor, "You can't open the window because the warm air has cost money; you can't have a bath because hot water means coals." The dancer, Elisaveta Alexandrovna Gruysinskaya, for the stimulus of being adored. Once famous, still beautiful, but old! old!—she is rejuvenated to a living hope by the love of a boy, the Baron who came climbing over a balcony to steal her pearls. "I live, I live, she thought in a transport. I shall dance new dances and I shall have success. A woman who is loved always has success." Love, she knew, was an ingredient of success. But her true love is her art, her dancing, the old ballet, for whose perfection all else is but the means.

In thirty-six hours, as guests in the Grand Hotel, they play the variations of love and lust, ambition, cupidity, fear, murderous rage, boredom, despair. "In the lounge, Dr. Otterschlag sat and talked to himself. 'It's dismal,' he said. 'Always the same. Nothing happens. One is always alone, dismally alone. The earth is an extinct planet, no warmth left in it.—If only something worthwhile would happen in this great big pub. But no, not a thing. They are gone without a word. In—out in—out; in—out.'"

Little Georgi, however, behind the mahogany table, was revolving a few simple and extremely banal thoughts. "Marvelous the life you see in a big hotel like this. Marvelous! Always something going on. One man goes to prison, another gets killed. One leaves, another comes. They carry off one man on a stretcher by the back staris, and at the same moment another man hears that he has a baby. Interesting—if you like! But such is Life.

"The revolving door turns and turns, and swings—and swings—and swings."

That is the end. Unmoral, stoic, but vivid. And with some surprise, I learn that the author is not a man, but "Fraulein" Baum.

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Served at the Women's City Club

● EVEN DAYS' DARKNESS; *Gunnar Gunnarsson*, translated by Roberts Tapley Macmillan Company; $2.00.

An interesting item on the late winter news of the bookworm is the Scandinavian translation, "Seven Days' Darkness," by Gunnar Gunnarsson, an intensely vivid story of the personal catastrophes consecutive to the cosmic tragedy. At Reykjavig, second—a small community which we persist consider typical of Iceland, as Yreka is to California—centers the devastating horror of the earth's convulsion. The sun is hidden for seven days by a fog of volcanic ash, the earth trembles, storms sweep the country. Malignant influenza follows the wake.

With this dark background, Gunnarsson interprets the parallel destruction in his lives of seven friends. The planetary cataclysm concerns him very little—it remains a terrifying stage setting, lit only occasionally by his lightning discription. (This is at times an infuriating quality—perhaps it is the inability of California climate that makes this literal reader unable to grasp the world destroyed overhead, and feel the need for the assurance of weather report page by page.) In this intensity of horror, the sagas of the early romanticists, reminiscent of Defoe, Walpole, Loti.

But his "act of God" serves him as a focal point for the study of the interrelation of his characters. They are not personalities so primarily as vehicles for the various traits of human nature: Dr. Ellidagnur, burdened with terrific God-like responsibilities, fulfilling professionally the duties of giving life and death, while pitifully human and unequal in his soul to the justification of his scientific prerogatives; Pall Einarsson, unbeliever, scoffer, the essence of maliciousness, escaping the consequences of his evil as Gunnarsson would have them escape the condemnation of his devil bestowed villainy; Fru Vigdis Ellidagnur, essence of womanhood and innocent victim of destruction in the conflict between Einarsson and Ellidagrimur.

It is not a novel to sweep circulating libraries by storm, nor one for a quiet evening's reading. It does, however, make a significant contribution—not only by addition to the sparse available library of Scandinavian literature, but in Gunnarsson's highly spiritual though fatalistic philosophy. We are inclined to forget the dependence of our complicated social group on the substance of the earth, but here human destiny is emphasized in its material instability.

The satisfaction of "Seven Days' Darkness" to our curiosity of modern Iceland is important, too. The life of these highly civilized people, living in a strange incredible land that is covered with the mystery once surrounding Black Africa, is indeed a contribution to one's knowledge. Iceland remains a vague outpost for explorers and pioneers, a sort of historical coaling-station. But the mode and manners of the Icelander, with high codes and instinctive Christianity, seen against the primitive and primeval curtain of fire and volcanic ash, is indeed a revelation.

(Hallie Keating)

▼

● THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REMBRANDT VAN RYN; *by Hendrik van Loon*. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Having an ancestor who is the child of one's own mind is a somewhat novel experience. I am sure that everyone would like to create an ancestor and endow him with the understanding that Hendrik van Loon gave to his 17th Century grandfather, Jan van Loon.

The recent book, "The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Ryn," is a fictitious work by the fictional Jan van Loon, who was supposed to be the medical attendant and intimate friend of Rembrandt, the artist. As a result of this novel conception (borrowing a simile from the physicist Eddington), Hendrik van Loon changes the "frame of time-location" so that a mind (that of the fictional Jan van Loon), rich with 20th Century understanding sees the "grain" of existence in the Holland of the 17th Century. The most significant value of the book is dependent on this unique point of view. Because of this, one sees Rembrandt in relation to 17th Century Holland with all its narrow, orthodox limitations, and one at the same time understands, from the point of view of the 20th Century, the supreme tragedy of those limitations.

Dr. Jan van Loon pictures Rembrandt as the devoted yet negligent husband of the tubercular Saskia, the bewildered father of Titus, the browbeaten master of a half insane nurse who manages the Rembrandt menage after the death of Saskia, and finally, Rembrandt in relation to his servant-mistress, Hendrickje. But the home and family life are of secondary consideration to Rembrandt, the artist.

One sees this artist working for days without food or sleep when an idea was being transferred to canvas or copper plate. One sees him rise to fame and popularity only to lose that popularity because he refused to paint portraits as the subjects themselves wanted to be seen. One sees Rembrandt, the art collector, borrowing recklessly, disregarding all accounting until bankruptcy puts him and his family penniless onto the street.

But the supreme tragedy was that the soul of the artist, with an ability to see and feel, was striving to express ideas which were terrible heresies to the "good people" of his time. And even his confreres ridiculed his attempts to "suggest color" and "to hint at things rather than to expose them in concrete form and color."

From a creative point of view the best years of Rembrandt's life he spent in poverty and loneliness, unable to find a

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purchaser for paintings which "achieved brilliant effects with the help of incredibly sober means." In a shabby room, in a mean house, in a mood of hopeless rebellion against Fate, he performed "miracles of color" which he was unable to sell for even half a gilder.

And in the end he was buried in an unknown grave.

In and through the somber tones of the life of Rembrandt is woven the tragic life story of Dr. Jan van Loon. His tragedy is that of the scientist attempting to relieve suffering by means of anesthetics when "good people" preferred to suffer since pain was ordained by the will of the Lord. And, the story of the three intimates of Jan van Loon, each one of whom was of different nationality, all seeking some measure of intellectual freedom in the more tolerant atmosphere of Holland, paints by way of contrast a vivid picture of the still more intolerant spirit dominating the rest of the world.

Hendrik van Loon's primary interest in history centers about the significance of intolerance and the forces which make for the growth of a spirit of tolerance. He has written an entire book on the subject. In his "Life and Times of Rembrandt van Ryn," he approaches the same theme from the point of view of its effect on a given individual in relation to a definite environment. In so doing he has achieved an outstanding biography done in a very significant manner. It appears in every way to meet the essential conditions laid down by Andre Maurois in his "Aspects of Biography," in which he says, "Whatever forms biography may assume in the future, it will always be a difficult form of art. We demand of it the scrupulosity of science, the enchantments of art, the perceptible truth of a novel, and the learned faslehoods of history."

A Three Year Old's Library

Built on the system of a book a month. (The story by Marie Monre from which this tabulation is derived appears on page 28.)

The Dean Rag Books given during the year after his first birthday.
First birthday—What is This? What is That?
Month later—A For Ark,
14 Months—Bedtime Ballads,
15 Months—Baby Animals,
16 Months—Animals and Their Little Ones,
17 Months—Cecil Alden Farm Book,
18 Months—Fluffy Chick Farm,
19 Months—Playmates,
20 Months—Two Bad Bunnies,
21 Months—Mother Goose,
22 Months—Who's Who at the Zoo,
23 Months—A to Z,
2 Years —The First Picture Book,
25 Months—Johnny Crow's Garden,
26 Months—Ring O' Roses,
27 Months—Our Old Nursery Rhymes,
28 Months—Sing Song,
29 Months—Pelle's New Suit,
30 Months—The Night Before Christmas,
31 Months—Mother Goose Nursery,
32 Months—Peter Rabbit,
33 Months—Tom Kitten,
34 Months—Jemima Puddle Duck,
35 Months—Benjamin Bunny,
3 Years —When We Were Very Young

Girls' and Women's Housing Bureau Completes First Year

● There has been nothing spectacular in the steady growth of the Girls' and Women's Housing Bureau (located in Room 210 of the Women's City Club), which was organized February 15, 1930. The problems which have presented themselves have been chiefly those which might be expected by any civic organization of this character.

It is interesting to look back and see the nature of these problems and activities. Women having small children to support have been placed in homes in which the children can be taken care of during the day, while the mother is at work. Mothers, coming from a distance, with daughters who are to attend Art School or Normal School, have used the Bureau to find good, safe homes for these young daughters, who are away from home for the first time. Several couples have been placed in cheap apartments or inexpensive hotels until the man of the family could find work. Elderly women (retired nurses, mothers whose families have scattered, travelers) get rooms for as little as ten dollars a month, including the use of a community kitchen. In this way they live cheaply and at the same time have companionship.

One of the most interesting aspects of the Bureau's work has been the finding of congenial "apartment-mates" for girls and women. Many applicants, both those seeking living accommodations and those wishing to rent apartments or rooms, have been members of the Women's City Club.

The Bureau is proving that it is needed by many time-driven women whose purses are far from flat. It is needed by older women whose homes are rich but empty. Having over 500 listings, it is equipped to handle a great variety of housing problems, as it can offer clean, pleasant rooms at three dollars a week or attractive apartments at moderate prices.

The service is free to those seeking accommodations. The office hours are from eleven to one and from two to six.

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Easter and Spring are our tokens of new life yet to come. They are truly the beginning of a new year, for as the tiny buds turn into blossoms, promising us fruit upon maturity, so do our thoughts, at this time, turn to higher and better things. The tiny blades of grass shooting through the heavy sod, the gorgeous wild flowers that carpet the hills and valleys, and the birds that fill the air with their sweetness as they sing for joy, are all proof that life goes on and on in an endless chain toward recreation.

Routine tasks are irksome now, yet wardrobes must be looked after; the garden put in order, and the meals prepared as usual. Yet who wants even to think about food, much less cook, when the glorious sunshine is calling and calling us to come out and play? And oh! to what wonderful places so close by! The Great Highway, with the heavy surf pounding upon its shores, the white foam like a thousand bubbles of light against the azure sea and the rich, colorful sky. Or across the Bay to lovely Marin, whose hills are blanketed with poppies and lupon. Berkeley and Oakland—cities with dozens of attractions—and best of all, rolling acres of green sward and flowers. Maybe, down the Peninsula through many towns, each with its wealth of flowering trees and shrubs. Fragrant and beautiful. But alas! these must be forgotten in the more practical needs of the family and saved for gleesome holidays.

We have two special days this month: Easter Sunday and Monday—for the latter belongs to the kiddies, and those with small folks to look after will want to plan for a picnic on Egg Rolling Day. We must not forget All Fool's Day either, for there are many who are still young enough in spirit, if not years, to enjoy a repast served backwards and luscious-looking dishes that are filled with red pepper or cotton.

Opinions differ as to the proper meat for the Easter dinner. Some prefer Spring lamb in roast or chop form; others insist upon chicken; but ham, corned or smoked, has gradually forged ahead, as it requires so little care in cooking and it serves for both the holiday dinner as well as a filling for sandwiches on Monday. Menus, recipes, and suggestions for the three meats will simplify the homemaker's problems. An Easter Egg salad has been included in all the menus, as it is suitable for the occasion though if desired one may serve sliced hard-cooked eggs or devilled halves on lettuce without the jelly.

For the Easter dinner you may wish:

Stuffed Pimolas Celery
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Baked Ham Cinnamon Apples
Raisin Sauce
Candied Sweets Green Asparagus
Easter Egg Salad
Pineapple Ice Cream Coffee

* * * *

Ripe Olives
Avocado Grapefruit Cup
Chicken a la Maryland
Rice (mashed potatoes) Peas
Currant Jelly
Easter Egg Salad
Ice Box Cake Coffee

* * * *

Spanish Olives Celery
Cream of Clam Bouillon
Roast Lamb Mint Jelly
Potatoes Green Peas
Easter Egg Salad
Chocolate Pie Coffee

* * * *

For the appetizer, if one cares for tomato juice rather than fruit or fish, it is possible to buy a prepared product, but the strained juice, properly seasoned, is delicious chilled or partially frozen. Open the can; add salt, pepper, celery, and garlic salt to suit taste; then turn into freezing tray for a short time, or until there are just a few crystals. Then into each cocktail glass put one teaspoon each of finely chopped sweet pickles and celery, and fill with tomato juice.

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Directions have been given for boiling and roasting smoked hams. Some use a long, slow method of boiling, but for those who like the full flavor and wish to avoid unnecessary labor, a most satisfactory process is to wash the ham well, then place in a double roasting pan with boiling water to come up around the sides to a depth of two inches. Keep just at boiling point and cook for one hour and a quarter. Turn and cook the same length of time. Remove skin, score the fat, and in each space insert a whole clove. Over the whole sprinkle brown sugar and mustard—one teaspoon of dry mustard to each cup of sugar. Drain off the liquor until it is even with rack in bottom of pan, replace cover and bake for one hour at 450 degrees. Open vent the last fifteen minutes to insure a lovely brown crust.

If cabbage is enjoyed, cook in the pot liquor, as it adds to the vegetable's flavor.

To Make Raisin Sauce: Melt two tablespoons of butter in a frying pan; blend with it one and one-half tablespoons of flour. When mixture bubbles add one and one-half cups of ham liquor, stirring constantly until thickened; then add one-half cup of seeded raisins, two tablespoons of lemon juice, and two or more tablespoons of brown sugar, depending upon the desired sweetness. Lastly, add a dash of cinnamon and grated cloves.

To Prepare Easter Egg Salad: Devil six hard-cooked eggs. (Hard-cook six eggs, remove shells, cut in half when cold and carefully scoop out the yolks into a bowl. To them add salt, pepper, dry mustard, a little mayonnaise and butter, also a few drops of Worcestershire sauce—the quantities depend upon taste. Mix to a smooth paste and refill egg whites.) Put the devilled egg halves together with toothpicks and place each in a mold.

Next dissolve one package of lemon or lime gelatine in one pint of boiling water. When liquid is cold, but not set, add one tablespoon of capers, one-half cucumber (diced), six olives (cut into small pieces), one tablespoon of pimentoes (minced fine), and salt to suit taste. Pour over the eggs in the molds and place in refrigerator until firm. When ready to serve, unmold on lettuce nests and garnish with tiny sweet pickles and mayonnaise.

For an Avocado Grapefruit Cocktail: Peel one large chilled avocado, remove seed, and dice. Arrange alternately in cocktail glass with grapefruit segments from a number two can of grapefruit. Over all pour the grapefruit juice that has been slightly sweetened and to which has been added a few drops of lemon juice. Top each with a sprig of mint and a cherry.

To Cook Chicken a la Maryland: (Tough fowls may be first boiled slowly, then drained, dipped into egg and flour, and fried in deep hot fat and served with a milk gravy.) For tender chicken: Clean and joint, then cut each into three or four pieces. If small, leave the breast whole. Put the neck, wings, and giblets on to cook in cold water with two stalks of celery and a small onion for the stock for the gravy. For one chicken have one cup of stock or make in that proportion. Arrange the washed and dried chicken in a roasting pan, and dredge with two tablespoons of flour, after seasoning with salt and pepper. Top each piece with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven between thirty and forty minutes, basting frequently with one-fourth cup of butter melted in one-fourth cup of boiling water. When chicken is tender, arrange in serving platter and make a gravy by adding one and one-half tablespoons of flour for each two of fat in the pan. When mixture bubbles, add one cup of stock and one cup of cream, cooking until smooth and thick. Pour over chicken or serve with it—if preferred.

Crown Roast of Lamb: Order the roast a day or two in advance, as it takes time for preparation. One may have any desired size, as this roast is made from two sections of ribs, being sewn together to form a "crown." Strips of fat pork are interlaced around the ribs and the center may be filled with sausage meat which is cooked with the roast, or with hot mashed potatoes when served.

Cover each chop tip with a cube of salt pork, then dissolve a teaspoon of salt in one-half cup of hot water and pour over the roast as it is placed in the oven. Cook about one and one-half hours, or until meat is done—which, of course, depends on the size of roast and tenderness of meat. When done, remove salt cubes and cover each end with a fancy paper frill. (Do not cover meat.)

Chocolate Pie: Scald one cup of milk with two tablespoons of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sugar, and one and one-half teaspoons of butter. Next add two slightly beaten eggs and three and one-half teaspoons of cornstarch, dissolved in one-eighth cup of cold milk. Add latter slowly, and let cook for ten minutes in a double boiler, or stir constantly over an asbestos mat to prevent scorching. Lastly, add one teaspoon of vanilla and pour into a baked crust. Top with a meringue made of the egg whites and place in the oven until nicely browned, or omit eggs and serve with a topping of sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

(Simple but delicious chocolate pies may be made by dissolving three teaspoons of cocoa in a part of a pint of milk. Bring slowly to a boil, sweeten with one-half cup of sugar, and thicken with two rounding tablespoons of cornstarch. Let cook in double boiler for about ten minutes, then flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and turn into baked crust, serving with an inch

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Yellow Angel Cake: (Nice Easter dessert.) Sift one cup of flour with three-fourths teaspoon of cream of tartar, four teaspoons of cornstarch, and one-eighth teaspoon of salt, five times. Have ready a cup made by boiling one and one-fourth cups of sugar and five tablespoons of water until it will thread. Pour over seven stiffly whipped egg whites, then add the beaten egg yolks and lastly fold in the dry ingredients. Flavor with one teaspoon of any preferred flavoring or strained orange juice. Bake for one hour in a slow oven. Frost with a white icing, flavored with grated orange peel.

Ice box cakes are always liked. Any Bavarian cream filling may be used with the lady fingers for this sweet, but at this time strawberries offer a new note in the menu.

To Make a Strawberry Ice Box Cake: Soak one-half envelope of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes, then dissolve by placing cup in pan of boiling water. Strain and add to one cup of fresh strawberry juice and pulp, adding also one tablespoon of lemon juice. Lastly, add one-half (or more) cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Place pan in bowl of crushed ice or in refrigerator until mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one and one-half cups of stiffly whipped heavy cream. Place this filling in a mold lined with split lady-fingers, covering the bottom and sides with the cakes. Cut off the ends that rest on bottom of pan so they will stand evenly, using the tiny ends to wedge those in the bottom. Repeat the layer of cakes and filling until the mold is filled, have a last layer of cakes, and over this place an inch topping of sweetened and flavored whipped cream, with a whole strawberry at equal intervals, so that each serving will have one for decoration. If gelatine is used with the whipped cream, the entire dessert may be made a day in advance; otherwise, do not add cream until short time before using.

Chef Reise's French Dressing Recipe

It is a pleasure to publish Chef Otto Paul Reise's French dressing recipe in response to our readers' request. This delicious salad dressing was poured over the vegetable bowl prepared by Chef Reise at the Food Demonstration on February 17, which was held in the Club Auditorium.

"With a whip mix together one level tablespoon of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful each of paprika and white pepper. Next add very slowly one quart of olive oil, while constantly stirring. When mixture begins to thicken, add one-half cupful of malt vinegar and lastly add one-half cup of cold water. Mix thoroughly all ingredients.

Another Committee Chairmanship Announced

● The next committee to be appointed for the year is one for which a specific name is yet to be coined. To say "Book Review" would be a misnomer, for book reviews will be only one angle of this program, which will include magazine study, reading groups, authors' round tables, drama reading, and wanderings in the fields of literature as yet unexplored by our Club.

Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will be chairman of this new committee, which is happy to announce at its first program a course of lectures on reading for children from one to three years of age, by one of the experts in this work in our community, a new tenant of the Women's City Club Building, Mrs. Powell of the Children's Book Shop. The lectures are open, without fee, to the members and their friends, and will be held on Tuesday mornings, and Mrs. Stoddard most earnestly asks that those who will attend the course make a special effort to be present at the first lecture on Tuesday morning, April 28, at 11 o'clock.

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A Three-Year-Old's Library

by MARIE MOORE
Staff Member of
The Childrens Book Shop
San Francisco

● It was Junior's first birthday. Dad gave him a book for a birthday present.

Mother was surprised, because she had not thought of a book for so small a chap. Junior had never noticed books.

He took the brightly colored thing in both chubby hands and gazed solemnly at the red cheeks of the picture on the front cover, and said "Girl."

He gazed in silence almost a minute. The parents waited. What was holding his flitting attention?

Mother showed him how to turn the first page. That act was more than he had imagined. He gasped and let the book fall. It closed as it fell, and he quickly sat down by it, laughing and pointing. He turned the page again, alone this time, and shouted "Ball," slapping the picture with open palm.

He didn't seem to know anything else pictured except the brush and comb. He would not say their names, though they knew he could.

"Key," whispered Mother, pointing to the likeness. He whispered too, "Key." Then, without further delay, he whispered, "Comb. Brush."

Everybody laughed. Junior shouted and, snatching up the book, beat the floor with it. Mother started to interfere, but Daddy stopped her, reminded her it was rag, and would wash and iron without damage.

They left him with his new treasure, entitled "What is This? What is That?"

He handled it awkwardly. Minutes ticked by as he turned the pages.

When he came to the picture of a toy cow, he said "Moo." He had such a toy, and Nurse had often called it that, but he had never attempted it until then.

He knew the cup and saucer, too, and turned the book upside down to get a better look, as the picture was at the top of the page.

He was not many days, however, learning the difference. Before the end of two weeks he could name all the pictures and say "Right-side-up," and knew what it meant. He was one of those youngsters, increasing in number, whose only baby talk was a brief period of one word at a time. A lisping indistinctness never mystified his hearers. If he couldn't say a word right, he didn't try. At least, there were some words he wouldn't say, and his parents supposed that was the reason.

He became more and more attached to the book and seemed to rather read it alone. He noticed others did so. It didn't bother him at all that the chair was no larger than the slate, or that he had never seen a slate or a jug and basin. He pre-

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tended to eat the fruit because Nurse did.

A month later a new book was given him. He very generously gave the old one to Nurse and trotted eagerly to his little chair to sit down in orderly manner and examine the contents of "A for Ark."

The first thing he seemed to see was the ball back of the tin soldier. He said, "Teeny, teeny ball," with a crow and gurgle of delight. He was remembering the big ball in the other book. Everyone thought that was remarkable. He knew some of the pictures by name without being told. Nurse told him the names of the letters but he paid no attention, as he did not know what was meant, and Mother told her not to try to explain. He had seen ducks, horses, and lambs in the park. The pages showing a goose, a horse, and a lamb in faulty relative sizes won for themselves the names, "Big duck," "Little horse," "Big lamb." No one attempted to correct him about the goose. In fact, his apparent appreciation of proportion made Mother suspect she had a precocious child. But these wrong proportions were true of all his toys. He long had known his tin soldiers were too big to go in his toy train. That had really bothered him when he first discovered it. But no one had ever hesitated about giving him tin soldiers and toy trains in wrong relative sizes. But Mother would not have gotten the books on account of wrong proportions. Daddy had not had such notions presented to him and he was glad of it and so was Mother, when Junior manifested such keen pleasure in his books. Had Daddy entertained such ideas, Junior's interest in books might have been postponed years.

Wrong comparative sizes of toy animals and objects, as well as pictures, have long been a distress to educators. But toy makers and illustrators, generally speaking, even among real artists, are not yet conscious of the false impressions made upon the child's mind. When they do realize it, teachers claim a long step forward in the educational value of these things will have been accomplished.

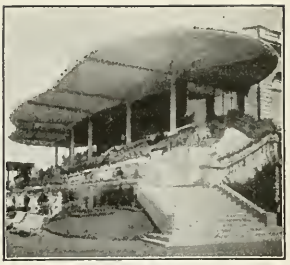
But we do not believe it necessary to curtail the child's enjoyment of toys and pictures, really excellent in themselves, while we wait for that accomplishment.

When "Bedtime Ballads" was given him, he rushed in breathless excitement to receive it.

Mother read the rhymes as they turned the pages together. The rhythm and words held him fascinated. When she finished he lifted the book toward her face, saying, "Talk again."

Junior's first attempt at walking had commenced when he was nine months old. He was not a heavy baby and he walked with perfect ease by the time he was twelve months. He said some words distinctly before his first birthday.

By the time he was fifteen months old, he could say, "Humpty Dumpty," "Pat-a-cake," "Old King Cole," "Little Bopeep," and "Dickory, Dickory, Dock" by



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heart, and before he was sixteen months, with a start-off, he could say several, in fact, most all of the twelve jingles in the book.

His next book was another one of pictures, "Baby Animals." By this time he associated words with the print, and really believed he could read himself. Everyone read the picture titles correctly for him in this new book, even pointing to the words as they read. He was still too little and restless to listen to stories, but the pictures, their titles, and the Mother Goose rhymes never lost their charm.

"Animals and Their Little Ones" had pictures of animals he knew, excepting the goat and turkey, but these old friends made the book more interesting. In this book, as in "Baby Animals," the objects are not named, as in the first two given him, but the titles suggest a story, as an examination of the books will reveal.

The next book, "Cecil Aldin's Farm Book," had the same type of picture titles, and all the animals were known to him. As soon as he knew the titles and had them associated with the right picture, Mother made up brief stories about the pictures. She never tired him, and she told him the same story every time about a certain picture.

Once Nurse started a story about a picture in the "Farm Book" of which Mother had repeated the same tale a half dozen times, more or less.

"No, no," he cried, and taking the book to Mother, begged, "Please tell me," and Mother faithfully related the same little tale, word for word:

"One day this little, brown, woolly dog with black spots, big ears, and a red ribbon around his neck, took a walk. He saw the white dog standing in the doorway. The white dog got excited. This little, brown, woolly dog said, 'Please, sir, let me in.' The white dog said, 'Are your shoes muddy?' This little, brown, woolly dog said, 'I don't wear shoes.' Then the white dog wagged his tail, and said, 'Come in.' But the little, brown, woolly dog just stood there looking at the white dog, and the white dog looked at the little, brown, woolly dog, and Mr. Cecil Alden made a picture of them standing like that, looking at each other, and here they are."

After that, no two people attempted different stories about the same picture.

"Fluffy Chick Farm," the next book given, introduced him to several new animal friends. After getting acquainted with the new book, the picture titles were used as story suggestions as in the three preceding ones, and Junior's interest did not flag.

"Playmates" was given when Junior was nineteen months old. Every picture has beneath it a story told in rhyme. These were read to him slowly, over and over, whenever he wanted them, but always with the book and usually pointing to the words as they were said. He "read" this book out loud to himself oftener than any other, and, because he rarely made mistakes and never attempted to say them without the book, as he said the "Bedtime Ballads," Nurse claimed he could read them.

"Two Bad Bunnies" came when he was twenty months old. The dressed-up animals amused him greatly. Only one story in the whole book was a new idea and a great surprise. He went through the pages, pointing to "Sis" in all the pictures, calling her by name. In the last two pictures the bunnies' clothes are changed, but Junior stoutly maintained one was "Sis" in each picture, and he was right.

"Mother Goose" came next. There were only two familiar rhymes in the book, ones he had learned in "Bedtime Ballads." Also this book introduced him to Mother Goose, herself.

He remarked one day, "Mother Goose and Bedtime Ballads sing some of the same songs."

"Who's Who at the Zoo" was the next added to Junior's library. This is another picture book of dressed-up animals and a continuous story throughout. It was read to him slowly, without explanations. Words in themselves have a charm for the child's sensitive ear. Before two weeks were gone, he knew all the strange animals by name.

The last rag book given him was "A to Z." It was quite a success. The pictures meant old friends and new acquaintances. Again Nurse named the letters, and this time he said them too. But no attempt to teach him to say the alphabet was made. If he knew any of the letters, the mere exposure to the eye accomplished such knowledge as a sort of a trick. The association of letters with words was subconscious, if at all.

Junior loved his library. Often he played with the books merely as objects. He would pile them together and trudge around the room giving them out to imaginary people. He saw a newsboy handing out papers like that one day on the street car. He would spread them out in a long line, and count them. There were twelve in all.

Nothing could take the place of his books, and nothing but rag would have survived the treatment given them.

On his second birthday, his first real book was given him, entitled "The First Picture Book." Junior's eyes popped wide with astonishment. He knew they were pictures, but they looked so real. He said, "They seem like real things, Mother, not just pictures." His cheeks were rosy with pleasure.

From the first, he understood that this book must not be banged around like the rag ones. It was kept on the little table, always looked at there, and never examined with very dirty hands. There were no words in it, but the charm of the truly remarkable photographs did not lose grip even after the next book, "Johnny Crow's Garden," was given him.

This last named has fine colored drawings, and also black and whites, deliciously humorous. Johnny Crow is always kindly and courteous. There is just a line or two of text to each pictured page. Junior loves the book.

Mother thought Leslie Brooke's "Ring O' Roses," another very young collection of Mother Goose jingles, but mostly pictures, should be included in the collection. There were only two familiar rhymes in the book, "Pat-a-Cake" and "Humpty Dumpty."

His tendency now was to sing the rhymes, making up his own tunes. He had a sweet, bell-like, little voice. So one day when she was down town, Mother searched for Mother Goose Rhymes set to music. She found three beautiful books, exqui

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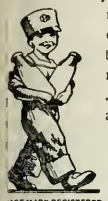

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SCHOOLS listed in the Women's City Club Magazine Educational Guide merit consideration. We recommend them to you and shall appreciate your mentioning City Club Magazine when you write directly to the schools.

If you do not find in this issue a school which seems to meet all of your requirements, we shall be glad to offer suggestions if you will write us as fully as possible.

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sitely illustrated. She bought two of them, and told Daddy about the other one, requesting that he give it as the next monthly book. All three books are pictured by Willebeek Le Mair, entitled, "Little Songs of Long Ago," "Our Old Nursery Rhymes," and "Old Dutch Nursery Rhymes." She claimed the one she had gotten as hers. She allowed him to look at them, but only with perfectly clean hands and as a special favor. She taught him the tunes. Some of the rhymes he already knew. By the time "Old Dutch Nursery Rhymes" was given him for his very own, he had had a real impression made about care of books. He was willing for Mother to help him take care of them. She washed and ironed the rag ones, and he promised to keep them off the floor. He has always been rather careful of the others. Now he put them away on the shelf when through looking at them. He nearly always remembered to wash his hands before handling them. Everybody helped him to remember to use the little table to rest them on as he turned the pages. Finally, that became a fixed habit even for the rag books. So the habit of dropping and thereby tearing was happily avoided. The books were in reach on an open shelf, so he would not forget them.

They gave him "Sing Song" next, a little book of real poems. Here was a book to hold interest for years. The size appealed to him mightily. The cunning little black and white pictures charmed him.

Mother requested something constructive in the next book, and "Pelle's New Suit" was given.

The pictures in this book are of bright, lovely colors. The process of the suit making is traced from the wool on the sheep to the Sunday Pelle first wore the new suit to church. Each step is marked with a short, simple story beneath a picture, presenting each process as a reward to Pelle for a service he has rendered.

The next month was Christmas. They gave him "The Night Before Christmas," profusely illustrated. Before Christmas morning he could say the entire delightful poem, giving it his own dramatic interpretation. He has not been allowed to forget it.

Mother wanted him to have a speaking acquaintance with all the old Mother Goose rhymes she could find, so the next book was Edna Walker's compilation, a very complete collection, "Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes." There are two editions of this book, illustrated by Dugald Walker, one $1.75 and the other $4.00. Mother wanted the $4.00 one; Daddy protested—said it was too old and too large. Mother agreed, but still she wanted to get it for his next monthly book.

"He doesn't really need any book this month, but let's not break our habit of a book a month—lay it aside until his fourth year, when we add the Caldecott Collection to his library. If we wait until then to get it, it may be out of print. We can make up for the money spent by getting for the

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next four months the little English edition of the Beatrix Potter Peter Rabbit Stories. They are choice."

The idea appealed to Daddy, too, so when he was a little past two and one-half years old, the immortal "Peter Rabbit" became his valued friend. Mother read the rhymes from the big Mother Goose book but did not let him handle it except on rare occasions. She promised him he could have it when he was "big."

For the next three months "Tom Kitten," "Jemima Puddle Duck," and "Benjamin Bunny" were added to his bookshelf.

On his third birthday, Daddy gave him A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." They read all of it to him from time to time. Whether he understood it or not, he loved it. He had developed a wonderful wisdom in words from Mother Goose.

Valedictory

Members of the Women's City Club:

● The members of the Magazine Committee take this opportunity to thank you for the fine support you have given us during these two years. If you have criticised, it has been in a friendly, helpful way; and such criticisms have been gladly received.

Like everything else, the Magazine has felt the business depression. Although it has weathered the stress, many attractive features included in a more ambitious program will have to await the return of prosperity.

As chairman of the retiring committee, I wish to pay tribute to Mrs. George Osborne Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Kroll and Mrs. Jau Don Ball for the extremely intelligent services they have each given in the development of the Magazine.

As a committee we wish to emphasize the great good fortune we believe to have been the Club's in having Marie Hicks Davidson as editor. Her years of experience as editor and her own inimitable style have been important factors in the upbuilding of the Magazine. Her delightful personality has made working with her a pleasure and her broad knowledge has made the association a privilege.

We extend our greetings to the new committee, with the belief that new inspiration will come with new leadership.

Elizabeth H. Moore,
Chairman Magazine Committee

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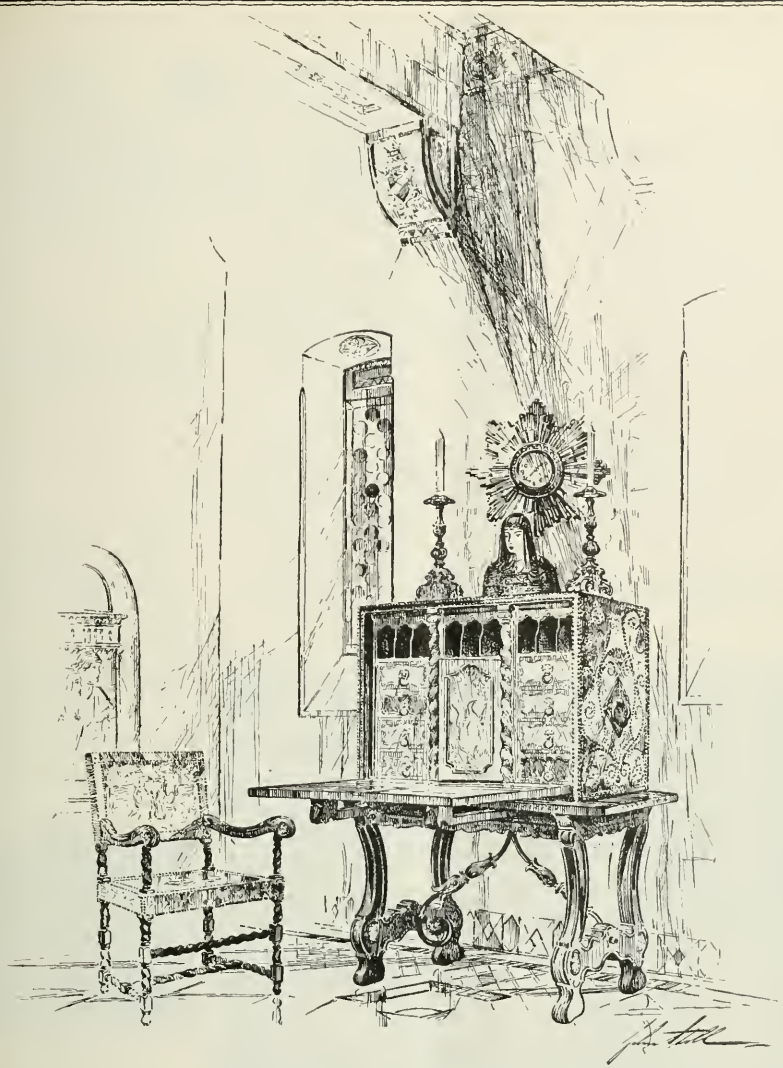

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FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*

Conversational Class—Tuesday Afternoon, 2:00 o'clock—Board Room.

CHORAL SECTION—Monday Evenings, 7:30 o'clock—Auditorium

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesday at 2:00 and 7:30 o'clock—Chinese Room.

May 5	Building a Child's Library Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M
6	Current Events Section Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M
	Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles Curry	*Card Room*	12:00 NOON
7	Tea in Honor of New Members	*American Room*	3:30 to 5:00 P.M
	Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Ambrose Holt and Family," by Susan Glaspell, with a brief survey of her writings	*N. D. Room*	6:00 P.M
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Nathan van Patten Subject: The Novel in Mexico	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M
12	Building a Child's Library Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M
	Fifth Anniversary Dinner, $1.25 a plate (For members exclusively)	*Auditorium*	7:00 P.M
14	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Edith M. Luttman Subject: The Music of Poetry	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M
19	Building a Child's Library Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M
21	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Lieutenant Stewart F. Bryant, U. S. N. Retired Subject: New Gateways in National Frontiers	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M
26	Building a Child's Library Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M
28	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. H. R. Pousette Subject: Our Neighbor—Canada	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M

Women's City Club Magazine

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Thru the WONDERLAND *of Long Ago*
on the CRUISE-TOUR *to* NEW YORK

Grim . . . they tower in tropic shade, the tortured walls of Panama's Old Cathedral . . . Scars left by Morgan's men . . . wounds of ruthless sacrilegious fury . . . glow, almost livid, through tender mantles draped by Nature's hand . . . mantles of creeping moss and scattered vine spread with fairy, fragrant blossoms . . . Sunset bathes the ravaged ruin in weird, prophetic glory.

Fascinating beyond imagining is the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail through The Wonderland of Long Ago . . . In Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Canal Zone, Colombia and Havana, you pause in history's solemn hush . . . tread reverently before shrines of simple, splendid faiths that labored to keep alight the torch of Civilization in the gloom of brooding tropic jungles . . . The magic of the past steals up with memories of rushing pirate bands . . . the peace of Angelus bells intoning evening worship . . . the merry chirp of castanets in shadowy, moonlit gardens.

Throughout your liner is your home . . . The luxuries of Panama Mail service go with you into every port . . . attend you during rapturous nights at sea . . . make you fit and eager for the next day's episode ashore . . . But there's only one Cruise-Tour to New York . . . the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail . . . It sails from San Francisco alternate Saturdays . . . A postcard will bring details. Plan your trip—right now.

PANAMA MAIL
Steamship Company
2 PINE STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

Every Monday a group of Volunteer Service members assemble to sew at the various "jobs" that are always awaiting attention in a house-keeping menage as extensive as the City Club's. They hem towels, make window drapes and chair slips, mend table linen, and keep things in general repair with their busy needles. Here is a detachment of that particular Volunteer Service: Left to right, Mesdames Bruce Lloyd, J. E. Brandon, Marion Coleman, W. W. Fowler, and Cora Chapman.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

PROBABLY the most stable membership of any woman's club in the country! So we are realizing, as we arrive at the fifth birthday in our own clubhouse. A membership of 8000 women and a turnover of less than 500. A waiting list clamoring to get in, and 1400 compelled to wait at least a year longer. These are rather startling statements, and we ask ourselves why it is that our club can quote figures which belittle the economic stress of the times, and apparently defy imitation.

There are many reasons which might be set forth—reasons which in individual cases are undoubtedly true but which I need not here rehearse, for they do not apply to the general membership, and it is to the group as a whole that this message is directed. Let us assume that we ask of each member an honest expression of opinion as to why she pays her dues each March. I believe that, barring the members whom we know by sight because they serve or because they use the club facilities, the majority would answer that they hoped some day to be an active part of the service program in some way or another. If I did not believe this, I would be ready to abandon the program of the National League for Women's Service and say, let us turn this expensive plant of ours into an exclusive club and stop worrying about an economic depression, which more or less affects us locally. But because we do believe this, we go forward convinced that we have achieved something, and that these quantitative figures are also qualitative and the National League has assembled a democracy but not a "hoi polloi." Our cross-cut of America's caste system has brought us together because we are women of the same ideal, women who continue paying for something which some of us do not use just now, but to which we intend later to contribute our services.

I believe, therefore, that it is not a *consciously* selfish motive that has made our membership renew with such eagerness. And believing this, I want to leave this one word with you. If it is necessity that makes you postpone your active support, then you are justified in your position. But if it is indifference, then remember that by your apathy you are keeping an eager candidate waiting on the outside, a candidate who would use the clubhouse and who would make a "good member," as her sponsors invariably tell us. And when a sponsor—always a member—uses this expression "good member," what does she consciously or unconsciously mean? One who supports the club program and the club facilities, one who by her presence adds to the income of the building she is buying, and one who, if she cannot herself do these things, sees to it that her guests share the privilege she cherishes, as evidenced by her continued membership.

Our fifth birthday has arrived. We are awakening from infancy to childhood and asking the inevitable "Why?" "Why—a member?" I believe the answer is "Because I mean to help."

What Does Your Child Read?

● "Young mothers pay a great deal of attention as to what their children eat and wear and are even concerned that they shall see suitable plays. But many still fail of realization of the importance of what the child reads. Or, at least, to put it positively rather than negatively—they neglect to lay out or have laid out for them a constructive, cumulative course of reading, beginning at the very tenderest age and progressing on up to the high school period."

Thus Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell, proprietor of The Children's Book Shop, in the City Club building, opening off the main corridor as well as onto the street, epitomizes the thought which first actuated her to open the book emporium for children. How the thought took root and finally blossomed is a story along the same trend.

The result is a Children's Book Shop unique among business enterprises, successful beyond the hopes of the projectors in stimulating young mothers to intelligently supervise their children's reading.

As part of the literary activities of the Club under the sponsorship of the general committee headed by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Mrs. Powell has begun a series of Tuesday morning lectures on "Building a Child's Library." The talks are at 11 o'clock every Tuesday and will continue indefinitely, tying in with two phases of City Club program, the general literary committee and the Children's Book Shop, in which the Club fullfills its avowed consecration to service. The lectures will be given in the Auditorium, and Mrs. Powell expects to build up a clientele of young mothers and others interested in the reading of young children.

The series is a new departure for the City Club and one in which it hopes to foster with compounding interest. After she has taken—in her lectures—the child from the very beginning of its reading to the time when monitorship and guidance are not necessary, Mrs. Powell will begin again at the baby age, the cycle repeating itself as long as there is response to her efforts.

▲

Mrs. Treat Heads New Committee

● Mrs. Payson J. Treat has been appointed chairman of the Programs Committee of the City Club, and under her able direction and initiative it is expected that the roster of lecturers at the Club will be as distinguished as that of the past, which has included the Abbe Dimnet, John Galsworthy, Thornton Wilder, S. K. Ratcliffe (British publicist), and others of similar fame in the world of letters and political and social economy.

Mrs. Treat will be assisted by Miss Mary E. Hull, Mrs. E. S. Heller and Miss Elisa May Willard.

It is the City Club's policy to bring from afar but a restricted number of lecturers each year, but those few are to be of highest academic standard. Four or five annually will be the outside number of these events.

Know What You Are Joining

● Many of our new members have expressed surprise at finding departments and activities within the Club of which they were unaware when they joined.

The obvious reply, then, is "Why did they join?"

They joined because they were attracted to the physical properties of the Club and its social activities, perhaps. Then, like the Queen of Sheba, they exclaim, "the half had not been told me."

Therefore, members are asked, when they sponsor candidates, to apprise them of every phase and aspect of the Club and its far-reaching activities. Volunteer Service, for instance. In the group of members admitted a few weeks ago have been found a score or more young women who are exploring the possibilities of Volunteer Service with a delight akin to that entertained by a boy with a kit full of tools. They did not know that they were to be permitted to serve in the many ways in which Volunteer Service "lays out" its attractive agenda. But when they do know, they are delighted and enter into the spirit with zest.

But it is proper and fitting that the prospective member be told of all the advantages and responsibilities before she joins. Volunteer Service is just what it says, entirely voluntary. But the volunteers find it stimulating.

▲

Private Collectors' Exhibit

Many persons make collections of things and objects.

"Collections" are interesting and as varied as the temperaments of the collectors.

We had a "Talent Exhibit" last fall at the City Club, and its success is still resounding.

Now we are to have an exhibit of collections which are the outward and visible signs of the hobbies of members. It will be held in the Club Auditorium early in June, the dates being tentatively fixed as June 5 and 6, which fall on Friday and Saturday, just before the close of the school term. These dates are arranged because of the predilection of young people for all kinds of "collections."

There is the stamp collector, the colonial china fancier, the coin expert, the person who has rare old editions of books or magazines. There are persons, it is said, who keep newspaper clippings concerning this or that subject. Very often the clippings are about the person's family. Ivories, laces, fans, miniatures, theater programs and the like are collected by women. Others collect autographs of famous persons. Still others collect autographed photographs of distinguished men and women. A collection of fine violins or other musical instruments would be extremely interesting. In fact, there is no end to the possibilities of the exhibit planned. It is expected that this exhibit will establish a precedent for an annual event of the same character. The committee chairman and members will be announced on the Bulletin Board.

Fmous Signatures

he City Club Guest Book, a handsome tome in Vnetian leather, elaborately tooled, has many distinguished autographs on its pages. Nearly every guest wo has written his name there has also expressed a setiment or quoted a few appropriate lines. Mr. and Ms. John Galsworthy, who were guests at the Club in Mrch, left autographs of two widely different kinds of andwriting. Mrs. Galsworthy's signature is:

"Ada Galsworthy, Bury, Sussex, England,
March 23. A most delightful afternoon."

ler distinguished husband's chirography reads:

"John Galsworthy, March 24. Query?"

is typical of the quizzical, whimsical temperamt of the famous Briton that he should have left th one word, "Query," for it was written just before hislecture that evening, and neither he nor anybody elshad any idea what was to be the reaction of his audience. Neither he nor the Club directors had any mns of gauging in advance the tremendous enthiasm which was to follow his first few sentences an grow in volume until the close of the address.

rofessor Graham H. Stuart, of Stanford Universit who gave a course of lectures at the Club this wi er and spring, has written in the guest book, "Caham H. Stuart, Stanford University. With hopes fobetter international understanding."

nclair Lewis registers himself from Barnard, Vermt and S. K. Radcliffe from Hamstead, London.

hornton Wilder writes after his name, "I have bea asked to quote, 'Literature is the orchestration of latitudes.' "

E. Williamson registered from The Explorers' Clb, February 6, and adds, "A very Happy Visit."

he book may be viewed upon request.

▲

N Host Tables at Sunday Suppers

● The Sunday Night Buffet Supper at the City Club is proving to be so popular, especially to mor parties, that many "no-host" parties are arraed for them, friends meeting there at the close of a cy in the country and enjoying the informality of dng in their outing togs. Others arrange small or lar parties and chat later in the lounge or attend lec res, sermons, or concerts.

ill others call after motor trips and purchase food to ke home and serve. This service is quite popular, anthe cuisine excellent.

Things!

—ISABEL STRADLEY

● Have you a lot of things? Sometimes people waste an entire life keeping track of things.

I am reminded of a ten-room house completely furnished from cellar to attic full of unused things. Only three of the rooms are ever used: a small breakfast-alcove, a bedroom, and the kitchen. The great dining-room with its gleaming mahogany and silver remains, as does the rest of the house, something to be cared for, dusted—but closed to use. Not a scratch or a mark mars the furniture in this house, not a wrinkle appears in a curtain, not a speck upon a floor. Fireplaces are swept bare and clean. No one ever builds a great log fire here against the wind and storm, drops ashes upon a rug, leaves a book carelessly open upon a chair. Air and sunshine are admitted on certain days when cleaning is done. Everything is orderly, fixed, precise. Lovely things all carefully in place, locked away from the contamination of use.

Ridiculous, do you think? Pathetic? And yet there are people who do this same sort of thing with their minds! They furnish a mind completely, then lock it up. It remains an unventilated mentality. No window is ever open to the cool, fresh breeze of new thoughts and ideas; no sun peeks in to renew and vitalize old habits of thought.

In contrast to the above house, I remember a dear, old lady I used to know. She had but little of this world's goods, but she was generous-minded. Once in so often she would send for the truck of an organization noted for its work among the poor of the city, and gathering from her own little home and the homes of some of her friends, she would make up a huge bundle, newspapers, magazines, shoes, hats, some books, perhaps a good, warm coat.

"Do you know why this is so good for me?" she was fond of asking. "Because whenever I do this, I always clean house mentally the same day!"

How wise she was!

It is wonderful to get rid of things occasionally. Not merely the physical, used things we no longer want, but the mental things we could do so well without. The over-emphasized viewpoints, the malices and petty satisfactions, the worries and the fears, the grudges and resentments.

But there are people who cling to mental deadwood forever. Do you?

▲ ▲

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted,
And royally dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to the great gift's height.
Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;
And the toil must be constant and unremitting
That lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Mrs. John Leale Mourned

● Mrs. John Leale, one of the charter members of the National League for Woman's Service and the Women's City Club, died at her home, 2475 Pacific Avenue, on Good Friday, April 3, after a brief illness. She is survived by her husband, Captain John Leale, and two daughters, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, President of the City Club, and Miss Edith Leale, both charter members of the National League.

Mrs. Leale's especial contribution to the Volunteer Service in the City Club was the keeping of a scrapbook which is a veritable "log" of the Club and its parent organization, the National League for Woman's Service. Her gentleness, gracious bearing and quiet dignity endeared her to all whom she contacted and she was an especial favorite with the pioneer group of the National League. The City Club dinner in celebration of five years' residence in the club building was deferred a month in deference to Miss Leale and her family in their bereavement.

As a memorial to Mrs. Leale the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild of America, of which she was a member, will this fall have a special table at which clothing, made and contributed by fellow-members of Mrs. Leale, will be distributed to welfare institutions and needy individuals.

Mrs. Leale has been connected with the Guild for twenty years. She was a former vice-president of the National Guild and had been president of the local branch. At the time of her death she was a member of the advisory board of San Francisco Branch of the Guild.

Learn to Swim!

● As part of the "Learn to Swim" Week arrang by the City Club, there will be swimming lesso given by the Pool expert, Monday, May 4; Wednesd May 6, and Friday, May 8, without charge to me bers.

Elementary classes will be given at 10 and 5:30 all three days and the Intermediate Classes will given at 10:30 and 6 o'clock on the same days. charge for this instruction is made to members of t club for these lessons.

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This Being So

—SARAH HUMHUSKY

This being so—that all I had is lost,
And that I must be silent or be heard
By those who had foreseen the sorry cost
And knew my fine heroics were absurd—
I do not quarrel with the little years,
I do not quarrel with the century,
I do not rust the steely stars with tears
To find earth even less than it used to be.

I simply wait till life has grown less real,
Till I stop living with such bitter zest,
Till I stop feeling even as those who feel
Their mother's milk turn sour at the breast;
Till blinking once more in the callow sun
I realize I am not quite undone.

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Mail this filled-in blank to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Members wishing to enroll as volunteers in any branch of the Women's City Club Volunteer Service are requested to fill in the blank and mail to Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., care of Women's City Club or leave at the Information Desk, first floor. Members unable to give service at the Club may be of great value if willing to do telephoning at home. This applies to members living in San Francisco and vicinity.

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone No. ..... *Home* ..... *Office* .....

I prefer Day ☐ Regular ☐ Home Telephoning
Evening ☐ Substitute ☐ Service ☐
Emergency ☐

I am available now ☐ I will be available in ☐ months

Exhibitions at the Legion of Honor

—KATHERINE FIELD CALDWELL

Those who believe that a museum should satisfy a wide variety of tastes will approve of the exhibits now on display at the Legion of Honor. If the visitor desires the expression of religious fervor, he will find it among the old masters; should he seek the romanticism of the 19th century, he may go to a room full of delicate and opalescent Corots; or if in the modern mood, the art thirsty will find canvases by the adopted Californian, Henrietta Shore, and by that staring, original Giorgio de Chirico. In addition there are other "moderns" now in vogue in New York, a gallery of paintings by the Japanese artist, Rei-Mei Shindo, and two rooms of contemporary prints.

The collection of Corot landscapes, lent by Goodman-Walker Galleries in Boston, belonged to the artist's private collection, and shows him using a new technique as well as a new style. The medium is called détrempe (similar to gouache) and gives a curious effect of oil and pastelle. These sketches—for that is undoubtedly what they are—have been known to the public for only three years and bear, in addition to the signature, a thoroughly personal quality by the fact that many of them have notations on the back in Corot's own hand. The notion that Corot was merely a painter of idealized trees, permanently disproved by the Corot Exhibition at the New York Museum of Modern Art last November, is seen in this group of experimental paintings. *Pont St. Benezet* (Avignon) reveals a strength associated with his "Roman period"; *Pré d'Antheny* with its wide expanse of water shows the artist's possibilities without the aid of tree, human figure, or flock of lambs; while *Environs de Fougeres* displays the charm and power of which Corot was capable in his best moments.

Of the old masters, the *Tondos* by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo and Filippino Lippi are first in importance. Filipino Lippi, who lived in Florence in the latter half of the fifteenth century, gained from his master, Botticelli, a certain gracefulness and even (as here in the case of Joseph) a meditative mysticism. Ghirlandajo's *Madonna Adoring Christ* is pleasing in color and in the facile rendering of plump, childish bodies and delicate young faces. The seventeenth century is represented by a School of Van Dyck, *St. Mary Magdalene;* the eighteenth, in an allegorical picture by Poussin, the *Triumph of Galathea.*

Modern painting is upheld by Giorgio de Chirico and Henrietta Shore. Chirico's contribution to contemporary art is the re-establishment of thought,—of the literary as opposed to the formal element in painting. Those who see no more in his horses galloping across the brilliant Grecian shore than childish toys, have missed the serious intent of the artist. Chirico was born in Greece in 1888, of Italian parents. Though he received academic training in Athens and Munich, his tendency has always been towards independence. He has achieved a unique and distinctive place among the moderns.

Henrietta Shore, who has settled in Carmel, received her art education in New York, London, England, and Haarlem, Holland. Aside from formal instruction in art schools, she has traveled widely in Europe, copying the old masters, studying with especial care the work of Rembrandt, Hals, and Valesquez. Despite her academic training, Miss Shore has never completely conformed to tradition and has become more and more absorbed by abstract representation. Miss Shore was one of the founders of the New York Society of Women Artists and of the Los Angeles Modern Art Society.

Rei-Mei Shindo, whose exhibition of paintings occupies a room adjoining the Oriental section, gives us an opportunity to see how the conventions of Eastern art are interpreted today. His birds and flowers are chosen with Japanese delicacy and respect for nature to conform to the seasons. Shindo was educated in Tokyo and Kyoto and has, on several occasions, painted for the Royal family.

In a large gallery of contemporary American prints we are struck with the variety of subjects. Skyscrapers, cats, dancers, portraits, furniture, a circus, a graveyard, nudes.

Albert Sterner, whose prints are in a room by themselves, shows unusual gravity and dignity.

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Reciprocity Not Evenly Balanced

That there are more than twice as many opportunities for foreign students to study in the United States as there are for American students abroad is a fact revealed by J. Eugene Harley in his book "International Understanding: Agencies Educating for a New World" (Stanford). A total of 318 fellowships and scholarships, each providing for from one to three or more students, are listed by Harley as available here. Only 156 such funds are given for American students wishing to study abroad.

In listing and describing the various agencies working for international understanding Harley reveals for the first time the tremendous extent of this movement. No less than sixty-eight agencies of major importance are described. These include only such far-reaching developments as the League of Nations, the Women's Clubs, the American Society of International Law, the Olympic Games, et cetera, and do not count other agencies whose influence is more nearly local.

Exploring San Francisco

—ELLEN S. STADTMULLER, M. D.

Chief, Bureau of Child Hygiene, California Department of Public Health.

● Are you one who derives enjoyment and interest in taking penny walks and investigating your own city. If so, you will profit by an exploring trip to learn how two divisions of city government carry on some activities. Let me then direct your attention to the work which the boards of health and education are doing for handicapped children in San Francisco.

Suppose you spend an hour in the Health School at Nineteenth and York Streets. You will see there the special provision which the city makes for a group of children needing health protection, building their strength and general resistance up to normal levels. Here are sent the cases selected by nurses and physicians through school health examinations — the heart cases, the children having been exposed to tuberculosis, the malnourished and nervous child and those recovering from prolonged or serious illness.

In order to avoid undue fatigue, the city pays for transportation. The necessary extra nourishment of milk and crackers is provided for morning and afternoon recess, a hot lunch at mid-day well prepared from menus provided by the San Francisco Hospital dietitian is served at attractive tables. The heart cases have their meals served in their classroom in order to avoid a climb to the dining room on the third floor. Two hours during the day are spent getting the rest necessary to build up reserves of strength.

A favorable location out of wind and fog permits the use of sunshine so that all may have sunbaths. Hot showers twice a week improve the well-being of the children as well as their morale. Watching the hap spirit of the place, the small school-room groups, t mutual understanding of pupils and teachers, and t progress of extra curricula activities, one overlooks t fact that the building is old and shabby, that the c might be more comfortable and permanently plac and that all the facilities for care could be secur with less expenditure of energy than is now the ca Meeting the very real health need of the children the incentive which enables the staff to put up wi these impediments for the present, hoping for bet things to come along this line in the future.

Not far off is the Sunshine School, euphonious na for the school to which are brought the crippled ch dren of our city schools system. Here those in whe chairs and those with braces are brought in taxis city substitute for the country school bus. The sa general regime is followed the same spirit preva The principal says of certain children who appear sl to learn: "What can you expect of a child who l spent three out of six years lying on a frame looki at the ceiling?" Mental tests are now being given the newcomers, for this especial effort is to be spe only on those who can really profit by the educati

So we might pass to the School for the Deaf and t ungraded school or classes, each one modifying t school routine to adapt it to the possibilities of t children to be served.

There are other activities which could be cited but go exploring!

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"That Die In Their Glory"

(MEMORIAL DAY)

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the Coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

—A. E. HOUSEMAN
In "Shropshire Lad"

Chinatown

KATHERYN ALLEN

If you like Chinese chow mein, or if you have convictions about education, or law, or foreign religions, then you must tour through Chinatown. Even if chop-sticks are a bother and rice isn't one of your favorite dishes, you will probably find these Chinese interesting as you see them in their own city within our San Francisco.

One night a short time ago, Judge Theresa Meikle arranged a fascinating evening for her young friends—members of the Progressive Business Girls' Club. Knowing the powers of curiosity, especially in women, Judge Meikle suggested that we see the main points of interest about Grant Avenue. Consequently, David Lee and Chingwah Lee of the Chinese Y. M. C. A., showed us some of their institutions.

To start us happily in our wanderings within the invisible Wall of China surrounding the San Francisco Chinatown, we dined where some of us mastered chopstick technique on the chicken chow mein. The other courses were all too American.

After dinner we dashed, sixty-eight strong, to the Nan Kue Academy, which is one of several of the sort. We peeked through doors at the youngest generation of these transplanted Celestials. The children were studying their own language and culture in their own schools. In ages from five to fourteen, they all attend American school in the regular daytime hours and then start school in Chinese at 5:00 o'clock, remaining in class until 8:00 o'clock. Think of the problems these Chinese mothers don't have to solve—what to do with little Ah Sam when he finishes American school at 3:00 o'clock! For two hours, perhaps, he can run errands or play—then he goes to school again till bedtime. As simple as that!

At the telephone exchange next we were delighted with the low building with its pagoda roof. Inside, the operators plugged numbers as they always do—some wrong numbers, too, we wager—but depending entirely upon memory for the names and numbers of the 2500 subscribers in Chinatown. The 'phone books list subscribers geographically, by street, then name, then phone number. Unless you can read Chinese, the book won't help you much and you'd better rely on the operator's memory to ring one of the many Lees, who are as common as our friends the Smiths.

The Joss House, or house of God, was next. When driving down Pine Street, the Chinese doorway may or may not attract your attention. But inside, up three flights, is the main altar room, where followers of Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism rub elbows. Chingwah Lee explained these religions, saying that believers in each were as distinct in cult as Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews. The altars bear incense urns and various images. A huge urn from the Buddha north church in China stands in a small room beside a furnace where worshippers burn paper offerings. The balcony opens to a view of America—the inspiring sight of the Russ Building—tallest office building in San Francisco.

Mr. Lee gained greater popularity when he told Judge Meikle's fortune by the ancient bamboo fortune sticks.

Descending again through odors Chinese, we noticed the courtyard where a large design was painted on the wall behind a fountain. This is a memorial to the first three Chinese in America who spent their first night in this vicinity.

On our way again, we crossed the small park space between Pine and California streets, where Chinese boys played touch tackle football. And through narrow side streets, we reached the Six Companies house. Officially, this organization is "The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association" and colloquially named "The Six Companies." It is called the Rome of all Chinese institutions in America. It originated in San Francisco in the early days of the West as a protective association for Chinese abroad and it now has branches in the larger cities. It serves as the clearing house for all Chinese public problems.

At the fine-looking Y. M. C. A. we saw the gymnasium where many fast games of basket ball are played. Young boys of the Scout age were playing "chicken feathers." This trick consists in keeping a small ball with chicken feathers on top bouncing from the inside of the foot as you kick it. Some of them can do this a long time. It's just one of those things boys like to do.

David Lee explained, when we assembled in one of their classrooms, the origin of their language, and taught us all how to write "man."

To finish the evening, we went to the Great China Theater on Jackson street, where a "comedy" was in progress. The noise—pardon me, I mean the music—nearly drowned out all the speeches. But we consoled ourselves that we would not have understood the language, anyway.

Six of us had the privilege of going back stage. The actors have no dressing rooms—only little tables under lights for make-up. A big cue sheet instructed the actors, and a little girl in the wings sat "holding book" from memory. The plays change every day, and each actor knows his part from memory—and in a repertory of about 300 plays! Clever people, these Chinese! Costumes were piled up back stage. Each one hand-embroidered and very valuable. Head-dresses were kept separate in their own boxes downstairs, and the property man knew each one personally.

So, at last, we decided we had seen San Francisco's Chinatown. When we departed for our separate homes, we were tired, but better informed on things Chinese.

Years

—ISABEL STRADLEY

● Age is a bad habit. Years should not make us old. Years are our accumulation of experience if we will so regard them. The years never lessen our ability; it is only our fear of them that marks our faces with care, our bodies with slow, trembling movements, our minds with dread.

You look back and think, "What a long time ago," and then perhaps you look ahead and shiver a little, figuring that maybe you have, at the most, twenty or more years left. You are thinking that your life has to do with time, when it is only EXPERIENCE that has to do with time! Life demands progress, growth. CHANGE. Life never stands still.

Those who declare they cannot do the work they once did because of their years, look at only one side of the picture. Life does not expect them to do the same thing forever. There is better work ahead always. Progress is as eternal as being. Only the idiot lives on without change.

Age commences when the mind ceases to eliminate old, wornout thoughts, attitudes, prejudices. These clutter our thinking and retard our growth. It is a hard thing to most people to let go of the past; let go of the old viewpoints, discontents, resentments, grudges. But getting rid of mental rubbish releases us to grow young—not old!

Have an objective that you believe in and you will never think of the years. Know where you are going, what you want to achieve. You will be grateful then for all the time that you can experience to carry out the desires of your heart. Indeed, there are never years for the young in heart. Nor is there defeat.

WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY?

I am interested in the City Club "Private Collectors' Exhibit" of next month, at which members will show the results of their devotion to hobbies, and I wish to enroll as an exhibitor.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Telephone Number . . . . . .

Kind of Exhibit . . . . . .

Approximate Value . . . . . .

Will you be present each day with the exhibit? . . . . . .

Will you have a representative there to supervise it? . . . . . .

Fill out and post to City Club Private Collectors' Exhibit
465 Post Street, San Francisco

The Highway

There's a long gray ribbon, with straight white lines,
Which the Master Merchant unfurled
For pity of crowds and town-sick folk
With hands that tired and hearts that broke;—
And it reaches the end of the world!

So He stands and smiles, that Mighty Man,
Unfurling His ribbon rolls;
And the ribbon coils go up and down
Through blossomy fields and village and town
For rest of our weary souls.

The red says "Stop!" but green says "Go!"
And the hills and fields are green;
So let's away, my lad! my lass!
The trees all beckon, and the young, young grass
Calls "What a long time you have been!"

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

▲

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outside, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefers his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMEN CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at S Francisco, California, for April 1, 1931.

State of California, County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and Cour aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, h ing been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that s is the Business Manager and Editor of the Women's City Cl Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowled and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (a if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publicati for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Reg lations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, ma aging editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The National League for Woman's Service of Ca fornia, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Editor, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, S Francisco, California.

Managing Editor, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Stree San Francisco, California.

Business Manager, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Po Street, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owners are The National League for Woma Service of California, which is a non-profit corporatio Address, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, Californ

Secretary, Miss Margaret Zane, Woodside, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other securi holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 193

[SEAL] M. V. COLLINS,

(My commission expires April 14, 1933.)

EDITORIAL

● Tuesday evening, May 12—at seven o'clock, to be explicit—members of the City Club will assemble at a "Five Years After" dinner in the Club auditorium, where will be held a jubilee celebrating the fact that the club building has been occupied, used and enjoyed, five years.

This celebration was to have been held April 13, but because of the passing, on April 3, of Mrs. John Leale, mother of Miss Marion Leale, our president, the event was postponed by the board of directors.

The occasion will be a real birthday dinner for members only, with special tables for the past presidents and past members of the boards of directors. It will be an intimate, family party, but gay and none the less momentous for being joyful.

Members of the City Club are the rightful ones to celebrate its occupation, and that is why they, and they exclusively, are to be there. Friends and relatives will rejoice with them, but not "in person," as they say in the movies.

It's a stately edifice that has been used these five years, and it will receive its meed of notice at the dinner, but there is something else that will be more emphasized—the soul and spirit, the sanctification, if you will, to Service, the equipment for usefulness in the community and one to the other, the working in full fellowship for the advancement of society.

These things of the past will be commemorated. And a new phase of idealism will be launched. The motto of the Club being Service, the women at its helm have conceived a plan to reveal another facet of their rich sense of helpfulness and have charted a "fling-out" into the world of active affairs, determined to serve, within the letter of the Club's constitution and purpose, in this, an excursion into broader realms with as much zeal as, since the war, it has done in the more circumscribed zone.

The old dispensation, then, and the new, will be the essence of the program which will accompany the dinner.

Miss Leale will preside, and there will be a series of tableaux which will merge into a pageant of the outstanding events with which the Club and its builders have been intimately associated.

It is expected that the spirit of the dinner and the temper of the assemblage will be of such luminence that members will derive new inspiration to widen the circumference of Service, that they will find renewal of the fountains whence flow the kindliness and helpfulness which have made the past five years an interlude of which the Club will forever be proud. The jubilee will be an outward and visible confirmation of the confidence which founders of the City Club have always had in its ultimate destiny.

There will be pleasant surprises for that portion of the membership which is looking for purely extraneous entertainment. But mostly it will be a party of mutual congratulation and joy shared among passengers of a ship which has steered on an even keel and is now within the loom o' the lights and sound of the harbor bells.

One-third of the reservations have already been made, and as the Auditorium accommodates but a limited number it behooves those who want to attend the dinner or entertain groups to make their reservations as early as possible.

There is the Presidents' Table, at which past presidents and Miss Leale will be seated. There will be another table at which will be seated the present board of directors and members of past boards of directors. Others who have taken tables are:

Miss Mabel L. Pierce, who will have ten guests.

Miss Ida J. Lord and Mrs. May F. Riley, for ten.

Miss Fanny Noonan, for ten.

Miss Emma Noonan, for ten.

Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland and Mrs. E. S. Heller have a table together.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., and Miss Georgia Fenwick have a table jointly, where six will be seated.

Mrs. Edward Rainey will have ten guests and Miss Margaret Zane, six. Miss Harriet Adams is arranging for a table for twenty. Miss D. C. Burtchall will have twenty at her table.

The program will be under the general supervision of Mrs. Leroy Briggs.

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Periodic Health Examination

● The semi-annual Health Examination offered City Club members was conducted in the latter half of April and much satisfaction has been expressed as to the precision and thoroughness with which the examinations were conducted.

Every hour was filled in that time and the expedition was not at the cost of accuracy or expertness. Dr. Adelaide Brown, editor of the City Club Health Department of the Magazine, will have a detailed account of the examination in an early issue. Dr. Brown was head of the staff of physicians conducting the examinations.

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Tea for New Members

● New members recently admitted to the City Club will be tendered a reception and tea Thursday afternoon, May 7, from 3:30 to 5 o'clock, in the American Room. The board of directors of the City Club will be hostesses.

New Restaurant Manager

● Beginning May 1, the Restaurant Department of the Women's City Club will be under the supervision of Miss Nancy Mackenzie, who comes with years of efficient service in similar capacities as a background.

Miss Mackenzie as been manager for "Home Delicacies Association" of Chicago, owned and operated by Mrs. William Vaughn Moody. She also was restaurant manager of the Edgewater Beach Hotel Annex and assistant manager of "The Gang Plank," the tea room of the Jungle Country Club Hotel at St. Petersburg, Florida.

Miss Mackenzie will emphasize catering to special parties at the City Club. Menus will be varied and choice, and the cuisine of the highest standard. Dinner and supper parties, luncheon and bridge parties, will receive especial attention and personal supervision when it is desired by the patron.

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Latham Exhibit of Humane Posters

● Hundreds viewed the exhibit of "humane" posters shown in the Auditorium of the City Club by the Latham Foundation. The posters shown at the exhibit, which closed April 25, were assembled at the instigation of Miss Edith Latham and were primarily intended as aids to the promotion of humane education.

Dr. John L. Lemos, of Stanford Art Gallery, head of the Interior Art Department, supervised the hanging of the posters, many of which were of exceptional artistic standard.

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English Speaking Union Sponsors Lecture

● J. Henry White's lecture on "Looking for the Beautiful in China" drew a large audience to the City Club Auditorium, Thursday afternoon, April 9. The lecture was under the auspices of The English Speaking Union, from which the following were hostesses:

Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron, Mrs. Archibald C. Charlton, Mrs. Leland Stanford Lathrop, Jr., Mrs. Joseph F. Catherwood, Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. F. W. Bradley, Mrs. Warren Perry, Mrs. Henry Carlisle, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Silas Palmer and Miss Edith Slack.

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Flowers Wanted

● City Club members who have a profusion of flowers, especially long-stemmed flora, in their gardens, are asked to contribute decorations for the "Five Years After" celebration of May 12.

New Books in City Club Library

Below are new books added to the City Club Library in the last few weeks:

Lotus Petals, *Der Ling, Princess*
Grand Hotel, *Baum, Vicki*
Coronado's Children, *Dobie, J. Frank*
The Piccadilly Murder, *Berkeley, Anthony*
Martin Make-Believe, *Frankau, Gilbert*
House Party, *Delafield, E. M.*
The Vinegar Tree, *Osborn, Paul*
Murder by Latitude, *King, Rufus*
The Love of Julie Borel, *Norris, Kathleen*
Secret Service, *Aston, Sir George*
The Passionate Pilgrim, *Williams, Gertrude Marvin*
Festival, *Burt, Struthers*
A Vagabond in Barbary, *Foster, Harry L.*
Vacation Travelcharts and Travel Chats, *Collins, Frederick L.*
Sixty Years in Southern California, *Newmark, Harris*
Death Takes a Holiday, *Ferris, Walter*
The Wraith, *MacDonald, Philip*
The International City of Tangier, *Stuart Graham*
The Ring of the Lowenskolds, *Lagerlof, Selma*
Portrait by Caroline, *Thompson, Sylvia*
Letty Lynton, *Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc*
Universities, *Flexner, Abraham*
The Good Earth, *Buck, Pearl S.*
The Bridge of Desire, *Deeping, Warwick*
The Sophisticates, *Atherton, Gertrude*
The Quick and the Dead, *Bradford, Gamaliel*
Manga Reva, *Eskridge, Robert Lee*
The Enduring Quest, *Overstreet, H. A.*
About Ourselves, *Overstreet, H. A.*
Influencing Human Behavior, *Overstreet, H. A.*
In Search of Ireland, *Morton, H. V.*
The Way of a Man, *Sutherland, Joan*
Tomorrow and Tomorrow, *Barry, Philip*
The Apple Cart, *Shaw, George Bernard*
Water, *Mitchell, Ruth Comfort*
The Winding Lane, *Gibbs, Philip*
The Barretts nf Wimpole Street, *Besier, Rudolf*
Savage Messiah, *Ede, H. S.*
In Search of Scotland, *Morton, H. V.*
Towns of Destiny, *Belloc, Hilaire*
The Call of England, *Morton, H. V.*
Spanish Towns and People, *McBride, Robert M.*
Islands of the Mediterranean, *Wilstach, Paul*
Under the Sky in California, *Saunders, Charles*
Along the Pyrenees, *Wilstach, Paul*
The Silver Flute, *Larrimore, Lida*
A Richer Dust, *Jameson, Storm*
Ambrose Holt and Family, *Glaspell, Susan*
Flamenco, *Smith, Lady Eleanor*
Sea and Sardinia, *Lawrence, D. H.*
Green Hell, *Duguid, Julian*
My Story, *Rinehart, Mary Roberts*
The Everlasting Struggle, *Bojer, Johan*
Jungle Ways, *Seabrook, William B.*
Harum A.-Rashid, *Audisio, Gabriel*
Contract Bridge, *Culbertson, Ely*
The Vintage of Yon Yee, *Milo, Louis Jordan*
White Fawn, *Prouty, Loive Higgins*
A Wayfarer on the Rhine, *Letts, Malcolm*
This New York of Mine, *Towne, Charles Hanson*
The Glass Key, *Hammett, Dashiell*
The House Opposite, *Farjeon, J. Jefferson*
Above the Dark Tumult, *Walpole, Hugh*
Reader, I Married Him, *Green, Anne*

rees for San Francisco

—IRS. ANDREW G. GRIFFIN

San Francisco is known, far and wide, as "The Treeless City," and the first remark of strangers, as they gaze on our hs and wind-swept streets, is, "Where ar your trees?" We have every beauty mde by Nature and so few made by man.

Torth of us, south of us, and east of us ar cities and towns full of trees, making a gen beauty in the summer and lifting th r wonderful branches to the heavens in th winter.

The San Francisco Garden Club has for the seasons been working on the planting of sidewalk trees in our city, and the results are now most apparent in many localities where there are homes, schools, or institutions.

nd now there comes to the Garden Cb literature and pamphlets from Washington, D. C., telling of a movement for beatifying the whole of these United States!

he pamphlet is dated 1732 and 1932, ar bears the title, "George Washington Bicentennial Tree Planting." The work is conducted by the "American Tree Association" and cooperates with the "George Washington Bicentennial Commission," created by Calvin Coolidge. President Hoover is chairman; and Vice-President Curtis and the Speaker of the House of Representatives are the vice-chairmen.

It is proposed to plant 10,000,000 trees in the United States! A magnificent memorial to a nation's hero!

To quote from the pamphlet: "The most fitting of all memorials is a living one a tree. Every individual can plant a tree. Boards of trade, civic organizations, women's clubs, men's clubs, boys' clubs, can plant single trees, groups of trees, avenues of trees. In a word, trees are a type of memorial which appeal to everyone. The Association calls on every citizen to plant a tree as a living memorial to George Washington."

So the San Francisco Garden Club presents this new work of our nation to the Women's City Club, that together we may show our patriotism, in concrete form, by beautifying our city for ourselves and those to come after us.

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Volunteers to Make Scrapbook

Mrs. W. R. Werner is chairman of a Volunteer group which will meet the second Monday of each month and paste clippings and pictures, segregated as to subject matter, into attractive scrapbooks for distribution in hospitals. The group is made up of young mothers—a special detachment of Volunteers—who have seen the need of such scrapbooks in sickrooms for entertainment of patients. Post cards showing travel scenery, clippings from newspapers telling interesting anecdotes about famous people, living or dead; bits of useful information on given subjects—all these will be sorted and pasted into attractive folders.

Quirk

—HUGH BROWN, JR.

How the wind raged,
Humming its savage bass cadence,
As it pounced
With its strength
Upon the sturdy tree
Which bent far down, then,
Trembling,
Forced its way back against the wind.

"Be strong," a man murmured,
Feeling, as he watched,
The agony of each twisted branch.
It was so good to see
Something being strong,
Being strong in the fray.

So he thought—he in his weakness;
He in his sheltered nook
Out of the fray.
He had dreamed of being
A strong limb or a strong root
Of a strong tree.

He watched a leaf,
Wrenched free by a quirk of the wind,
Struggle awkwardly down the gale
To the lonely place
Where it should
Die and
Rot.
I closed my eyes again—
The jungle once more.

It was Spring.
The great, black man
Was wooing his wild mate.
His eyes were afire
With primitive love.
His body glowed with power.

I opened my eyes—
No, it was the great, black one again,
Dressed in his best,
Striding down the main street
Of the city,
The cash from his pay check
Heavy in his pocket.

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Reciprocity Cards

Now is the time when City Club members are thinking of traveling abroad. Cards entitling them to club privileges at the American Women's Club in Paris, the American Women's Club of London, and others of similar standard in other cities may be had upon application at the executive office.

International House, Berkeley, Where Annual Meeting of the California Conference of Social Work Will Be Held May 17 to 21

California Conference of Social Work

● The twenty-third annual meeting of the California Conference of Social Work will be held in Berkeley, May 17 to 21. The program theme is "Economic Justice and Social Progress," which should prove especially timely and challenging at this time of severe economic depression. The eight sections on Family and Child Welfare, Public Health, Use of Leisure Time, Organization and Administration, Delinquency, Industry, Education, and Racial and Citizenship Problems will meet each morning from nine to twelve-forty-five o'clock; luncheon meetings will be held at one o'clock; during the afternoons the twenty-four kindred groups affiliated with the Conference will hold their meetings; and in the evenings the entire Conference will come together in general session.

Conference activities will be centered in International House and many of the delegates will be housed there, as there are living accommodations for 200 women and 100 men. Conference sessions will be held at Wheeler Hall on the University of California campus at the College Women's Club, Hearst Gymnasium, and International House. Conference sessions are open to everybody interested in social welfare.

For information regarding the Conference, write Miss Anita Eldridge, secretary, 20 Second Street, San Francisco.

Grand Rapids Matron Guest at City Club

● Mrs. William A. Bowen, first president of the Women's City Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was a guest at the Women's City Club during April. Mrs. Bowen expressed appreciation of the hospitality extended her and enthusiasm for the Volunteer Service which she contacted in tearoom, library, League Shop, and cafeteria. She was especially impressed with the flowers which members bring to the Club and help in arranging.

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Member Abroad

● Among the galaxy of City Club members traveling abroad this summer is Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, who, when last heard from, was in Algiers. It is expected that Mrs. Rettenmayer will have interesting stories to tell at the Thursday Evenings of the Club, or write for the Magazine, as she is wayfaring off the beaten track of the usual European and Asiatic tours.

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French Theory Classes Discontinued

● Mme. Olivier has discontinued her French "Theory Classes" during the summer months. New classes will again be formed in September. The "Conversational Classes" will continue through the summer season.

Visiting Nurse Association

● Miss Naomi Deutsch, director of the Visiting Nurse Association of San Francisco, states that San Francisco, like many other cities, shows increasing demand for the service of the part-time nurse —that is, of the graduate, registered nurse who visits the patient in the home by the hour or by appointment. Recognition by physicians and laity of the need of such aid in sickness had led to the opening of a new branch of the Visiting Nurse Association, a non-profit organization, in the Sunset district, with headquarters at the University of California Hospital. For the same reason has come the recent appointment of a "Mission Committee" of the board, with Mrs. Paul Springer as chairman, to further the work of the visiting nurse service in that community.

According to Mrs. Alfred I. Esberg, president of the board, the Visiting Nurse Association has taken part in a nation-wide study of nursing services, the results of which give valuable aid in the direction of the work, to further reduce time spent in transportation and to increase time spent in care of the patient, thus aiming to lower cost of the visit. Many suggestions for raising the standards of the service are thus gained, including methods of instructing members of the family to aid in care of the patient.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

ITTLE AMERICA; *by Richard E. Byrd,* Rear Admiral U. S. N., Ret.; G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.; $5.00.

LIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING: LETTERS TO HER SISTER, 1846-1859; E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y.; $5.00.

ooks concerning China:

LOTUS PETALS; *by Princess Der Ling;* Dodd, Mead, and Co., N. Y.; $3.50.

WHITE JADE; *by Maude Meagher;* Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y.; $3.00.

TORTURED CHINA; *by Hallett Abend;* Ives Washburn, N. Y.; $2.50.

SHORT GUIDE TO THE ART OF EUROPE *by Martha Howey;* Houghton Mifflin Co., New York; $2.50.

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Who has not read "Little America" has missed the adventure tale of the ear! Selected by the seventeen-year-old choolboy as his Christmas gift for Mother, caused a near-rift in the affections of the mily, as they stood in line, waiting for a hance to read it. And since then, this gor- eous book has had to stand in line, too, aiting for its turn to be reviewed!

Last summer, when I stood on West- ver's lawn, beside the James River, and reamed of the stately generations of the yrd family who had passed beneath its hite portal, it seemed a far cry to Richard velyn Byrd and the frozen Barrier of the ay of Whales. Yet I think the thread of ourage, of ambition, of achievement, was retching back from Antarctica to that ncestral home, "where walked the great f yesterday." Richard Byrd has a tradi- on to follow, a torch to pass on. And right ell has he held the flame aloft!

Of all living men, Admiral Byrd is the nly one who has seen both the North Pole nd the South Pole. Amundsen, his friend, iw both, but Amundsen is dead. Byrd's ort life of forty-one years has been filled ith geographical research, but this last xploit of combined exploration by ship, y dog-team, by plane, has a new thrill. he frozen wastes of the last unknown nd, and the sunlit fields of the Antarctic! viation has opened new adventure for the ioneers of the air, when the pioneers of rth were beginning to lag, their imagina- ons jaded.

"Little America" is the story of the Byrd ntarctic expedition as told for the first me by its leader. "It is the story of men ho brought their own civilization to a od-forsaken hunk of ice and created on it ne of the most extraordinary communities he world has ever seen. 'It falls to the lot f few men to look down upon things never efore seen,' Admiral Byrd writes. In nother place, he says, 'We were, for the ost part, strangers.' Millionaires' sons nd adventurers, a college professor and a

former gun-runner, scientists and aviators —they scarcely knew one another when they started out, but they fought one of the toughest battles still reserved for man on the last continent that held adventure."

It was an amazement to me that the financing of so great an expedition—or the responsibility therefor—rested upon his young shoulders. That required more courage than Columbus needed to set sail upon an unknown sea. One would think that leadership of the adventure would be burden enough for one man! In the Foreword of his book, he says, "The efficiency of a polar expedition varies on the whole according to the adequacy of its preparations. These things require a great deal of money, and no explorer could possibly foot the bill on the strength of his own pocketbook. He is dependent upon the generosity of friends and the public. This has been true in my case especially, for the problem of financing two of my last three expeditions has fallen first upon me and then upon my friends. To them I must acknowledge my debt first of all. In a sense, this is the debt of the nation, for the expedition which had for its immediate objectives the investigation of the south polar regions, had also as its purpose the extension of national efforts in a field which has been sadly neglected, the Antarctic continent." He speaks with deep appreciation of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of Edsel Ford, of many others. But it seems passing strange that the sale of his books will go to meet the deficit. Surely, the dream should be materialized by some great geographical society, or the adventure should be financed by a proud country, as Isabella sold her jewels. One would like to think of him going forth as free from care as any Viking!

There is a page in the book which interprets to me the real Richard Evelyn Byrd. More than any criticism or recapitulation, it represents the book. And having read this one page, one must needs read the rest.

It is the first day, Oct. 2, 1928, "En route."—"Home is back there now—but no, rather it is two years ahead of me. It is more pleasant to look at it in that way. For then each day must advance me toward it, and not away from it. There were, of course, no goodbyes. A casual 'so long' is so much better. Of the three girls, only Bolling seems to have understood that I was going away for a long time, but whatever doubts that knowledge gave rise to were speedily swallowed up in a vaster personal disaster. She cut her finger, and ran up, crying, 'Daddy, I'm leaking. Stop me up.' Dickie was the little soldier he always is, at the end shoving shyly into my hand his most treasured toy. What a wonderful thing to have come close to the mind of a child! Here is perhaps the most exquisite intimacy, and surely the most tranquil. For Dickie takes it for granted that all fathers adore sons, and all sons adore fathers!

"Tonight, as I have done on a hundred nights, I have asked myself: Why are you doing this? Can it be that the joy you get out of your exploring is the decisive factor in your plans, overpowering all other influences?

"This is a time of heart-sinking doubt. I must go it alone, for no one can decide the matter for me. My mind knows what the answers are, but there is some obscure, perhaps ancient, voice within me tonight which instinctively interposes others. What a contradictory thing 'instinct' is! Half of human instinct drives away from the center, and makes for enlarging the outline of what we know. Half of it drives toward the center, seeking to confirm and make secure the goods that are there. Life is made up of both things, exploring and establishing, a double swing of the pendulum. Sometimes, as tonight, the instinct toward digging in must have its chance to speak—not a homing instinct, for I am not far enough away for that—but a home-building instinct, perhaps, trying to persuade one that happiness is identified with security, order, and steady work toward making things more perfect. But when intellect takes this instinct by the ears and compels it to listen to reason, it recognizes that security is never perfect, and therefore home-building is never finished until we know all that is outside that charmed circle. Going away is a part of solid working to the center. And perhaps this is my particular fate, to do my building in this roundabout way. 'Man wants to know,' Nansen has said, 'and when he does not want to know he ceases to be a man.'"

And so Richard Evelyn Byrd went forth to his great adventure.

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● Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to her Sister, 1846-1859.

When the two volumes of the Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by Sir

F. G. Kenyon, appeared in 1897, there were none from her sisters. These, like the lovely thoughts of Emily Dickinson, were probably suppressed by her family as being too personal. But the beloved sister, Henrietta, lovingly preserved those written to her. Many years after her death her husband copied them into a set of manuscript books. These descended to her son, the Rev. Altham Surtees Altham, and now, at last, with a postscript by Robert Browning, one hundred and seven of Mrs. Browning's unpublished letters have been given to us.

There is a decent reserve in their editing by Leonard Huxley. Most of the letters—the happiest ones—are written from Italy. Those that were written in London must needs be sad. It is a pleasanter picture than that drawn by "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but in England there is always the overhanging cloud of her father's unforgiving heart and his final separation from his daughter. In Florence, how different! Italian sunshine, the devotion of Robert Browning to his frail wife, and their happiness in the little boy, Penini. It is rather like a visit in the happy home of two friends, with none of the sense of intrusion which one feels in reading love-letters, even of those long dead.

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● Lotus Petals; by Princess der Ling; Dodd, Mead, and Co., New York; $3.50. White Jade; by Maude Meagher; Houghton Mifflin Co., New York; $3.00. Tortured China; by Hallett Abend; Ives Washburn, New York; $2.50.

China, once the unchangeable, changes now as often as a chameleon. Never can a finger be laid on one of her provinces, while we say with any surety that today it is this or that. It has the fascination of uncertainty, the pains of growth, the wonder of birth. Birth, or evolution—who can say, or what prophet foretell how long the struggle will endure? There are those who believe it to be the birth of a new, great country; and some there are who dream of the old, the stable, that was overthrown. So we open each book about China with a question, a search for the truth.

Princess der Ling's stories are lighter than her lotus petals. Daughter of the Minister from China to France, she grew up in Paris from her little-girlhood until 1903, when she was called back to China to be the first lady-in-waiting of Her Majesty, Tzu Hsi, Empress Dowager of the Middle Kingdom. Her "Lotus Petals" are the pressed memories of a varied life. The sketches alternate between old-time reminiscences of China and of her life abroad, and Chinese folk-lore tales, gracefully told—The White Fox, The Lady of the Lotus, The Scarf of Plum Blossom, The Slaves of the White Moth. It is a tale of the past that is told.

The story of "White Jade" is told by Maude Meagher with a touch as delicate as the carving of white jade, as unusual as its color. In the eighth century after Christ, Yang-Kuei-fei was the Helen of China. Beautiful favorite of the Emperor Ming Huang, she raised the Tang period to the height of beauty and culture—and toppled it to destruction. "Nearly twelve hundred years have passed since Yang-Kuei-fei hung dead from the branch of a pear-tree at Ma Wei. She is still execrated, still adored. The historians and moralists of China condemn her as the woman whose beauty caused the apparent demoralization of one of China's greatest emperors. But poets worship her. In her small body were the seeds of dream, as potent after as before its death. They blow still across the mountains and deserts of the East, as thistledown dreams of Helen still drift from the Western sea." Li Mu asked the old Chinese scholar, "What do you see in her, honorable Chuang?" "I see a woman with a gift greater than herself, the power to loosen dreams from their deep roots and set them afloat on any wind that touched her." These are dreams of the great past—of Kuei-nien, fallen from his high estate as court musician; of Li Mu, once his boy-pupil; of Chuang, the old scholar; of Chu-i, rich young student of the classics; of Chiao-Sui, poet, "one of the Eight Immortals of the Wine Cup and an official in the Palace when Yang-Kuei-fei was there. The book is different. Its quality is as elusive as the floating petals of spring cherry-blossoms."

"Tortured China," by Abend, has none of the romance of China's past. The author pitchforks us into the present turmoil. The book is dedicated "To the People of China, inarticulate victims of the world's neglect." Hallett Abend spent four years in China, most of the time as correspondent of The New York Times. So bitter were his criticisms, so hopeless his outlook for any success for Young China, that the Nationalist Government sent a request for his recall. This I was told by a professor of sociology from one of the Chinese 'universitie. So one places a question-mark after many of Mr. Abend's conclusions. He is impressed by the efficiency of Japan, the prosperity of Manchuria, in contrast with the abject poverty of China's millions; and he has little sympathy for the efforts of the Nationalist leaders. His conclusion and cure-all is a combined foreign intervention. He says, "The Chinese people today are powerless to check the destructive processes which are bringing about the ruin of their own country, and coincidentally are creating a serious menace to the peace and well-being of the whole of mankind. Humanitarianism alone should prompt the rest of the world to devise some means of giving immediate help to these people who cannot help themselves, and self-interest and the instinct of self-protection also counsel against delay."

One questions, not the seriousness of the situation, but the justice of Mr. Abend's conclusions and the hopelessness of his outlook. Since the writing of his book, the young Marshal Chang of Manchuria has discarded his neutrality, and aligned himself with the Nationalist leaders. In China, no one can say what a day will bring forth.

▲

● A Short Guide to the Art of Europe by Martha Howey; Mifflin Co., New York; $2.50.

As our season draws to its close, some of our fortunate club members are scanning sailing schedules and studying trans-Atlantic lines. For those who are looking forward to a summer vacation in Europe, one of our own members, Martha Howey, has prepared a valuable handbook, just pocket-size. In this "Short Guide to the Art of Europe," she deals concisely with Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, French, and English painting, and with the various periods of architecture and sculpture. In his "Guide to Venice," Grant Allen wrote of Americans that they "usually come to Europe with an honest and reverent desire to learn from the Old World whatever of value it has to teach them, and are prepared to take any amount of pains in turning their trip to good account."

Martha Howey says, "The ideal way would be to settle down in some center of culture, read at leisure, roam the storied streets, sit for hours before a significant picture; to absorb all the unnamable qualities of the civilization; but—for most of us the time is limited. In a few months, we must 'hoard sunshine' for the rest of our lives; everywhere, we must see in a flash what we have no time to discover gradually!—To the person dutifully 'doing the churches' or traversing 'miles of galleries,' no voice speaks; but to the traveller more truly educated or more open of mood, impressions come faster than he can grasp or interpret them. He longs for books at hand, or a discriminating friend, to help him see more intelligently, enjoy more fully. Such a guide it is the aim of this little book to be; to help reveal and fix in mind conceptions that will be enjoyed at a later leisure, when whole libraries are available. It is not intended to be studied at home (although it can be used to advantage by those who have already travelled or studied the history of Art), but on the street before a building, or in the gallery, where it can be read with one eye, as it were, while the other absorbs the beauty of towering spire or glowing canvas."

Doesn't that give you the wanderlust? Happy the woman who can pack such a little book in her bag, and hie her away to the land of cathedrals and chateaux!

The San Francisco Salvage Shop

The San Francisco Salvage Shop at 1244 Sutter Street, near Van Ness Avenue, is a unique institution, established to aid the unemployed. It is a spacious warehouse and salesroom to which the public may send used and unused household articles and clothing to be sold by the shop, the profits to be used to alleviate the unemployed situation.

The Shop is non-sectarian and permanent, and is under the direction of a committee headed by Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, with Richard M. Tobin as treasurer and Paige Monteagle as secretary. Vice-presidents are Major-General Malin Craig, U. S. A., Major-General Logan Feland, U. S. M. C., Major Charles Kendrick, J. J. Tynan, Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, Paul Shoup, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Marshal Hale, Mrs. George A. Pope, Horace D. Gillsbury, and Kenneth R. Kingsbury.

The Shop is not asking for money, but for donations of all kinds of "rummage" and unused articles which collect in the ordinary household. Clothing, shoes, objects of art, pictures, household articles, and even old automobiles, pianos, phonographs, and the like. These will be marked with price-tags and sold at reasonable prices, as at rummage sales, and the funds thus assembled used for the relief of the needy and unemployed.

Attics, basements, storerooms, and clothes closets have been ransacked to stock the Salvage Shop, and anybody who has no means of sending bundles which he would like to contribute are asked to telephone the Shop, and a truck will call. The telephone number is Ordway 6430. The Shop was opened Friday evening, April 17, with a reception to the general public.

The Credo of a Happy Life

KATHLEEN NORRIS

as expressed in

"HANDS FULL OF LIVING"

This is Mrs. Norris's answer to the thousands of women who have written for help and counsel.

Don't—

forget that faith moves mountains.
spoil the man and the children you love.
ever get into debt.
be less than gloriously, completely well.
ever do anything to impress anyone else.
believe there is any such thing as luck.
worry. Worry is a habit; it has nothing to do with what has happened or may happen.
get a divorce unless there is no other possible course.
fail to notice that beauty, after thirty, is a matter of character and health.
mistake amusement for work.
be afraid of anything.
ever punish children, after babyhood.
see anything in failure but assurance of success.
miss opportunities.
fail to provide for your own old age.
expect to find happiness ready-made. It's always homemade.
stop trying and changing until you find your own means of self-expression.

Do

pray, without ceasing. No life is complete without God.
keep out of debt.
love somebody. It is your own fault if you don't.
work, at something you like.
read. Read something worth while every day.
save. It is the secret of happy old age.
enjoy life, day by day. No yesterday, no tomorrow, where happiness is concerned.
perform the nearest duty, perfectly.
get well and stay well. Anyone can be well.

More Value for Your Money!

HALE BROS

CELEBRATING our 55th BIRTHDAY!

Today, yesterday and tomorrow . . . Hale Bros. serves the community! Our 55th Anniversary Sale will be a revelation to you . . . appreciable savings in the mode of the hour, in conservative fashions, in household staples and furnishings! Our tribute to your patronage!

Outstanding Groups in Anniversary Sale

LINENS, DOMESTICS!
SILKS, WOOLENS!
CHILDREN'S WEAR!
REDINGOTES! FROCKS!
SILVER! TOILETRIES!
ELECTRICAL GOODS!
RUGS! DRAPERIES!
FURNITURE!

In business since 1876, serving the community with consistent value!

Swimming Pool

(1) The Swimming Pool is open from 9:00 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Thursdays from 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. Saturdays from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

(2) A lifeguard and instructor is in charge every day.

(3) The Swimming Pool may be used by:

(a) Members and by guests who accompany them.

(b) Visitors holding guest cards.

(c) Girls under 18 years of age and boys under 9 years of age when accompanied by a member.

(d) A member's daughter under eighteen years of age unaccompanied, if a letter with permission from the mother or guardian is on file in the Swimming Office.

(4) All bathers must wear the Club's regulation swimming suit.

(5) All bathers must wear bathing caps.

(6) No one with skin infection or a cold may enter the pool.

(7) All bathers are required to take a shower before entering the pool.

(8) Private swimming lessons will be given by appointment.

(9) Club swimming suits may be used in the Swimming Department only.

(10) All appointments not cancelled two hours in advance must be paid for.

(11) Membership or guest cards must be shown at the Swimming Office.

(12) Swimming ticket books (good for ten swims) may be obtained at the Swimming Office.

MARGO MODES

All straw models at half price

●

210 Post Street Suite 904

Patronize Our Advertisers

● It has been several months since the Magazine has asked readers to patronize shops of our advertisers.

It *does* help to have a City Club member say "I am here because I saw your ad in the City Club Magazine, and I am a member of the City Club." That is, it *does* help the Magazine to keep that ad and to go out and get more. For when advertisers know that a medium is read by 8,000 women—the shoppers of their households—plus their families and friends—they want to make their wares known to that large "buying power."

▲

Visit Children's Book Shop

● A visit to the Children's Book Shop off the main corridor of the City Club will take one back to the shining days when the world was young and King Arthur and his knights broke their lances for chivalry's sake, when Ivanhoe was a very real person and Robin Hood, Arabian Nights and Treasure Island were the most absorbing tomes in all literature.

▲

Surprises In Store

● Guests at the City Club "Five Years After Dinner" are promised entertaining surprises in the program which will follow the dinner.

THE WOMENS' CITY CLUB

Takes Pleasure in Announcing That

MISS NANCY MACKENZIE

Formerly

Manager of the Home Delicacies Association, Chicago; Restaurant Manager of the Edgewater Beach Hotel Annex, Chicago; Assistant Manager of "The Gang Plank" of the Jungle Country Club Hotel, St. Petersburg, Florida

Is Now

MANAGER

of the

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CATERING DEPARTMENT

Miss Mackenzie Is Equipped to Give the Greatest Refinements of Service, Including Unusual and Attractive Menus for Private Parties

21% Richer MILK

A Refreshing Beverage

Iced in warm weather, milk is a cooling and satisfying food-drink. Heated in cool weather, it is delicious on cereals and soothing as a bed-time beverage.

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VAlencia 6000

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In Redwood City, Atherton and Menlo Park
REdwood 915

Dairy Delivery Co.

Successors in San Francisco to
MILLBRAE DAIRY

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

May Day breakfasts will be quite the vogue this year, due to the enticing warmth of summer days we have enjoyed in the Bay cities this spring.

Perhaps a round of golf, a canter in the park, or a game of tennis will precede the feast. If so, a hearty menu will be in order upon the return—otherwise, something dainty that appeals to the eye as well as taste will answer.

Serve breakfast out of doors, if possible. On the porch, in the patio, under the trees, or near the courts; or if there is no natural protection from the sun's direct rays, there are lovely tables with awnings that make ideal settings for such entertaining. These come in cane, wood, and iron combined with gay canvas and make excellent substitutes for shade trees.

Sport table covers—that is, rough crash or linen with fringed edges with napkins to match, are more attractive than daintier materials, for the guests will be in sports clothes. Most of the garden sets are very light, and with one in orange and green available to match would be very effective. Have the linen in green, if the glassware is amber; or orange fabric with green crystal. In either case, gayly decorated or plain green china would be lovely.

As a first course, strawberries hold first place. They should be choice and only the largest and largest used. The washed and hulled berries could be heaped into glass bowls and served plain; or each dipped into powdered sugar before placing in dish. Then again, if served in cocktail cups with other fruits and liquid they make delicious appetizers.

Just the fruit, waffles and coffee would be quite enough for the average guest, but if exercising, then eggs or meat with toast and jelly should follow if serving before noon. After that hour any luncheon dish is suitable—such as fried or creamed chicken, sweetbreads and mushrooms in ramekins, or broiled chops.

Kitchen facilities play an important rôle in al fresco meals. If one is without a maid, even an electric percolator, waffle iron, and grill should be on a side table. In that case, the fruit could be ready in the refrigerator; the batter made—requiring only the heating of the iron, and that would be ready by the time the fruit had been consumed. The coffee, too, would be piping hot, and it would be lots of fun letting each one help bake it. With one of the new grills, chops, or ham and eggs for four could also be cooked at the table.

With assistance, following the fruit, an omelet, or little pig sausages with apple rings, French fried potatoes and biscuits and honey with coffee, would provide an appetizing yet substantial repast. Or, berries, waffles and creamed chicken make a delicious combination; and Frenched lamb chops, new potatoes and peas with hot biscuits are always enjoyed. Sauteed pineapple rings are very good with these foods.

Recipes are frequently mislaid. Here are a few which are timely, though one may add chopped bacon, grated cheese, or chopped nuts to their favorite waffle directions.

Plain Waffles: Mix and sift one and three-fourths cups of flour with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt into a bowl; add two well beaten egg yolks and one cup of milk, and beat until light. (Use milk to rinse egg out of container.) Then fold in four tablespoons of melted shortening (half butter and half fat) and lastly fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Test a small quantity and add more milk if necessary, as batter is best if thin. Bake on a hot iron about three minutes.

Cheese Waffles: Add one-half cup of grated cheese to above batter.

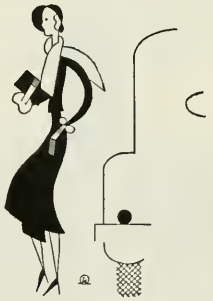
Hot Cakes: Sift together three cups of flour with one teaspoon of salt and one-eighth cup of sugar (more if you wish them sweet flavored—this amount makes them brown nicely) and one and one-half tablespoons of baking powder. Next beat one large egg and add to it two cups of sweet milk. Gradually stir into the flour and when thoroughly blended, add three tablespoons of melted butter, and cook on a hot griddle until top becomes porous, then turn.

(Note: Prepared waffle and pancake flours are very good, though as a rule more liquid should be added.)

Baking Powder Biscuits: Mix and sift two cups of pastry flour with five teaspoons of cream of tartar baking powder and one teaspoon of salt. Next cut in four tablespoons of shortening with a knife or pie mixer. When thoroughly blended, gradually add from two-thirds to three-fourths cup of sweet milk. Roll out to about one-half inch thickness, cut with biscuit cutter, and place on greased baking sheet. Brush tops with milk or grease. Bake in a quick oven (450 degrees) for twelve minutes.

To cook small link (little pig) sausage, cut apart and place in skillet. Cover with cold water and bring to boiling point.

Roos Bros
INC.
NINE-STORE-BUYING-POWER



Once again we repeat Spring's theme song

Jacket Dresses

—keyed to every major and minor note of fashion . . . yes indeed we have many of them at our popular price.

$29.50

AT ALL ROOS STORES

Drain off water, prick each link, and brown well. This method insures thorough cooking and perfect browning. If using the electric grill, prepare in advance, just browning at the table.

Have ready slices of apples and saute in the fat until tender and nicely browned. Serve with the sausages.

French Fried Potatoes: Pare five or six potatoes. Cut in strips one-half inch thick and soak in cold water for one hour. Drain well, then dry thoroughly between folds of towel. Fry in deep hot fat until a delicate brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle lightly with salt before serving.

Omelets are made in various ways. Some beat well—as for scrambled—and after pouring into hot pan containing small quantity of grease, permit the egg to spread without stirring, then roll up and serve at once. Others wish additional ingredients, such as cheese, jelly, ham, or Spanish style; or puffy type. So it is best to have real recipes before attempting to prepare them.

To Make a Cheese Omelet: Beat six eggs slightly, just enough to blend the yolks with the whites. Add one-third cup of milk, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Next put one and one-half tablespoons of butter or shortening into frying pan, pour in the egg mixture, and cook slowly. Prick with a fork until it thickens, then sprinkle with one-half cup of grated cheese and place pan in a very hot oven (475 degrees) until cheese melts. Fold and serve at once.

Puffy Omelet: Beat five egg yolks until thick, season with one teaspoon of salt and a few grains of pepper, a dash of cayenne, and then add five tablespoons of hot water. Mix thoroughly, then fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Heat one tablespoon of fat in an iron frying pan or omelet pan; pour in the egg mixture and spread evenly. Cook over a slow fire, moving the pan frequently to equally distribute the heat. When bottom is lightly browned, place in a moderate oven (350 degrees) and bake until top is firm—between ten and fifteen minutes. Fold and serve on a hot platter.

Jelly Omelet: When above omelet is baked, cover with one-half cup of jelly that has been beaten until thin enough to spread. Cover surface of omelet with jelly, fold, and serve at once.

Spanish Type Omelet: Melt two tablespoons of fat, in it cook three tablespoons each of chopped green pepper and minced onion. Fry slowly until soft. Next add one large fresh tomato, peeled and cut into small pieces, three tablespoons of chopped celery, one-fourth cup of chopped mushrooms, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, and pepper and cayenne to suit taste—just a few grains. Cook over a slow fire until tomato is tender and use this mixture to spread over puffy omelet before folding.

Sweetbreads with Mushrooms: Have ready one and one-half cups of boiled sweetbreads, cut into cubes. Next make a sauce by heating one cup of cream and adding to it one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to suit taste; lastly add two beaten egg yolks that have been diluted slightly with a little cream. Let cook until thickened, while constantly stirring. Lastly add the prepared sweetbreads and one cup of canned or stewed, fresh mushrooms, cut into fourths. Serve at once on rounds or triangles of toast.

Chicken a la King: Have ready one and one-half cups of diced cooked chicken. Then make a sauce by melting two tablespoons of butter, blending with it one and one-half tablespoons of flour, and when mixture bubbles, adding two cups of liquid, either half milk and half cream or part mushroom liquor. When smooth, add the diced chicken, one-half cup of canned mushrooms cut into small pieces, three tablespoons of pimentoes and a little finely minced green pepper. Salt and pepper to suit taste. Worcestershire sauce or Sherry seasoning improves the dish.

If one wishes a dessert for this occasion, this is a delightful way in which to serve strawberries.

Strawberry Dainty: Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes, then add one cup of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Next add three-fourths cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of lemon juice, and a pinch of salt and the grated rind of one lemon. Strain, and when mixture commences to harden, beat with an egg wheel beater, adding a few drops of green vegetable coloring to the mixture and beating until well blended. Next add two stiffly whipped egg whites and beat again until blended. Turn into molds or cups that have been first rinsed in cold water and set aside until firm.

When ready to serve, unmold on small glass serving plates. Scoop out the centers of these green jelly cups and fill the depressions with perfect whole strawberries that have been washed and drained, then dipped into powdered sugar. Top each with a spoonful of sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

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Notes on Public Health

Fm a Swing Through the East and South

R. ADELAIDE BROWN

● *Washington.* — 1. The two parts of child life we know the least about are th first four weeks of infancy and the peod of adolescence. Let us all learn me, especially as doctors, mothers, te hers, and relatives, of this time of the sh of soul and body to individual contr and out of family control. Poise and Pe (do you not like the alliteration?) are at ined after some stormy adjustments.

Our children grow in spirits, and wh five to seven inches in height is add in a year, do not program the boy or irl too heavily. Late hours, irregular mls, competitive sports, and too many ex ing movies endanger physical and ne ous strength more than school work.

A child's health record should include sic ess and health conditions; the scars of isease are honorable scars. Periodic phsical examinations are more valuable wh made by the doctor who knows the chl, its parents, its setting in life. At all tir s its character and emotional reactic s should be observed.

We need more well-baby clinics.

The medical profession has never recgnized its duty in instruction in the fa lies as to teaching the facts of sex to ch ldren.

In vocational guidance the physical, mtal, and emotional development of the chl should be considered. Many a child at xteen is unable to cope with life in its jument. Mature in body does not mean emtional control. The working world is a ha test.

Prenatal, intranatal, and postnatal ca should be given as a continuous serv ice to *all* mothers. This is the leading recommendation of the Maternal and Neona l Care Section. No mother should be obged to rely on instruction and neighbo' advice for the care of her baby. The W -Baby Clinics should be in reach of all mo ers.

he record of California is so good in infat and maternal death rates that we we asked to what we attributed it. The fo wing statement was sent to New York to released on May Day. It is included in ir month's health notes.

REASONS FOR CALIFORNIA'S INFANT AND MATERNITY RECORD

I Well-baby clinics distributed throughout a majority of Counties, manned
- (a) By local physicians,
- (b) Division of Child Hygiene of the local health department, or
- (c) By physicians loaned by the State Department of Public Health, Bureau of Child Hygiene.

Forty-eight counties covered out of a total of fifty-eight.

II Public health nurses and Bureau of Child Hygiene constantly stimulating prenatal and postnatal care.
- Sets of prenatal letters distributed in 1930, 7,023.
- Sets of infant care letters distributed in 1930, 10,234.
- Public health nurses registered by the State Board of Public Health (by waiver or examination), 1,275.

III. Continuous program of prenatal, intranatal, and postnatal in hospital and private care is stressed.

IV. Licensing and yearly reinspection of all maternity homes (three beds or less) and maternity departments in hospitals by the State Department of Public Health, Bureau of Child Hygiene.
- California confines 50%+ of its cases in maternity hospitals and homes. San Francisco, 80%.

MATERNAL MORTALITY RATES

1929	
General State rate	5.22
Maternity hospital and home	5.2
1930	
General State rate	5.25
Maternity hospital and home	4.0

INFANT MORTALITY RATE

1930	
State of California	58.6
San Francisco	39.8
Los Angeles County	44.8
Los Angeles City	61.0

Where highly organized county health work exists, babies and mothers live.

Secretary Wilbur, in closing the Congress, spoke as follows:

"Mass mistakes are expensive. We have, in this Conference, studied and prescribed scientific investigation and are then ready to go ahead."

DELICIOUS
CARAMELS
Made of the purest materials including sweet, fresh cream and butter.
FOSTER & OREAR
212 Stockton Street
ON UNION SQUARE
CANDY - TEA ROOM - FOUNTAIN
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Russ and Ferry Buildings

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on these fine ships . . . .

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Spacious social rooms, including lounge bar, library, drawing room, four dining rooms... orchestra...large promenade, sun and sport decks..swimming pool.. cinema...famed Italian cuisine with choice beverages . . . most rooms with private bath.

S. S. Duchessa D'Aosta and S.S. Timavo, *Entirely redesigned*

And the Motorships FELTRE, FELLA, CELLINA *and* RIALTO

● The new, fascinating way to Europe. Sail on a popular Libera Liner over this "all-year, good-weather route." From Pacific Coast ports to the romantic Mediterranean, including Gibraltar, Genoa, Venice, Leghorn, Naples, Marseilles and Trieste.

$300 AND UP First Class

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GENERAL STEAMSHIP CORP. LTD., AGTS.
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House Rules of City Club

For the convenience of our new members, for whom a reception will be given Thursday afternoon, May 7, we publish the House Rules governing the City Club:

Hours

The Clubhouse will be open from 7:00 A.M. until 12:00 P.M. Only house guests will be admitted at other times.

Membership Cards and Passes

(1) Membership cards must be shown upon leaving elevators at third and fourth floors and at other times upon request. If a membership card is lost, a new one may be secured at the Room Secretary's Desk on the first floor upon the payment of fifty cents.

(2) Passes may be obtained at the Room Secretary's Desk and must be surrendered to the operator upon leaving the elevator.

(3) All visitors to bedroom floors (be they members or guests) must obtain each time a special pass from the Room Secretary.

(4) Membership cards are not transferable. Any violation of this rule shall be reported to the President.

Reception of Guests

All guests shall await their hostesses in the First Floor Arcade. Privileges of the Clubhouse are not extended to visitors without guest cards unless the guest is accompanied by a member or upon the specific request of the member recorded at the Room Secretary's Desk.

Guests

(1) A member upon payment of fifty cents may secure a guest card at the Room Secretary's Desk for any woman residing more than fifty miles from San Francisco. This card shall entitle the holder to all the privileges of the Club (except voting).

(2) The fee for a two weeks' privilege is 50c; for 4 weeks in succession, $1.00; for 3 months in succession, $5.00. These three units are the only ones permissible, and the three month privilege is not renewable in a twelve month period.

(3) A member is responsible for the guest she introduces to the Club, and for any indebtedness to the Club remaining unpaid by such guest.

(4) An application for a guest must be made by a member in person or by a letter accompanied by check. Guest cards may not be issued on a telephone call.

Guests from Reciprocal Clubs

A member of any club with which the Women's City Club of San Francisco has reciprocal relations may, upon presenting her membership card for the current year, be accorded the hospitality of the Club for a period not to exceed two weeks in any calendar year. An extension may be granted by the Executive Secretary only, acting for the Executive Committee.

Men Guests

(1) Men guests may be entertained in the American Room, and in the Dining Room or Cafeteria at all times. Men guests may be entertained in the Lounge and Library after 4:00 o'clock on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons only.

(2) The only men admitted to the bedroom floors are physicians and clergymen when professionally calling. Severe illness may furnish an exception to this rule.

Messages and Telephone Calls

(1) No paging is allowed in the Club. Members expecting callers must notify the Room Secretary. Members expecting telephone messages must notify the Telephone Operator.

Mail

Mail will be forwarded to a member's address as found in the card catalogue unless written instructions to the contrary are left with the Room Secretary.

Parcels

C.O.D. Parcels shall not be accepted unless authorization has been filed at the Room Secretary's Desk.

Charge Accounts

There shall be no charge accounts.

Scrip Books

Scrip Books in amounts of one, five and ten dollars may be purchased from the Room Secretary and used in any department of the Club.

Cashing of Checks

Checks not exceeding ten dollars will be cashed at the Room Secretary's Desk, proper identification having been established, provided that at no time shall the debt to the Club by reason of the cashing of checks exceed ten dollars.

Checking and Personal Property

(1) A check room for the convenience of members is provided on the fourth floor. No checking shall be allowed elsewhere.

(2) The Club is not responsible for the safe-keeping of any articles left in the Check Room.

(3) No wraps, hats or coats shall be left on chairs or in dressing rooms.

(4) In case a check is lost, description of the article checked must be given and the property will be delivered upon the signing of a receipt.

(5) The Club will not be responsible for loss or damage to personal property, and guests are cautioned not to leave valuables in their rooms. There is a fireproof safe where valuables may be left if delivered to the Room Secretary.

Lost and Found

Articles found in the Clubhouse will be taken to the Check Room. If unclaimed after sixty days they will be sold.

4661 Visits

were made in February to homes in San Francisco, where Registered Nurses rendered skilled care.

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available in the home when services of full-time nurse not required. All care, treatments at nominal fee. Competent staff of registered nurses. For information and calls

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NAOMI DEUTSCH, Director
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Loss, Damage or Destruction

Loss, damage or destruction of the property of the Club for any reason whatsoever shall be paid for by the member causing the same, after the amount has been appraised by the House Committee.

Gratuities

Money or gratuities shall not be given under any pretext whatsoever to anyone in the service of the Club. For infraction of this rule the member may be fined $25.00 and the employee dismissed. Money may be deposited in boxes provided for the purpose.

Christmas Fund

Members are invited each year to contribute to the Employees' Christmas Fund.

Privileges

Wives of Foreign Consuls and Wives of Army and Navy Officers

Wives of Consuls of foreign countries whose legal residence is outside the United States and the wives of officers of the Army and Navy of the United States in active service while stationed at San Francisco or immediate vicinity may, upon payment of six dollars, be issued an annual guest card.

Umbrellas

Umbrellas may be rented at the Check Room on payment of ten cents per day. A deposit of 25c is required.

Lockers

Members may rent lockers. Inquire at Swimming Pool office.

Rest Room

1) A Bedroom may be rented by the hour for the following rates:

Room without bath, 35c per hour or fraction thereof.

Room with bath, 75c first hour, and 50c each succeeding hour or fraction thereof.

2) No reclining is allowed in rooms on the fourth floor.

Card Rooms

1) A charge of fifty cents will be made for the use of a card table. Two packs of usual cards and a score pad will be provided if requested. A charge of twenty-five cents is made for the use of uncut cards.

2) Card rooms for private parties are available. For rates apply at the Room Secretary's Desk.

3) A charge of fifty cents is made for the use of Mah Jong set and table.

Suggestions and Complaints

1) The conduct of any employee shall not be made a matter of personal reprimand by a member.

2) All complaints must be made in writing with signature to the President or the Executive Secretary.

(3) At no time shall a member give orders to an employee, except by special permission of the Executive Secretary.

(4) A Suggestion Box is provided at the Room Secretary's Desk.

(5) Conduct on the part of a member prejudicial to the welfare of the Club shall be reported to the Executive Committee.

Smoking

Smoking is not permitted in the Library or Swimming Pool.

Restrictions

(1) Members may interview applicants for employment on the first floor only.

(2) No petition or subscription shall be circulated in the Clubhouse without permission of the Executive Committee.

(3) Committee meetings may be held only in the rooms provided for that purpose by the Executive Office.

(4) Animals are not allowed in the Clubhouse.

(5) Communications intended for publication shall not be written on Club stationery.

(6) No photographs shall be taken in the Clubhouse without the permission of the President.

(7) Members are not allowed in the utility rooms of the Clubhouse (ex. engine rooms, store rooms, kitchens, penthouse) except by special permission of the Executive Office.

(7) Members and guests are permitted above the fourth floor only after having been announced by the Room Secretary and having obtained a special pass.

(8) Resident members may use radios and typewriters in their rooms by permission of the Executive Secretary until ten o'clock.

(9) Girls under eighteen years of age

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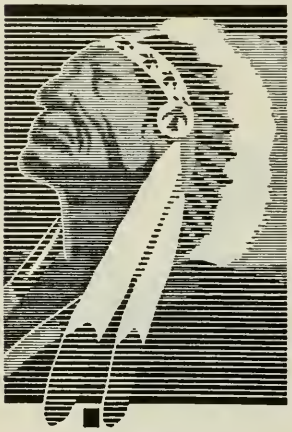

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may not occupy a bedroom except upon written authorization of a parent or guardian.

Children

(1) Children under twelve years of age must be accompanied by a member. (See Swimming Pool for special ruling.)

(2) Children under twelve shall not be taken into the Lounge or Library even for tea service. Complete a la carte service on the third floor.

(3) Boys over eight years of age are not permitted on the bedroom floors.

▲

Dining Rooms

Table D' Hote and a la Carte Service
Hours of Service

Breakfast

Week Days	7:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.
Sundays and holidays	7:30 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Luncheon—

Dining Room	11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
Cafeteria (except Sundays and holidays)	11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.

Tea—

Lounge (Tea and Cake, 15 cents, served by Volunteers)	3:30 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
Dining Room	2:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Dinner—

Dining Room	5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.
Cafeteria (except Sundays and holidays)	5:30 P.M. to 7:00 P.M.

Women's City Club Swimming Pool

Salt water, fresh as the breakers that dash against Seal Rocks.

Classes in Swimming and Life-Saving for children and women . . . Now is the time for swimming.

●

Information as to rates to be had in the Lobby.

●

Refreshments

All refreshments served in the Clubhouse must be ordered through the Club.

Private Dining Rooms—

By applying to the Restaurant Manager, Private Dining Rooms may be rented by any group to which a member of the Club belongs.

▲

Rates

Mural Room	$ 3.00
National Defenders Club Room	5.00
Chinese Room	15.00
Board Room	7.50

(if luncheon or dinner served. $5.00 for tea or card table service.)

Auditorium—Mornings	$30.00
" Afternoons	35.00
" Evenings	50.00

For further information apply Executive Office.

Tray Service

A charge of twenty-five cents per person will be made for tray service to the bedrooms. Only a la carte service in bedrooms.

Library

(1) A librarian is in attendance in the Library from 10 A.M. until 9:00 P.M., except on Sundays and holidays.

(2) Members may borrow two books at a time, only one of which may be a seven-day or a ten-day book.

(3) Books, other than the seven-day and ten-day books, may be kept two weeks and may be renewed for the same period. Seven-day and ten-day books are not renewable.

(4) A fine of five cents a day is charged on overdue seven-day and ten-day books. On other overdue books the fine is two cents a day.

(5) Books may be transferred from one card to another at the Librarian's desk only.

(6) A member may borrow books only on her own card or that of a member of her family at the same address.

(7) Reference books and periodicals may not be taken from the library.

(8) In no case will books be reserved.

(9) Members are asked to aid in preventing mutilation of the periodicals.

(10) There shall be no talking in the Library.

Bedroom Rules

(1) Only members, visitors holding guest cards, and guests from reciprocal clubs may occupy bedrooms. Children may not be permanent House Guests.

(2) Members and guests engaging rooms must register at the Room Secretary's Desk.

(3) Rooms must be vacated by 3:00 P.M., otherwise the occupant will be charged for an additional day.

4) A charge of 25c per day will be nde for each unit of baggage or furniture k at the Club after guest departs.

5) All laundry must be wrapped. Bags p vided without charge upon request.

6) Cooking is not permitted in bedrms. Any infringement of this rule shall b severely dealt with by the Executive Committee.

7) The use of electric irons is not per- ted in bedrooms. Ironing equipment is p vided in a special room on each bedrm floor.

8) Flower pots or other portable objects ay not be placed on the window sills be- se of danger to those below.

9) No exchange of furniture or equipnt can be made for guests occupying b rooms without the consent of the Execu e Committee, and no furniture moved fn room to room by a guest.

10) No business transactions shall be p mitted in the bedrooms.

11) No outside aerials for radios are p mitted.

12) In each bedroom is posted a copy o the sections of the Civil Code of Califnia governing hotel keeper's liability a the rate of charges; also a notice of tl Club's rule governing its responsibil- it All bills must be paid by the tenth of eh month.

Items by the Hour

(See Rest Room.)

Beauty Salon

Beauty Salon, operated by the Club, is o n to the public. Appointments are held fo five minutes only.

Volunteer Service

1) Any member of the Club may vol- u eer for service by applying to the Cairman of Volunteers.

2) In all branches of Volunteer Service tl uniform and cap, band and pin shall b worn. They are the symbol of service, ar link our work of the present and future wh the accomplishments of the past.

3) A book of rules and policies governir volunteer service is obtainable at the Executive Office.

Bletin Boards

1) Two bulletin boards are placed in th lobby of the first floor for club activities ar for outside announcements.

2) Posters shall not exceed in size the re ular quarter card, 11-in. x 14-in.

3) All requests for the display of spec posters of outside interests must be re rred to the Executive Office.

4) Any member after obtaining per- ssion from the Executive Office may p a 3-in. x 5-in. notice for one month on th Club Board on the fourth floor.

5) No announcements may be placed on the tables in the Cafeteria or in the elevators except by special permission of the Executive Committee.

Advertising

No election cards or outside advertising cards may be placed for distribution anywhere in the Clubhouse.

Rentals

Auditorium:

From 9:00 A.M. to 12:00 Noon	$50.00
" 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.	35.00
" 7:00 P.M. to 12:00 P.M.	50.00
American Room (receptions only)	25.00
Chinese Room	15.00
Board Room	7.50

(If food served: Lunch $7.50; tea or card table service, $5.00.)

National Defenders Club Room	5.00
Mural Room	3.00

Chinese Room $15.00 per time, $75.00 for 6 times.

Board Room $5.00, which includes card tables (nothing more than light refreshments can be served on card tables.)

Card Room $5.00 for morning only, $25.00 for 6 times. No meals served here—no exclusive rights. 50c per table, including two packs of used cards.

President's Room $1.50 for evening, which includes 3 tables. Only light refreshments can be served.

Bedrooms $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

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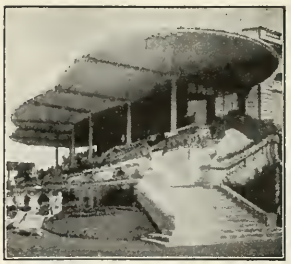

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Restaurant Department

Main Dining Room
Private Dining Rooms

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A delightful place to Entertain at Luncheon, Tea or Dinner

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SUNDAYS and HOLIDAYS
Dining Service
Breakfast, 7:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Tea, 2 to 5

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BUFFET SUPPER
5 to 8 o'clock in the Main Dining Room
75c

Tables may be reserved

EVERY DAY SPECIAL CAFETERIA LUNCHEON
40c

Morocco

—MIRIAN CURTICE DODGE

(Continued from March Magazine)

My host and I in his Morocco residence discussed many things, among them, inevitably, wives and marriage. Of course each brother had a harem upstairs, but but one pretended—and so did my host, that there was but one wife; ladies of the household relegated to the backstairs, never at table with their husbands; I boldly represent our sex among five men; wives watching from the balconies, no doubt; dessert of oranges and cocoanut; finally, mint tea served with sugared dainties called gazelle horns. Mohamet forbade nicotine and alcohol, and his followers adhere. Followed Arab music; charm and hospitality dominant. Home, and so to bed.

Leaving Meknes for Fez, one passes en route the old Roman town of Volubilis and next, the holy city of Moulay Idress, to which three pilgrimages equal one to Mecca. Moulay Idress, until three years ago, was forbidden to onbelievers, and is yet, after sunset.

Volubilis, the wonderful, ruined, Roman city built by Sextus, Legate of Caesar, was a prosperous city of 80,000 in the year of Our Lord. Moulay Ismail razed the lovely ruins still further to furnish stones for his own palace. But still there remains that awesomeness that attaches to all the Romans built, for they built for all time. It was almost completely buried until a few years ago. Now the French government is making careful excavations.

As for Fez? If one might once again go there for the first time! Let no one be persuaded to see Fez except at the last of a tour, for after its wonder all Morocco would seem pale. Fez, The Sacred City, for eleven centuries just as it is today! It is actually several cities in one, each enclosed in its own wall. The lasting renown of Fez began with the building of the mosque Cairouine, which is as much college as temple, and today the majority of the Arab savants are to be found in Fez. Some of them own libraries of incalculable value. The colleges of Fez are as famous among Mohammedans as those of Oxford are with the English-speaking world.

Of the two hotels belonging to the Transatlantique Company, the wise choose the one farther away, The Palais Jamai, once the residence of a sultan—a palace in truth, standing in its own lovely garden.

A view of the city at sunset is like stepping into a scene from the Old Testament; the olives, the walls; exquisite fountains; the flat-roofed buildings; the men striding in their billowing burnooses; the women veiled to the eyes loaded with wood or jars of water; little over-laden donkeys, swaying camels; herds of goats; think, mournful cows.

In the Street of the Clock, in the House of the Magician is a mysterious mechanism probably a water-clock—hundreds of years old.

Travelers are unanimous in saying that in Fez only do they grasp the full significance of what Arab domination in Spain must once have been. The native city remains inviolate. Though motors and trains roar at her gates, they may not enter. As has been the custom for ages past, heavily charged mules, donkeys and men toil up and down the steep streets, so narrow in places that humanity must flatten itself against the walls at the cry of "Balack." One must choose between his own feet and a mule. Down narrow-walled alleys, arched overhead; up steep-walled streets entirely covered over; past mosques, markets, minarets, beggars and Berbers, Hadjis (Arabs who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca) and the ever-present donkeys.

Fez is peaceful now. Yet so late as 1912 the Berbers attacked the French soldiers and shot down many. This was the precursor of a massed attack upon the arrival of General Lyautey in the capacity of French resident-general in Fez. The treaty recognizing the French protectorate had been signed only a month before and resulted in three days' rioting during which many Europeans were killed. The Berbers descended upon the city and it required General Gouraud, of world-war fame, now military governor of Paris, to give them the final defeat that established the secor-

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it for Europeans which has not since been visited.

Always moving northward, one passes through the Spanish zone, El Riff. From here three years ago Abd El Krim started forth with his Riffians to capture Fez, always with an eye to becoming Sultan. After keeping our newspapers busy—and even busier the Spanish Army, who failed to subdue him, his uprising was finally put down by the French, who chased the Riffs to the mountains and then dropped aerial ultimands.

One's port of embarcation, Tangier opposite Gibraltar, recalls Hercules, for here set forth from Gibraltar across the bay on his journey to Mt. Atlas in search of the golden apples of the Hesperides, which were probably oranges. At the end of the quest he returned to Spain, after dividing the mountain that stood between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, thus making the Straits of Gibraltar. These divided mountains are the Pillars of Hercules. Tangier, being international, has quite the most cosmopolitan population. As it is all uphill and down, the best way to navigate is donkey-back. The weather there is never really cold, never too hot, but when it rains it deluges. There at the English Sports Club the Ex-Sultan is often seen playing in his Arab robes.

Tangier, before the French occupied Morocco, was the only city where Jews were not segregated; everywhere else they lived in the Mellah, which they could not leave. They were allowed to ride only on mules, could not till the earth and were heavily taxed; they might not wear bright colors, but must wear black caps and throw their capes over their right shoulder. However, the women made up for their husbands, in that they wore elaborate dress, much jewelry, often crowns of pearls and diamonds.

The Souk naturally is the magnet for all. Outside the Bab El Soul (Gate of the Souk) are grouped everything from Rolls to Citroens, camels to pack-donkeys, Franciscan friars to British "limeys." Outside the shops sit money-changers; inside the booths piled high with slippers, scarves, bad, scent, red Fez caps and other useless, squat the Moorish owners; while rows of little artisan-pupils of tender age, sitting cross-legged on the floor with round, shaven heads (with one lock left on to pull them up to Paradise) bend solemnly over the work.

In the market sellers of birds, dates, pottery and children ply their trade, and marriage bargains are driven by old women; a vendor of fowls offered me two squawking hens, though of what use two chickens would be to a female tourist, bares reflection; old and new, yesterday and tomorrow; men from the desert, trim mechanics of the Air Union; Mohammedan women veiled to the feet, young Europeans in short, sleeveless frocks; an Arab café where men smoke hookahs; a flapper who exhales through her nose; a Salvation Army band; a naked water-carrier blowing on a flute; goat-skin on his back, meets an Italian with an ice-cream barrow hung all over with lemons, as in Napoli; brown-burnoosed Berbers, mutilated beggars, Parisian-gowned ladies, white-robed Arabs; courts where decorators of swords and fire-arms sit ornamenting scimitars in gold and silver; barbers, perfumers, native hair-dressers occupy another lane; sweet-meat makers, the potter at his wheel a third.

Today everything is quintrupled in Tangier. There are English, French, Spanish, Italian and Moorish churches, currencies, languages, postoffices, banks and schools. So on to Marseille.

(THE END)

Reserve Your Table Now

● Tables for the "Five Years After" dinner of the City Club are going so rapidly that it behooves members to make reservations as early as possible. It will be a gala affair, with a personal appeal to every member who has watched the Club take its place among San Francisco's most stable institutions.

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Kindness Goeth Farther Than Gold

(Suggested by "The Vision of Sir Launfal")

A leper sat by the dusty road
While nobles grand rode by,
Scarce looking at the leper old
Who seemed about to die.

And then as they rode quickly on
Tossed alms in great disgust,
Till the leper's heart was crying out
"Unjust! unjust! unjust!"

What cared he for their silver?
He cared not for their gold,
But only for a kind word
To his heart so sad and old.

His heart did smile him sadly
And somewhere from within
Something was a-calling.
Ah, noblemen, what sin!

The leper crouched so pale and sad—
No true friend had he ever had.
No kind word with the alms or gold
Was given to this leper old.

Then down the dreary roadside
There came a peasant maiden
Who to the leper's feeble gaze
Seemed very heavily laden.

And when she saw him in the dirt
She very sweetly said,
"Dear friend, I have no alms to give,
But pray accept this bread."

And then with a kind, sweet smile,
She quickly went her way,
With a happy heart behind her
Upon that glorious day.

And when the night had come at last
The leper's days on earth were past.

He lay in a heap so silent and cold,
But still with a smile on his face so old,
He had died with a smile on his lips half apart,
For a kind word at last had reached his heart.

—KEITH HUBBARD, 14 years old.

International Theater Workshop

EVELYN HANNAY

An International Drama Workshop, long the dream of Mrs. H. B. Douglas Soule and Mrs. Leon Liebes, well known in society and art circles, is soon to become an actuality.

The initial performance of this group will be given at the Community Playhouse, Monday, May 18, and will offer three representative one-act plays of different nationalities—Russian, Irish, and Japanese. Each play will have its own director, thus assuring the highest authenticity in portraying national feeling and color.

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Special Dinners are Served

Every Thursday Night in the Main Dining Room

Miss Mackenzie, Manager of the Restaurant Department, will take full charge of the details for Luncheons, Receptions, Weddings and Suppers.

SUNDAYS *and* HOLIDAYS

Dining Service

Breakfast, 7:30 A. M.

to 2 P. M.

Tea, 2 to 5

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BUFFET SUPPER

5 to 8 o'clock

in the Main

Dining Room

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REPRESENTATIVE SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS listed in the Women's City Club Magazine Educational Guide merit consideration. We recommend them to you and shall appreciate your mentioning City Club Magazine when you write directly to the schools.

If you do not find in this issue a school which seems to meet all of your requirements, we shall be glad to offer suggestions if you will write us as fully as possible.

Women's City Club Magazine
Advertising Dept.
Room 210-465 Post Street
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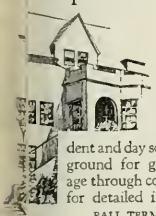

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Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS
JULY - AUGUST - SEPTEMBER
Numbers of this Magazine

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JUNE 1, 1931

CHORAL SECTION—Will be discontinued during vacation period.

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell. During June and July these lectures will be held every other Tuesday morning at 11:00 o'clock in the Auditorium. June 9 and 23 this month.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*
Conversation Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock, Board Room.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:00 o'clock, Chinese Room.

June 3—Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.	*Card Room*	12:00 NOON
4—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas Stoddard will review "A Richer Dust" by Storm Jameson. (This is the conclusion of the trilogy beginning with "The Lovely Ship" and "Voyage Home.")	*National Defenders Room*	6:00 P.M.
4—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Madame Vahrah Beverly. Subject: The Mysteries and Beauty of India.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
5 and 6—Private Collectors' Exhibit	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.
11—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Leonard G. Stevenson Subject: The Perception of Beauty in Everyday Life (Illustrated).	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
18—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Robert Simmons. Subject: A Trip to the Canadian Rockies and Alaska (Illustrated).	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
25—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. W. F. Highby. Subject: Community Organization for Social Work.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME V JUNE, 1931 NUMBER 5

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Volunteer Service in the Cafeteria has been one of the shining examples of the spirit of the City Club, for here members must needs, because of the nature of the service, be on hand every day, six days per week, month in and month out. Rarely does a "shift" fall short, and then only because of illness or other unavoidable circumstance. With unfailing precision the groups take their places on the days scheduled, and stand behind counters hours at a time. Lunch and Dinner groups alternate, with never a hitch. This squad of Volunteers was photographed during the recent wave of warm weather which swept San Francisco, but climate did not dim the enthusiasm nor stale the spirit of the workers. Left to right, they are: Mrs. F. E. Brisbane, Mrs. Carl Kraft, Miss Elsa Garrett, Mrs. Ronald E. Doan, Mrs. John Loutzenpeiser, Miss Adele Arnstein, Mrs. Einar Wismer and Mrs. I. Burke.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

Characteristic of the National League for Woman's Service was the celebration of the fifth birthday in th Women's City Clubhouse. There was a spirit walkin abroad which captured even the unemotional, and died analysis. There were no stars of the occasion; thre were many actors, both on and off stage. The dner itself was delicious and served with despatch frm oyster cocktail to the final course of ice-cream feturing the National League emblem; the guests we on time and uncomplaining when their seats were no so comfortably placed as they might have been if th Auditorium had not been taxed to capacity; the tableaux were well staged and entered into with joy inmemory of the high lights of history, and the modesy of the impressario and her corps of assistants was intune with the talent which is always ours for the asing; the financial birthday gifts which were proffered were beyond credence in these days when we hear continuously the preachments of post-war depression; and finally, despite the fact that this was an epch-making event in the community, our own magazie is the first periodical to give it what may be tened real publicity.

The event was altogether characteristic of us! The National League for Woman's Service has been always conservative, modest, fundamentally sound, and yet, unstentatiously but surely, it has moved on from one period of growth to another. The dinner on May thfth was one of the perfect things of our organizatn life, for it was the occasion of another evidence of th enthusiasm of the membership. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Emerson would find us proving the converse, for our enthusiasm has already achieved something great. Enthusiasm has overcome many obstacles in the past fourteen years while the National League has been steadily working tohouse itself permanently in a dignified building of itsown, where its soul could go forth to meet the service band who gravitate to it as to a magnet.

The last step in making this clubhouse ours is at hand. We have met all our obligations to date, besides paing off $80,000 on our capital investment, and so win an assured substantial surplus in our treasury, over and above what is there now, we can feel ourselves proof against any emergency or against continued general economic depression which might otherwise later be reflected in our gross receipts. This surplus is well on its way to completion, for the enthusiasm of the joy of giving experienced by the sixty donors announced on May twelfth has already spread and is bringing the goal into sight.

One of the joys of growing up is the appreciation of the history of one's childhood, and so at the age of fourteen the National League for Woman's Service of California has reached the age when it can reminisce. The history as depicted by the recent tableaux is something in which to have pride, for it records no defeats, no set-backs, and yet shows no mean task accomplished.

The next foregathering is the Private Collectors' Exhibit when we shall see what we have collected of others' talent, which we study with the zest of a hobbyist. We are making only a beginning this year in the assembling of this exhibit but we plan to make this an annual Spring affair to correspond to the Talent Festival in the Autumn.

Which brings me to the forecast of this particular "Message." November Fourth and Fifth are the dates to be marked down on our calendars of this year, and on Tuesdays, beginning June 9th, the committee will be at the clubhouse to consult with you regarding your talent-offering and your loan which you are planning to bring us next November. The loan of your very best work, and the gift of a small but perfectly-executed piece of your very own work are asked. The word talent does not mean mediocre workmanship. It may be an humble offering but one characteristic it must have—it must show care in its creation. We made a rare beginning last year. Let us show improvement in the nicety of the individual gift, for in many instances this justifies your membership in a service organization. Its value is not its cost of materials; it is its talent. This is a talent festival! The best one can do is none too good for the organization whose history has shown that it stands for the best only.

Five Years After

● "Five Years After" was celebrated at the City Club with a dinner, a pageant, and a looking into the future, "far as human eye can see." The jubilee was for members only, which meant no men. But the 440 women, of ages from the debutante to the canteen worker who had grandsons in the war, wore their prettiest gowns, none the less, men or no, and the jollity was as contagious as if there had been chivalry to match wits with beauty. Five years of residence at 465 Post Street, San Francisco, was an event which will be long remembered.

The tables were set in the Club Auditorium, which had been decked with the summer's most opulent blooms: May roses, lilies, tulips, bridal wreath, pansies, and stock, and at the end of the great hall sat the past presidents, Mesdames Lucas, Chapman, Moore, and Black. Their service stripes were not in evidence, since they wore evening gowns, but their stewardships are of such brilliance and of such public record that their friends were happy to do them obeisance. They were tangible representation of the work behind the "Five Years After" and of the hopes and aspirations which went into that work. Miss Leale, of course, sat with them, bearing testimony of past and present, for she worked with each from the earliest days of the National League, when the women first began to mobilize, even as far back as those meetings in a loft at Stockton and Sutter Streets when, quivering, uncertain, but determined, they gave themselves to the nation.

The President's table was decorated by Miss Katherine Donohoe and Miss Jean Boyd, now members of the City Club directorate, members of the Ambulance Corps during the war. Yellow calla lillies, plums on the branch, tangerines and grapefruit on the branch, almonds in delicate green tuft, and roses adorned the table, the fruit banked in heavy marble basins and smaller shells.

There were many happy reunions as friends assembled at no-hostess tables, and a spirit of excitement and festivity pervaded the entire building. In the cloakrooms and lounge were enacted little dramas of good will and happiness as friend met friend she had not seen since they had worked together. Corridors and lounge and library also were decked with the season's choicest blossoms. Elevator operators and checkroom maids, waitresses, and other employees of the Club entered into the gala mood, with the result that not a hitch of any kind marred the evening's joy. Miss Mackenzie prepared a surprise pièce de resistance for dessert—ice cream moulded in the design of the National League emblem. The eagle was done in chocolate ice cream and the head in vanila.

That so large a party could be served downstairs, three floors removed from the Club kitchens and serv-e ice rooms, bespeaks a fine esprit de corps. Five Years in the City Club resulted happily in that respect. In what other aspects the five years had meted abundantly was told by Miss Leale in her address, the only spoken expression.

For five years the membership of the City Club has had the privilege of the beautiful club house at 465 Post Street and in that five years has accomplished every goal set five years ago. That was a big achievement. Few individuals do that. But the Club is 8000 individuals who consecrated themselves originally to a nation which has graved on its masthead, "In Union There Is Strength."

▲ ▲

The Pageant of the "Five Years After" Celebration

● Aside from its meaning to the City Club and unrelated to the sentiments of the founders as they made merry over the success of a dream come true or sighed wistfully as they recalled the tender grace of days that are done, the Pageant which was a part of that celebration was a triumph of stagecraft and a histrionic delight.

It moved with celerity, was colorful and rhythmic; but above all, it told a story. It was the Odyssey of the City Club and the Æneid of the National League for Woman's Service. It was a tale of "Arms and the Woman," with a happy denouement. It began with the stirring days of the embattled republic and ended with—the City Club, fruit of the tree.

There were six episodes, each a complete unit, yet related, withal, to the others. As the curtains parted to reveal a tableau and closed on a scene that brought laughter or a tightening of the throat, a voice at the right of the stage read a "continuity.

But, to begin at the beginning: Directly the last course of the dinner had been despatched and the murmurs of commendation and appreciation of the dexterity with which the menu had been served had subsided, there was a scraping of chairs on the polished floor as the members squared about to face the stage.

From the right wing appeared Mrs. Oscar K. Cushing, in the uniform of the National League for Woman's Service. She announced that she had found a diary and would read a few lines to assist in finding the owner. As she read—making a comment of her own now and then, it proved to be a veritable history—

sicinct and brief as a diary must needs be—of the evnts leading up to the Five Years After Dinner.

The scenes emphasized by the writer of the diary were:

1. The Canteen
2. Moving from Canteen to 333 Kearny Street
3. Building Plans and Financing Project
4. The Steam Shovel
5. Reception in the American Room
6. Today

As Mrs. Cushing read of the canteen days the curtain opened on a scene which could have taken place in any one of the canteens in or about San Francisco during the war. There was the coffee urn, the filing cabinet, the soldier and the sailor, the ambulance driver and the uniformed women of the National League for Woman's Service. There was the same thrill and the same constriction of the heart as the great audience drank in the splendor and the glory of the picture.

Figurants in this scene were Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Edward E. Brownell, Miss Margaret Zane, Mrs. Oscar Goldman, Miss Jean Boyd, Mrs. Leroy Briggs, and Mrs. Carlo Morbio. The soldier was Leroy Briggs, Jr., and the sailor was Clarence Musto. The trench coats were a bit tight for the girls who had worn them in 1917, but every other detail was true to life in that era.

Mrs. Edward Shaw at the piano played a running intermezzo of war songs and martial music.

In the scene which depicted the moving from the canteens to 333 Kearny Street—for several years the headquarters of the National League for Woman's Service—were Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. George A. Applegarth, Mrs. Robert Malcolm, Miss Elsa Garrett, and Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson. This was the comedy relief. During the Crimean War there was a legend of "The Lady with the Lamp" (Florence Nightingale). This scene had, instead, a Lady with a Lampshade.

Scene 3, Building Plans, showed the women looking at architects' plans and matching materials for furnishings. Also, a group waiting at a bank to confer with financiers anent ways and means. Mrs. Marcus S. Koeland was shown fingering, knowingly, a blueprint. Her costume was a replica of that year—long tweed cape and a chirpy hat and veil. In fact, all the costumes—even the uniforms of the National League for Woman's Service—gave evidence of the rapidly changing modes, passing through the amazing period of dresses all but above the knees. Matching samples for upholstering and draperies were Miss Mary Wilcox Mrs. Edwin Bruck, and Mrs. Loutzenheiser. Waiting in the foyer of the bank, intent upon ways and means, were Mrs. James Theodore Wood and Miss Esther Stephens. As a matter of history and cold fact it was Mrs. Chapman who oftenest waited at that bank, but she was on this night getting ready for the next scene, which was—

The Steam Shovel: Painted on a canvas drop was the juggernaut known to modern industry as "the steam shovel." A hole was cut in the canvas to admit Mrs. Chapman, appearing to swing out on one of the struts, exactly as she did the epic day the ground was officially broken for the building which now stands at 465 Post Street, and which is The San Francisco City Club. There were confetti and serpentines and cheers and silent prayers, but the old steam shovel, like Ole Man River, he jest kept rolling along. He scooped a big shovelful of wet earth and from that day until "the oldest painter had finished and the youngest critic had died" there was a sound of hammer and steel riveter in Post Street.

Scene 5 was an evocation of a reception in the American Room, with the whole cast passing through a charming room with El Dorado paper on the walls, crystal lamps and other appurtenances of the American Room as it stands today. Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, Mrs. Louis Carl, and Mrs. Josephine Bartlett, in National League uniforms, comprised the receiving line. Others who passed across the stage in this tableau were Miss Mabel L. Pierce, Mrs. Spencer Brush, Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Mrs. May Riley, and Mrs. Baldwin.

Thus passed in memory the five scenes which prepared the audience for "Today." Mrs. Cushing's reading of the diary and her own interlarded comment upon the unknown writer's recorded impressions sustained a crescendo which came to a climax in "Today." As the curtains opened upon a flower-decked stage, Miss Leale stood alone. Mrs. Cushing retired.

Actuated by an impulse that swept the audience spontaneously, every woman in the great hall arose to her feet. For the black-gowned woman on the stage not only impersonated the present but recalled the past in each facet of its relation to the present. She had worked with each of the presidents in the succession of National League and City Club and now is our president in her third term.

When she had acknowledged the tribute of the Club to its leader, she changed the picture, by a deft stroke of the brush, from past to present and future. What she said and the list of birthday presents which she read, is told on another page. This is but the story of the pageant, which was under the direction of Mrs. Leroy Briggs. The "continuity" was written by Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Carlo Morbio, and Mrs. Oscar Cushing. It was quite the most successful picture ever staged in the City Club Auditorium by the Club itself. Much was bound up in its background and foreground. Much was suggested in the arch of its sky and the substance of its terrain. It was a broad canvas, stretching away into a haze misty with tears, yet in the sweep of it, the depth and the height of it, there is grandeur and glory which, the more one scans it and the greater becomes the perspective, grows with the years toward the illimitable.

A Resume of Miss Leale's Remarks at the Dinner May 12

● She rejoiced with you that this Birthday Party finds our house in order. The past concerns us only as a guide to the future. The five years have unrolled like a slow-moving scroll on which have been written credits and debits in balanced columns. That they have balanced so nicely, so precisely, is a matter of great joy to us. But we are not surprised, nor are we overtaken by a good fortune we did not expect. It is exactly as we expected, for we builded upon a sound premise.

What does the perspective and the prospective give us? Keeping in mind our constructive policy, the terms upon which we predicated our hopes and aspirations, we look into the future with the same calm gaze which sweeps the last five years. Our successes have brought us joy. Our work has been steady and unremitting, but there was a certain lift which kept it from being drudgery. That "lift" has been harnessed and directed into various and pleasant channels and is known as "Volunteer Service," one of the abiding assets of the City Club, the feature of the Club which differentiates it from any other Club the world over.

Mrs. McDuffie, Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Lucas were presidents of our organization at 333 Kearny Street, and Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Forbes, and Mrs. Black were the presidents here in this building, which we began to use just five years ago. Mrs. Chapman was also president at 333 Kearny Street and all six carried forward uninteruptedly the same policy.

We are financially sound. We have kept up repairs and renewals. We have made experiments and found them good. We have paid off $80,000 of our original debt, and we are established in the community as a service organization with the community behind us. We are an integral part of the city in which we live. We are strong and healthy and looking toward other fields of usefulness.

In the beginning were certain premises to be fulfilled. "If" we had six thousand members. Not only have we six thousand, but eight thousand, for soon we realized that our magnificent club house could accommodate more than the six thousand for whom we had planned. And we have a waiting list of fifteen hundred.

"If" we could sell our second mortgage! That is a tale that is told, for our debentures were sold in six weeks. "If" our members would use the building! We know of the use of the restaurant, the swimming pool, the occupancy of the bedrooms, the patronage of the Beauty Parlor.

And so the doubters have been answered.

Last fall we established a Talent Festival which will be an annual milestone in City Club activities. We are proud of our first Talent Exhibit, for it proved the variety and the quality of talent which is possessed by our members. It blazed a trail for us to follow and we know that something fine and enduring will result.

The City Club is five years old. The parent organization, the National League for Woman's Service, is fourteen years old. When the latter is fifteen years old we hope (and expect) to have a surplus in our treasury to carry us beyond any emergency. When that hour arrives we will have been in the Club six years, and will celebrate with another "party."

And so the hurdles have all been taken, the highest obstacles surmounted. Miss Leale referred to the picture hanging from the balcony, autographed by Willis Polk, architect, in 1923. It shows a lovely arch of his creation, and this is what is written under it: "I hope the new project will be as great an inspiration to women as the problem is to me. May neither fail."

Neither failed. The Club is now set with prow toward the good harbor of financial stability. At the wheel is a board of directors of your choosing, women chosen from "those who are solving problems with courage and hope and goodness."

▲ ▲

Birthday Gifts Announced May 12, 1931

● Gifts in bonds of the City Club aggregating $10,900 have been received. These were contributions offered as birthday gifts on the occasion of "Five Years After." The Club, by owning the bonds thus returned, is thereby relieved of the necessity of paying interest on them. Thus the gifts are assets on two counts, principal and interest.

These gifts, which were announced at the Birthday Dinner by Miss Leale at the close of the Pageant, are being supplemented by others in commemoration of the Fifth Year in the Club. They are as follows:

Miss Persis Coleman	$2000.00	Member of Original Committee, 1917	200.00	Miss Lucy Allyne	100.00
Mrs. Marcus S. Kohsland	1000.00	Mr. Joseph Donohoe (in memory of Mrs. Christine Donohoe)	200.00	Mrs. Hugo Arnstein	100.00
Mrs. E. A. Drexler	500.00	Mrs. Lloyd Ackerman	100.00	Miss Anna Beaver	100.00
Livingston Brothers	500.00	Miss Elizabeth S. Adams	100.00	Mrs. Fred Beaver	100.00
Mrs. A. F. Morrison	500.00	Miss Edith Allyne	100.00	Miss Lena Blanding	100.00
Mrs. George F. Volkman	500.00			Mrs. M. J. Brandenstein	100.00
Miss Mabel Pierce	400.00			Mrs. Manfred Bransten	100.00

ss Mary Brittan	100.00
s. E. E. Brownell	100.00
s. E. E. Brownell (in memory of Mrs. Ira Pierce)	100.00
s. Mayer Cahn	100.00
s. Cora M. Chapman	100.00
s. S. G. Chapman	100.00
s. Charles Miner Cooper	100.00
s. Leo Clayburgh	100.00
s. Lambert Coblentz	100.00
s. S. L. Dinkelspiel	100.00
s. Joseph Ehrmann	100.00
s. Edward Eyre	100.00
ss Mary Eyre	100.00
s. Perry Eyre	100.00
Mrs. Elmer Forsyth	100.00
Miss Elizabeth Gamble	100.00
Mrs. J. J. Gottlob	100.00
Mrs. William A. Greene	100.00
Mrs. Bert Guggenhime	100.00
Mrs. David Guggenhime	100.00
Mrs. Moses Heller	100.00
Miss Marion Huntington	100.00
Mrs. Daniel Koshland	100.00
Mr. Daniel Koshland	100.00
Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury	100.00
Mrs. William B. Hamilton (cash)	100.00
Misses Marion and Edith Leale (in memory of Mrs. John Leale)	100.00
Miss Flora Low	100.00
Miss Jean McCallum	100.00
Mrs. F. J. Moody	100.00
Mrs. M. E. Morris	100.00
Mrs. Bernard Sinsheimer	100.00
Miss Edith Slack	100.00
Mrs. Charles W. Slack	100.00
Mrs. Leon Sloss	100.00
Mrs. Louis Sloss, Jr.	100.00
Mrs. H. A. Stephenson	100.00
Miss Clara M. Taft	100.00
Miss Ethel A. Young	100.00
Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger	100.00
Mrs. William Warren (in memory of Mrs. Warren, Sr.)	100.00
	$10,900.00

Women's City Club Committees—1931

Executive Committee

Miss Marion W. Leale ..... President
Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper ..... First Vice President
Miss Mabel Pierce ..... Second Vice President
Mrs. Edward Rainey ..... Third Vice President
Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr. ..... Corresponding Secretary
Miss Margaret Zane ..... Recording Secretary
Miss Emma Noonan ..... Treasurer

Anniversary Dinner—May 12

Mrs. LeRoy Briggs, Chairman
Mrs. Oscar Cushing
Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson
Mrs. Carlo Morbio
Mrs. E. B. Shaw

Beauty Salon

Mrs. Louis J. Carl, Chairman

Bridge

Miss Ida Lord, Chairman
Committee to be announced later.)

"Building a Child's Library"

Mrs. E. W. Bosqui, Chairman
Mrs. Spencer Brush
Mrs. Austin Chester, Secretary
Mrs. William Kent, Jr.
Mrs. Marshall Madison
Mrs. Randolph Madison
Miss Ethel A. Young

Finance Committee

Mrs. Ira Sloss, Chairman
Mrs. Wilder Bowers
Mrs. P. A. Coxon
Miss Emma Noonan, *ex officio*
Miss Mabel Pierce

Decorations

Miss Katherine Donohoe, Chairman
Miss Jean Boyd

Gifts

Miss Mabel Pierce, Chairman
Mrs. A. P. Black
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Mrs. Perry Eyre
Mrs. W. B. Hamilton
Mrs. Marcus Koshland

Hospitality

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper, Chairman
Miss Edith Slack

House

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Chairman

League Shop

Miss Marion Burr, Chairman
Mrs. Hans Lisser
Mrs. Harry B. Allen

Library

Miss Elisa May Willard, Chairman

Literary Activities

Mrs. T. A. Stoddard, Chairman
Mrs. J. P. Coghlan
Mrs. Edgar Kiersloff
Mrs. Edward Rainey

Periodic Health Examinations

Dr. Adelaide Brown, Chairman
Mrs. A. P. Black
Mrs. Parker S. Maddux
Miss Emma Noonan
Mrs. Edward Rainey

Private Collectors' Exhibit—June 5 and 6

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Chairman
Miss Edith Allyne
Miss Alice Burr
Mrs. Albert Jannapolis
Mrs. Mary Walter

Programs

Mrs. Payson Treat, Chairman
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris
Mrs. E. S. Heller
Miss Mary Hull, Secy.
Miss Elisa May Willard

Reciprocal Relations

Miss Esther Phillips, Chairman

Rooms

Miss Elisa May Willard, Chairman

Swimming Pool

Mrs. Louis J. Carl
(Committee to be announced later.)

Talent Festival

Miss Marion W. Leale, Chairman
Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Miss Katherine Donohoe
Mrs. A. B. Stephens
Mrs. F. B. Tupper
Miss Elisa May Willard
Miss Margaret Zane

Thursday Evening Program

Mrs. A. P. Black

Vocational Guidance

Mrs. Edward Rainey, Chairman
Dr. Adelaide Brown
Miss Emma Noonan
Mrs. Herman Owen
Mrs. Lloyd Reynolds
Mrs. Walter Shockley

Volunteer Service

Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman
Mrs. Henry Alves, Personnel Officer
Miss Georgia Fenwick, Outside Activities
Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, Clubhouse Activities
Mrs. Ronald E. Doan, Secretary

Ways and Means Committee

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Chairman
Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. E. S. Heller

Culinary Paris

—CHARLES FEGDAL

(*Magazine of American Women's Club of London*)

● Paris is the city that cares the most about what it eats. But it does so with a characteristic sense of proportion and humour.

Although the French capital is the spot where one has the best opportunity of tasting examples of what all other lands have to offer in the way of food, and though here one may likewise make the instructive and delightful tour of French provincial cookery, the fact remains that Paris offers what can be found nowhere else and that only in Paris can one eat as the Parisian does.

The reason for this is that the manner of preparing food, the recipes and the culinary resources of the city itself and the neighboring province of Ile de France reflect each in their own sphere that indefinable something—the soul of Paris. They are as much a part of its life as the special atmosphere which envelops the city and its moods of love and laughter, they possess its grace, its harmony, its wit and originality. The cooking of Paris reminds one alike of its crowded streets and those secluded corners in which one may still catch the whisper of the past, that haunting whisper evoking the days that are no more.

The tradition of Paris cooking is to be found in those famous street cries which date back three or four centuries. The cries eloquently proclaim to what extent the citizens of the capital have always been preoccupied with culinary matters. For instance there is the one:

Vous faut-il point de saulce-verte
C'est pour manger carpe et limande.
Ca qui en veut en demande
Tandis que mon pot est ouvert.

(Don't you want some green sauce—it goes with carp or flat-fish—anyone who wants it can have some—as long as my jar is open.)

Although by no means an aristocratic dish, green sauce was extremely popular throughout the Middle Ages. It was made of bread boiled in sour vinegar to which were added a certain number of spices. As for carp, no supper was considered complete without it, for as Bonnefous says, "the carps of the Seine are better than those in any other river. *Carpe a la saulce verte* formed for many years a favourite dish on Parisian tables."

In those days also the local gourmets were particularly fond of artichokes whose merits were vaunted in this manner:

Artichaut, artichaut,
C'est pour Monsieur et pour Madame,
Pour rechauffer le corps et l'amee
Et pour avoir le cul chaud.

(Artichokes, artichokes for the master and for the mistress—to keep the body and the soul warm—and tickle the insides.)

Lemery, physician at the Hotel-Dieu, the municipal hospital in 1705, is said to have stated: "artichokes are especially to be recommended for elderly people and those of unduly phlegmatic or melancholy disposition." Lavarenne, another medical authority, calls them "the stomach's best friend, a cordial and an appetiser," and they are supposed to whet the most rebellious appetite. It was on the strength of this reputation that, at the wedding feast of Mademoiselle de Martigues, Queen Catherine de Medici devoured so many artichoke hearts that she thought she would burst (*cuida crever*), as the precise and picturesque chronicler, de Lestoile, puts it.

The street cries of Paris were to be heard all over the city, echoing through the narrow streets of gabled houses, of shops each with its sign-board, of well-worn deeply nicked curbstones. Here, there, and everywhere they sounded, tempting alike the passerby and the stay-at-home body. The wares they announced were extremely varied. They included butter from Vanves, golden angelot cheese from Normandy, the peaches of Corbeil, the gingerbread from Senlis, and the whole gamut of warm pastries, pies, and patties which form the pride of the good city of Paris.

Hark to this other cry:

Grenouilles, grenouilles, grenouilles
A d'autres qui ont la foire
Elles sont bonnes, voire, voire
Quelque chose qu'on barbouille.

(Frogs, frogs, frogs—for all those at the fair—they are good—take a look, take a look—whatever sort of a stew you are making.)

Frogs, the *grenouilles*, as they are called in "Le Menagier de Paris," were for several centuries among the Parisians' favourite dishes. They came from the ponds of Senart and Marly and at first only the legs were eaten. Later the entire animal with the exception of the head were served fried with parsley. When an Englishman speaks of a Parisian as a "frog-eater" or "froggy," the term is not intended as a compliment, but the fact remains that he is paying tribute to the ingenuity which has always been characteristic of the city's cooks, always ready to make experiments in the hope of adding some new jewel to the capital's gastronomic fame. And it is they who have developed to the highest pitch that science of food of which Montaigne speaks so eloquently in his essays.

The boldness of some of those experiments deserves special mention. In the days of Rabelais one of the favourite dishes of his contemporaries was *anguille des bois* (wood eel), or what is commonly called an adder. As late as the eighteenth century it was still considered a delicacy. Lemery declares, for instance, that all the flesh of an adder is fit to eat, and that taken in bouillon or solidified in jelly it clears the blood.

The hedgehog was especially popular during August and September, those being the months when he is fattest and most tender. Jelly for dessert was made out of the marrow found in the horns of a stag or *teline de vaches* (cow-udders). Stag-horns sliced and fried were served at the royal table during the sixteenth century, and two hundred years later an account of a banquet given by the Paris aldermen mentions the antlers of new-born stags as being one of the special dainties provided by the generous hosts.

All sorts of spices were tried out at various times, among them a number of perfumes. The latter, as Alfred Franklin mentions in his "Les Usages des Parisiens," were so much the rage during a portion of the reign of Louis XIV that they invaded the entire menu and were to be found even in stews, pastires, and liqueurs. Iris, rose-water, and marjoram were frequently mixed together, and every cook was supposed to have musk and amber at his disposal.

Patties and dumplings were made with musk. Scented waters were poured over dishes of eggs, fritters, and mince-meat. When roasting a mackerel it was first wrapped in fennel leaves, while capons were fattened with musk flavored sweetmeats. Amber was also extensively used because it was reputed to be a potent aphrodisiac.

Following such aberrations, which might have in the long run completely perverted the sense of taste, a reaction became inevitable. It took place in the form of the publication of a series of cook books written by recognised authorities.

The earliest of these whose appearance marks an important date in the history of food in France was entitled *Le Cuisinier francais*. The author was Sieur Francois-Pierre de Lavarenne, *ecuyer de cuisine* to the Marquis d'Uxelles. First issued in 1651, this important work was reprinted eight times in French and Italian during the ensuing seventy years. The volume marked an important advance over the earlier one, *La Fleur de toute cuisine*, by Pierre Pidoux, printed in 1540, the "Dainties and Delicacies of Meat," whose merits Brantome proclaimed, the commonplace recipes given by Taillevant and the *Menagier* which are listed by Rabelais in the fourth book of Pantagruel.

According to Lavarenne, the appearance of these later cook books resulted in the enforcement of a strict discipline in regard to the preparation and serving of food. Perhaps even our own fastidious tongues, sensitive palates, and subtle digestions might find inspiration in the pages of some of these volumes. One never tires of perusing such works as *L'Ecole parfaite des officiers de bouche* by Sieur Pierre David; *L'Art de bien manger* by L.-J. Robert, with its discriminating sense of values and ex-

(*Continued on Page 30*)

Building a Child's Library

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Interest in the series of book chats given by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell, club member and proprietor of the Children's Book Shop, located on the main floor of the Club, has exceeded the committee's expectations. Designed primarily to assist young mothers in building balanced libraries for their little ones by the "book a month" plan, the audience now includes subdebs and grandmothers, as well as those with growing families.

These no-fee lectures are open to the public and it is hoped that each member of the Club will invite her friends to take advantage of this new community service extended by the Women's City Club, as the training of the small child is simplified by the aid of correct reading. Good habits are formed by suggestion. Right thinking is right living, and one must commence with the wee infant in arms who enjoys nursery rhymes to inculcate a taste for the better things in life.

Mrs. Powell in her talks has gotten away from the usual form of lecture. She embraces her listeners into a friendly group, inviting their participation; and child raising by the aid of good books is stressed. Many weary mothers are relieved during trying periods of the day, if their little ones enjoy reading or being entertained by stories. This is especially true of the nervous type of woman. She relaxes as does the child. Books as real friends and companions prove the greatest boon to the child during adolescence. That is on one point that the younger women are proving themselves to be far ahead of the present mothers. They do not wait until they are tied down by household tasks, but are preparing for the highest role that life has to offer a woman—that of being a mother—and they will be ready—not suddenly realize with fear that the little folks have formed bad habits, as do some of the older women, when too late.

The literary section under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard feel that the majority of mothers or those interested in children will welcome assistance in choosing books for regular use and for gifts. A questionnaire will be found on another page of this issue of the Magazine and every member is cordially invited to make use of this service. By having a record of the child's tastes in literature, the books already purchased, and your own wishes for future reading, which will be kept on file, friends and relatives may choose books for gifts and avoid duplication and further your plans in building the child's library. Please return questionnaires to the Book Committee at the Club.

Mrs. E. W. Bosqui is chairman and will be assisted by Mrs. Spencer Brush, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Austin Chester, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., and Mrs. Randolph Madison.

Club members now taking an active part are Mrs. D. S. Snodgrass, Mrs. M. H. Epstein, Mrs. Lambert Coblentz Mrs. Leroy Brooks, Mrs. B. F. Butterfield, Mrs. Mason Kline, Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. A. B. Jelliffe, Miss Helen M. Dunne, Miss Eleanor dePanama, Miss M. Tobin, Mrs. Adda H. Martin, Mrs. George Hyneman, Mrs. Robert Ackerman, Mrs. C. W. Malmquist, Mrs. O. Stalmer, Mrs. J. D. Woodward, Mrs. A. W. Hare, Mrs. Cyril Appel, Mrs. J. S. Hyman, Mrs. Laurence Livingston, Mrs. Arnold Dewar, Mrs. Herbert Elvessen, Mrs. Harris Kirk, Mrs. M. S. Nickelsburg, and Mrs. Milton Meyer.

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FILL OUT THIS BLANK

"Fathers and mothers who wonder how best to equip their children for a useful and happy life may safely put their trust in that faithful ally—GOOD BOOKS."

DATE

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

Child's favorite books:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Ten other books he or she has enjoyed:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

What are his keenest interests?

Do you wish these encouraged in his reading?

What are his particular talents?

Do you wish his reading to foster these?

In addition to a well-balanced reading list for general information, recreation, and culture, what subjects do you wish emphasized?

Any further suggestions as to the list?

ROSE OF MARY

(Spanish evening song for little children)

ADELA VALLEJO GANTNER

The warm bright day is fading,
Shadows hide behind the walls,
Tired children hear the church bells—
A toil-worn mother calls.

The crickets sing unto their babies,
While the doves coo in their nest.
Swallows rest from swooping—
Your lips are soft against my breast.

In my vine-wreathed patio garden,
Where God and Love are always near,
Blooms the fragrant Rose-of-Mary,
Pale and sweet throughout the year.

For know you, that the Blessed Mother
Spread the Infant Jesus' Clothes,
To dry, upon a bush of Rosemary,
Near a road-side, long ago.

Adown the years—across the vegas,
And from mountains clad in snow,
From beggar's hut to palace doorway—
Rosemary must always grow.

So sleep, my precious loved one,
In your shift, sun-kissed and warm,
As the Infant Jesus also slept,
At dusk, on Mary's arm.

Sleep—sleep—for the fragrance
Of pale, sweet flowers is all about you—sleep.

Private Collectors' Exhibit Reveals Valuable Heirlooms

● Mrs. William B. Hamilton, chairman of the Private Collectors' Exhibit to be held at the City Club next Friday and Saturday, June 5 and 6, is finding with the arrival of each day's mail that there are many unusual and beautiful collections in San Francisco offered for the exhibit.

Mrs. Hamilton is now asking for odd pieces of furniture, such as old chairs of historic value and antique furniture, pewter, brasses, exquisite old shawls of Persian or Cashmere design, glassware, family heirlooms, and other things especially prized by their owners.

The Auditorium will be open Tuesday and Wednesday for owners to deposit their exhibits and receive receipts for them. On the following day they will be arranged to best advantage by Mrs. Hamilton and her committee, which includes Mrs. Sollie Walter, Miss Alice Burr and Miss Edith Allyne.

Two Utterly Different Exhibits

● The Private Collectors' Exhibit to be held June 5 and 6 at the City Club is entirely different from the Talent Exhibit to be held at the Club next November.

The cardinal point of differentiation is this:

The Private Collectors' Exhibit will show the work of others, not *of* or *by* members, but collected by members.

The Talent Exhibit will show our very own, the creations of our own hands and brains, made *by* members. Already members have begun to work for the November exhibit, to be held the first week of that month of Thanksgiving.

New Members Invited to Volunteer Service

● Many of the Volunteers of the Special Tea and Regular Tea groups were in uniform giving service during the tea for the new members, held May 7. The Volunteer Service Committee met as many of the new members as possible and endeavored to sign them up for service in the different departments. Any of those who did not sign at that time, and who are interested in serving, may sign the blank for this purpose in this issue of the Magazine, mailing it to the Volunteers Service Department.

Historical Magazines

● Members are reminded that there are available copies of the "Historical Number" of the City Club Magazine, which is, as the name implies, a complete history of the Club, sketching the events which led to its building, the story of its financial foundation, and a synopsis of its four years in the building at 465 Post Street.

EDITORIAL

"I am hoping that I'll fit in somewhere in your Volunteer Service program, because that was a rge part of the lure which drew me into the Club."

This, or a paraphrase of the same thought, was iced by nearly every novitiate at the New Mem- rs' Tea held at the City Club Thursday afternoon, lay 7, as she passed the receiving line, which con- sted of Miss Leale and the board of directors.

Isn't it a curious reaction?

Think of a Club engaging the attention of the pub- because of what it permits its members to do, ther than because of what it gives or offers in the ay of aggrandizement.

Isn't it an unusual state of affairs?

"I joined because I wanted to identify myself with olunteer Service," said one enthusiast to Miss Leale. And as soon as my name had moved up in the wait- g list, and I knew that it was but a matter of a few eeks until I should be in full membership, I filled out e Volunteer Service Blank in the Magazine, for I ew just exactly what kind of service I wanted to ve. I had availed myself of the privilege of those on e waiting list to subscribe to the Magazine."

Few women have the initiative or the courage to go to the highways and byways to be of service to manity, but when the channel is provided and the anner outlined, it is not so much an impulsion as an t of faith. For everyone, in degree and kind, wants to of use, and to know that one's efforts are coordi- ted with the endeavors of her fellows gives a feeling assurance that they are properly placed.

In the last analysis it would seem that coordination the first law of society. Men and women learn to do ings in groups, in "serried rows," on occasion, and at is the basic principle, perhaps, of the spirit of olunteer Service in the City Club. At any rate, here is, a wondrous and shining thing, tried over a long riod of peace: tried—oh, sorely tried—in war: and ll it stands, steady and beautiful and gleaming.

And now its light and warmth draw members to the ty Club. There were some three hundred new mem- rs at that notable reception. Not one said, "Please ll me what benefits I am to get from being a mem- r." It is assumed that each had learned all of that fore applying for membership. If she was unaware the benefits it apparently didn't occur to her to ve them itemized before she laid her votive offering on the altar of Service.

The majority of that new group were young women, st of them too youthful to have learned in the War at Service is a beatitude. That is where the founders the City Club learned and were trained in the eternal rity of joy in service. These younger ones, then, learned it either by observation or by intuition. Perhaps it is the zeitgeist of the post-war time, one of the buds of wheat growing between the tares of war. "The tender grain is growing on the field of Waterloo."

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Are We a "Man's Town"?

● San Francisco has always been, and is today, a man's town. That is why women adore it. For a man's town, if we may run the risk of paradox, is a town that contrives to be wholly masculine in essence, but with Juno as the goddess of the city. "Ce qui plait aux dames" is the motto of every masculine metropolis. Consider Paris—a man's city conducted for the benefit of the ladies.

But whether San Francisco is a man's town or not, you leave it and this breed of Jason, if you must go, with the feeling that if some later day you need a refuge, a solace, an opportunity, and a friend, here she stands.

The future is surely with this city — a future, according to Sir Henri Deterding, the great Dutch-English oil king, "as great as anyone can dare imagine." She looks out upon the Pacific, and it is in the Pacific that the story of the coming years will be revealed. The city is rich, but it will be far richer. No city becomes rich by luck. Only by industry, brains, and strategic position.

But riches are not all. There is reason to suppose that San Francisco will remain buoyant, kind, hospitable and racy, under whatever growth.

—FREEMAN TILDEN in "World's Work"

The Long and Short of Volunteer Service Uniforms

● Many of the uniforms worn by the Volunteer workers are too short to be attractive, now that we are accustomed to the longer dresses. We would appreciate it if the members would have their uniforms lengthened, and if this is impossible, arrangements may be made through the Volunteer Service Committee to have the new Volunteers, who are not so tall, buy them.

The Little Ships That Never Sail

At work on inland farms he must have dreamed,
In restless youth, of sailing ships that came
With lifted prows where still the wonder gleamed
From seas and ports he loved but could not name.
In him was some old trace of blood that knew
The lift of sails and thrill of blowing spray—
But land had held him and the harvest grew
And he had never dared to go away.

Too old at last for work, his knotted hands
Have turned to dreams his youth saw shining by,
And at a window facing prairie lands
He sees the cloud-ships billowed down the sky.
Each day he sits there, till the light must fail,
To build his little ships that never sail.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

His Return

M. H. D.

● "Coming home. He's coming home. Home———"

Her thoughts trailed off into a nebulus of misty reminiscences. Her eyes wandered idly over the apartment, the bijou exquisiteness of which had not known the presence of a man for more than a year. At least, no man had lived there. Of course there had been casual and transient guests, men friends of her husband, who had called to ask if there was anything they could do to alleviate her loneliness. A number had accompanied her home from the office on occasions when she had worked late. As it chanced, it was a different one each time, she recalled, and she wondered the next moment why her mind should be occupied with such trivialities when the big, the supreme fact, that HE was coming home, was at last at hand.

And yet, again, her mind etched off to irrelative minutae. One of them, one of the men, who had brought her home on a stormy night, had accepted her invitation to "come in and I'll make you a cup of nice hot chocolate." She had all but confided in him the reason she did not go abroad with her husband when his firm had sent him away for a year.

With an effort of will she reread the telegram which announced his homecoming. Within a month, it said. The exact time was not known.

It was not the same apartment which he had left to go abroad. The shell was the same, but that was all. In the first weeks of his absence, when her loneliness had been real and poignant, she felt that she could not stay on there in the rooms where they had been so ideally happy and where —just when, neither could tell—their love had begun to stale. She had made plans to move elsewhere. Then, after looking for another flat, she had suddenly decided to remain where she was. But she would have the place remodeled, refurnished, and redecorated. She would, as her sentimental mother-in-law had advised, keep the home fires burning on the identical hearth he had left.

"No," said the elder Mrs. Wayne on the day that she had uttered the bromidium about the home fires, "No, I think it not wise for you to move. This is the place George will always have in mind as home, and the place he will be dreaming of when he thinks and dreams of coming home."

It had occurred to Elsie that day that her mother-in-law had forgotten to consider that George had not of late evinced any particular love of the place or he would have spent more time in it. But Elsie did not believe in wasting energy by saying unnecessary or unkind things. However, she decided at that moment not to move. In the first place, it would cost too much.

"And now he is coming home. Just a few months more than a year. How quickly the time has sped," her thoughts murmured as she lay stretched luxuriously on a chaise-longe drawn up before a bed of coals glowing in the grate.

She recalled her emotions of the first few weeks of his absence, how his letters had buoyed her up and kept her from utter despondency, of her determination to cream her face every night, to brush her hair a hundred strokes before going to bed, of her Spartan vow to roll on the floor and diet so that she should be slender when he saw her again. A wave of self-pity suffused her as she dwelt upon the self-imposed regime, and on the dreariness of the weary days and nights when she had carried it out to the smallest detail.

It was all for him. Their marriage had drifted perilously near the rocks, but she would retrieve it, she determined. She would be so different when he came home, so prepossessing, so charming, so well-groomed, that perhaps he would forget that they had been on the verge of a dull, bitter-dull, harping, carping, fault-finding, matter-of-fact-acceptance-of-things-as they-were, soggy morass that was sucking them down to a plane of mutual apathy to each other.

She would take a new lease on life, see it from a different viewpoint, polish her wits as well as her finger-nails, which were stubbed and unlovely from too much and too close contact with the kitchen sink.

All that she had resolved to do had been done.

The massaging, the brushing, the banting, the overhauling of mental equipment, the taking stock of half-forgotten accomplishments, the burnishing of long quiescent artistic tendencies, the brightening of neglected attainments—all this had been done, according to her vow.

The doing of these things had made for the swiftness of the flight of the year.

She looked around the apartment.

"I wonder if he will like it," she mused.

New French gray rugs, new Chinese blue window hangings, new paper of bluish, grayish neutrality on the walls, a new print over the mantel, a new etching where the "Horse Fair" had hung, a new stack of music on the piano, now kept open and dusted—despite the fact that she was employed down town eight hours of the day—a piece of Ming porcelain that she had picked up at a real bargain at an auction. These delighted her senses as she glanced appraisingly about her small kingdom. It was a different home than the one he had left.

In spite of the lack of zest for each other which had characterized their relations the year before he went, there had been unfeigned sorrow at parting and unrestrained tears as they embraced and said some incoherent thing about the long, long trail that would be winding until it brought them together again. If there had been a child-

"He's coming home," she repeated again softly whispering the words to her consciousness.

"Home—and—I wonder if I am glad, if after all, I am glad. I wonder if I am as glad as I dreamed of being when I first began to dream of his home-coming, which was the day he left."

She arose impetuously and crossed the room. His last letter, the one which came before the telegram, lay on a small table on which sat a jar of roses, another extravagance. She was always chiding herself for her small extravagances, yet it was a remarkable thing, she observed, how many such extravagances she had been able to afford—after he had gone.

She opened the letter and read it again. But her mind would not stay on the written endearments.

Instead, it went back to the subject of extravagances. When he was home she was always "strapped" and pinched. And that in the face of the fact that his salary was much more than that which she had been able to command.

After her first aching grief she had decided that she would be much better off if employed. Of course, there was his salary, but she had resolved to touch none of that. It had been regularly banked, the nest-egg for the rainy day, the day when, in case God failed to hear her prayers, he would fall ill or die over there.

But God had heard her. He was coming home whole and well.

Was she glad? Did her heart leap with joy as she contemplated their first sight of each other?

She and her conscience had a bad evening of it.

And after a long time she and her conscience, both unequivocally honest, agreed that she would be just as happy to go on indefinitely the life she was living at the present.

Not that she was not glad that George was coming home. But she faced the immediate future with foreboding. She was grateful that he had kept well and that he wanted to resume life with her.

But her life had been so tranquil, so carefree, so entirely livable and soothing to her tired nerves that she dreaded to have its even tenor disturbed.

At least just yet.

She had, without realizing when or how it had happened, passed out of the state of missing him into a state where she thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity for indolence which that absence gave her.

She worked at the office. True. But op-

(Continued on Page 20)

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

ANGA REVA: THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS; *by Robert Lee Eskridge;* Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis; $4.00.

NGLE WAYS; *by William B. Seabrook;* Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y.; $3.50.

AMENCO; *by Lady Eleanor Smith;* Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis; $2.50.

HE BEST PLAYS OF 1929-30; *edited by Burns Mantle;* Dodd, Mead, and Co., N. Y.; $3.00.

ERSE:

LYRICS OF LIFE; *by Anna Rozilla Creever;* with a prefatory poem by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; The Keesling Press, Campbell, California; $1.50.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST: A FANTASY; *by Alice Brown;* Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $1.50.

OGUCHI; *by Gustav Eckstein.* Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

OETHE AND BEETHOVEN; *by Romain Rolland.* Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

▲

What the tired business man reads and why, or what will amuse the scitist when the flu forces him to set sice aside, is a mystery to the feminine ind. "No stories by women!" greets the lections from the public library. But cowy stories, Western tales, far-flung adnturing in the South Seas and darkest rica, all seem to lay a cooling hand upon e fevered brow. The search for escape! ie paths we have never trod—shall never ead! Yet the home-keeping woman-heart, ore straitly tied by place, does not roam far afield in its search for escape. Why? ecause it once stayed in the home-cave ile the mate went abroad with club and ear?

There are adventure books which would arm the man-child or woman. "Manga va" is one of them. Whoever heard of e island of Manga Reva? If I learned it the geography class in the little red ool-house, it was long ago forgotten. he Forgotten Islands," as the French ll them, is a jewel of a name for these far es of the South Seas—the Gambier Archlago. On the island of Tahiti, Queen arau suggested to Robert Eskridge that go to Manga Reva. And Norman Hall d him that no one had gone thither "for simple reason that the trip is so very ficult,"—though Gauguin, Pierre Loti, pert Brooke, Jack London, had passed at way. Neither the smell of copra nor -sickness in a small boat could daunt kridge's adventuring soul. A fishing ooner goes to the Forgotten Islands ce every year or two. In the Vaihiria, in Fu's old boat which Pedro Miller rtered, they sailed the long nine hund miles southwest from Tahiti. And on nga Reva he stayed for eight months, ilding him a house on the shore, and

planting a garden to wait his return, another summer. There he found a Cathedral on the edge of the jungle, and a ruined city where the Spanish priest, Pere Laval, once ruled.

This was his first impression: "There before us lay the toy city, half buried under a tropic jungle. My first puzzled glance took in the tall towers of a great cathedral soaring over the highest of the cocoa-palms, while near the water-front were ruined towers, walls, palaces, and directly below the cathedral an enormous triumphal arch flanked by a long stone colonnade which looked curiously out of place on an almost deserted island. For I had been told that, of the thousands of souls who once lived here, only about two hundred were left on the entire archipelago. High mountains rose directly back of the city. Countless wharves jutted out into the lagoon, all deserted save the one toward which the decrepit Vaihiria was steering." There he found the ruined altars of the Cannibal Kings, and the tomb of one of them on Sinister Island. (What a name for the burial-place of a cannibal king!)

Eunice Tietjens, the poet, who helped in the editing of Robert Eskridge's book, has written an interesting foreword. She says, "In a large a varied acquaintance with artists of all sorts, I have never met any one just like Eskridge. He is a unique creature, an individual. His thin lined face, his curious smouldering eyes, and still more his exotic mentality, set him apart even from other artists. He is primarily a painter, with successful exhibitions to his credit, not only in such accredited spots as Paris, New York, and Chicago, but also in strange outlying places like Majorca, Tunis, and Papeete. He is a little mad, of course. What artist is not? But he is very judiciously and decoratively mad. He converses of his *tupapaus* —the Polynesian ghosts—reincarnation, the days of ancient Chaldea when he remembers that he was a high priest—and other esoteric subjects. But it is about Polynesia that he becomes most eloquent. In me, who have never been to the South Seas, the book has roused the slumbering wanderlust. Really, I must look up sailings. and see whether Pedro cannot transport me, also, before it is too late and the color is gone irrevocably, to that shimmering mirage, The Forgotten Islands."

▲

● Jungle Ways; by William B. Seabrook; Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y.; $3.50.

"Jungle Ways" is even more weird and exotic than "Manga Reva." Where Robert Eskridge dreamed of the Lost Continent of the Pacific, counterpart of the Lost Atlantis of the Atlantic, whose mountaintops are the scattered islands of the sea, and whose lost peoples may have surpassed us in culture, William Seabrook has turned to the strange folk of the African jungles. It is very sure that, like the elephant-child, he had "a 'satiable curiosity!" He practically admits that whenever he hears of anything that has never been seen, that has never been done, that has never been understood, it is a challenge to him to go "for to admire and for to see."

With his wife, Katie (who, methinks, must have combined the adventuring soul with the patience of Griselda!) he went in 1929 to the Ivory Coast. There he lived in the native villages as one of them, learned their dialects, knew their chiefs and their witch-doctors as familiar friends, ate their food (even a cannibal feast!), practiced their charms, observed their taboos, made obeisance to their gods. A far cry from the little town of Maryland where he was born, and the Lutheran minister who fathered him!

It is an interesting side-light that both of these far adventurers hailed originally from the gentle South. The plantation of Robert Eskridge's progenitors was Sandy Point, seven miles from Stratford, the home of Robert E. Lee. William Seabrook earned his B.A. and his M.A. at Roanoke College, Virginia, and at Newbury, South Carolina; worked a year on the Augusta Chronicle; and then worked his way through the University of Geneva. Wandering in Europe, advertising in Atlanta, and then—the war! After the war, he met an Arab in New York, and the two Seabrooks went to Arabia for fifteen months, and wrote "Adventures in Arabia." A year and a half in Haiti produced "The Magic Island." In "Jungle Ways," he has written of the sorcery and magic of the jungle, of the phallic religions, of the unknown Habbe cliff-dwellers, and of the famous monk, Pere Yakouba, of Timbuctoo, who "laid aside his robes to become the world's greatest authority on native African customs and affairs."

In both of these books, writing of primitive peoples, there is a primitive, an a-moral

frankness. The unconscious, indifferent frankness of the artist and the scientist. It is often enlightening. It is not offensive, even to a mid-Victorian. But just here I should like to take a fling at the judgment of publishers who send for review the clever first books of clever young writers, whose themes are more phallic in their sex-problems than the religions of the jungle—and tell us that they are properly adapted to the library-shelves of our women's clubs! Certainly they are clever—too clever to give them the space of a review. I am inclined to wonder whether these clever young folk, who have twisted their own world awry, and wish to hold up their writhings to our uninterested gaze, have not chosen their theme deliberately, to float a first book. It really was not necessary. Why dig a sewer, if one can plant a garden?

No, I will not give the titles!

▲

● Flamenco; by Lady Eleanor Smith; Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis; $2.50.

"Flamenco" is an adventure story of another kind—a tale of the "flamenco," the Tsiganes, the Romanies, the Cales—in other words, the gypsies. A very fairy-tale, and pagan, too. "This is the story of Camila, the dark and lovely daughter of an Andalusian gypsy, the swaggering bandit and murderer, Lobo. By a turn of the wheel of chance, she was adopted into the English home of Richard Lovell, and grew up with his children on witch-ridden Dartmoor."

The author, Lady Eleanor Smith, is the daughter of the Earl of Birkenhead. His grandfather was a gypsy, and Lady Eleanor has inherited the gypsy's large, dark eyes, fine forehead, and beautiful hands. From her earliest childhood, she has felt a deep interest in gypsy lore, and she has studied all obtainable records of the gypsies who roamed the green fields of England. "She collected every book she could find about them; she joined the Gypsy Lore Society; she befriended them whenever she found a Romany in distress."

And her style has a gypsy charm of its own. This is her introduction:

"Des cees, des Tsiganes et sorcieres
Ma nourrice me chantait;
A mon tour je chante les sorcieres,
Les Tsiganes et les fees."

▲

● The Best Plays of 1929-30; edited by Burns Mantle; Dodd, Mead, and Co., N. Y., $3.00.

The best plays of 1929-30, according to Burns Mantle, were "The Green Pastures," "The Criminal Code," "Berkeley Square," "Strictly Dishonorable," "The Last Mile," "The First Mrs. Fraser," "June Moon," "Michael and Mary," "Death Takes a Holiday," and "Rebound." An interesting choice, and reminiscent. But those who were not privileged to see all of these plays—or even those who were—might wish that Mr. Mantle's surgery had been less drastic. One could wish for less of opinion, and more of the play—or even, fewer plays and more complete.

▲

● Verse: Lyrics of Life; by Anna Rozilla Creever; with a prefatory poem by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; The Keesling Press, Campbell, California; $1.50. The Marriage Feast: a Fantasy; by Alice Brown; Macmillan Co., N. Y., $1.50.

Two small volumes of verse are worthy of mention. Anna Rozilla Creever lives down in the Santa Clara Valley, and her poems always reflect the beauty of hills and orchard-blossoms. I choose a verse from "My Window":

"There is little to see from my window—
The hedges from England astray,
The ivy and lawns from old castles,
The trades sweeping in from the bay.
The butterfly's wings are from Persia,
All skies are the same, dark or clear,
All lands have blue lakes and far mountains—
My window has everywhere here!"

Alice Brown's "The Marriage Feast" is converse of the Soul, the Body, and the Presence. It is "the search of the Soul for an understanding of itself and its mysterious destiny, and the Body's easy turning to the pleasures of the earth." At the end, she asks the Presence concerning the Body:

"But if he come, and if we laugh and sing,
And toss the ball of joyance to the skies,
Will all be as before, and yet again
The satyrs lure him to their dark delights,
And the wheel turn and turn, and we be drawn
Into the dread abysm where God is not?—
Nay, nay, you tried to teach me all is God,
And God being all, there is no void of Him.
And I will heed, and never speak so rash."

▲

● Noguchi; by Gustav Eckstein. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

One seldom finds a book with more highly sustained dramatic quality than that of Gustav Eckstein's "Noguchi." This book is an x-ray presentation of the life of the Japanese scientist, Hideyo Noguchi. That which stands out most intensely in the picture is Noguchi's relation to the problems of disease; this relation furnishes the dramatic material of the presentation. The personal facts of Noguchi's life are the vague shadows; the significance of these facts is that they furnish the relative opacity necessary to the picture of the scientist.

The badly deformed left hand, deformed by a burn when the infant Noguchi fell into a brazier, is of significance to the life story for two reasons. First, because it brought the adolescent country boy in touch with medical science when he journeyed on foot to a distant town to have an operation on the horribly disfigured hand. And second, because the almost useless hand prevented the peasant boy from becoming a farmer.

Noguchi's audacity in asking for financial aid from first one person and then another is understandable only in the light of the fact that lacking this assistance he might not have become one of the world's greatest pioneers in the conquest of disease.

The irregular and disorderly daily life of the man is of significance only as an indication of the utter disregard of the scientist in his laboratory for external circumstances or conventions, and of the very extraordinary way in which he was free from the limitations of the clock and the calendar when he was trying to find the cause of trachoma or Rocky-Mountain fever.

Human relations meant very little to Noguchi. Yet his letters are overflowing with expressions of feeling for the way in which his mother and his friends had influenced his work. The following is a letter written in New York to his old teacher in Japan. "I am now suddenly recalling the bathing in hot springs Hakone that we had together. That is now seven stars and seven frosts as I turn back. Since then there has been the passing of scalding summer six times, and not once have I opened my collar and chest to free the spirit and heart. From morning till night without a single time losing the feeling of the stranger country, it is a miracle that I have not gotten sick. Sometimes there are uncontrollable things in the work, but even without that my irritable temperament produces seven rips and eight smashings in my bag of patience. As years go by I realize my lack of smoothness of nature and lack of perfection of common sense are not sin of man himself but of his environment. But this world is flower only when dreaming and when you actually get it is not pleasing. You wish once and if you receive you wish once more."

Noguchi's death, from yellow fever contracted while studying the disease in Africa, is of significance to the picture of the scientist, first, because in contracting the disease he established a new fact about the transmission of yellow fever through the handling of the affected tissue during the autopsy; and second, that he died a martyr to the scientific conquest of disease. The cause for which a hero gives his life always enlists the service of many hands to carry on the unfinished work. Hence, even his death becomes a vague shadow on the fluoroscopic picture of the high adventure of the scientific struggles and achievements of Hideyo Noguchi.

▲

● Goethe and Beethoven; by Romain Rolland; Review by Daisy F. Reed.

"Goethe is a musician in poetry, just as Beethoven is a poet in music," is the essential theme upon which Romain Rolland has developed his book. Music is the heroine.

These two peers, Goethe and Beethoven, never understood one another, yet they

to alone in all the world were worthy of
e another's love and friendship. Their
dy meeting, arranged by Bettina von
nim Brentano, who loved them both,
ok place for a few hours on three or four
ceeding days. They never met again.
e reasons for this lack of personal under-
nding are among the subtle perceptions
ich make the book such stimulating and
ightful reading.

Fundamentally these two had a kindred
th in the subjective quality of music.
Goethe recognized that "music is privi-
ged to go further than reason, and to
netrate regions forever closed to speech
al analytic intelligence." And Beethoven
lieved that "music is the single, the im-
material entry into a higher world of
knowledge which envelops man, but which
he cannot understand. What the soul re-
ceives from music through the senses is
spiritual revelation incarnate."

In spite of the kinship of the spirit, ob-
jectively these two men each professed a
different way of life. They recognized one
another's greatness, but they could not
collaborate in the interests of a common
ideal. Each working independently served
the same mistress.

Music to Goethe was an idea expressed
through the medium of poetry, the music
of speech. This same idea expressed from
the point of view of instrumentation and
the singing voice is the music of Beethoven.
These two different manifestations of the
same meaning, represented by Faust and
the C Minor Symphony, are the underlying
purpose of music. That purpose is the "res-
toration of the spirit and the inspiration
of creative activity." Goethe and Beetho-
ven are the medium through which is trans-
mitted light from the Beyond to illumine
the way for mankind.

It is almost impossible for a review to do
more than indirectly suggest the very great
subconscious quality that is inherent in the
writing of Romain Rolland. To enter into
the inner shrine of his mind is to have new
vistas opened before one's eyes.

▲ ▲

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Akron, Ohio	Women's City Club	30 South High Street
Boston, Massachusetts	Women's City Club	40 Beacon Street
Chicago, Illinois	Chicago Women's Club	72 East 11th Street
Chicago, Illinois	Women's City Club	Tower Building, 9th Floor
Chicago, Illinois	Illinois Women's Athletic Club	115 E. Pearson Street
Cleveland, Ohio	Women's City Club	826 East 13th Street
Detroit, Michigan	Women's City Club	2110 Park Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri	Women's City Club	1111 Grand Avenue
Lincoln, Nebraska	Lincoln Women's Cub	
New York City	Women's City Club	22 Park Avenue
Philadelphia	Women's City Club	1622 Locust Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Women's City Club	William Penn Hotel
Providence, Rhode Island	Providence Plantations Club	77 Franklin Street
Rochester, New York	Women's City Club	29-31 Chestnut Street
St. Louis, Missouri	The Town Club	1120-22 Locust Street
St. Paul, Minnesota	Women's City Club	345 Minnesota Street
Washington, D. C.	Women's City Club	122 Jackson Place

ABROAD

Brisbane, Australia	Brisbane Women's Club	Albert House, Albert Street
Dunedin, New Zealand	Otago Women's Club	Stuart Street
Edinburgh, Scotland	The Caledonian Club	13-14 Charlotte Square
Glasgow, Scotland	The Lady Artists Club	5 Blytheswood Square
London, England	American Women's Club	46 Grosvenor Square, London, W.I.
London, England	The Halcyon Club	13-14 Cork Street
London, England	The Pioneer Club	12 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, London W.I.
Madrid, Spain	Lyceum Club	
Montreal, Canada	The Themis Club	1336 Sherbrook Street West
Paris, France	The American Women's Club	61 Rue Boissiere
Shanghai, China	The American Women's Club	66 Szechuen Road
Sydney, Australia	Women's Club	77 King Street
Vienna, Austria	American Women's Club	Mahlestrasse, 6, Briston Hotel
Wellington, New Zealand	The Pioneer Club	Lambton Quay, Wellington, No. 382

*These clubs have sleeping accommodations.

His Return

(*Continued from page 16*)

portunity for indolence was hers, none the less, and for the first time since her salad school days. There was no gripping anxiety lest he come home cross, or be late, or have just the trace of a cocktail on his breath, or that he would utter some monstrous, utterly unbelievable story about working at the office after dinner, and far into the night.

There was rest. And peace.

That was it—peace.

He was so masculine. His strength and vigor sapped her resistance by the very insistence of its being. He was ever restless. Such a thing as a quiet evening at home, with each reading and reveling in the blessed privilege of just staying at home, was something that he simply could not understand. To her it would have been manna to her starving soul, and grateful to her tired feet.

It would be sweet, for a time after his return, to pet him, and make much of him. But after that it would become a bore; would revert to fetching and carrying, as in the other time, now a year agone. He would expect, with the same complacency, all the little sacrifices which she had been wont to make for him at first gladly, then after a while with a tinge of resentment that he should allow her to make them. For instance, he liked the crusty part of the loaf. So did she. But she gave the two pieces to him.

That was but an example of the tiny things that he insisted upon.

Of course, the first raptures of greeting would be delicious. She thrilled at the very thought.

And then?

It was appalling.

* * * * * *

Thus the evening wore on to bedtime. Should she give up her position at the office, and thereafter be always without ready money, the little pittances which enabled her to take a friend to tea, or to buy good silk stockings instead of cheap silk—to take home, as soon as they were on the bookstands, her favorite magazines?

Of course he would want her to give up her position and be at home to minister to him, have his meals ready on the dot, and to be general housewife.

No one prepared *her* meals when she worked at the office. But that was differ ent, of course.

She had no objection to being gener housewife if she might, at the same time have the material comforts, the few extr pennies, and the peace of mind that sh had now.

* * * * *

Thus sleep found her, with the thin turning over in her head like a windlass

Thus George found her when he cam home.

It was a joyful return, and no conquer ing hero ever found a warmer welcome.

"Gee, but it's good to see you, Elsie. always knew you were pretty, but neve till this minute did you look so good to me You are a thousand times prettier thai when I went away," he exclaimed at the station.

At the flat there were more pretty speeches. He did not notice the changes al at once. It was home to him. The detail did not matter.

First it was the rugs.

"I see you have some new scenery, dear Looks mighty fine. I'll appreciate this mor than I ever did."

"I was afraid, dear, after all the thing you have seen, after the glory that is Pari and the grandeur that is London, you would not care for the flat any more. I wa afraid that you would want to make a change, to conquer new worlds," she an swered, glibly.

As a matter of fact, such a thought had not occurred to her. She wondered why she had said such an inane thing. Perhaps it was shyness, embarrassment, at his descanting upon her improved appearance His rapture was disconcerting.

"Not care for the flat? It's heaven or earth. The question is, do you want an Adam in your Eden?"

It was all banter, and desultory. He had not even removed his coat or washed the grime of travel from his rather gaunt face, a face that, before he went away, was an advertisement of the fleshpots.

Banter or whatnot, his thrust caused her to blush. What if he had learned over there in that great school where so many things were revealed, how to read her thoughts? Heaven forbid that he should have acquired a trick of clairvoyancy.

He was dear, she said aloud. "But will it last, this illusion?" she said to herself.

She had asked for a week's vacation at the office. There had been some jesting about a second honeymoon, and the request was cheerfully granted.

The week passed. Near its expiration she spoke of returning to her employment.

"Do you want to keep on working, Elsie?" he asked, gently.

"Do you want me to?" she parried. "Or rather, don't you want me to?"

"Now, Elsie, I want you to do as you please. Do what will make you happy."

"That isn't answering my question, George."

"Why should *I* dictate to you? Of course

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the is that archaic idea that a man's less a man if his wife works outside of her hom. But one can smile at those little ide of little people. As a matter of fact, you have always worked—here at home, I mea. But if you decide to continue at the offi I've made up my mind that you will hav a maid here at home. I haven't been asle this last year, Elsie."

"I don't know what you mean," she equivocated. But she did. She did know, and had difficulty in restraining a shout of joy or a sob.

"Yes, you do, dearest. It came to me, whe I was over there, that you had had rath r a tough job of it with me for several yea. I wouldn't have held it against you if you had regretted to see me come home."

"George," she cried, warningly. "George, don talk like that, I think you are hor d."

Ith laughed a little ruefully.

She arose from the table.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To get my scarf. I feel just a bit chil."

"Let *me* get it." He took her by the shoulders and pressed her back into her cha In a moment he returned with two scar. "Which do you prefer? No, let me choose?"

He wrapped a white one, a cloud of silk, abo her. Then he removed it and placed a red colored one in its place.

"You are so *darned* pretty, Elsie. Either is good, but I seem to like the white one. Now *you* say."

"How could I say otherwise, now, than the white one?" she replied, with shining eyes.

After dinner she suggested music. "Unless you prefer to go somewhere? You have not been out an evening since you came hom."

"Out? Where should we go? Oh, I see. You want to go? Anywhere you like."

"No, silly. I do not want to go anywhere. I just thought you would be wanting to see some of the old places and faces."

"None of the old haunts for me, Elsie. And the face I see this minute is good enough for me."

She came nearer to him and after a moment of indecision settled herself upon the arm of his chair. "If you would always feel that way, George—if I could know tonight that you will always feel like that, I'd not go back to the office, ever."

"You can bet everything you have," he began, trying to hide his emotion in flippancy. But his shaking voice betrayed him.

"But I'm afraid of the deadly monotony of the time ahead. You are just home now, and you've not seen me for a long time. I'm a novelty again. But how long will this new consciousness last?"

"I know you have been very forbearing. I can't blame you for your attitude," he replied.

"What has come over you that you can believe you have changed—that you can so confidently bank on the future?" she asked.

"Well, for one thing, I'm a year older and, I hope, wiser." Both knew the answer was an equivocation, but they never opened the question again. What had happened was locked in the past. Absence is sometimes an inexplicable alchemy. That's all they knew or could ever know.

"Elsie, I know what you've been thinking these last few weeks. I know you have had peace and comfort here since I went away. I shall go to my old job in a few days, and if I keep my health you will have every cent of my salary. And I shall be only too happy to be at home evenings, unless I am out with you. Is that a bargain? I mean it."

"It's a bargain, George. I shall not go back to the office. But you don't know what I've been thinking, you old fraud."

He smiled wisely. "Did you say something about music?"

"Yes. Sing me some songs you learned over there."

He crossed the room and took his seat at the piano. In his college days he could play a fair accompaniment of chords.

"What's this?" He turned over a sheet of music which stood in the rack.

"Oh, not that," she replied with some confusion. "That's just a sentimental thing that I happened to run across."

"Well, just let's sing it. I feel sentimental," he said, quietly.

She took his place at the piano and began. The introduction finished, she tried to sing Mrs. Browning's "Unless you can die when the dream is done, O fear to call it loving."

He joined his voice with hers at places, but on the whole it was a failure either as a solo or a duet.

She struck the concluding chord and turned to him.

"You didn't die, so I know that the dream is not done."

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****

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****

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****

Food may be purchased in the Restaurant Department, or special orders will be taken.

****

Dr. S. M. Henri, surgical chiropodist, formerly in our Beauty Salon, is now located in Room 204 on the second floor.

****

Mrs. Parker Maddux gives lectures on "Current Events" the first Wednesday, morning of each month at eleven o'clock, and members and guests are welcome. The lecture on June 3,however, will be omitted.

Mrs. Charles E. Curry lectures on "Appreciation of Art," the first Wednesday each month at twelve o'clock noon, in the Card Room. There is no admission fee.

****

Miss Ida Lord, chairman of the League Bridge Committee, announces that she will be glad to work out details for private bridge parties for members.

****

Periodic health examinations are given twice a year, April and October, by a competent staff of physicians.

****

Volunteers are needed in all departments for regular and substitute service.

******

The services of the Vocational Guidance Bureau of the Club are available to the women of San Francisco. The Bureau is located in Room 212, on the second floor.

****

Lectures are being given by Mrs. Grace S. Powell in the Auditorium every Tuesday morning at 10:45, on "Building a Child's Library." The public is cordially invited.

****

We have one of the finest swimming pools in the city, opened daily to members and their guests. The pool is also open Thursday nights and the fourth Monday night of each month until nine o'clock.

****

Mr. Edward Lind, Jr., formerly with Vann & Weaver, is now in charge of hair cutting in our Beauty Salon. He also does marcelling, specializing in shadow waving.

****

"Natlea" preparations, made by our Beauty Salon, are very popular with our Eastern visitors.

****

If you are planning to travel, cards of introduction may be obtained to thirty-one clubs in all parts of the world, where hospitality will be extended to you for a period of two weeks. If you have guests whose homes are 50 miles or more from San Francisco, cards may be issued to them for two weeks at a charge of 50 cents.

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

As vacation days approach, our thoughts naturally turn toward the lighter things in life. We cast aside heavy foods with our furs. We think about luscious icy dishes and cooling beverages and the long days to be spent upon the veranda at the mountain or seaside cottage. Diets are abandoned. Huge boxes of candy grace the side table within easy reach of the hammock's occupant and great stacks of magazines and books vie for honors.

Busy women rarely learn to make candy, as their time is occupied with essentials. But homemade sweets are delicious, and there are numerous types that require very little effort and, best of all—few pans and dishes to clean afterwards. Why not begin at once to experiment? Almost all of the canned milk companies have free recipes, also the chocolate manufacturers. Some of these call for just condensed milk, chocolate, nuts, and marshmallows heated together, then poured into greased containers. Others, only the melting of chocolate while of course the creamy fudges are included, but one must be willing to beat indefinitely to insure the desired texture.

You may find yourself in a locality where only the bar and individual chocolates are sold this summer. Think, then, what a joy it will be to go into the kitchen and make up a batch of yum-yum candy. The following recipes are tested and if directions are followed explicitly, using berry sugar in those calling for granulated, and the XXX, or confectioner's, for powdered, cooking to the exact point of soft or hard ball and permitting the fudges to cool until the hand is comfortable when held against the bottom of the pan before starting to beat—the results will be satisfactory and the maker may be proud of her handiwork.

Coconut Dainties: Add a wee bit of lavender or rose vegetable coloring to three tablespoons of pastry cream. When blended, add one-half teaspoon of vanilla and one cup of moist grated coconut and set aside for ten minutes. Do this in the top half of a double boiler, next beating in one cup of sifted confectioner's sugar, and beat together over hot water until the mixture is softened. Drop in tiny spoonsful onto waxed paper. Let stand until firm. These balls should be round, but if one prefers a flat wafer add a little extra cream. For variety use different flavors and coloring Rose and almond or wintergreen; green and pistachio; white and peppermint; or vanilla. If, after the mixture is quite cold, the balls are dipped into chocolate they are delicious when prepared in the manner.

Rocky Road: Melt one pound of broken milk chocolate in top of double boiler, being careful not to allow the water in lower vessel to touch the bottom of pan, as it causes the chocolate to stick and thicken too much. When soft, pour one-half into well greased glass dish or pan. Over it place one ten-cent package of white marshmallows, then sprinkle one cup of chopped walnuts over the marshmallows with a last spreading of chocolate. Set aside to cool, then cut into squares. If in a hurry, the dish may be placed in the refrigerator.

To Dip Raisins, Nuts or Dates: Place one pound of *dipping* chocolate (made expressly for this purpose) into top of double boiler, taking the precaution to keep boiling water away from bottom of pan. When soft, use a two-tined fork or perforated spoon and dip several raisins or nuts in the

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chocolate, holding above the pan until the excess has dripped back into the container—then transfer to waxed paper to harden. Walnut halves or whole almonds may be done singly, if desired. The dates should be stuffed with pieces of marshmallows or nuts if one does not use the regular fondant, and it is desirable to keep them in the refrigerator for at least an hour to become quite firm before dipping. Use the same method as for the smaller pieces.

To Make a Simple Fondant: (Suitable for stuffing dates, or divide fondant when ready, into three parts, color and flavor each differently and roll into small balls, pressing walnut halves on each side. Similar to French creams.) Beat two egg whites slightly with a silver fork, then gradually add about three and one-half cups of XXXX or confectioner's sugar. When too stiff to use fork, start kneading with the hands. Flavor to suit taste. Quantity of sugar varies with size of eggs.

Penuche: Boil two cups of brown sugar and one cup of granulated sugar with one and one-half cups of milk, a speck of salt, and one tablespoon of butter until mixture forms a firm soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add one tablespoon of butter, and set aside until cool enough to comfortably hold on the palm of hand. Then beat until creamy, lastly adding one cup of chopped walnuts. Spread in buttered pan and mark in squares before it is cold. (Be careful in measuring brown sugar not to pack into cup, as too much will prevent the correct creaminess.)

Creamy Chocolate Fudge: Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. When soft, add two cups of granulated sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and two tablespoons of white corn syrup, and stir until blended; then add one cup of evaporated milk (undiluted) and mix thoroughly. Let cook rapidly until sugar is dissolved, while constantly stirring. Reduce the heat and cook slowly to 236 degrees F. if using a candy thermometer, or until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Set aside until cool enough to hold palm of hand on bottom of pan comfortably, then add one teaspoon of vanilla and beat vigorously until thick and creamy. Add three-fourths cup of chopped walnuts, if desired, just before spreading in pan. This fudge may be improved by kneading as a fondant after it is too stif to beat with a spoon.

Simple Chocolate Fudge: Put three cups ful of beet or cane granulated sugar, tw and one-half squares of unsweetened grate chocolate, three-fourths cup of canned (di luted) or fresh milk, a pinch of salt, an two tablespoons of butter into a heavy pa or skillet. Boil gently for about twelv minutes, or until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 238 degrees F. if using a candy thermometer. Set aside to cool, then add one-half teaspoon of vanilla and beat steadily until creamy. Turn into a buttered pan and when almost cold cut into squares. Chopped nuts, about three-fourths cups, may be added before spreading in pan and make a delicious addition.

Always use fresh cold water when testing for soft ball stage. The syrup must be firm enough to pick up in the fingers to form the ball, and a little experimenting will soon demonstrate the difference between the soft and firm ball and just a blob in the cup, and the correct cooking is essential to the finished product, as it will either not harden at all or become too brittle—so watch this point most carefully if you are a novice.

Nut Brittle: Different nuts—shelled peanuts, walnuts, almonds, or pecans—may be used in this recipe, always allowing cup for cup of sugar and nuts with one-fourth teaspoon of salt for that quantity. Put one (or more) cups of granulated sugar in an iron frying pan and stir until melted and a golden color. Add the salt and nuts and stir until well mixed, then pour onto a well greased tin. When cold break into pieces of suitable size.

Peppermint Patties: Mix together two cups of granulated sugar, a few grains of cream of tartar, and one-half cup of hot water. When sugar is partially dissolved, place over a moderate heat and boil gently for about eight minutes, or until it will form a soft ball when tested in cold water or reaches 238 degrees F. if using a candy thermometer. *Do not stir* during cooking or candy will become grainy. When soft ball stage has been reached, remove from fire, cool slightly, and flavor with five drops of oil of peppermint. Beat until creamy, then drop by small spoonsful onto a marble or piece of clean oil cloth and let stand until firm.

Wintergreen Patties: Follow peppermint patties' recipe substituting oil of wintergreen for the peppermint and tinting delicately with pink vegetable coloring when mixture is slightly cool.

Fruit Nut Candy: For those who do not care for the creamy type of sweet, use all of the leftovers for a special mixture. Chopped figs, nuts, dates, and raisins may be mixed with grated coconut and simple fondant until a firm mass. Form into a roll or square and cut into slices or cubes, or, if preferred, form into tiny balls and dip each into granulated sugar. The latter forms a nice coating when mixture is firm.

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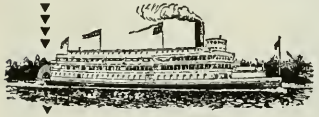

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Dr. Brown Reviews Work of State Board of Health

TO MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB:

● One of the privileges of my work is to have this opportunity to talk things over with you. This month I am going back in State history sixteen years.

In December, 1914, Governor Hiram Johnson appointed me as a member of the California State Board of Health. This was done at the earnest solicitation of the San Francisco Center. Governor Johnson was very open minded and optimistic as to the contribution which women could make to the State. You remember that we went in with his administration as voters. He had appointed several women in positions of great responsibility—namely, Mrs. Frank Gibson, of Los Angeles, secretary of the Commission of Immigration and Housing, and Mrs. Katherine Edson, Secretary of the Commission of Industrial Welfare and Minimum Wage.

The Board of Health was formed of seven members appointed for four years, going out in succession, and one member is dedicated by the Governor as Executive Secretary, or Director, as the position is not designated—the secretarial office is included in this appointment. The Board elects its own President.

My name was chosen as candidate for appointment by the women, and except for furnishing a few names of friends in my profession and in the organizations to which I belonged, I was unwilling to make any personal effort. No woman had ever served in the United States on a Board of Health, though some had had salaried positions as directors of departments.

Whatever the individual reactions of my fellow members may have been, I have never worked with a more congenial group. In the sixteen years of service, four members have been continuous fellow workers. As a group we present deep public health interests and knowledge.

Our President, Dr. George Ebright, has taught medicine many years and has worked up to executive medical work in the San Francisco Hospital and in the University of California Medical School. He has a calm, steady outlook on affairs which becomes a President.

Dr. F. F. Gundrum, Vice President of the Board, is a resident of Sacramento—a very necessary equipment, as California's contour makes three office centers necessary and a board member or members living in each is vital to the service of the board to the State. Doctor Gundrum has a way of "sweeping cobwebs" out of your mind, which clarifies many points in board meetings, witty and quick and a persistent questioner—no dead wood accumulates in his neighborhood.

Dr. Robert Peers is known all over the Coast for his work in tuberculosis, and as our Bureau of Tuberculosis, which controls the State subsidy for hospital care of tuberculous patients is a big part of our budget, Dr. Peers' service is most valued and valuable.

Dr. Edward F. Glaser you all know. His work and interest is eyes—but the blind, the conservation of vision, and the social welfare of Indians are his pet subjects. In addition, he has worked with me on the Bureau of Nursing and on the committee accrediting public health nurses, and has lent a sympathetic word to the Bureau of Child Hygiene on many occasions.

Dr. A. J. Scott, Jr., of Los Angeles, is referee for the State office in Los Angeles. He is a pediatrician and also a committee worker in public health nursing and an advisor to the Bureau of Child Hygiene.

In 1918, when the Woman's Committee of the Council of Defense was looking for a Children's Year Chairman, on the stipulation of a budget of $5,000 with which to work, I took the job. Thoroughly inexperienced in State organization, with able help and the cooperation of the Board of Health in urging me to take on this work, the program went over. You remember the slogan of the Children's Bureau of Washington, D. C., under Miss Julia Lathrop—"Save One Hundred Thousand Babies." In California the organized women all over the State enrolled under this banner and with the help of a postal frank, one paid secretary, and one paid piece of publicity, the program weighed and measured 55,000 infants and children under five years of age; accomplished the endorsement of the program by the State Medical Society; and 450 of its members gave time. Forty-eight of our fifty-eight counties were organized.

As the culmination of the program, we added the Bureau of Child Hygiene to the equipment of the State Board of Health, and the 200 health centers in the State for well babies, functioning under the city governments and the county health departments, and with the help of the State Bureau of Child Hygiene where the counties ask for this help, tell the story of a lessening infant and maternal mortality. The budget for this work has increased from $10,000 a year to $40,000, at this date. For seven years the budget was $45,000—$25,000 of which came from Washington, under the Sheppard-Towner Bill for Infancy and Maternity Welfare. Since the loss of this money by the expiration of

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the service of the Bill in 1929, $20,000 has been added to the Bureau of Child Hygiene budget of $20,000 per year by Governor Young, from his emergency fund twice, and by Governor Rolph in January of this year, at the earnest solicitation of the women of this State.

We are the only State accrediting public health nurses, and a plan for a National standard of this type to be attained by 1925 is just out, endorsed by the American Public Health Association and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, but it is far less advanced in its requirements than our requirements, which have been in action since 1925. Thirteen hundred young women are accredited under this committee of the State Board of Health. We have two university courses of eight months each for public health nurses at Stanford and the University of California.

Throughout my service I have constantly felt that I represented women and worked for women and children on the Board of Health. This work has been inspiring, and that its results, as carried out in the Bureau of Child Hygiene and in public health nursing, are tangible and valuable to the State, I hope you will feel.

The reorganization of the California State Board of Public Health under new legislation will be rapid.

Dr. Anna E. Rude, of Los Angeles County, is a candidate. She is California-born, a graduate of the San Jose Normal School, of Cooper Medical College, two years' hospital work, eight years' in private practice in San Francisco, where she was one of the founders of the Children's Health Center work, and eight years in charge of the maternal and infancy program of the Children's Bureau in Washington, D. C., which gave her a nation-wide contact. For the last three years she has been in charge of the health centers of Los Angeles County, with a large staff of doctors under her. She is also on the public health faculty each summer at the Los Angeles Branch of the University of California.

Very truly yours,
ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.
Public Health Editor.

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Betty's Library Safely Standardized

—MARIE MOORE
Staff Member of The Children's Book Sho San Francisco

● "I heard something over the radi this afternoon which made me think.

"Is that so, my dear? Was it unusual?

"What? My thinking or what I heard?"

"Both—if that is what you want me t say."

"You are always nice—*most* always Now listen and hold that obliging state o mind. You have got to think as I do or shall be discouraged."

Mr. and Mrs. Norson were at dinne when this conversation took place. Betty was there, too, secure in high chair and bib, busily engaged with Bentz Biscuit and a glass of milk. She had had her din ner in the late afternoon. But Daddy like to have her at the table at least once dur ing the day when he was home and this night-cap of milk and biscuits was pro vided to keep her occupied.

"Betty is almost four years old," con tinued Mrs. Norson. "and she hasn't any books at all, except some mutilated things we are glad to burn up now and then. and the cheap little affairs you bring her occasionally."

"My word! That *must* have been a rous ing talk you heard! I'd have you know young lady, I paid one dollar and seventy-five cents for that last book I brought Betty."

"Jo! You should have told me! That has been two months or more, and the book is ready for the junk pile. I didn't *dream* you paid that much. The book was so poorly bound. The colored pictures, I thought rather good. The stories were a little too old, long, and about things beyond her experience or her powers to imagine—simple enough, but silly, pointless. She listened to them all right, but in a vague, puzzled way and she didn't ask for them again. I want Betty to grow up to appreciate classics."

Mr. Norson laughed merrily, exclaiming:

"Whow! What *is* this you heard? Some clever advertising of a pet scheme for gain? I declare the struggle gets more acute from day to day."

"We won't discuss that side of it. That is not our problem. We have brains enough as a basis for developing good judgment, and what I want us to do is to cultivate good taste in juvenile books and get only the best for Betty, according to her age."

"Look out! The exchequer must be regarded."

Betty knew Mother was awfully in earnest and that Daddy was teasing. She watched Mother sympathetically.

"I know. That is one of the things the man on the radio said about people like us. But he claims that fine, lovely, inexpensive books are available. Besides, I am ready to

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gi up other things that Betty's mind be fe'

There, there! I'm with you, heart and so. Never have thought differently."

Of course you haven't. We have just neected our job, that's all. Not altoge er, but largely. We have taken the be care of her body and trained her mals as problems presented themselves. Bu we have neglected a powerful lever in th realm of morals in neglecting the story interest. The radio man says babies are bo with that because interest is strong be re vocabulary is sufficiently intelligible to now what it is all about."

Well, that sounds reasonable. I think I ve noticed—, for instance."

tty was gazing into Mother's face and did not see Daddy's nod and raised brows, indicating her. She *was* listening intently. In e brief silence, she asked,

'Daddy, will you bring me a book?"

'So, Betty, but Mother will."

'o! Are you going to desert me?" Moer cried in such real distress that Bey struggled down from her highchair tr mfort her.

'ot by a long shot," replied Mr. Norson "but you see I, too, have been neglected in this."

'o have I. But the radio man says the are books, publishers, libraries, and shos who will help us."

'll right; that's that. We will learn tog her; all three of us."

Itty heaved a big sigh of relief as the cris was passed. Mother laughed and hued and spanked her little girl into laughing, too.

It Mrs. Norson was in no laughing mo next day when she discussed her pla with the Manager of the Children's Dertment of a book shop. She learned tha only the best in books for children hacbeen a growing idea in some of the depaments of the book industries for years. Sor of the largest and first-class publishis were doing good work. Gifted artistsand writers were meeting the challeng Leaders of education were helping in eir suggested graded book lists. But gra teachers and parents were almost uni rsally indifferent to or unconscious of th great importance to character buildin in children's books, until aroused. By degees, teachers are being required to take a course in juvenile literature. But becse they have not lived through the boo, with most of them, children's reading uninteresting, perfunctory, a mere deta of a job. Many, however, are responing splendidly, catching the vision becse of their own background.

Ms. Norson spent almost the whole morng with this lady and was shown so mar inexpensive, attractive books that she lt at a loss what to get first. But she was onsiderably gratified with the fund of kno edge of children's books she stored awa in her memory. She jotted down note and titles and the names of authors. She examined books about children's reading.

"Give me a picture book this time for Betty. She must amuse herself without me until I know more."

"Does she have a good Mother Goose?" asked the lady.

"She did have a Mother Goose. She abused it so I burned the disreputable thing. She loved it, too. I had to do some pretty side-stepping to avoid letting her know what happened."

"Whose was it?"

"Mercy! I don't know. Nothing nice, however. It fell to pieces too soon. But isn't she too big for Mother Goose?"

"Not by any means. Mother Goose will delight a seven-year-old if he has by nature or training a liking for the humorous. Mother Goose is the classic of nonsense rhymes;—not all nonsense either. The rhythmic charm of the words, the jolly, whimsical pictures, either mental or actual, will give him endless pleasure. I know some Mother Goose books that could be a joy always. Leslie Brooke is the illustrator of several. In fact, as you go deeper into the study of juvenile literature, you will enrich your own soul with pure streams of intellectual pleasure and wisdom. Listen to this."

The lady opened a book lying on her desk and read aloud:

"One of the thrilling bits of present-day understanding is that the subconscious mind of people all over the world and in all ages is one element —like the air. A study of nursery rhymes and folk tales brings you to a fresh realization of this. Many nursery rhymes can be traced back to prehistoric times. The same rhymes have appeared throughout Europe, and

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One Parent's Question

"Mary is not interested in a full college course but she should spend the next two or three years in school. Can you suggest a school for her?"

There are good schools where girls like Mary may develop individual talents while taking up a selected group of college subjects; schools which emphasize music, art and decoration, home-making, secretarial courses—even courses in the management of property and investments — and where one can make the most of the last two or three years of growing up.

Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS
JULY AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
Numbers of this Magazine

similar rhymes among uncivilized people all over the world. One reason for this is the insistence of children and primitive people upon the exact repetition of a rhyme or tale——

"Many nursery rhymes have their origins in history, some in superstitious beliefs, religious customs or festivals, or nature myths of early man—his attempts to explain the things he observed: night and day; the sun, moon, and stars; the changes of the seasons and the tides.

" 'Jack and Jill' is believed by scholars to have grown out of a myth of the tides. 'London Bridge is falling down, falling down' goes far back to the primitive belief that natural forces demanded human sacrifice when bridges or homes or temples were building. The tradition remains in the play capture of a victim. . . .

"The preceding chapter on 'Five Centuries of Children's Books' tells of the first collections made of these nursery rhymes. To most children of today, they are the first introduction to literature. In them they find the joy of rhythm, the interest of words, the feeling of form, the pleasure of repetition, and the surprise of climax. But does it not add to their fascination and charm to know that through them we pick up the gold thread which was touched by children perhaps thousands of years ago?"

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Mrs. Norson. "Although that isn't entirely new to me. Something stirs in my memory which I have all but forgotten except that I did know something like that once. Wha book is that you are reading?"

"This is a Doubleday Doran publicatio entitled 'Realms of Gold in Children Books.' It is one of the most complete com pilations of children's book lists ever pul lished because of its comments on th books listed. The authors are Bertha F Mahony and Elinor Whitney, both expert on juvenile literature.

"Should I have it?" asked Mrs. Norso anxiously.

"Unless you really will take time t study it, no. But if you will systematicall read its criticisms, look up the books i recommends, and really use it as you se lect books, you will indeed find it realms o golden treasures exceeding anything you have imagined for this purpose. It will b five dollars invested in stock paying mor than one hundred per cent dividends. know several mothers who have found i priceless; one who thought children's book either silly or useless until she learned little more about them in 'Realms of Gold another who thought a fifty cent book wa 'good enough for a child,' until 'Realms o Gold' whetted a keen heart hunger fo their sakes because of her own starve childhood."

"I will get it next month. But this time I must get a book for Betty. What do you think of this?"

"Fine!"

Mrs. Norson rapidly turned the pages o the dainty little book she had selected. "Kate Greenaway's Mother Goose."

"There are fifty-two pictures and rhymes in that small book," continued the Mana ger of the Children's Book Department.

"And on second thought, I think I shall take 'Realms of Gold,' too. I recall one thing my teacher in economics used to ding dong at his class: 'To handle a subject impressively and economically live with it intensively some part of every day.'

Mr. Norson looked startled when his wife told him that evening that she had spent six dollars as a beginning for Betty's library.

"Don't let it bother you, Jo. I paid cash and I shall not ask you for a penny. I can afford two dollars. I will make up the four dollars somehow. I shall arrange an annual budget of about twenty-five dollars, I think. We can easily do that. I'll pinch off my allowance this month—maybe the rest of the year. We are not really poor people, Jo."

"No, not really. But we can't have all we want."

"No; oh, no! Anyhow, we can make Betty's life rich with something she need never lose: imagination, music, fun, and humor; love of truth and beauty—all those soul things, you know. I feel and think a lot I can't say. You do, too!"

They both laughed, though there were tears in Mrs. Norson's eyes, and Mr. Norson felt the yearning ache of parenthood as poignantly as she did just then.

Betty's joy in the little book astonished

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Mr Norson. She gazed at the pictures intently. She unconsciously learned many of the rhymes, they were read to her, or sung, so often. That was Daddy's stunt—to sing the. He made his own tunes and never sang twice alike. Neither did they ever fail to charm Betty.

The following month, Mrs. Norson bought two little books: "I Live in a City" by James S. Tippett, which was only seventy-five cents, and "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," by Hugh Lofting, price one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Betty lived in a city. She visited the park near her home often with her Mother. She had noticed the dandelions in the grass and the lights along the roads and paths, and when Mother first read—

"I'm glad that I
Live near a park

For in the winter
After dark

The park lights shine
As bright and still

As dandelions
On a hill."

she seemed to fairly thrill with appreciation. That night, after dinner, she asked her Mother to read the "pome" about the park again, and ran to the window afterwards to gaze silently at the lights in the little park she could see across the street.

"Which do you think the prettiest, Mother, the lights or the dandelions?"

"The lights," answered Mother.

"I don't," declared Betty.

"Why?" asked Mother.

"Because God made the dandelions and who made the lights, Mother?"

"God, of course. People found out about them and hung them there in the park and other places."

"Did they?" wonderingly. "But God put the dandelions in the grass. That makes them prettier."

"Who told you so, Betty?"

"Don."

Mrs. Norson had forgotten.

The story of Mrs. Tubbs with its cunning pictures, both story and pictures done in Hugh Lofting's inimitable way of happy narration suggestions of helpfulness, and the nice differences in the sounds, "Punk, Pot, and Pink," charmed her more and more.

"A Little Book of Days" was not so well received at a glance. It was given to Betty in February, when the special days are rather numerous: Groundhog Day, Valentine Day, Washington's Birthday, and so on. When she caught the meaning of the rhymes, she liked the book immensely, and for the first time, apparently, learned the days of the week. The quaint little pictures of the author, Rachel Field, had a strong appeal at once.

"A Day with Betty Anne" came next. Having that story marked the beginning of getting the stories she knew. She became so delighted with helping about the house that she threatened to become a nuisance. But Mrs. Norson remembered to be patient because of what the little services were doing in developing character in Betty.

"Fourteen Songs From When We Were Very Young" was Betty's introduction to A. A. Milne. Mrs. Norson was a musician after a fashion, and Betty learned tunes very quickly. Mr. Norson loved to sing, too. Naturally, all three of them sang the songs together. Betty palpitated with happiness when Daddy joined the singing.

"Susanna's Auction," a story illustrated by Boutet de Monvel with drawings full of expression, was a favorite at once with the entire family.

This book was followed during the next two months with "A Baby's Life of Jesus Christ," by Mary F. Rolt, and "Charlie and His Kitten, Topsy," by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell, making three of a group of books known as "The Little Library." The group is made up of new editions of old favorites and newer favorites, covering an age interest of from three or four years to ten or twelve. The books are small, delightfully illustrated by some of the best artists; firmly, attractively bound. They number over forty titles and are priced at one dollar each. Every one is a classic.

"I want another Mother Goose," Mrs. Norson told the helpful Manager of the Children's Department. "You see, I am still reading 'Realms of Gold,' and I want Betty to know lots and lots of Mother Goose. Oh, I'm just full of ideas and getting such joy out of merely reading about children's books."

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"No, I must not go over two dollars."

"Then here is a reduced edition of it for one dollar and a half. It is cut just about one-half, but there are over three hundred rhymes in it, at that. The pictures are by Jessie Wilcox Smith. The rhymes are more than six hundred in the big book. But they are not all old, as in Edna Walter's collection. Neither are there as many rhymes. But the pictures are great favorites with little children. Let Betty say which she likes best."

The several volumes were placed before the little girl. She clung to the big Jessie Wilcox Smith book, but when Mother told her it cost too much, she chose the smaller edition of the same book called "The Little Mother Goose."

The next three books added to her bookshelf were large. When the first one came, Uncle Timothy Blackburn, who was a cabinet maker, built a stout, little table for her. She used it when looking at any heavy book.

"The Children's Æsop," one of those last three mentioned, is full of colored drawings by Milo Winter. The stories are retold in simple fashion. "Indian Child Life," a very beautiful book with many full page pictures by E. W. Deming, telling interesting, simple, informational stories, was another of the group. The third one, "The Real Story Book," an excellent c lection of nursery stories by Wallace Wac worth, and illustrated with colored pi tures by Margaret E. Price, also came the table class.

Betty always took these three books c the shelf with great care. Mrs. Norsc bought a piece of art gum and taught h how to erase accidental finger marks. Sl was impressed with the importance keeping her books from injury by force her Mother's example. Great concern w manifested by both parents over tears an spots. So successful was this method th by the time she was five years old, Bett had firmly rooted, genuine respect fc books and had formed habits of carefu handling superior to that of many grown ups.

All of the books were read many times Repeated readings were encouraged fron the first. There were usually two readin periods every day. The first one followe the morning chores. The second one wa after Betty was in bed for the night. Tha was the better time because it was th longer period. Sometimes Mother read sometimes Daddy.

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Culinary Paris

(*Continued from page 12*)

cellent advice on table hygiene and table manners; to say nothing of *L'Invitation pour les festins* and *Le Maistre d'Hostel.*

What excellent teachers we have here and what a noble dynasty they form, a dynasty whose members include those great gourmets who were also men of letters, Brillat-Savarin, Grimod de la Reyniere, and Monselet, and which in our day flowers anew in such volumes as *La Vie et Passion de Dodin Bouffant, the Guide du Gourmand a Paris, La France Gastronomique, L'ecole de Paris.* Ah, Marcel Rouff, Curnonsky, Robert-Robert, Prosper Montagne, all you Marshals of Culinary Paris —to what fields of glory, to what groaning boards are you summoning us at this very

Paris has remained faithful to her past. Even down to the present day her cooks still perfect or create new marvels in their special field. There is, for instance, the *sauce bearnaise,* first produced at the Pavillon Henri IV, at Saint Germain; the *poulet braise financiere,* conceived and executed by Casimir; the *canard a la presse;* the *sauce Mornay;* the *pudding a la diplomate;* the *coq en pate:* and heaven knows how many others.

One thing I must beg my readers to do. Come some morning and take a walk with me through the Halles, the Central Markets, and tell me if the sight of all the gastronomic resources supplied by the fields and gardens of our suburbs does not make your nostrils quiver with anticipation at the thought that they are shortly to be converted into the succulent dishes which will grace the lunch and dinner tables of Paris.

Stroll past the corner of Saint-Eustache, where the *marche des hommes sauvages* is held and sniff the rural aroma of alurel and thyme. Further on one finds the tender little salads that sprout in the region to the southeast of the city; the chubby cherries that come from those to the north; the sweet smelling wood-strawberries and little green peas, like freshly fallen dew drops, from the valleys of Joyeuse and Montlery mushrooms from Arcueil, velvety peaches and majestic stalks of asparagus. Remember that all these dainties, together with the long, impressive list of other fruit, other vegetables, the specially tender neat, the different kinds of freshwater fish, were all produced nearby, that they all were born under the skies of that blessed district, the Ile de France, that they are all Parisian, from Paris, near Pontois as that Parisian cockney, Francois Villa, used to say.

Nor should one forget the light wines of the neighbouring hillsides. Let us eat and drink. A glorious effulgent halo of good living envelops Paris cookery. Even though its kitchens had produced only a single dish the humble, proletarian plate of fried potatoes, it would be sufficient to ensure the fame of our city among those who appreciate what good eating really means. For solemnly assure you that nowhere else in all the world does that dish taste as it does here; nowhere else is it so perfect, so golden, so soft yet crisp, so light yet noushing, so divinely mysterious yet delightfully intimate.

Ah, you dishes of Paris, no matter how simple, how unpretentious you may be, the true Parisian adores you reverently. Every true citizen of the *Ville lumiere* (and does not perhaps its purest light stream upward from the fires of ten thousand kitchens) would willingly forego all the exotic, foreign kid-bits and even the excellent food of our own provinces for the sake of the *bifteck aux pommes*, the *Chateaubriand aux pommes souffles*, the *entrecotes Bercy*. How joyously we greet the appearance of our *gigots de Seine*, our *pate en croute*, our *chanson aux pommes*, as well as the whole gamut of our light and frivolous, but so spirituel, pastries.

Lastly, by way of epilogue, let us make the following statements. Paris is unquestionably the most beautiful city in the world, consequently it is the city of Which all others are the most jealous. But what chiefly inspires that jealousy is the knowledge that people are so happy here. That in turn primarily is due now, as it has been in the past and will be in the future, to the attention Paris has always paid, the lover her citizens have felt, for the art of good living in all its forms, and the greatest of these is that to be found at table.

Translated by A. K. L.

Creative Arts School

● A Summer School of Creative Arts will be conducted by the Sarah Dix Hamlin School, beginning June 9 and continuing until about September 10, when the fall classes will resume.

Weaving, dancing, block printing, dramatics, cooking, dressmaking, designing, etching, crafts of all kinds, will be taught and individual tendencies developed.

Since San Francisco has perhaps the most clement summer of any place in the state, many find that they prefer to spend the vacation period in the city, and the classes at the Hamlin School solve the problem of what to do for the diversion of the children, who are thus informed and educated as they are being entertained.

Children may take as many lessons as they like, small children being taken for so short a term as only one day, if the parents wish it. Also there will be tutors available for private coaching.

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Volunteers Highly Commended

● Members of the Volunteer Service groups which assisted at the New Members Tea, May 7, and again at the Five Years After Dinner, have been receiving much praise for the efficiency and precision of their work in handling the crowds on each occasion. Their smart, crisp uniforms, their courtesy and cordiality added much to each festival.

Marshall Field Fruit Cake on Sale at City Club

● Miss Mackenzie has for sale in the Restaurant Department the famous Marshall Field Fruit Cake, which is known to housewives the country over. The recipe was procured by Miss Mackenzie during her residence in Chicago. Members who want to purchase the cake for the holidays may order now. It keeps indefinitely. In fact, the older the better.

Special Thursday Evening Dinners Before Program

● The Restaurant Department is serving a special Thursday Evening Dinner to precede the Thursday Evening talks which are so popular. Mrs. A. P. Black is chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, which have come to possess a consistently large and enthusiastic clientele.

Swimming Solves the Problem

● What to do for the children's entertainment during vacation is a problem to many mothers. The City Club Swimming Pool solves it to an extent. The pool is open every day, every Thursday evening, and every fourth Monday evening.

English Speaking Union Meets at City Club

● "Early Days in Nevada" was the subject of an address given by Grant H. Smith, Thursday, May 21, at the City Club, under the auspices of The English Speaking Union, which has its rooms on the second floor. T. A. Rickard, president of the California Branch, English Speaking Union, introduced the speaker. Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron was hostess of the occasion, and was assisted by Mrs. Bernard Westermann, Mrs. Joseph Sheedy, Mrs. Ralph Lyon, Mrs. E. N. Durant, Miss Floride Green, Mrs. William McPherson, Miss Helen Bristol, and Miss Edith Allyne.

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REPRESENTATIVE SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS listed in the Women's City Club Magazine Educational Guide merit consideration. We recommend them to you and shall appreciate your mentioning City Club Magazine when you write directly to the schools.

If you do not find in this issue a school which seems to meet all of your requirements, we shall be glad to offer suggestions if you will write us as fully as possible.

Women's City Club Magazine
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Your School Problem

When your boy and girl face their College Entrance Board requirements will they be prepared? Have you provided the environment which permits a balanced program of supervised study and recreation, or are they merely trying to "get through" high school in an atmosphere which is not conducive to their best interests? Their preparatory work will be an important influence at the very beginning of their college careers.

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We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS
JULY - AUGUST - SEPTEMBER
Numbers of this Magazine

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JULY 1, 1931

CHORAL SECTION—Will be discontinued during vacation period.

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell.
During July these lectures will be held every other Tuesday morning at 11:00 o'clock in the Auditorium, July 7 and 21.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*
Conversation Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock, Board Room.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:00 o'clock, Chinese Room.

July 1—Lecture on Current Events will be postponed on account of illness of Mrs. Parker Maddux.

1—Lecture on Appreciation of Art Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader	*Card Room*	12:00 NOON
2—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Lillian Farnsworth Subject: Walt Whitman Celebrates the Fourth	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
9—Book Review Dinner Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Flamenco," by Lady Eleanor Smith	*National Defense Room*	6:00 P.M.
9—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. E. W. Armstrong Subject: Touring in Africa	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
16—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. E. W. Armstrong Subject: In the Land of the Midnight Sun	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
23—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. H. R. Pousette Subject: Our Neighbor Canada	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
30—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Maud Wellendorf Subject: Comparative Program of Piano Music Brahms and Scarlatti	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.

Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

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Thru the WONDERLAND *of Long Ago*
on the CRUISE-TOUR *to* NEW YORK

Grim . . . they tower in tropic shade, the tortured walls of Panama's Old Cathedral . . . Scars left by Morgan's men . . . wounds of ruthless sacrilegious fury . . . glow, almost livid, through tender mantles draped by Nature's hand . . . mantles of creeping moss and scattered vine spread with fairy, fragrant blossoms . . . Sunset bathes the ravaged ruin in weird, prophetic glory.

Fascinating beyond imagining is the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail through The Wonderland of Long Ago . . . In Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Canal Zone, Colombia and Havana, you pause in history's solemn hush . . . tread reverently before shrines of simple, splendid faiths that labored to keep alight the torch of Civilization in the gloom of brooding tropic jungles . . . The magic of the past steals up with memories of rushing pirate bands . . . the peace of Angelus bells intoning evening worship . . . the merry chirp of castanets in shadowy, moonlit gardens.

Throughout your liner is your home . . . The luxuries of Panama Mail service go with you into every port . . . attend you during rapturous nights at sea . . . make you fit and eager for the next day's episode ashore . . . But there's only one Cruise-Tour to New York . . . the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail . . . It sails from San Francisco alternate Thursday . . . A postcard will bring details. Plan your trip—right now.

PANAMA MAIL
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2 PINE STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

Addressing the wrappers in which the City Club Magazine goes through the mails is done three Mondays of each month by Volunteer Service. Then on the fourth Monday the same group meets and wraps the Magazines in the wrappers, which have been inscribed on the previous three Mondays. It's a month in, month out job, with nothing to relieve the monotony but the chat which accompanies the work as the Volunteers do their "bit." But it's a mighty important job, none the less, for a slip of the pen—and where would your Magazine be? Upper row, left to right: Mrs. A. B. Stephens, Miss Helen Speyer, Mrs. J. E. Doidge, Mrs. W. R. Douglas, Miss H. T. Cohen, Mrs. F. H. Gardiner, Mrs. F. E. Blaisdell. Lower row, left to right: Miss Ethel Speyer, Mrs. G. W. Woodland, Mrs. Helen B. Greene, Miss D. E. Burtchaell, Miss E. L. Perkins.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

ETERMINATION to win, strength to persevere, and idealism to inspire" —to these qualities were attributed the success of the Building Project of The National League for Woman's Service in an article in the first number of the magazine in February, 1927. We now celebrate the fifth year in our clubhouse and it is not amiss for us to analyze ourselves once again and to take stock.

There is a quiet insistence—gentle, conservative, yet forceful by its very idealism—which characterizes American womanhood. Particularly in this western state of ours, we are unafraid to try a new venture, for we know that if we can sell the idea to a group of hard-headed, experienced American men of finance, the accomplishment then rests with us. And so, with the opening of the doors of the Women's City Club of San Francisco in 1926, we of The National League were resolved to solve our own problems and to justify the faith of our supporters by "making good." We had financed our project, but we had still before us the earning of the income to operate the building and to amortize the indebtedness, and the even greater task of unifying a suddenly-expanded membership. "Determination to win," however, spurred us on.

The second quality, "the strength to persevere," has been severely tested by outside economic influences unforeseen in those days five years ago. Nevertheless, the League has met its obligations just as they were visioned in 1919; to be sure, at a cost of more volunteer service, but met from within the ranks, and with a spirit which has joyously overcome all obstacles. We have asked no concessions; we have enthusiastically persevered, proud that we were not adopting a line of least resistance or compromising with the original plan of earning the building. The serial payments on the first mortgage have been met as they fell due, and all other obligations fulfilled.

The third quality, "idealism to inspire," should be given the greatest credit for our success, for it has purified our efforts. Ten years ago thirty-one women saw the vision; today eight thousand members feel themselves a veritable part of a volunteer service organization, while two thousand more are on the waiting list. The magnet of service has attracted only those whose object in joining is altruistic. It has held this membership with practically no turnover each year.

With such characteristics, mobilization has assumed great strength. Just as during the war the League was organized for war service, so during these years of peace it has served its purpose of peace. Unostentatiously it has pursued its way, and today this particular group of eight thousand stands ready to serve the community in any emergency or crisis. Its roll is a preferential list of thinking women who are not just members of a club in the accepted sense of the word. They belong because they have been attracted to a particular program. They are finding the opportunity they seek to give expression to their soul's desire to strengthen itself in service. Their Collector's Exhibit, their Talent Festival justify the attention of the most discriminating. They have learned the art of appreciation — appreciation of the "other fellow" — which moulds their service into a thing of beauty and of strength.

Collectors' Exhibition Establishes Splendid Precedent

—ALMA H. JANNAPOLIS

Editor's Note: The San Francisco magazine, "Japan," will shortly publish an article by Mrs. Jannapolis, on "Netsuke," a generic term for a species of Japanese bibelot, and of which the author is recognized as an authority.

● Rich in color as an old Japanese print, the City Club Auditorium was revealed to members who attended the Private Collectors' Exhibit of the Club, June 5 and 6.

Glowing like a jewel, the imperial throne-screen set on the stage was the focus of all eyes. Surrounded by nuances of green in drapes and jars of living jades, it stood with its five-clawed golden dragons coiling angrily in a sky of dull lacquer red. The panels of old Kossu were set in intricately carved frames of irregular size that combined to form a seven-fold screen of unusual grace and beauty. The picture was completed by two richly lacquered black and gold Chinese chairs formally placed at either side.

From the stage the eye naturally wandered to the balconies, completely draped with heirloom cashmere shawls of all designs but of uniform richness—an exhibit that drew forth as many exclamations of delight as had the gorgeous stage setting.

With the shawls was a patchwork quilt that fully merited the honor bestowed. It was eleven feet square, beautifully designed, and comparable in color to a Persian textile. The Virginia woman who created it more than one hundred years ago was an artist whose needle was her brush and her English chintz her palette.

In the niche below the quilt was the early American and Colonial exhibit. Furniture, hooked rugs, clocks, silhouettes, prints, ornaments, and even "what-nots," furnished this room. There, too, was "Lily Dale," aged seventy-five, with pink cheeks and china-blue eyes, staring at a very young Japanese boy, her own age, who smiled at the Guernsey doll with her pail and enormous bonnet. The "exclusive" corn-husk ladies, fashionably arrayed (according to the Godey prints hanging nearby), were most amusing and intriguing. More than a century ago some little girl treasured the doll chair that sat near the brocade shawl once worn by a popular belle. Rare indeed was the Wedgewood bisque, modeled by Flaxman before 1780, and the old salt-glaze bowl. Beside a sheer baby-dress of a past century and great-grandmother's applique cap, lay a pair of General Israel Putnam's spectacles. A yellowed wedding-stock of some long-ago happy bridegroom was in the company of gay bead bags and filmy 'kerchiefs of the same quaint period. Samplers wrought by tired little fingers whose owners, no doubt, heaved signs of thanksgiving when they added the date of completion. Little did they realize that they were creating what would one day be unique antiques—dated and signed authentic pieces. Unlike the funny little tapestry-covered, high-backed chair of unknown origin.

The "gay nineties" were not forgotten, and the flounces and berthas caused many a smile from the younger members of the club, who also thought the satin wedding-corsets a huge joke.

An almost miniature canvas of Yosemite Valley by the famous Thomas Hill showed that artist at his best. None of his larger canvases ever revealed greater depth of perspective or finer values.

Rare etchings by Rembrandt and Johann Lemke and lithographs by Muirhead Bone and Bellows were among the valued treasures to be seen. Documents and signatures of famous people of the past and present, including Benjamin Franklin, Swinburne, and Lord Byron formed another collection.

A family tree that drew much attention was in the form of a little treasure chest of dark polished wood. Set into the top and sides were the miniatures of five generations, from the quaint ones of a hundred years and more ago to those of the eighties of the last century.

Textiles of all nations adorned the next niche. A Persian coat rubbed elbows with cloth-of-gold and a Cambodian sarong hobnobbed with one from Java. Specimens ranged from the simple shuttle-weaving of the peasant cottons to the more complex work of the aristocratic silks and velvets. The plebeian, but artistic, blue and white cotton towels of the Japanese countryman were excellent examples of what an intensely artistic nation expends upon its lowliest necessities. Far removed from the simplicity of these short lengths were the gold brocades of that country and those of the other Oriental weavers, many of which were well represented in robes and hangings. Damask from Damascus, shaggy velvet from Italy, muslin from Mosul, gauze from Gaza, and many interesting sources were recalled to mind as one wandered from one interesting piece to another.

Laces, too, valuable and beautiful, were under glass. Delicate as gossamer was some of the "Laz" of long ago. Filet Venziano, Duchesse, Chantilly, and Rose Point of Flanders woven into Spanish mantillas, French collars and English scarves were there, together with filmy handkerchiefs and fragile fans.

Fans: romance. What tales could these fans tell of timid suitor or bashful maid, of bold noble and none too coy damsel! Ancient Sanskrit and oldest Oriental volumes tell of fans, for none of man's possessions has

ore ancient lineage than these "screens of modesty." Perhaps Eve flirted the first one, but Adam must have had one too, for men of old used fans—on the battlefield and in the tent—fans of iron and fans of feathers. Europe fans were most exquisite during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the most exquise of all were painted upon chicken-skin! Those with te Watteau figures and similar work were nearly all ade of this delicate material.

Jewelry, from finest filigree to barbaric belt of a Edouin chieftain, lay beside a necklace of carved sndalwood set with tiny gold beads and pearls. Ivories, black with age; lapis-lazuli cut in the dynasty of Tao Kuang; and other collected pieces of heirlooms fed a case adjoining one of silver.

A salt cellar of generous proportions, ascribed to Paul Revere, and an old silver porringer were of much interest to antiquarians.

Modern silver, too, was there, with its broad, unc selled surfaces and perfect proportions.

The art of portrait medals, for which Europe is famous, and which dates from the time of Alexander the Great, was represented by the collection from France and Belgium, struck during the World War in commemoration of war activities and famous personages of the period.

Bronzes of modern times, including one by Manship of a young mother and child, found places near authentic Ming and eighteenth century Japanese metal-work.

Candlesticks of many forms and boxes from many lands had their admirers. A very old box of teak-wood from Hollywood castle, with the carving of its thistles done to order in China, was especially interesting. The old little calico-like Ming dog in the form of a pottery bowl yielded honors to none.

Pottery, oldest of all the arts, was well represented, as were the sisters, glass and porcelain. Sang-de-boeuf plates, Imperial yellow cups, once owned by the "Old Buddha," figurines of the Goddess Kwannon, a large jar of rare Japanese pottery in brown with white glaze, porcelain wine bottles fashioned in the forms of a lord and his lady, whose relatives are in a famous museum, were some of the many specimens. Oldest and most rare was some Cyprus glass. These three pieces date from about 300 B.C. The grain bowl was from Jerusalem and the vase from the "Inn of The Good Samaritan," on the Jericho road. As originally made, they were dark and uninteresting, but they have, from burial for so many centuries, a wonderful iridescent effect when exposed to the light.

Far removed from the crude scratches of our ancestors on the tusks of the sabre-toothed tiger were the ivory carvings of China and Japan as shown in the two groups, one of Japanese "netsuke," or toggles, and the other of larger figures cut with intricate detail.

Kasa worn by Buddhist priests of Japan more than two hundred years ago and Thibetan temple lamps formed a setting for a large brass Buddha and other Oriental treasures.

An antique Persian elephant-trapping of Feraghan design was another unusual exhibit.

Of books there were many, but each had a different tale to tell. The Hindu "book" of slats of palm leaves was, no doubt, the oldest. A Shakespeare of 1609 lay beside an old Japanese hand-blocked volume of the following century. A beautifully illustrated copy of the "Koran" and "The Religions of Nature," 1726, and the "Pleasures of Hope," by Campbell, dated 1803, were next to the "Courtship and Marriage of Cock Robin," published in 1824. Guide books in many languages of eighteenth century Europe and an Ames Almanac of the "Poor Richard" variety were other items of great interest.

Beautiful books from the Grabhorn and Nash presses, San Francisco, were the treasures of one member, and rare issues of stamps those of another.

The "Child of Prague," a seated pottery figure of the Christ-child, dressed in the then prevailing costume (seventeenth century), was of much historical interest, having been fashioned the year of the great plague in that city.

A violin made by Gragnani in the year 1780 at Liburni was the only musical instrument exhibited. The bells from many foreign lands might be classified as belonging to the musical family, and included Turkish, Breton, and Javanese; a bullock bell from India and a sheep bell from Switzerland.

Miniature rock-gardens and fuchsias of infinite variety, sea-shells of heavenly tints, long-legged Maori birds and Zulu beasts carved from wood, peculiar knives for strange uses, bibelots of all nations, and many unclassified treasures of great interest were there.

The versatility of the members of the Women's City Club was proven last year at the Talent Festival and their artistic sense surely by this latest display.

There is so much material of profound interest and great value to the connoisseur, so much of artistic merit in the possession of members, that the Club Auditorium could be filled each year with an entirely different display.

Next Spring the Collectors' Exhibit will be repeated, and it is hoped it will be an annual event.

▲

Volunteers to Be Life Savers

● Volunteer Service is to have a new field of activity, or realm, rather, for it is not a field, but the Swimming Pool, where free lessons in life saving will be given throughout the summer months to members of the Women's City Club. It is planned, then, that the members thus equipped will be commandeered to serve as Life Guards around the Swimming Pool throughout the year. Thus does Volunteer Service steadily widen its usefulness.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton, chairman of the Private Collectors' Exhibit, examines an old Colonial chair, while Miss Edith Allyne, member of the committee, admires the texture of a bit of old brocade. Mrs. Sollie Walter and Miss Marion Burr were others of the committee which directed the charming exhibit.

Mrs. L. S. Connick exhibits an old Korean chest. Its history is lost in antiquity, but its wood and brass and inlay again prove that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

lashlight from the upper rear balcony of the City Club Auditorium, as Volunteers put the finishing touches upon the Private Collectors' Exhibit, June 5. Mrs. William B. Hamilton is shown in the center. (Names of exhibitors are given on page 30.)

Building a Child's Library

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Modern women do not leave the fundamentals of life to chance as did those of a generation ago. With keen analytical minds they attack each phase of growth or life, no matter if it is spiritual or physical, and as the cross-sections are laid bare in their tests, remedies are found for each ill.

In few instances has this fact been brought out so clearly as in the response to the community service lectures on "Building a Child's Library," sponsored by the Club and given by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell in the Auditorium on alternate Tuesdays at 10:45 A.M. The bi-monthly schedule, going into effect on June 9, permitted Mrs. Powell to accept the invitation of Josephine Bartlett, also a member of the National League for Women's Service, to speak over the NBC western network on June 2.

Hundreds of requests for copies of the book lists, prepared by Mrs. Powell and her staff to assist parents to choose books suitable for each age and in sequence of subject, proves that all women, regardless of living conditions, are interested in providing proper reading material, for letters have been received from every walk of life, city and country homes.

By availing oneself of the special service extended through the questionnaire published last month in the magazine, with additional copies now ready for distribution by the Children's Book Shop, of which Mrs. Powell is a proprietor, parents may select books now for their friends or their own children for holiday gifts and have them delivered at Christmas. This will avoid duplication, as the record will be kept on file for their convenience.

Mrs. Powell also extends a cordial invitation to everyone who has a problem to come in to see her, as she is in the shop every evening. Questions may also be submitted by mail and they will be answered personally when possible, or form the subject of future lectures, as she is anxious to touch upon every phase. On June 20, a circulating library was established in response to the demand made by those unable to build a complete library for their children.

For the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Powell's lectures, a brief resume of her radio talk should give some idea of her work, though it can not express the charm of her voice in speaking or singing. Formerly a concert artist, she illustrates nursery rhymes and other children's tales that have been set to music by prominent musicians, and leads her class in community singing to train the members in the work. In this way a taste for better music will be inculcated in the child, as well as enjoyment of proper literature.

To quote the broadcast:

"May I say, by way of introduction, that my message is principally for parents, city parents, town parents, and those in the country; also it may include others who are interested in a program of planned reading for children.

"Girls and boys are obviously moulded by the composite force of what they see, hear, and read. That has been proven by years of practice and observation. Also it has been proven that the most vivid impressions made upon the mind are the poignant ones of experience, joy and pain, real or imagined; and the imagined is scarcely less real to the child. He lives in the books he reads for entertainment. Knowing that, can you see the importance of not leaving his reading to a mere matter of chance? Why not plan his reading with the same care as for his food and clothing? You will find him more easily guided into these mental diversions, often, than adaptable to the physical phases of his career, for all the paths are laid out to contribute to his enjoyment. There are masters writing for the youth of today. There are masterpieces of yesterday that are as truly aimed to sink deeply into his mind and heart as when written. But the taste for good literature is a cultivated taste. One must be trained to measure up to the challenge of high standards, and training is a development accomplished by habits.

"To call your attention to a few books that are delightful, may I say that for the quite young child, under two, he will probably enjoy rag books—just pictures. The Dean Rag books are crock-proof, even if put into your baby's mouth. They wash and iron successfully, and are a natural first book beginning. However, there is a book, but not of linen—just pictures of various things a very young child knows—called 'The First Picture Book,' by Martin, which is very fine, and many a child of less than two would react splendidly to it. Around two, your boy or girl would adore 'Johnny Crow's Garden,' by Leslie Brooke—every page a picture, with just a line under it of delightful nonsense.

"Of course a good Mother Goose is indispensable. A child loves the jingles and rhymes and fun of old Mother Goose, and, to repeat or sing one of your child's favorites will often avert what could have developed into a real unhappy scene, if you are adroit in changing the subject in this way when you see trouble ahead.

"Sara Cone Bryant's 'Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones' will be found to be a mine of great wealth.

" 'The Real Story Book' and 'Once Upon a Time' are books, each with a large number of stories, which your child will enjoy, and which he should have before his school days begin.

"Poetry should be as familiar as flowers and sun-

sine, and 'The Child's Garden of Verses,' of Stevenson's, will not disappoint. I think no child should miss 'When We Were Very Young,' of Milne; and one splendid thing about good books for children, the adult who enjoys well-written things with children has a rarely good time too.

"Kipling's 'Just So' stories should surely not be passed while the child is still young enough to love the nonsense of it all.

"There are many excellent books suited to the girl or boy learning to read to himself, such as 'Gordon' and 'Gordon and His Friends,' by Sara Cone Bryant; also the 'Fun Book' and 'Billy Bang's Book,' by La Rue; and if a child is encouraged to read aloud a great deal at this early stage, he masters the mechanics of it and will always have greater joy in reading as a result. This is really quite important.

"'Pinocchio' has given joy to thousands of girls and boys; you will not want your seven-year-old to miss it.

"'Hitty,' by Rachel Field, will be loved by the entire family, from grandfather down to the little doll-loving girl of ten or so.

"Howard Pyle's 'Robinhood' and 'King Arthur Stories' will make a world of chivalric fineness for most young people, and if you should secure every book this wonderful man has written and pictured, there will not be a disappointment among them.

"Professor Hillyer, who has done so very much to make learning things a real adventure and joy, has written two books which will probably effect for good the entire life of any girl or boy fortunate enough to read and re-read them. They are 'The Child's History of the World' and 'The Child's Geography of the World.' I know youngsters of from eight to thirteen who have read each of those books often, just for the love of the reading—a fact that would astonish most people, particularly when there is recognition that so much information is gained. However, is it not true that there is a stream of questions from every normal boy or girl? Well, they really want to know—but they will not willingly be bored, so if we can but make the gaining of information interesting, they love even that.

" 'The Bastable Children,' by Nesbit, is an excellent book for reading aloud to a wide range of ages.

"Noah Brooks' 'The Boy Emigrants' takes a couple of mid-western boys in their experience crossing the plains, and becoming a part of this western civilization in the early 'gold rush' days.

" 'Betty Bradford, Engineer,' by Mary Davis, is an excellent girl's story with the background of the Siskiyou Mountains of California, and the pioneer demands on a real girl.

"Your older boy, who loves adventure-pirating, and all that goes with it, will enjoy 'The Black Buccaneer,' by Meader, for it is an excellent picture of the eastern coast in the early 1700's.

"I long to tell you about so many, but time does not permit. Let us have young people of cultivated taste, and an intelligent planning for your girl's and boy's reading is imperative if that should be the result."

Throughout the summer, San Francisco enjoys symphony concerts, indoor at Exposition Auditorium and outdoor at the Woodland Theater, Hillsborough. Conductors of world fame lead the San Francisco Orchestra and the audiences are as large as in the winter. Here is shown a typical Sunday afternoon audience at a concert at the Woodland Theater.

A Closed Season for California Artists

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● Art is the functional part of life. How do we know this? Because since the beginning man has expressed himself through the arts; through music; the dance; drama; painting and sculpture. From the heart-beat to the drum-beat and on to the symphony, from the cave symbols to the greatest painting we find man expressing his reactions to life, through rhythm, pattern, form, and color. How else do any of us know life but through these? The forms and patterns all about us are what reveal life. The rise and fall of the sea, the arc described by the sun, and so on and on, *ad infinitum*.

In the past, all men and women were creative artists. Each danced and sang, or told stories of their tribe, painted or carved in wood. These were part of the daily routine, but with the complexity of a new age there came a division—the creators on the one side; on the other, those driven by ambition for wealth, economic necessity, or the machinery of living—their audience. Each approaches life from a different angle, and it takes a thoughtful development and intimate knowledge of both points of view to bridge the gap with understanding. It is in recognition of this fact that our states, our cities, private individuals have encouraged art through civic and private patronage.

Art is one of the great balances in the life of the individual. More and more we are coming to recognize it as a necessity—as an escape from the rush and turmoil of modern living. For this reason we establish museums of art, schools of art, community galleries, and art centers. Art has never been needed in the lives of the people more than it is today in America. And we believe with Mr. Otto Kahn that there will be a renaissance in art when our public generally reawakens to the fact that there is no lasting happiness in merely striving for the accumulation of material things. Haven't the last two years proven that? That the greatest contentment comes from within—that the inner man derives from art much of his spiritual enrichment and diversion. And this is something no one can be robbed of . . . one great pearl to be had and retained without money and without price.

San Francisco has always been considered an art center. We pride ourselves in being patrons of the arts, but much of that pride rests on the history of past achievements—on the old days of the Tivoli Opera House and the Montgomery Street that Keith and Putnam knew. The patronage of art has not grown as it should have in proportion to the development of our community. This is especially true in regard to painting and sculpture. Our musicians have been given civic and private supports, our artists have not. To be sure, we maintain museums, galleries, and art schools, but there we stop; we do not afford our artists a practical opportunity to develop. Art cannot exist in a vacuum. There must be the artist plus the patron for it to flourish. Genius must have the opportunity to develop. Opportunity plus recognition would develop artists in our own community which in turn would bring to California a wide publicity and prestige. We are known by our sunshine and flowers, our mountains and fruitful valleys; but we have overlooked the greatest factor in building a name for California—the development of our artists through patronage.

The art in Mexico has recently brought it in touch with the whole world. Perhaps a closer bond has been established through its art than in any one factor. The art of Diego Rivera, Orozco, and others, was developed through the continued support and patronage of their own government, their own locale. The recognition resulting from this opportunity brought Diego Rivera to San Francisco to execute the Stock Exchange decoration. The Stock Exchange building and club, which was most generously thrown open by its members to the art world of San Francisco on Saturday, March 15, upon the completion of the Diego Rivera fresco, is a shining example in the behaviorism for the architects of San Francisco. Timothy Pflueger, the architect, has had the temerity to say to his fellow craftsmen, the painters and sculptors, the metal-workers: "Come on, let's work together." The vision to design his building so that the painters and sculptors came, not as a straggling afterthought, but as a dignified, integral part of the plan and the will to carry them through, for the most part, in the symphonic pattern for which he has set the key in his architecture. We said, for the most part; the Rivera fresco, if seen as part of the whole interior movement, can only be regarded as a powerful crescendo in which the crash of the brasses drowns out the harmony of the strings. It is powerful; it is plastic. It does not represent Mexican peons at work on California soil or in its industries; the subject matter is drawn from American life, and in the figure of Burbank one feels the artist has realized the American spirit. Certain areas of color are beautiful, but in our humble opinion, as a whole, the quality of color combination is Mexican. Shall we say, in taste? I can hear a roar go up—"What has taste to do with art?" Sometimes we want to roar back, "Nothing!" Anyway, we wish the fresco could be seen at a greater distance and that the sweep to the ceiling could be viewed, uninterrupted, from the floor below. But there it is, partly hidden by the stairway—the upper portion to be viewed from the floor above, which gives it an unfair heaviness. We also miss a rhythmic quality that flows through the composition of the Mexican work. We know Diego Rivera to be a splendid individual; also that he is a painter of dynamic power; that his advent in San Francisco means stimulation to the appreciation of art; but from the viewpoint of what a decoration should be for that particular space in that particular building, he has not solved the problem.

In 1926, the Beaux Arts Gallery, always an open forum for progressive ideas, showed the Diego Rivera drawings for the first time in San Francisco. The public came because the artists of our community recognized Rivera as an artist with a definite contribution. The public came, and nineteen drawings were sold—in nearly every case through the advice of the artists of our community. Later, some of these purchasers put their drawings away because, they said with a shrug, they did not understand or care for them. This winter everyone who owned anything of Rivera hurriedly brought them out and exhibited them with pride. The drawings hadn't changed. In many cases the taste of the owner was the same. The point of interest isn't, how great an artist is Rivera? The point of issue is, that the opportunity given him in his own country developed his genius and that that opportunity brought wide recognition, and that that recognition means patrons for him in San Francisco, whether his purchasers fully understand and appreciate his art or not.

How can we build real opportunity and recognition for California artists? That is what I am asking you to answer. That is the problem the Galerie Beaux Arts is interested in and has been trying for seven years to solve. It has been said, and truly, that many of our most talented men and women have to go away to find recognition and a market. Isn't this a stupid sort of snobbery? Isn't it an admission that we esteem only that which has already gained the stamp of recognition in other centers? Isn't this an acknowledgment of our own inability to discriminate? Aren't we sports enough to take a chance on the artists of our own community and help them to develop here? We gamble on the stock exchange, we gamble on the race-course, but when it comes to something which is a spiritual force for our community, we are afraid to take a chance. This has been a closed season for California art and artists. What are we going to do to declare an open season? When are we going to wholeheartedly give our support to the development of the artists we have in California by starting collections of their work—to the development of a great talent which is here within the golden gates of our harbor, only waiting to develop through opportunity and recognition.

EDITORIAL

The Collectors' Exhibit shown at the City Club, June 5 and 6, was indicative of the taste and culture of the membership, and deeply significant. It told a story of the quiet dignity, the restraint, the refinement of feeling upon the part of the membership for the artistic aspect of daily life. It revealed a discrimination that amounted, in many instances, to more than dettantism.

As we estimate our friends by the kind of books they read, the music they like, or the diction of their every-day discourse, so may we appraise a group by the quality of its hobbies and collections. Lavender and old lace, pewter and Paisley, somehow connote a leisurely acquirement of graces that have stood the test of time. They savor of tradition and courtliness, elegance, and the patina which glows on bronze and old ivory.

That was the atmosphere which surrounded the City Club Exhibit; the aura of which the members were so proud. The instinct for collecting is not without its vagaries, and the Auditorium might have received queer things. Whether they would have been exhibited or not is another question. The fact remains, they were not sent in. The things submitted to the committee reflected unostentatious culture and impeccable taste. There were treasures which have come down several generations and will doubtless be on view in the corridors of time when the City Club is being pointed out to the visitor as "one of the oldest institutions in the West." Geneology fairly radiated from them. Books yellow with age and autographed with historic names bespoke a literary background profound and varied. Sculpture and bibelots interpreted the esthetic leanings of their owners.

All these things were tangible manifestations of the reverence which the collectors had for loveliness, the redolence of the past and the sharp impact of stark beauty.

Many who did not exhibit regretted it when they saw the kind of treasures their friends placed on view. "If I had realized that this was the character of the Collectors' Exhibit, I should have showed my miniatures," said one. "And I, my water colors of Scenes on the Thames," said another.

Well, there always must be a first time, with a certain number of intrepid souls to blaze a trail. Next year will give opportunity for those miniatures and those "Scenes on the Thames." And a score of other things not thought of this time.

Meanwhile, there also is the Talent Exhibit to look forward to. November 4 is the date. That exhibit has passed its pioneer stage and is now facing its second experiment, which promises to be exceedingly successful, judging from the work being done by members nearly five months in advance. As has been pointed out, the cardinal difference between the Collectors' Exhibit in the spring and the Talent Exhibit in the fall is the fact that at the former the things shown are merely collected by members—not made by them. At the Talent Exhibit, members show what they actually create. Books, poems, pictures, handcraft from their own labor and intellect, comprise the wares to be shown this fall. November is not so far away, when the summer vacation is deducted from the number of weeks which intervene.

Beginning July 7, the Talent Festival committee, of which Miss Leale is president, will be at the Club between the hours of ten and four, to confer with prospective exhibitors. The room of their meeting will be announced on the bulletin board from week to week.

Other members of the committee are:

Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Miss Katherine Donohoe
Mrs. A. B. Stephens
Mrs. F. B. Tupper
Miss Elisa May Willard
Miss Margaret Zane
Mrs. P. A. Coxon

On page 17 is a blank which members are asked to fill out and return to the Talent Festival Committee, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

Birthday Gifts As Aftermath of "Five Years After" Dinner

It is still "Birthday" for the Women's City Club, as evidenced by the number of bonds being "turned back" to add to the $10,900 which was announced at the "Five Years After" dinner a few weeks ago. Below are names of donors who contributed birthday gifts since that time, and there are hints of more to follow.

The recent donors are:

Mrs. Ella Pierce Breyfogle	$1,000
Mrs. J. J. Gottlob	200
Mrs. A. Haas	200
Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld	200
Mrs. Walter Haas	200
Mrs. Herbert Clayburgh	100
Mrs. Max Wolfe	100
Miss Sophie Lilienthal	100
Mrs. Arthur Foote	100
Mrs. Joseph D. Grant	100
Mrs. C. W. Durbrow	100

Steerage

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

(Editor's Note—The following was written by Mrs. Lucas in reply to a question, "Why are you such an ardent internationalist?")

It was midnight:
The big ship swung along
Against cold winds
That blew right through my heavy coat.
The sky was thickly black,
The only light was aft
Where the track of sea fireflies danced in the lane
Of soft white foam: ahead was home
For most of us who lounged in darkness
On the sheltered deck.

It was the last night out.
We talked of customs, strikes, and things about
To happen when we landed
In the morning in New York.
The passage had been long with baffling fogs—
We missed the Azores—
The ship's log didn't offer safe betting odds!
Besides we were overcrowded, every class, and steerage too;
Whiffs of garlic and bad air
Met you every time you walked to where
You could see them
Crowding 'round the open spaces forward.
At dinner time their dark faces
Pressed against the closed ports and watched us eat.
They got their food in new tin pans,
The second mate said,
And ate it standing near the ventilator fans.

It was midnight:
We'd be lucky if we landed
By noon with this wind;
In the smoking room the steward handed
Out the last soft drinks
And men laughed and slapped
Their cards down on the green tables—
We could hear them through the chinks
Of the swing doors that flapped
To and fro.
A girl near me drew her beautiful body
Out of her nest of fur-lined chair
And walked the deck to where
She could look into the open port and smile at someone:
A man came out quickly, bringing the smell
Of cigar smoke with him into the pure night.
They walked slowly; they were not talking;
His big shoulders hid her slenderness from sight
And made one shadow
Under the bridge.

Two school boys, tearing 'round and 'round
The deck, counting laps, fell over their mother's feet
And got sent to bed.
She lay, fat and neat,
Telling a man she'd found
How she got everything cheap in Europe.
Her husband sat on the other side
Of her and snored:
She talked until an exhaust pipe roared
Suddenly far down the ship's steel ribs.

It was midnight;
People went below to sleep
And I was left alone with the deep
Pulsing of our engines.
The wind grew teethlike,
I wondered how the lookout stood such weather
So long, awake and true to his job,
Though pitched by sea and ship together.—
Ship's bell! I'll walk forward
And watch that husky gob
Slide down the tilting mast.
Protected by the bridge, I stood
And watched;
Then looked below
Three decks and saw the crowd.

Yes, it must be steerage standing so
In the fierce wind,
Packed tight, like a mass of stampeded cattle.
Something must be wrong,
All asleep in first class;
Well, somebody must be awake;
I'd probably hear a ship's gong
In a moment—"For God's sake,
What is it?"
I spoke out loud—below the crowd
Stood silent, shoulder to shoulder,
Intent upon some sight
I could not see.

"Still out? You're late tonight,"
The first officer stood next me at the rail.
I had not heard his step;
I pointed down and waited. He was a Swede,
I knew he'd take his time:
"Quite a touching sight, isn't it," he said—
He struggled to light a cigarette—
"Instead of going to bed,
They are waiting for the light,
And it's cold down there, you bet."

he light? I didn't get it.
tried again: "Do you mean—?"
nd then I knew,
efore he spoke again, I knew.
Yes, they always wait that way,
ntil the light of your country flashes.
uite touching, don't you say?
pecially when you see them later in the cages
t Ellis Island. Poor devils, young and old,
ll ages coming to your country
o be free.
wo nights back a baby died,
e buried it after midnight—
ou hate to drop a kid into the sea;
ut no one cried; just stood
ke that, sort of dumb—"

ould he never stop his talk?
was too numb to speak.
aiting for the light, did he say?
Goodnight, be careful, this deck's quite wet from
spray."

he big ship swung along.
They are waiting for the light!"
hiffs of garlic and bad air!
umb, stupid peasants standing there
aiting in the night.
Most of them at best are just
he scum of southern Europe. It's quite a test
f our democracy to receive these people,"
nce had said.
ow I saw them, clear, white—just pioneers
aiting for the light,
ers of the new way, of a different earth
the land ahead—
n one die suddenly of shame,
one in the dark,
And be born again in the same body
And ever lose the pain of that rebirth?

It was almost two o'clock:
The big ship swung along,
And still they stood below, waiting for the light.
I clung to the rail above, stiff with cold.
Silence, the sea, the wind, the bells that told
The slow-moving quarters of the night:
Could I stick it out?
Then came the shout!
And again it came,
A shout of exultation at the sight of a tiny flame—
"Fire Island light, ahead on the right!"
Bellowed the watch.
I could not see at first;
The mist blinded me, or something did not let me see
The light they saw.
But I heard the shout,
I heart the clatter of their food pans
Striking the ventilator fans,
As they flung them out
Gayly upon the water.
Then a searchlight flared
From the bridge;
They turned and stared up, smiling
Like frightened children caught in mischief.
The deck glistened with the spray;
They must have been soaked to the skin—
Then the noise died away,
Leaving just the dark
And the sea.

Suddenly, the wind fell;
I waited alone
And watched the new dawn burn up red
Out of the old East
Behind us.

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1931

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Desideratum

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

Scene: English Army Headquarters out from Khartoum, on edge of Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. Quarters of General Arthur Lewis, commander-in-chief of Expedition. Military sentries are augmented by a number of Arabs, members of the nomadic tribes which inhabit the region. General Lewis is seated in austere room taking after-dinner coffee. Now and then he consults maps and papers on the desk on which sets the coffee tray and service. Outside of the door reclines an Arab figure in white. Bright moonlight on desert. Reclining figure arouses and seems to listen to sounds in distance. As it arouses there is a swirling of white drapery, giving an uncanny appearance to the figure. Sentry, unseen, halts an approaching figure.

Sentry: Who goes there?

Voice of figure seen approaching in moonlight: I am Lieutenant Lewis, son of General Lewis. I have come to speak with my father.

Muffled voice of reclining figure in white: Who goes there?

Lieut. Lewis: I am Lieutenant Lewis. I am the son of General Lewis. Take my card to him, please. (Military sentry takes card and presents it to General Lewis. The Lieutenant follows closely after.)

General Lewis: Hello, Son. It's late for you to be here, is it not? I'm glad to see you, to be sure. But how came you to leave your command at this hour? (Lieutenant busies himself lighting cigarette.)

Lieutenant: (Extinguishes match with elaborate precision.) You know I sort of counted on you abolishing red tape and set speech in my case. I am disappointed.

General: My *dear* son, what is the matter with you?

Lieutenant: Just what I'm complaining about, father. I've unwound enough red tape this evening to hang every camel between here and Nubia. How do you suppose I passed all those sentries? I haggled with each in a different way, and then *you* add the last straw. I came to see you, and somehow I thought you'd be glad to see me, that you'd extend your hands, so (illustrates), and that we'd have a nice chat together. But the army and its cold conventionality is in your blood.

General: (Arises quickly to his feet.) I beg your pardon, my son. But I do not understand, even yet, unless there is something sinister stirring. Or maybe you are ill, or have a special sort of a message for me.

Lieutenant: None of those things, father. That is to say, there is nothing more particularly sinister stirring tonight than there was two months ago. It seems to me that every drift of sand here on this desert is an ambuscade, and that every one of these dirty natives is a picaroon. But not any more tonight, as I said, than before. May I be seated?

General: Why, of course. How ridiculous!

Lieutenant: Not at all. You are a general, you know, and I am a lieutenant. Else you would not think it strange that a son should want to visit his father after dinner in a casual kind of way. (Seats himself. Both have backs to the reclining figure just outside the door. Uniformed sentry walks away on his rounds.)

General: You seem well.

Lieutenant: I *am* well.

General: Is everything going well with you?

Lieutenant: As well as possible, considering this jackal's country we are in.

General: Soldiers never complain, my son. I am happy to know that you are well. But you must not stay too long. It's irregular, you know.

Lieutenant: O, damn regularity. Just be human, won't you, father?

General: What ails you?

Lieutenant: You are so inconsistent. A moment ago, when I asked you if I might be seated, you said, 'Of course. How ridiculous.' Now show that you meant it; that you are not always thinking of the army and rank and discipline and regularity.

General: Be careful. (Glances over shoulder at reclining figure. The son involuntarily does the same.)

Lieutenant: Who is that sheeted person there? At first I thought it was a woman. That was from a distance, of course. Then I took it for a ghost and was more upset than when I started for here this evening, and that was *some*, I assure you. Now I don't know what it is. Anyway, it is restless, and that doesn't augur well for a quiet talk with my father. (Figure glides away.)

General: It is nothing more than a Nubian who is a combination valet and porter. He said that he learned the trick of lying on a mat outside the door from a former master in India.

Lieutenant: Oh . . . Doesn't it give you the creeps to have that thing lying there?

General: (Laughs unconcernedly.) Of course not. And, believe me, I do not mean to *seem* ungracious, for I am *NOT* ungracious and I am truly glad to see you.

Lieutenant: You know, a man gets infernally lonesome, father, for one of his own blood. I seem to be singularly detached. No relatives but you to care a hang about me.

General: Boy, I am not so bound up in discipline and rank as you think. I am considering only your safety, for I do not mind confessing (looks around and finds figure gone) that there have been many things in the last few days that make me think the natives are up to something. I am prepared for an uprising. They are treacherous and they're tired of the presence of this division. The enemy is said to have agencies here stirring up trouble, but I have been unable to locate them.

Lieutenant: Then why do we stay, week in and week out, when others are up to their necks in brilliant campaigns? Are *we* to rot here in this heat?

General: Ynu a soldier, and ask that! (Figure returns and stands for a moment gazing yearningly at the younger man. The face is veiled. Again reclines on mat.)

Lieutenant: No. Right at this moment I am not a soldier. I am just a man who means to have a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with his father. I've read that the perceptions become keener with the approach of death. If you fear trouble here, perhaps it would argue that I am to die soon. And that is just the point, father. I believe that I *am* going to die soon. It would take too long (and you are already impatient) to tell you of the hallucinations and apparitions I have entertained since we have camped on this desert. Suffice it to say that they have convinced me that I'll soon go west. I'm not frightened. I don't believe it is necessary for me to tell you that. But I do not want to die (it is curious, now that I am trying to say it out loud) without knowing something of my mother. Father, do you mind indulging me tonight? Will you tell me the story of my mother? I've always been hushed when I asked anyone before tonight. (Ensues long silence.)

General: You are unstrung and hysterical. It's this damned desert. Here, have a smoke. (Extends a box of cigars. Lights a fresh one for himself.)

Lieutenant: Please, father . . . I, like you, believe that we are to see action soon. My belief, unlike yours, is founded upon nothing more substantial than a dream. (Another silence.) Is my mother living?

General: I do not know.

Lieutenant: Where was she when you last heard of her?

General: I have not heard in many years. Not since you were ten.

Lieutenant: Then she did not die in her own home, if she died?

General: No. She elected otherwise.

Lieutenant: Now we have the thing started. Let's be frank with each other, father. Just this once . . . I have been away at school most of my life, and you have been campaigning up and down the world, and we've never had this opportunity before. No one would ever tell me what became of my mother, or where she is. Will you?

General: (After long silence, lays down half-smoked cigar and lights another.) My son, I suppose it is owing to you. I believe

Are you real? Or just a phantom?

man has a right to know something of
l parents. But—there isn't much to tell.
When you were nine years old your
other, a most beautiful and devoted
other up until then, went away from
r home in England. I was in India at
t time. My relatives wrote and told me,
d . . . I made no effort to find her.

Lieutenant: Why? Did she go with some
e?

General: Do you think you ought to ask
t? Or know it if it be true?

Lieutenant: Yes.

General: Why?

Lieutenant: Because I am trying to find
alue. I am going to try to find her if she
es—and if *I* live.

General: Is that by way of reproof to
r?

Lieutenant: Not at all. But she is my
other, and she was only your *wife*. One
es not judge one's mother. One only
es her.

General: I did not attempt to judge her.
bitied her, and all the while had hard
rk to hold myself in hand to keep from
giving her. I left her alone a great deal.
A army man must, you know. Remember
pling's "Story of the Gadsbys"? She
s young, even when you were nine, and
s was beautiful and heedless.

The figure at the door arises, noiselessly, and enters the room. It removes a scarf and drops it to the floor. The sound rises father and son to turn. The three face each other for a moment. The men fall for their revolvers.

Lieutenant: It is only the sentry, father. Looks like a woman, doesn't he, or it?

General: It is I who am nervous now, all hysterical. I, too, am having hallucinations. (Gropes to son and grasps his hand, as if to absorb stamina from the touch.) Tell me, son—if I am awake. (To figure) Margaret? But of course not. How absurd. She would be much older now. Even years would make more of a change than that. Margaret? Son? One would think that I had been drinking.

Figure (Addressing the lieutenant): I am your mother. You said just now that you would seek me if you lived.

General: Are you Margaret? Or are you a wraith?

Lieutenant: Who are you? What are you? Man, woman, spirit?

General: Shall I call the guard?

Lieutenant: No, no, no. Let's see this thing through by ourselves. The nights have been one eternal phantasmagoria for some on this accursed desert. I do not know the cause of it all, but I am confused. I do not know apparitions from the real ones more. Mother? Are you real? Or just a phantom?

Figure: You said you would seek me—if you lived. Out in India I learned, my dear son, that mortals find what they seek. They attain their heart's desire by believing firmly that it is somewhere within reach. Here am I, your mother. I am here, my dear son, dear beyond words.

General: You have come back, Margaret? From where? When?

Figure: I am that Margaret you once knew. I heard you say a moment ago that your heart was not entirely closed to me. But I didn't know, of course. I had no way of learning.

General: Then, my son, your quest is ended, before it had scarcely begun. There is your mother. Take her hand. My God! I know, of course, it isn't true. It is some of that damnable Indian magic. They are fiends and devils when it comes to legerdemain.

Figure: My son! My own son!

Lieutenant: You are mistaken, father, in believing that my search had scarcely begun. Or that it began tonight. Or since we came to this camp. It has always been in my deep heart's core, this desire to see my mother. (Takes her outstretched hand, scrutinizes her face, then embraces her.) But even yet I do not understand. (To father) You knew it was she all the time? (Son and figure stand, each holding the face of the other in cupped hands, and gazing into each other's eyes.)

Figure: No, he never knew, little son, though I have been guarding his door for years. (Twines arms about lieutenant.)

Lieutenant: "Little son." How sweet it sounds. I've heard it a thousand times in my hopes. I've dreamed of a mother tucking me into my bed and calling from the door, as she left the room, "Good night, little son." You used to say it, didn't you, mother?

Figure: Yes, I used to say it. I've said it many times in the years I've been away. That was how you heard it. It came through the ether as a wireless message is transmitted. You heard my voice yearning through the distances, through the cruel spaces that divided us. In my spirit I've guarded *your* door, too. I've prayed for both of you, always and always and constantly.

General: For me, Margaret? For me, too? When you didn't know that I forgave?

Figure: But I knew that you forgave. You see, I came to understand that you were not all pomp and circumstance, that the army was not your fetich. I came to know that rank and business did not, as it seemed sometimes, fill your whole life. But that knowledge did not come until I had removed myself forever from you.

General: God forgive me.

Lieutenant: It's beyond me, father. Please explain.

Figure: Why seek explanations, son? If your physical senses and your understanding were satisfied as to the reason of our meeting here, your heart would not be gratified. You are happy, now, are you not?

(General takes his place by the side of the clasped figures and the three stand for a moment with arms entwined.)

Lieutenant: What magic this desert can achieve. A short time ago it was the dreariest place on earth. Now, merely because I have you two, and together, it is paradise.

Figure: It dwells within you, son. The desert has not changed. The moonlight was just as lovely an hour ago, but your mind did not appreciate it. I was here a few minutes ago when you were miserable, but you did not know it. It is the knowledge of joy, not the joy itself, my dear son, which makes us happy.

Lieutenant: No, mother, not "dear son." Always you must call me "little son," because it was when I was little that my heart ached to hear the words. To think of all that we are going to tell each other in

the happy, happy days to come. We are going to begin life all over again, we three, aren't we, father—and mother?

General: We shall begin just where we left off, if Margaret is willing. We shall have a home in England, some day.

Figure: A home in England! A home in England!

General: But, Margaret, I can't comprehend this, just yet. Out of all the void of the universe you have come. I can't believe my eyes and ears just yet. But I will sense it soon, I think. I want to be able to compass my great joy. But I am afraid I'll awaken to find it a dream. I think my senses are playing tricks with me.

Figure: The senses are treacherous things to believe, sometimes. Why give them credence? Why pay so much attention to them? Or, at least, to the five senses which we have so often proven to be falsifiers. There may be five others, or a dozen. Let's not bother with them. Let's just be happy.

Lieutenant: I am happier now, at this moment, than ever before in my life. I shall always think of tonight as a birthday, a hallowed interval. I am blissfully, utterly happy. We three are together again, and—

General: And I, too. We are together again, we three. We shall—

(Two shots ring out. Each man drops dead. Sentries rush in. Soldiers are heard searching the premises. Out of the confusion emerges an officer who takes charge of the situation.)

Officer: Where is the sentry? Who was on duty?

Sentry: (Saluting) I, sir. I was just outside, in front. The shots came from the rear. Through the window, I think.

Officer: Was no one guarding the rear?

Sentry: The general gave orders that none but his bodyservant need watch his quarters through the night.

Officer: Where is the bodyservant?

Figure: Aye, sir.

Officer: Who shot these men?

Figure: I know not. I did not see. (The voice has changed from that of a woman to a man's.)

Officer: Was there anybody here this evening beside these two men?

Figure: No, sir. The general and his son, the lieutenant, conversed with me, and someone came from, I know not where.

Officer: How do you know that this other man is the general's son.

Figure: I heard them speaking. They thought I was the general's wife and the lieutenant's mother. Because of my gabardine.

Officer: You were the general's bodyguard?

Figure: Aye, sir.

Officer: For how long?

Figure: For many years. He engaged me in India. He taught me to speak English.

Officer: And he mistook you for his wife? What did he say? Had he been drinking? What did he do at the last?

Figure: He did not speak after he was shot. The lieutenant murmured "Mother." They had not been drinking. I think both were feverish. Maybe it was sunstroke from today.

Officer: What did you answer when they addressed you as a woman?

Figure: I humored them. Both were very happy. Both believed they had found some one who was long lost.

Officer: Had they found that person?

Figure: I know not. It mattered not, so long as they believed they had.

Officer: Was that all?

Figure: All, sir.

Officer: Prepare the bodies for burial. Sergeant, watch this fellow. He may have confederates, but I believe not.

Figure: Whatever you believe is true. What they believed came true. They are with her whom they sought.

Officer: (Advances toward the figure with threatening manner. Relents, gazes into its eyes, passes his hands over his own eyes, and points to the door.) You may go.

Figure: (Steps over bodies of dead men and addresses corpses.) Your happiness is transfixed in eternity. No one can disabuse your minds now of your blissful dream. It is held forever at its fulfillment.

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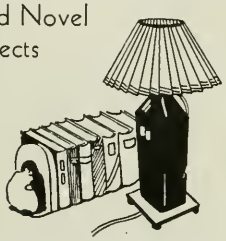

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Miss Lucile F. Ingrim, with Oriental objects shown in Collectors' Exhibit.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

ATER; *by Ruth Comfort Mitchell;* D. Appleton and Co., N. Y. and London; $2.00.

LANGE STORIES; *by F. Tennyson Jesse;* Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $1.75.

OVE THE DARK TUMULT: A PICCADILLY ADVENTURE; *by Hugh Walpole;* Doubleday, Doran and Co.; $2.50.

Y SCOUTS' BOOK OF GOOD TURN STORIES; *chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews;* Charles Scribners Sons, N. Y., $2.50.

IN UP; *by Will James;* Charles Scribners' Sons, N. Y.

ARSON, DUKE OF MONGOLIA; *by Frans August Larson;* Little, Brown, and Co., N. Y.

AWN IN INDIA; *by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.;* Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.; $3.50.

Books for vacation reading? What shall we take with us, now that the ys have come when "the young men's et are turning to the camps of proved sire and known delight"? Books that are t too deep and not too dull; books that e pleasantly amusing, and not too exing, that one can lay aside comfortably r a moment, as one interrupts a steamerair gossip to cry, "Oh, did you see the rpoises?" or "How blue the water is day!"

Ruth Comfort Mitchell's books can be unted upon to be free from the unpleasitnesses of sex-stuff and the problem vel. They have in them the blue of Calirnia sunshine and the smell of sageush or sweet-grass. She lives close to e earth, in that lovely home of hers, Yung See San Fong," whose Chinese ofs curl their red eaves far above the nta Clara Valley. Yung See San Fong s not always been free from anxieties d illness and problems; and yet from it s always radiated a poise and peace, a ve of the outdoors and the brown earth, atmosphere inclusive of all the friends ho passed under the Chinese portal. eanliness and simplicity shine from the ges of her California stories. In her last ok, she writes of Mrs. Gale's "gentle and mote composure"; of "the shaded sitgroom, very peaceful with its look of llant, undismayed poverty"; and Mr. le's old voice intoning lines from Marssa:

"Then we two
n the low earth shall prosper hand in hand,
odors of the open field, and live
peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
he pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.—
There shall succeed a faithful peace;
autiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
urable from the daily dust of life."

Big League stuff, that was!" says the ro, Darrow Brant. "Durable from the ily dust of life!" It is characteristic of

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, with her skyline trail and her hillside home, whence whimsical pen-and-ink greetings go to her friends at holiday times, agleam with love and laughter, with curly-tailed dogs and contented cows and prancing ponies and crooked Chinese roofs—and friendliness:

"God rest you, merrie gentlefolk,
Upon this Christmas day,
And send to you (and to us, too!)
Fair shares of work and play:
An old year warm with memories,
A new year clear and calm!
With greetings from the skyline trail
And from the dairy farm."

That is the same spirit that overflows into her stories, and especially into her last novel, "Water." This is a tale of the San Joaquin Valley, and the vast irrigation project, which is making its desert blossom like its own oleanders. The first chapter transplants young Darrow Brant from his San Francisco circle of flaming youth to a dairy ranch at Willowvale, Fresno County, presented to him by his Bohemian Club uncle, instead of an inheritance of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars by will. "A five hundred acre dairy ranch where he was to work out his salvation in honest sweat!" Driving down from San Francisco, "he saw over his right shoulder the last glimpse of the Santa Clara Valley. The gentle, pastoral loveliness basked in the mild May sunshine between two mountain ranges which brooded and guarded it, spread out in a pleasant pattern of orchards and meadows and low rolling foothills. His prep school was there, and Stanford University, and the Santa Cruz mountain heights where he'd hiked in the Boy

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Scout days, and the Peninsula where he'd played at smart house-parties with Ty de Laine and the rest—football and polo and petting—gosh! He was having to turn his back on it and all it stood for."

But Darrow Brant grew up to the measure of the vision which his uncle had for him "in that amazing interview in the library of the Bohemian Club." Plants and people do grow in the San Joaquin Valley, since the water has flowed through its broad irrigation ditches which look like smoothly flowing rivers between the sedges. His Uncle Jerry had said, "You see, Darrie, my feeling is that we've missed a good deal, we Brants. Life has been too tender with us. We've missed the vital urge of poverty and the stimulating responsibilities of great wealth; between us all there isn't an eighth of an inch of callus or a pint of perspiration.—I want a different life for you—a more abundant life, if you see what I mean."

Darrow did not see. But under the San Joaquin sun, looking out to the distant misty mountains which come near at dawn, he learned to see. Learned the difference in the quality of Ty de Laine and his "lovely milk-maid," June Gale. Learned from her the bigness of irrigation, "the most vital, the most urgent, the most thrilling thing in the west today, if we can only rouse people to realize it. This Valley has been the Valley of the Shadow, in a sense, in spite of sizzling, summer heat; booms, overproductions in raisins and figs, and so on; slumps, depressions, loss of confidence. But it's still here, the land and the climate, and all it needs is water! Water will save us, if we have the vision!"

"Land that's alive! Land that'll work for you—and work with you!" And when there came the crash, and Progressive Airways went up in smoke, she said, "But you've still got the ranch!—"

"June, turning her eyes, cried, 'Look!' and he followed her gaze. The High Sierras were sharply defined against the eastern sky, mighty, majestic, stern, but their summits, their shoulders were dazzling white.

" 'It's the everlasting mercy,' she said.

" 'Snow?' he wondered.

" '*Water!*' "

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● Solange Stories; by F. Tennyson Jesse; Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $1.75.

"Solange Stories" are crime stories: The Pedlar, The Reprieve, The Canary, Lot's Wife, The Black Veil. The detective is Solange Fontaine, an Englishwoman.

Tennyson Jesse, creator of the woman detective, discusses her own technique in a Foreword. "I wish to say that there is a distinction between the crime story and the detective story, and that the distinction lies in the fact that a surprise is essential in a detective story, and is not necessary in a crime story. The function of the crime story is, above everything, to give one the shivers; the reader must get—to use an untranslatable French word—a *frisson*. The reader is never in any doubt about the identity of the murderers, but that does not prevent his flesh creeping as he reads. In fact, the knowledge, frankly conveyed by the author, of horror to come, adds to the reader's *frisson;* he longs to warn the innocents in the story, and cannot do so. I have made my detective a woman. This woman had been gifted by nature with an extra spiritual sense that warned her of evil. I myself have occasionally had—as which of us has not, and far more keenly and purely in childhood and extreme youth than would be possible in later life?—a sudden warning of the nerves that has told me, correctly, facts about some human being I had perhaps met for only half an hour, and with whom I had hardly exchanged a word.

"On this slender basis, then, I built up a woman detective with a 'feeling' that told her of evil. I found, of course, that I had let myself in for a formula which, if I followed it honestly (as I think I have), of necessity precluded any element of surprise; 'twist' at the end was the most I could hope for."

She has been honest in her technique, and the five stories have the much-to-be-desired *frisson*, and a surprising "twist" at the end.

▲

● Above the Dark Tumult: A Piccadilly Adventure; by Hugh Walpole; Doubleday, Doran and Co.; $2.50.

Those of us who belong to the school of Walpole admirers open the book eagerly when a new story comes from his pen. But why write a tale like a nightmare? This weird story of a murder in Piccadilly has all the fascination of Walpole's charming English and his whimsicality; but one marches through the pages with exactly the lost bewilderment of a bad dream from

hich one cannot wake up. If you like at sort of thing—! But I have not for-tten the fascinated distaste with which, little girl, in a shadowy upper room, ead Poe's Tales by flickering lamp-light! All the characters are half-mad. The rrator is Richard Gunn, an ex-officer t of a job, penniless save for half-a-own. The villain is Pengelly, a cheap, nscienceless little blackmailer. The mur-rer, the "Lord High Executioner," is hn Osmund, tall blond aristocrat. And e heroine, Helen, if heroine there be, suf-s from the fates of them all. Mad, my asters, all mad!

But you will get a thrill when you crawl er the roof-tops in the snow with Os-und and Pengelly, in the last mad mo-ent before the nightmare ends!

▲

Boy Scouts' Book of Good Turn Stories; chosen by Franklin K. Math-ews; Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., $2.50.

The boy of the family, packing his duf-fbag for the summer camp, will want to p a book or two in with his bathing suit d camera and fishing-tackle. Two books r boys have been recommended in con-ction with Mrs. Grace Powell's Children's eading Circle—but don't dare tell the y that these are children's books! Dad ll enjoy them, too. Will James has writ-n another book of "tales of the cow mps," called "Sun-up." On the first page e some delightful sketches of centaur wboys, and a note from Will James — less.

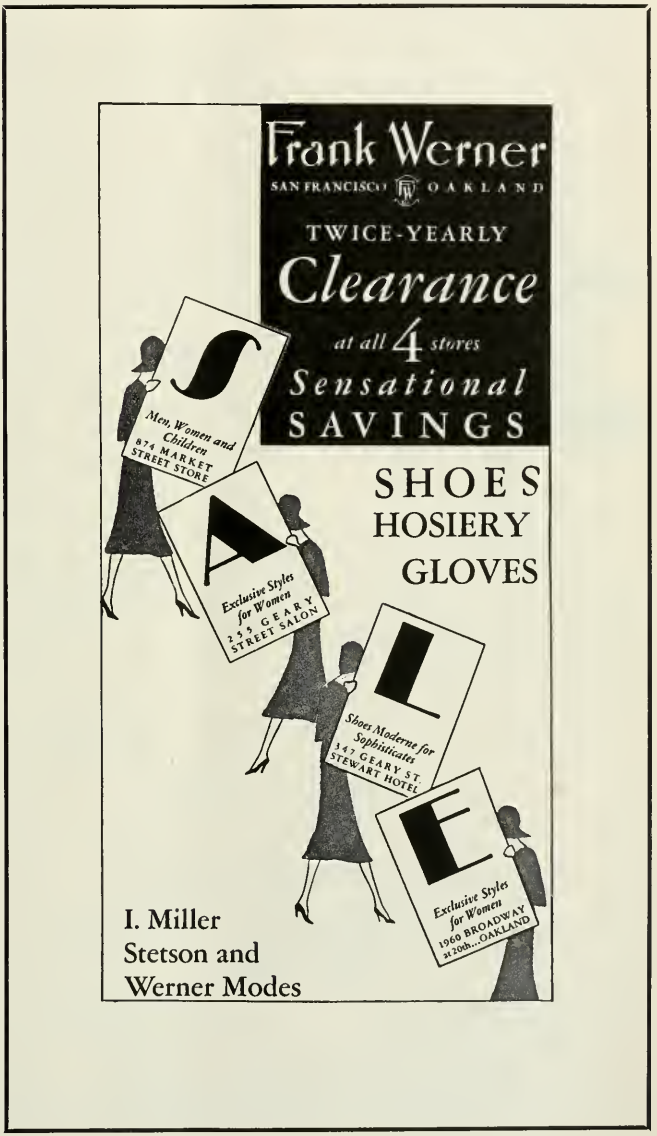
"It seems to me like, with all the air-anes, sporty cars, and all the machinery ere is today, that folks would hanker to t in touch with what is flesh. Writers o write of the West but never rode the nge have got folks to thinking that the wboy and open country is all gone. To ake folks happy, and go against that, l like to say that the West still holds a ird of the U. S. A. In my own little untry in Southern Montana there's an tfit running 45,000 head of cattle, and any horses. I can ride out from my nch-house, and, in an hour's time, find telope and many bunches of wild rses. And keep on riding for 75 miles thout striking a fence. There's many rts of the West still more open. It took o generations to make the cowboy, and will take many more to lose him."

The second book for the dufflebag is The y Scouts' Book of Good Turn Stories—itten by such past-masters as Richard arding Davis, Henry van Dyke, Dhan opal Mukerji, Jack London, O. Henry, harles Lummis. They are stories of cour-e, idealism, sacrifice, appealing to the yhood whose thoughts are "long, long oughts."

▲

Larson, Duke of Mongolia; by Frans August Larson; Little, Brown, and o., N. Y. Dawn in India; by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.; Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.; $3.50.

Dad will surely take a book on his fishing trip. "Father's Day" is coming on June fifteenth; why not obey that impulse, and buy the book for him? Since the immemorial East has become the fluid, fluctuating Orient, the eyes of the world are turned that way. "Larson, Duke of Mongolia," is the unbelievable but true tale of Frans August Larson, who journeyed from Sweden to the wilds of Mongolia, lived in the skin tents or "yurtas" of the mongols, was a favorite of their princes and a friend of the Living Buddha, and was created a Duke of Mongolia. "Dawn in India" traces the development of the demand for self-government in India up to the sitting of the Round Table Conference. Than Sir Francis Younghusband, no Anglo-Saxon is a greater lover of India, and none is better fitted to write sympathetically of the throes of her development. In both these books, there is an amazing understanding of the alien race, an unusual feeling of brotherhood. The fisherman will make no mistake if he packs them in his old kitbag.



Excerpts from Letters from Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Rettenmayer, member of the Women's City Club, has been guest at several clubs in Europe which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco, and upon her return, late this month, will be guest at clubs on the Atlantic Coast which have the same relation to the San Francisco club. She has been abroad several months.

London

● "After reading our mail, we started out to see the "changing of the Guard" at Buckingham Palace. The Royal Family had just returned and it was the second time in three months that the full Guard was changed. We did not know that, until a young chap, recognizing us as "furriners," began explaining the formalities. The guards on duty stand to the left of the entrance in their tall black bearskin hats—with tapering heavy silver chains hitched to their upper lips—scarlet coats—gold braided, black trousers with gold braid—shiny black thick-soled shoes—guns and bayonets—while the officers had sabres that dragged. The color-bearer is the best of the youngest Lieutenants and would rather do that than be a Major.

"The King never receives the Guard, but is represented by a Marshal with long, black, mustachio-looking helmet — much silver braid and lace—on perfectly matched black horses 16½ hands high. Of the new Guard, fourteen march with the band to St. James Palace, where they take their positions in front of the Prince of Wales' modest dwelling and the Duke of Connaught's home across the small court.

"We stood in front of the building where the recent Indian affairs conference was held—watching this. To go back to Buckingham, the slow march—or Royal Salute—follows the exchange of responsibility, all but the relieved ones marching out through the main entrance, and soon after changing to two-four time. It is very impressive. The grooms were riding the Royal horses to make them learn how to behave when near music. The young man who first spoke to us was an official guide through London, so we had his services for the afternoon. Under his direction we saw The Thieves' Market, Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, the Law Courts, Temple Bar, Fleet Street, Temple Church (where Masonry had its inception), the Tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson's house, The Cheshire, London Bridge, Southwark Cathedral, where Harvard lies buried, the Tower Bridge, Tower of London, the Bloody Tower, where the two princes were murdered, and the Crown Jewels with the Cullinan diamond weighing 516 karats and the Kohinoor weighing 312. It is a sight to behold—this case of magnificence and wealth."

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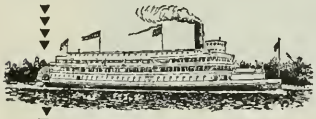
"DELTA KING" » "DELTA QUEEN"
LEAVE 6:30 P. M.



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Edinburgh

"We had a splendid all-morning drive through Edinburgh—the old castle, the war memorial—Holyrood Castle—where the High Commissioner of Labor came today for a month's stay. We could not go into this because it is closed to the public during his residence. We are near the station, on the main street, in a quaint hotel that was once a 'regal' hostelry. Everyone is wakened by a gong and knock on the door at eight A.M.

"Edinburgh has a very large and old University. This is where chloroform was 'discovered.'

"You should see the costumes worn by the different regiments; today, in a tea shop, we saw the kindliest old man come in in his everyday clothes of jacket, plaid kilts, leather pouch, tam o'shanter, bare knees, and low shoes; he must have been at least 65 years old—white hair, white mustache, a bit florid and large. Many soldiers have the kilts and bags, bare knees and tam o'shanters; others wear long trousers of plaid strapped under their shoes or arch; khaki coats, white belts, and wool red plaid socks with blue tams and ribbons down the back mark one regiment. You cannot imagine how nice and colorful it is against this 'oneness' of gray stone houses; there are neither brick nor wood buildings in all of Edinburgh!

"This is Sunday evening. We started on an auto bus drive at 10:30 to Melrose—a beautiful old Gothic Abbey, almost completely destroyed. Its ruins are very lovely; then past Borthwick Castle, one of Mary Queen of Scots' favorite homes, to Galashiels, the center of the wool-fabric industry. Past Abbotsford House, Sir Walter Scott's home, where his great-great-great grandson now lives. It is open on all week days but closed on Sunday, so we could not enter. All of this through the most beautiful country—a larger Switzerland and less intimate because it is absolutely owned by the 'lorded gentry'—still, it is quite the most luxurious, rich, leafy, varied, and entirely planted and planned—always with an eye to beauty. And the sheep! Thou-

sands upon thousands. We saw some truly Auroras today, with wool fibres 10, 12, an 14 inches long.

From Galashiels we drove on to Drybugh, where both Sir Walter Scott and Earl Haig are buried, on to Lauder, a cool mining center; Soubra Hill, 1200 feet above the Firth of Forth, where the Midland Moors are; then through Dalkeith, where Dalkeith Castle looms imposingly against the sunset sky, and back to Edinburgh, across the Tweed and the Tyne rivers, and past the Lady Victoria, the largest and deepest mine in Scotland."

Glasgow

"We rode in a taxi, then a train, then a bus, then a boat, then a 4-horse coach, then a boat, then a train, then a taxi, getting from Edinburgh to Glasgow yesterday! It is very dark with smoke here—no wind strong enough to blow it away, consequently no sun! Even the most mighty effort for a colorful sunset is in vain.

You have never seen so many cranes—shipbuilding, iron ore and coal conveyors—boats of all sizes and kinds. We came through the 'Lady of the Lake' and Rob Roy country yesterday; saw Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine, and the seat of the MacGregor clan."

▲

"Impressions" by Director of City Club's Vocational Guidance Bureau

— L. MACRAE

What is there about a Conference of Social Workers that is an incentive to the weather man to arrange for a spell of glorious, warm days—such a period as we dwellers in San Francisco are seldom permitted to enjoy? Visitors to both the National Conference in June, 1929, and to the California Conference in May, 1931, accepted politely, but with many reservations, the oft-repeated explanation: "But it is most unusual!"

Apart from the weather there were many unusual features connected with this gathering at Berkeley. Headquarters for the Conference were established at International House, where meeting were held, as well as at various buildings on the Campus. The setting of International House must have appealed to all who were responsibe to beauty in line and color, as well as the intangible something that was the spirit of the place. The passing in and out of people of many nations, the mingling of Occident and Orient, with its colorful clothing worn by many of the women, created an atmosphere that would have been foreign in many surroundings, but here it was the real expression of the life and purpose of International House.

It was only natural that the section of the Conference that was devoted to Racial Problems should create a tremendous interest. One does not often have an opportunity, such as these meetings afforded, of getting straight at the truth of a situation.

The problem, serious and tragic, was discussed from many angles. The facts brought out by those who know from personal experience what the difficulties and obstacles met with in the social and industrial world really are, gave many of us something to which we might devote much thought.

As this is no attempt to report the proceedings of the Conference of 1931, but is merely a brief sketch of the impressions of one who had certain definite interests and followed a more or less definite program, so the subjects touched upon are part of that program.

The topics under discussion in the Industry section were handled in a masterly manner. We were given facts as well as suggestions for remedies for the present unhappy state of the industrial world. The speakers seemed to realize that more than theories were demanded by the audience; that they were seeking information. The challenge was met.

Another program which struck the note of internationalism was that of the California Girls' Housing Council. Representatives of six nations took part. Each presented housing problems for women and girls as they occur in their own country. Roumania alone could produce no such problem. There, women and girls live in their own homes.

The one evening session that was attended demonstrated the drawing power of a name and of a provocative subject.

A good example of the value of a discussion group was seen in one of the meetings of the section devoted to Organization and Administration. Facts and ideas were brought out in a way that would have been impossible under the old formal method of conducting a meeting.

One of the most lasting impressions of such gatherings as these annual conferences are the stimulus it gives to our own job, be it what it may. The contact with others who are sharing common interests broadens one's vision, and makes for an understanding and cooperation that are the foundations for success.

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Home Economics

CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Vacation days are with us once more. Long, lazy hours to be spent in the sunshine. Everyday routine forgotten in the joy of living outdoors. Heavy meals give way to cool salads and chilled beverages. But to exact every possible hour away from the cares of the kitchen, thought must be given to planning the weekly menus.

Choose foods that make over nicely into salads or entrees. Buy and cook for two or more meals. Let each dessert also serve for two repasts by adding other ingredients — such as fresh fruits to cooked mixtures. By deciding in advance what will be served during the week, time, labor, and expense will be saved. This benefits the entire family as well as the mother, for she will have more leisure to be with her loved ones, extra cash for summer fripperies, and by relaxing, store up energy for the coming winter's many activities.

As in May, we again have a weekend holiday. That will permit many to go away—those who are not fortunate enough to spend months at the mountains or by the seashore—and if a cottage is kept for such occasions, it is wise to do most of the cooking in advance of the guests' arrival. Others may wish to sleep late and take a picnic lunch to be enjoyed by the roadside or river. Regardless of where or how one goes, there must always be plenty of appetizing and wholesome food ready for the hungry folks.

Corned meats vie with smoked ham for first place in vacation foods. One may boil both corned tongues and lean cuts of beef together, which reduces cooking labor, and the two meats will provide both hot and cold services. For the first evening have the corned beef, cooking potatoes and cabbage, if a boiled dinner is enjoyed. Otherwise, serve the potatoes creamed with any preferred vegetable, such as string beans or corn on the cob. Reheat the tongue for the second evening if the family insist upon a hot service, but thinly sliced and served with potato or cole slaw salad, spiced beets, iced tea, and a dessert of a substantial type, such as a coconut or chocolate cream pie, would please the most particular, and the meats sliced cold make excellent fillings for sandwiches for the picnic.

Canned foods play an important rôle also, as they save in many ways, especially in waste if refrigerating facilities are limited. Chicken in this form may be creamed, plain, or with canned mushrooms. Or again, if there is cold ham in the ice box, it may be cut in long, thin strips and added to the creamed chicken with slices of hard cooked eggs. Served over toast, a mound of noodles or rice, it is a one-dish meal. The pastes in ring moulds offer more elaborate dishes for guests, but when vacationing few bother to prepare them.

Any of the canned fish, such as tuna, crab, shrimps, and salmon are delicious creamed, curried, made into cutlets, salads, or served plain with sliced lemon and mayonnaise. These entrees are good main course dishes for those who do not care for meat.

Fresh chickens are splendid for weekends. One may fricassee the larger size, cooking it at home and taking it to the picnic or summer cottage in a large thermos or pressure cooker—as the latter keeps the food hot for a long time and may also be placed on a camp fire for reheating. Or, boil gently with onions and celery until tender and set aside until cold. The breast then may be sliced to make a cold meat plate or sandwiches. The less desirable portions are tasty when creamed or made into salads, and if one wishes to reduce the cost, cook equal quantities of lean pork and veal in the same pot. It takes on the flavor of the fowl and few can detect its presence in made dishes.

With these suggestions for the homemaker who must have the usual type of meals regardless of where the family may be, a few recipes for attractive salads and desserts will assist those who desire a complete change of food as well as surroundings.

Canned pears and grapefruit combine nicely and offer a delicious dish to utilize leftovers. The pears should be well chilled and first served in their own syrup for luncheon or dinner for dessert. The grapefruit for breakfast as an appetizer to vary the fruit course from melons. With these two as a working basis, make a lemon or lime jelly, adding the fruit diced or cut to suit molds. If there is sufficient juice and syrup left over, it is equally nice to use sparkling granulated gelatine and have the jelly-flavored base to suit the individual taste. When ready to serve, unmold on lettuce leaves and garnish with shrimps and Thousand Island dressing. A good

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luncheon dish and delightful for Sunday supper.

For those who wish all fruit, make a prepared lemon jelly and in it mold pink meat canteloupe balls and an equal quantity of diced canned pears. When ready to serve, garnish with slices of canned pears and spears of asparagus. Serve with mayonnaise.

Lime gelatine offers unusual combinations and the clear, cool, delicate green will tempt the fatigued on warm days when most food palls. Prepare in the usual way by dissolving one package in one cup of boiling water and when clear adding another cup of cold water. Set aside or place in the refrigerator until it begins to thicken, then add any preferred fruit and mould individually or in one large pan and cut into squares or cubes. One-half cup of sliced strawberries and one banana also cut into slices make a tasty salad. Or use one cup of mixed fruits, or half strawberries and half canteloupe balls. The latter in the pink meat variety blends nicely with avocado balls for a different salad.

Some do not care for the moulded salads, though all normal diets call for some gelatine and this offers a pleasant method of partaking of a necessary food element. Shredded cabbage ranks close to lettuce as a salad base. It may be served plain with a boiled dressing, or one made of sour cream as in cole slaw; combined with one-third quantity of shredded pineapple, adding the remaining fruit juice to mayonnaise for the dressing; or mix with both pineapple and carrots, cutting sliced pineapple into small pieces and grating the carrot. Mayonnaise thinned with whipped cream is delicious with this salad, or if you like, add a small quantity of whipped cream and some of the pineapple juice—not much, as the fruit is moist it will dilute the dressing anyway.

Quartered lettuce hearts served with a topping of grated cheese and cooked dressing is tasty and if quartered peeled tomatoes are used as a garnish it offers a substantial salad for luncheon.

Lettuce leaves, shredded lettuce or cabbage, finely cut carrots, a few string beans and a spoonful of garden peas, attractively arranged in individual plates or one large bowl, served with mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing and flaked crab meat, California shrimps, or anchovies as a topping, provide a delightful main course for warm evenings for dinner, guest, or family luncheon.

Moulded gelatine loaves are equally good in utilizing leftover bits of meat, fish, fowl, or vegetables as salads. Two hot dishes, such as sliced creamed potatoes and peas, blend nicely with such main courses. A bit of jelly and a creamy sweet served watermelon and the meal could be prepared in a short time.

Definite recipes are not necessary if one uses the prepared gelatines—as one must watch but one point and that is not to have over a pint of liquid for each package. As a rule, one cup each of boiling and cold water is used, and if one wishes to preserve the flavor of the prepared product then the other ingredients must be well drained before adding to the jelly; otherwise, especially in fruit mixtures, it is nice to use the first cup of boiling water and the second of the fruit juices. Each package will cover one cup of diced fruit or vegetable nicely, and a variety of combinations may be evolved by using whatever there happens to be in the refrigerator.

Suggestions for desserts that also call for additional fruits and provide two sweets for one cooking are the cornstarch puddings, whipped cream and cake mixtures and gelatines, and also frozen mixtures if one has an electrical refrigerator.

Prepare plain cornstarch custards by heating the milk to near boiling, then adding one rounded tablespoon of cornstarch that has been mixed to a smooth paste in additional cold milk—allowing this amount of cornstarch for each cup of milk. Sweeten to suit taste and cook until smooth. Then place in a double boiler and let cook fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and flavor with vanilla—one teaspoon for each pint of pudding. If a richer blend is preferred, about two minutes before removing from fire, pour the cooked mixture over one slightly beaten egg (for each pint), return to cooking utensil and cook two minutes.

Of, if you do not wish to make this type of pudding, there are several prepared products that call for canned or fresh milk only. One type is cooked until thick while it is slowly stirred—the other is just brought to the boiling point—both are smooth and thick when cold.

The quantity cooked depends upon the number to be served, and if two desserts are to be provided for—so best prepare one quart of milk or two packages of the prepared product. The first night, turn half of the quantity into sherbet glasses—plain, or arrange two lady fingers, split in halves in four sections of the glass and pour in the hot custard. Serve with a spoonful of sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

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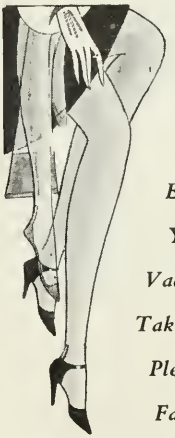

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Place the unused portion in a dish and for the second sweet either put a spoonful in the bottom of a tall dessert glass, adding another of fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, or bananas, then another of the custard, more fruit and custard, and a spoonful of whipped cream; or have a small quantity of plain gelatine, such as the berry flavored, cut into cubes and arranged in alternate layers in the glasses with custard between. Then again, if one has a freezing compartment—line the tray with waxed paper, put in a long slice of sponge cake, over it place a layer of custard, with a few berries or sliced bananas, another layer of cake, more custard, and a little whipped cream with maraschino cherries or whole berries to decorate the top. Freeze about two hours and cut in squares when serving.

A small quantity of custard, about one cupful, an equal amount of stale cake crumbs, and one-half cupful of whipped cream, beaten together, flavored with vanilla and frozen, makes a most unusual sweet. Devil's Food cake combined with chocolate or vanilla custard makes a delicious dessert.

Tapioca cream is another pleasing cooked mixture that may be used in the suggested desserts. Chocolate pudding is made exactly the same as plain cornstarch, except that sufficient ground chocolate or cocoa is added to the hot milk—as a rule a heaping tablespoon for each cup will be right, but some want a trifle more. It provides a delightful filling for large pies or individual tarts and may be served with a meringue or topping of whipped cream. It is also nice if combined with lady fingers as a simple ice box cake, prepared in a large mold or in sherbet glasses. The butterscotch flavored prepared product is unusually tasty in these dishes.

Some may wish more definite directions. These are tested recipes:

Macaroon Souffle: Scald one dozen macaroons in one cup of milk; next beat three egg yolks and combine, cooking over hot water until mixture is slightly thickened; then fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites and when blended, pour into a well buttered mold. Place the mold in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven (325 F.) for about twenty minutes. Turn from mold, sprinkle top with finely chopped fruit or berries and surround with whipped cream.

Pineapple Snow: Scald two cups of milk; next mix together four tablespoons each of cornstarch and sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt to a smooth paste with one-fourth cup of cold milk; add to the hot milk in the double boiler. Let cook about twenty minutes, then have ready two beaten egg yolks and add just a spoonful of cooked mixture to the eggs at a time; do this very slowly to prevent curdling of eggs. Return to double boiler and cook two minutes more. Remove from fire and fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites—also one-half cup of grated pineapple. Pour into individual molds that have been rinsed with cold water. Set aside until cold, as this dessert should be well chilled.

Molded Cheese Salad: Soak two teaspoons of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes. Then dissolve in one-half cup of boiling water. To it add one-half teaspoon of salt and one-fourth cup of vinegar. Set aside until slightly thickened; whip until frothy; then fold in one and one-half cups of grated cheese, one-half cup of stuffed olives chopped, one-half cup of chopped celery, one-fourth cup of green pepper, also finely chopped, and lastly fold in one-third cup of stiffly whipped cream. Turn into large mold—a ring mold is especially attractive—that has first been rinsed in cold water, and set aside to chill. When firm, unmold on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

Whipping Canned Milk: When fresh cream is not available, some canned milks may be whipped. There are three methods.

1. First soak one teaspoon of gelatine in one tablespoon of cold water for five minutes; dissolve over hot water, stirring constantly. Let cool thoroughly. In the meantime chill one can of evaporated milk. Empty it into a small bowl, placed in another containing cracked ice. Whip with a rotary beater until frothy, then add the gelatine and continue whipping until stiff. To sweeten, add one scant cup of powdered sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla.

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The day has been fine enough, the road quite pleasant,
And once I caught the far thrill of a drum. . . . .
Waiting in hope, I have not been unhappy,
For there were birds, flowers, trees, and the open sky;
And, when the time lagged, I made songs and stories
About all these, and about the passers-by. . . .
Then, when I heard it—the incredible music
Of life at last, life to the full and sweet!—
It seemed for a minute to be coming toward me;
But it went down, after all, someone else's street. . . .
No doubt, I ought to have tackled life—gone to meet it.
Seized on a banner, become importunate;
But I just wasn't made so; didn't know how to treat it;
And so am lost, like all who hesitate. . . .
There was to have come a place in the procession
That I should have recognized as being my own;
I was to have been caught up in color and movement
By one sure hand—to have been no more alone,
But nothing has happened, and the day grows chilly;
A cold bed waits for the going down of the sun;
It seems a curious way to have spent a lifetime—
Strange to be nearing the end of what was never begun.

2. Place an unopened can of milk in a p filled with cold water. Heat to boiling nt, remove can and chill thoroughly. hen cold, whip as usual. The milk may kept several days after heating if one h a good refrigerator, and in the country is wise to be prepared.

3. For quick whipping, open the can, n into top half of double boiler and heat scalding point. This thickens the milk by porating part of the water and the glaze med over the top or solids settled in the ttom will disappear when whipped. After lding the milk, place on ice or in the re- gerator until cold, then whip in a small wl, starting with about one-fourth cup, ding more as it stiffens. Sweeten to suit, lesired.

▲

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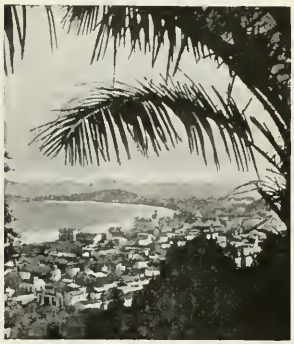

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One Parent's Question

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There are good schools where girls like Mary may develop individual talents while taking up a selected group of college subjects; schools which emphasize music, art and decoration, home-making, secretarial courses—even courses in the management of property and investments — and where one can make the most of the last two or three years of growing up.

Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

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JULY AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
Numbers of this Magazine

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Winn, Mrs. A. H.
Mosgrove, Alicia
Fee, Marcia G.
Coleman, Mrs. Jessie
Leale, Miss Edith
Gregory, Jessie Shuler
Boylan, Mrs. D. W.
Dresler, Mrs. E. A.
Batcheler, Mrs. G. H.
Clayes, Miss Margaret
Hamilton, Mrs. W. B.
Burr, Miss Alice
Cushing, Mrs. Charles S.
Stoddard, Mrs. T. A.
Garrett, Miss Elsa
Bishop, Mary E.
Giles, Edith Stevens
Leonard, Mrs. Lane
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Cambron, Mrs. Carroll G.
Jannapolis, Mrs. Albert
Summerton, Miss A.
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Cushman, Mrs. Douglas
Griffin, Mrs. Andrew
Marvine, Miss Helen
van Pelt, Mrs. H. M.
Rockwell, Mrs. P. C.
Handlon, Mrs. J. H.
Clarke, Camilla D.
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May, Miss Cora
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Mental Health and a Chance for Some Happiness

DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

Elementary demands of all forms of human life are much alike: Food to ıstain existence; shelter for protecting ıd creating the home unit, elaborated om the cave or tent to the palace, and om flint or rubbing sticks to strike fire ıd light to prepare food, to the most com-lex gas and electric equipment for the ıme purposes. Clothes evolved through ıe ages from skins and sandals to the ·ousseau of the modern bride.

No matter how much we have elabo-ıted these demands, can we in any way ıppress them? Are they not fundamental) health, contentment, and happiness?

What has happened to women in our ity of San Francisco today in the con-ractions and depressions of the economic train?

It came to me to furnish someone with a sychological insight to advise with two ureaus: one anxious to help the handi-apped and the other studying the equip-ıent and rehabilitation problems of the roup closed out by the present stringency.

We are too near the cases to describe hem, but out of a three-weeks' experi-nce, I want you to think over this plan:

Women over 45 are very seriously hit. Dressmakers who had a set of customers, ıave now a vanishing or already vanished clientele and must look for substitute work. What shall it be? Women employed as tenographers and typists are "let out" by hc necessary contractions of office ex-penses, under "hard times." These women ıre many of them over 40 years of age.

An older group—one of them with a seriously crippled husband, interest and taxes on a small home, marking the ambi-ions of many years—has to face the loss of shelter and food, and look for help, somehow, somewhere. What can they do? Cook a meal; mend and wash for a wo-man who has a job and lives in a small apartment, never catching up with mend-ing and laundry work. Sit with children in the evening. Go and get a meal and clean up when the general housework maid is out.

Half-day work a week for a stenographer. How many busy women could perhaps pro-tect herself from wear and tear by this bit of expert help? Is it not possible to build up a type of half-day home service which would help both ways, and which we would all long to get back to, when Industry again absorbs these groups that have been forced out now.

The Civic Committee for the Employ-ment of Women has handled many cases—some 2,000—but there is now a dearth of funds. This most difficult group to answer the problem for has been given sewing at the various centers three days a week, and now the problem must be solved in some other way.

Remember—food, shelter, and clothes are, in many of these cases, not for the in-dividual alone; a handicapped daughter, son, husband, or young children drive an older woman, who never before asked for advice—not to ask for *help*, but for a chance to help herself and her helpless family. She asks for *work*.

How can we help out in this problem of mental health; for no poise, courage, or character stands serene when food and shelter are doubtful.

Will not one of you who read this article see if you cannot take one person one half day a week onto your individual payroll?

The half-day service seems to me to be a real solution. In serving, $12 a week has been all the committees could pay. Hourly service for the handicapped has been of-fered to the housewife for some time at from 30 to 50 cents an hour. Now the Service Bureau, UNderhill 3410, will add lists of stenographers, clerical help, sew-ing, mending, light laundry work.

Our dream is to train older women in the modern care of children, so that a

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mother of three can secure real mother helpers from us.

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We want your confidential comment on each worker, so that we can modify her faults and develop her powers of efficiency.

It has always seemed to us, that in an age when so many women run their own households, the capable woman of 60 could be a real asset, two afternoons a week. She could get dinner ready, receive the children when they come home, or put them to bed if you want to stay out to dinner, etc. These are things our grandmothers and adaptable mothers-in-law do who live in some homes of which we know.

Anyway, let us help you to help these women. If you forget the phone number—UNderhill 3410 — ring up Miss Macrae, at the Women's City Club, and she will give it to you.

Remember, what we want is *work* by the day or half-day, and *your help* in developing this service.

Please do not over-crowd us at the start. Remember to be patient, and respect our applicant as a fellow-worker.

We need you, and hope you will need this service—and, by using it, add to the mental health of some of our women citizens.

▲ ▲

Magazine Volunteers Have New Card File

● Volunteers who have been helping with the Magazine addressing will be interested to know that a new card file has been made which makes the addressing very much easier and quicker. The cities and towns have been segregated and this in itself greatly facilitates the work. The magazines are addressed every Monday, from 10:00 to 4:00 o'clock, and during the summer months a few extra volunteers are needed to take the place of those on vacation. Members who would like to drop in for an hour or two on Mondays to give a little extra help will be greatly appreciated.

▲

Send in Your Summer Address

● Members who are planning to spend their summer away from the city are asked to please send in their temporary change of address to the Magazine Department. The Post Office does not forward second class matter unless extra postage is paid on it, and when a magazine is not called for within a certain time it is returned to us at an extra cost. A great deal of time and expense could be saved if each member would send in her temporary summer address and the length of time she will be away.

Cancion

—ADELA VALLEJO GANTNER

Oh, I sing of a trail and an unknown path,
Where sweet grass grows and young ferns sprout,
Where earth scents lure me and wild birds mourn,
And the bells of brown lilies are ringing.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published monthly by The Women's City Club, San Francisco

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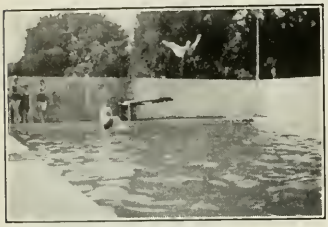

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As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, and for those interested, military and business training, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

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Availability of private schools within the City is readily distinguished in the advertised group in the Women's City Club Magazine. We urge you to carefully consider all of these schools and request that you mention this magazine when making inquiry.

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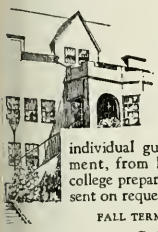

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Write for descriptive catalog.
MONTEZUMA School for Boys, Los Gatos, Calif.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

AUGUST 1, 1931

●

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell. Lectures will be held every Tuesday morning at 10:45 in the Chinese Room.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*
Conversation Class—Tuesday Afternoons, 2:00 o'clock—Board Room.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays at 2:00 and 7:00 o'clock—Chinese Room.

August 5—Lecture on Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON
Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.

6—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Mrs. Leslie Williams will review "The Education of a Princess," by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

6—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Arthur H. O'Connor.
Subject: Australia and the South Seas. Illustrated.

13—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Dr. Louise Steele-Brooke.
Subject: Peculiar Incidents in Oriental Travel.

20—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Samuel K. Polland, who will read a current play.
Group of Songs, by Beatrice Roehl,
Accompanied by Madame Cecile von Seibilich-Bowley.

27—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Madame Vahrah Beverly.
Subject: "The Beauty and Mystery of India"

29—Bridge Tea given by League Bridge Committee *Mural Room and Annex* 2:00 to 4:00 P.M.
Miss Ida Lord, Chairman.

Women's City Club Magazine

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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Throughout your liner is your home . . . The luxuries of Panama Mail service go with you into every port . . . attend you during rapturous nights at sea . . . make you fit and eager for the next day's episode ashore . . . But there's only one Cruise-Tour to New York . . . the Cruise-Tour of the Panama Mail . . . It sails from San Francisco alternate Thursday . . . A postcard will bring details. Plan your trip—right now.

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The Swimming Pool is always popular with City Club members and their guests, but it seems that Summer has brought with it a super-popularity, for every day there are scores of patrons enjoying the crystal clear and clean waters. Children have enjoyed it particularly during vacation. Mothers know that they are carefully looked after by the instructors and life guards always at the Pool's brink. In this group are: Left to right, Janet Loeb, Harriet Dickie, Jane Dickie, John Pruitt, Zemula Pierce and Charlie Pruitt. They are poised and ready to jump into the water at the signal from Miss Whelan.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

A SIGHT-SEEING bus was passing Union Square. "In the next block on our left is a Service Club for Women," intoned the megaphone operator. An eastern visitor identified the Women's City Club as "the building on our left." One of the tangible services of this group is the list of volunteers who from its ranks serve the Community Chest each year. It is therefore proper that when the President of the United States requests that all community chest drives occur in the late Fall, the Women's City Club of San Francisco clears the way for action. The Talent Festival dates move forward to October 21 and 22. Let every calendar be marked.

The loans of the members' own talent are to have a proper setting this year. The entire auditorium is to be given over to this part of the festival, and instead of climbing to the balcony to see this exhibit as we did a year ago, we shall wander at will on the main floor. This is the important part of the two-day festival, for the main idea behind it all is the appreciation of each other's talent. Your best is none too good for this occasion, and the standard of the exhibit depends upon the help which we hope you now will pledge. Your loan may be something you have done some time ago, but as long as it is your own handiwork, we ask you for it.

The gifts of the members' own talent will be displayed this year on the Lower Main, Second and Third Floors. Have you made up your mind what you are to give and are you educating one other member to do likewise? The committee is at the clubhouse each Tuesday during August to receive your pledge and to talk over the plans for the display, and it is hoped the gifts themselves will be even finer in workmanship than last year, for we know now what is expected of us, and above all we realize that ours is a Talent Festival, not a bazaar. Talent is not necessarily genius and there are talents outside the world of art. Groups are being formed for all sorts of services and already many new ideas are taking form. If you do Braille, or sew, or paste well, we ask you to report to the committee as soon as possible, showing your willingness to execute an idea some other member has suggested. Have you an original idea? If so, the committee will be glad to know it, so that others, with lesser talent, perhaps, but with the same desire to serve, may get together and carry out what you suggest. Thus we shall supplement each other in making a perfect whole.

To you who live afar, let us say that we hope you are already planning your visit to San Francisco for the third week in October. Last year the estimated five thousand members who visited together in the club house those two days declared unanimously that they "wouldn't have missed it for anything;" that they "had no idea it would be such fun," and that if they had known they could have "made something too." The first festival was a delightful surprise to many. The second must eclipse the first. The time to prepare has been shortened by two weeks, but enthusiasm can accomplish the task, especially in the City Club where working together has become second-nature to us all.

The birthday presents continue to pour in and we are in a fair way to be spoiled as we eagerly open the mail each morning to learn what friend has remembered our anniversary. These gifts have been accompanied with delightful letters and are indicative of a spirit both within and without the membership, which is a tremendous inspiration to the officers and

makes them believe that the surplus hoped for will be added to the treasury this year.

● Vacation time is over for many of us. As we plan our winter activities, let us think in terms of service to the Club by our individual use of the various departments, from lower main floor to bedroom. Every dollar added to gross receipts can be interpreted as very real help in a year which tests the ingenuity of the Ways and Means Committee to offset losses occasioned by expiring store leases and reduced transient use of the building from visitors who are economizing by staying at home.

● It is valuable to step back occasionally from the details of operation of the Women's City Club of San Francisco and scan the general progress of the National League for Woman's Service, for too close attention to the smaller things of our life eventually dwarfs us. This month some of your Board of Directors have met with executives of some of the largest corporations in San Francisco. The courtesy with which they were received as representing a self-supporting service group which is accepted as successful, was a satisfaction. It is a privilege to represent an organization which can honestly say to the merchants of San Francisco: "We are struggling through the same economic maze as you. Nevertheless we are interested in quality merchandise and in the finer things of this world, and we believe in a policy which upholds the highest standards." Our membership is an interesting one, for its democracy is bound together by the ties of culture, as evidenced by the Private Collectors' Exhibit just past and the Talent Festival about to be.

●

Tea for Opera Stars of 1931 Season

● Tuesday, September 8, just two days before the opening of the ninth annual season of the San Francisco Opera Season, the City Club will tender a tea to the stars of the season, who will all have arrived in San Francisco by that time. Each year the City Club has the pleasure and privilege of entertaining the celebrities who come to charm with their voices and artistry at the Opera, and each year the distinguished guests express their pleasure at meeting City Club officers and members, and their appreciation of "breaking bread" in the Club.

Some of the stars will be Elisabeth Rethberg, who was a guest at the Club two years ago; Yvonne Gall, who is to sing opening night in "Marouf", Maria Mueller, Giovanni Martinelli, Audrey Farncroft, Eva Gruninger Atkinson (the latter two are San Francisco's own), Faina Petrova, Mario Chamlee, Queena Mario, Friedrich Schorr, Gotthelf Pistor, Luisa Silva (another San Franciscan), Ezio Pinza and Giuseppe Danise.

Unique Volunteer Service

● Many and interesting are the methods by which members of the City Club may extend Volunteer Service. One of the recent voluntary offerings of service comes from Miss Martha Belvel, amateur photographer, who has offered to snap pictures for the Magazine whenever possible. The picture of Miss Chilton on this page is a specimen of her work. Another piece of Volunteer Service, and one that saves the Club an appreciable sum of money each year, is that given by Mrs. Minnie Collins, notary public. The Club is often in need of the services of a notary and Mrs. Collins is always on hand and gracious. These are some of the things which make our Talent Festival so interesting. For Talent flowers in many colors at the City Club.

Miss Virginia Chilton, seated at the table at which Talent Festival Information is given throughout the day at the east end of the Fourth Floor Corridor, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, standing. From photograph snapped by Miss Martha Belvel, as her contribution to Volunteer Service.

Birthday Bonds Continue to be Received

And still the gifts of City Club bonds continue to come in. When the Club celebrated its "Five Years After" with an anniversary dinner, May 13, many of the members who purchased bonds in the building project, when that project was still in the future, returned the bonds to the officials, now that the Club is more than realizing its dreams. At that dinner it was announced that $10,900 had been received as "Birthday Gifts." The following month 2,400 more came in as Birthday Gifts. And, being still "five years after," many are still sending remembrances of that fact. This month $2,400 has been received, the donors being as follows:

Mrs. I. N. Walter	$1,000.00
Mrs. Wallace Alexander	500.00
Mrs. Selah Chamberlain	500.00
Mrs. Warren D. Clark	200.00
Mrs. A. Mack	100.00
Mrs. John I. Walter	100.00
	$2,400.00

League Shop to be Redecorated

Mrs. Helen Martin is the manager of the League Shop, in the foyer of the City Club, which is soon to be redecorated and refurbished preparatory to the installation of new stock.

Miss Pauline Pierson, member of the City Club, is contributing as her "bit" to Volunteer Service, the designing of the new decorations, which are to be moderne in character. Besides the new coat of paint in green, gray, and black, there will be new shelves and appointments throughout. To make room for the new stock there will be sales of the present stock from now until the new wares arrive. Miss Marian Burr, chairman of the League Shop Committee, made many purchases on her recent trip abroad for the Shop, picking up here and there odd bits of bric-a-brac and objects of art from all the countries she and her sister visited.

Now is a good time to purchase holiday gifts in the clearance and pre-inventory sales which will make room for the new stock.

Building a Child's Library

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

With the return of school days, life becomes more orderly for mothers. The many happy, carefree weeks of vacation days fade into the distance of pleasant memories, while routine schedules are resumed. In planning the coming months, a few hours of leisure should be set aside for self improvement. Perhaps time will not permit hours of study, but occasional lectures on world events, book reviews, and reading of pertinent subjects will keep one abreast of the times, as they offer a condensed form of knowledge.

Unusual opportunities are offered mothers or those interested in children, in the series of non-fee lectures on "Building a Child's Library," given by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell in the Chinese Room on alternate Tuesdays. Reading courses are planned for children from infancy to adolescence. Mothers are taught to enter into the spirit of play when entertaining their little ones. Subjects suitable for each age—stories that are instructive, yet interesting—are discussed; while many tales set to music help to lighten the hours.

Children's books are reviewed thoroughly. The moral gained through the story (of child, animal, historical, or mythical) is pointed out to the mother. She is instructed in the art of imparting nursery tales through music as the class practices singing at each lecture. Gestures that convey part of the story are learned, and most women can play on the piano sufficiently to accompany the little folks if they wish to make a game out of it.

By attending classes regularly one may study the problem of selecting books for growing children fully. If that is not possible, lists, with prices, are available in the Children's Book Shop (of which Mrs. Powell is a proprietor), located on the main floor of the Club building. Mrs. Powell's talks are based upon these lists, as she selects several books for discussion. Some are pure nonsense, but highly entertaining. Others deal with historical or biblical characters. Nature studies and animal stories receive their share. In fact, every type of story, for every period of growth, is touched upon.

A group of stories interesting to the very young were commented upon by Mrs. Powell in this way:

"Beatrix Potter has given joy through her Peter Rabbit books to many thousands of children and will continue to do so, as there is a picture in color facing every printed page of the book, which makes it attractive to the child too young to read and adds to the tale for the older youth. The various animals are so clever, so naughty, so good, so very like real people, that all children love them. Of course, Peter Rabbit is a good starter, for who would not like to hear about a nice fluffy little rabbit?

"In this story, Tom Kitten did so hate to be buttoned up in a suit that was too small for him, so, when his mother, Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit (who is expecting fine company), puts him, all dressed up, out into the garden to play with Moppet and Mittens, also in their best clothes, they turn mischievous and scamper and play. It is not long before their clothes are soiled and nearly torn off. Then there are spankings and general disgrace. But upstairs (where the fine company can

not see them), they still have great fun, and as kittens often do, keep getting into mischief, making poor Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit wonder what on earth she can do with them.

"Another tale is about: 'Two Bad Mice.' They get into a lovely doll house, which belongs to two dolls, Lucinda and Jane. Tom Thumb (one of the mice) and Hunca Munca (his wife) sneak in when there is no one in the nursery. Seeing a table in the dining room, with ham and fish and many other things they like to eat, Tom Thumb starts to carve the meat. He finds it very hard work, so asks Hunca Munca to try, and she finds that the food is all made of plaster. That angers them and they do as much damage as possible, carrying off everything they think will be useful to them in their own home. At Christmas time, they again visit the doll house, placing a small coin in Lucinda's stockings, feeling that in this way they have repaid the dolls for the trouble they gave them."

The trusting duck and her troubles are an old fable in a new guise.

"Jemima Puddle Duck objected to having her eggs hatched by someone else, so she decided to hide them in a barn, selected by a gentlemanly-acting fox. He appears to be greatly interested in Jemima's problem and promises to help her. Each afternoon she lays a beautiful egg and when there are nine in the nest, she tells the gentlemanly fox that she intends to sit on them next day. At this point the real gentleman enters the picture, for the collie-dog asks Jemima where she goes each afternoon. After much persuasion, Jemima tells him the story and the collie-dog smiles a little as he listens. Jemima on the following day goes to the barn, where she meets the gentlemanly fox, and is a little surprised at the new tones he uses when speaking to her. She is not really afraid, though. In a few minutes after her arrival she hears a patter of feet, and oh! such scuffling and squealing—for collie-dog and two of his dog friends have caught the gentlemanly fox. He was not seen again. Then, before the collie-dog could prevent, the dog friends dashed into the barn and ate the eggs. Poor Jemima duck was escorted home in tears, as she did not want to lose her eggs. Later she was allowed to sit on another nest she had made, and while she hoped to hatch a big family, only four ducks were hatched. She said she was 'so very nervous'; but then, Jemima was always a bad sitter.

"There are sixteen Beatrix Potter books, and each one proves more fascinating than the preceding story. Any of these will interest children from two to four, sometimes older."

There have been many tales of the little girl "who was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid," and the fairy tale written by Marie, dowager queen of Rumania, carries the moral.

To quote Mrs. Powell:

"Naughty Kildeen, by Marie, Queen of Rumania, is a delightful fairy story. The scene opens in the old world—probably Rumania—with a king and queen yearning for a child. Finally a baby girl comes to them and everyone in the entire kingdom rejoices with them—that is, all except an old woman, an apple vendor, who has a cold in her head (and her picture illustrates that she can be very cross and mean).

"The baby is spoiled, for everyone jumps if she so much as wriggles an eyebrow. When she is offered food and it displeases her, she throws it away—just to see its effect upon others. It does not take long until she is so thoroughly spoiled that even she does not have a good time. At this point, the fairies step in. They claim that at heart she is a sweet, lovable child. They finally gain the parents' consent to take the seven-year-old princess away with them. They place her in charge of fourteen big eagles, who can hold their heads up a bit more regally than even a princess.

"She is fed, and when she becomes angry and throws the food away, they let her go without. A warm, medium soft—but not too soft—pallet is placed on the floor for her and when she has a tantrum they just go away and leave her. When it is time to bathe, an eagle picks her up in his strong talons and carries her to the river, where she is given a swim, then picked up and carried back to the home of the fairies.

"At the end of a year, the little girl finds that if she would be loved, she too must be loving, and after the eagles test her in many ways, they decide that she is ready to be taken home to her parents.

"Her father and mother in the meantime have learned their lesson also, and when the eagle, who was commissioned by the fairies, goes for them so they may call for their daughter, the day becomes as wonderful as the 'great day' when she rides among her people on her white pony, receiving the applause of the populace."

Swimming Pool Department Reorganized

● Mrs. Eveline Parker has been named executive manager of the City Club Swimming Pool Department, and under her enthusiastic direction a number of interesting features are being arranged.

Hereafter two instructors will be on hand to take care of the patrons. They are Orma Whelan and Mae Mezger, both experts of long and successful experience.

One of the new departures in taking care of Swimming Pool activities is the arrangement by which Volunteer Service will assist, as in the Beauty Salon, the Library, and other departments of the Club. A squad of Volunteers will be in the office of the Pool throughout the day to take care of appointments.

The hours for Volunteer Service will probably be from 10 to 1 o'clock and from 1 to 4 o'clock, and on Thursday evenings from 6 to 9. Members wishing to volunteer for this service may leave their names at the Executive Office.

Snapped at the City Club Swimming Pool: Left to right, Miss Orma Whelan, John Pruitt, Harriet Dickie and Jane Dickie.

Zemula Pierce, John Pruitt and Janet Loeb

Swimming Pool Calendar

●

Tuesday, 4 P.M., Children's Hour.
Friday, 5:30 P.M., Senior Life Saving Class.

SEPTEMBER

Novice Meet (date to be announced later).

OCTOBER 31

Hallowe'en Party (Children).

DECEMBER

Christmas Party (Children).

Broadway Pastures---Green and Otherwise

—HAROLD HELVENSTON

● *The Green Pastures* has never been over-rated and probably never will be. This story of the Bible, projected through the simple and fantastic eye of the negro, was so charmingly conceived and so admirably produced that all the praise in the world could not do it justice. It was my privilege to see the 505th performance and I can truthfully say that there was all the vigor and freshness of a production in its first week, plus the precision gained by the experience of a year's run. One great truth stands out—negroes do not grow stale—at least, they did not in this particular instance. Richard B. Harrison was so perfectly convincing and so utterly human in the rôle of The Lord that one wondered how The Lord, in terms of the negro, could be pictured in any other way. The entire scheme of the author was revealed by this one delightful character. After seeing Harrison in the part, I do not wonder that Al Jolson was refused the rights to portray the same rôle on the screen. Despite the glamour of the amusing settings and costumes, I think that Marc Connelly left his audience with something pretty close to great in the last scene, where the Lord God Jehovah sits with his angels, bewildered with the mortal mess that has resulted from his own "special idea" of inhabiting the earth with humankind. The glorious unifying element of the production — the spirituals—were not only carefully chosen but psychologically placed and rendered with such power that the play could really be called thrilling. *The Green Pastures* is a delightful left-over from last season and bids fair to give *Abie's Irish Rose* a run for its money.

Speaking of laughs, I received my greatest ones (which, by the way, were almost continuous) from two comedies: Paul Osborn's *The Vinegar Tree* and Noel Coward's *Private Lives*. Paul Osborn, who had to date at least two failures, whipped suddenly into fame with a good, smart comedy, but I feel that Osborn has his lucky stars to thank for having at the head of his cast Mary Boland. Her stupidities, so carefully built up by a technique all her own, her supporting cast, and the generally excellent timing and climaxing of the scenes by Winchell Smith, the director, sent me away from the theatre with the exhausting but somewhat comfortable feeling of having laughed myself almost to death.

Mr. Coward's comedy was of a different sort. I might begin with the truth that almost any play can be made pleasant by the presence of either Gertrude Lawrence or Noel Coward, but in the case of *Private Lives*, in which we were given the rare privilege to see both of them together, it was like "eating your cake and having it too." The play was like whipped cream—fluff—the foam of a wave of fun. It was just as if the author, filled with the idle banter of sophisticated circles, suddenly awakened to the fact that he had enough jokes for another play. In *Private Lives*, Coward's versatility popped out in a dose of playwriting and song-writing, and we also had with us Mr. Coward, the actor, director, and crooner. He was about the shrewdest dramatist on Broadway this season for having written a play calling for only four actors and two settings (one of the settings was the worst I believe I have ever seen on any stage). The lines of *Private Lives* are the quintessence of abbreviation and epigram. He out-Wildes Wilde—and the whole thing was put over by the foolishness and happy-go-lucky miming of Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence, together with one of the funniest free-for-all fights with pillows and things I have seen since the second act of *The Apple Cart*. In looking back at his other plays, it is difficult to believe that the same man could have written two things as different as *The Vortex* and *Private Lives*.

The two women deserving the greatest credit of the season are Katherine Cornell and Eva Le Gallienne. America should be thankful for both of them. Miss Cornell, who this season turned her own producer, played a long shot and won. She produced a costume play at a time when the theatre-going public was sure it did not want one. In *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* she took the chance of offending those who know (or think they know) the facts concerning the Barrett family, upon which the play is presumably based. There are undoubtedly those who would hesitate to believe certain relationships incident to the almost mythical love affair between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, such as Mr. Besier sets forth in his manuscript. One of the outstanding features of the play was the charged atmosphere of the scenes between the two lovers as they discussed the ways and means of overcoming the deadly yoke of paternal piety which impelled its gloom so completely over the Barrett home, and which was almost the breaking of the sensitive, lovely Elizabeth. (I can compare the moment just before the first entrance of Robert Browning only with the expectancy that prevailed in the second scene of *The Green Pastures* when, with the negroes gathered for the fish fry, the Angel Gabriel blew his horn and said, "Stand back and make way for the Lord God Jehovah.") The virtuosity of the acting was marked by three performances: Miss Cornell's *Elizabeth Barrett*, a rôle so beautiful in its delicate handling and so masterful in the technique of characterization, from the invalid of the first act to the full-blooming, lovely creature of the third; the utter manliness and charm of Brian Aherne, a newcomer whose initial work as the poet-lover has won him a staunch place in the theatre of this country; and Charles Waldron, who as the sinister father carried the antagonistic element of the play after the first act. Only by viewing

ie play as done by the Cornell-McClintic combine an one ever believe it could be so beautiful—a veri- ible cameo of romance! Would that anyone could lay a maid as delightfully as Brenda Forbes, whose age business of removing Flush, the dog, and sailing erenely through a door that is in the act of closing, as proof enough that a master had been responsible r the direction. Another laurel for Guthrie McClintic, liss Cornell's husband.

Susan Glaspell—Alison's House—Eva Le Gallienne -but the greatest of these is Eva Le Gallienne, whose ork as actor-director was greatly responsible for hav- g captured for Miss Glaspell the coveted Pulitzer rize. I cannot see why the play was given the award. he first act is mediocre, the second is more interest- g (especially when the dreary mood is relieved some- hat by a little bit of romance)—at least the second t inspires hope in the third—which is pretty bad. he idealization of the memory of Alison Stanhope ecomes thoroughly tiresome. Then, too, after the uthor has built up such a definite aura about every- ing that is Alison's, why could not the scene de- gner, Aline Bernstein, have done a setting befitting is mood? Speaking of the acting, I saw Eva Le Galli- ne some eight or nine years ago at the Blackstone heatre in Chicago. She was playing in Molnar's *he Swan*. I shall never forget her playing opposite asil Rathbone—she was very fine even then, but ow—practically ten years later—I think she is one of e finest actresses we have, and I venture to say that she improves in the next few years at the rate she is improved in the last ten, she will no doubt develop to an American Bernhardt.

Then, *Grand Hotel*—the storm! This, one of the best- puted and most wildly-heralded shows of the season. suppose that I was filled too full of expectation — so ll that no matter how well done the play, I should ve still been disappointed. I had heard too much out the number of scenes—the rapidity with which ey were changed. The truth is that the scenery and fects had to be good or else the production would not ve survived its first week. (I talked with an assistant age manager who told me that everyone connected th the show had, on the night of dress rehearsal, felt at it would never open the next evening.) I saw the agon-stages; of course they were clever, but New rk is wagon and revolving-stage mad—and besides, y should such a technical means to an end be the ason for a play's success? Miss Leontovich, whom we w on the Pacific coast in *Candlelight*, was the prin- pal star, supported ably by Henry Hull, Siegfried umann, Sam Jaffe, and others. They were grand, th Sam Jaffe topping all of them as the sick man o wanted to have a little enjoyment before he died. ut—I think the reason I liked *Grand Hotel* was be- use of the deft, Continental touch in its direction. was told that Fritz Feld was responsible for a great al of the staging. He was reputed to have worked th Reinhardt. On the program he is mentioned as sistant director. Anyway, *Grand Hotel* would have been grander had there not been such a flagrant touch of technical bragging and perhaps, too—if everyone who saw the play could have read the excellent book from which it was adapted.

I went to see Pirandello because I always go to see Pirandello. As I sat watching *As You Desire Me*, I just wished that it could have been the first long play of the author. With essentially the same elements of truth and identity as one finds in *Right You Are*, Pirandello made a much more interesting story of *As You Desire Me*. Not developing this play as simply and as smoothly as some of his other pieces, the majority of the scenes are too much of an harangue. However, I think this play is greater than *Right You Are*, because the outcome of the conflict concerns everyone in the play—the climax is greater! The first act, with Judith Anderson putting forth her best in sustaining an hysterical stupor, was fine—consistent. The play as a whole, however, with its repetitions, tantrums, and tirades was almost too much to ask an audience to sit through. There was a certain welcome feeling that came in viewing the stage groupings—if for no other reason than these visual compositions, any student would know the play was Pirandello. Judith Anderson is one of the best examples of an actress who depends pretty much on her bodily posture to "get her over"; her face is very ordinary, but even that is used to good advantage back of the footlights.

Precedent, a play in three acts and nine scenes, written by an attorney turned dramatist, and presumably based upon the facts of the Mooney-Billings case, was produced on a shoestring in the old Provincetown Playhouse and received so much attention and favorable comment that its youthful producers have moved it uptown to more pretentious quarters. In this play was one of the neatest little pieces of acting and staging in New York—powerful, gripping, tense. The day I saw it, one man was so thoroughly moved that at the end of the performance he held up his hand to stay the audience a moment while he proceeded to express his views upon the case.

Five-Star-Final was an exposé of the tabloid newspaper, done so rip-roaringly upon three revolving stages, that the audience had scarcely drawn its breath before the last curtain had rung down. Arthur Byron was practically the whole show, with the exception of two people in minor rôles.

One of the most interesting things I saw was a production at Yale University of a play called *People On a Hill*. It was a story of Carmel and Carmelites. The utter abandon which we either like or dislike thinking exists on the Monterey peninsula, was charmingly portrayed in a play that, if you care for idealistic plays, was good. It was amusing to see the exterior setting showing a Monterey cypress—a rather good scenic attempt, even if it was done by someone whom I believe not only has never been to Carmel but probably has never seen a Monterey cypress tree.

New York has ceased to worry about the reason why the Theatre Guild produced Shaw's *Getting Married*.

I can only say that I enjoyed a few minutes during the latter part. I slept throughout most of it.

The finest setting of its kind I saw was one by Rollo Wayne for Henry Bernstein's drama, *Melo*. It was a graveyard in Paris and was doubly effective because the entire scene was played in pantomime.

One of the funniest things I have read during the past two months was something by Walter Winchell about *Brass Ankle*, the new and dreary thing by Dubose Heyward, author of *Porgy*. It seems that during one of the performances of this play the head of the prop baby fell off and rolled across the stage floor, but that didn't stop the actors—one of them simply picked it up, replaced it on the body, and the play went right on. An actor should always know what to do when someone loses his head—and these did.

The very worst musical show I have ever seen is *The Wonder Bar*, with Al Jolson. People say that in Europe it was done splendidly, but here—with a theatre redecorated to resemble a cabaret (black oilcloth with red and silver paint), two real bars (someone in the cast, a former Stanford student, said real drinks), and a large cast—it was just "too much mustard." There was too much Jolson without his ever being really clever. His gags were old, his voice was raspy and hoarse, and he made a little too much of a monkey out of himself, jesting about everyone from his own father to the members of the cast. Improvisation is all very well if an actor knows when to stop. The plot, if any, was very stupid, and I believe I am correct in stating that no actor had over six or eight lines in the play. The only things that were at all good on the evening when I was given passes (I couldn't see $6.60 apiece for tickets) were one song, a Hebrew chant, by Mr. Jolson, and a very good specialty dance by two negroes.

A word should be spoken about Philip Barry's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*. In the first place, Barry, along with George Kelley (who has not done so well lately), is the one man above all others in this country I had rather watch—as far as playwriting is concerned. Consistently prolific and far more interesting than the majority of dramatists, he has shown in his ten or eleven plays the most remarkable development of writing and has given the most "searching-without-effort" theme material of all playwrights except O'Neill. All of this in due respect to Barry! Furthermore, he is the nattiest writer of the crispette type of dialogue I know. But, in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* he has given a vest-pocket edition of *Strange Interlude*, with the exception that there is no "Good Ole Charley," unless it be the valet to the doctor. For this type of play I enjoyed the *entertainment* of *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* immensely, and while viewing it felt something deft and fine in it, but two hours or less after the curtain I felt as though I had eaten a cream puff. It was delicious while it lasted but I was left very hungry. Of course, the dialogue and acting were the two features. Herbert Marshall was superb and, with the exception of the flying gesture of Zita Johann in the final scene, when she is saying goodbye to the man she likes to think she wished she had married (and the father of her child)—she was grand! One of the funniest things I noticed about the play was Barry's getting a lot of pet ideas off his mind. For example, he has one of his characters say when a maid bring in a tray of food, "Oh, I hate trays." Well, of course, trays have practically nothing to do with the play, but that is just it—the author is having a fine time getting rid of his nothings. I do not think this play is as good as *Hotel Universe*—it was not as universal, there were too many tricks, and the second and third acts descended with lack of interest.

In benediction, let me say that there were some very fine plays this season, but they could all be counted on the fingers of two hands. Among those I shall not review are Rachel Crother's *As Husbands Go*, and of course that masterful satire, *Once in a Lifetime*. However, from the point of view of material for University production, I think there are fewer plays to be taken from the gamut of this last season than there have ever been before.

TALENT FESTIVAL
1931

The product of my talent to be offered the City Club will be

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Mail to Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

EDITORIAL

Wednesday, October 21, and Thursday, October 22, are the dates of the Talent Festival, the :cond event of the kind to be held at the Women's ity Club, which, it is confidently expected, will prove ven more gratifying than that which last year in- ugurated what will doubtlessly be an annual inter- ide for many years to come. For with the first Fes- val the officers and members of the City Club learned ow much real talent is contained in the membership, ow greatly some of the exhibitors dream and do, nd, being cognizant of the wealth of creative ability, e now eager for yearly manifestation of it.

The dates have been set forward two weeks from ie time originally planned because of the setting for- ard of the dates of the Community Chest drive. The tter is brought forward into the autumn because of nergency due to the financial depression, and the ity Club set its Talent Festival forward so that mem- ers would be free to assist in the Chest activities.

Every Tuesday for many weeks there have been ieetings held in the mellow glow of the Echo Window n the Fourth Floor. Here interesting details of the 'alent Festival have been charted. Here members ave exchanged confidences as to the kinds of ex- ibits they are going to show. Here the committee has xplained that the Festival is not a bazaar or a fair, ut a showing of achievement born of the special ilent or genius of the Club member. Painting, books, aps, etchings, fine handcraft, embroideries, brass nd pottery, sculpture (chiseled or moulded), charts, usic compositions, gowns, hats—any tangible thing hich the maker regards the apotheosis of her pet ilent, her ability along any line raised to the utter- ost degree—will be exhibited.

The Collectors' Exhibit, held a few weeks ago at the ity Club, was entirely different. In that display, hich filled the Club Auditorium with a bewildering rray of lovely things, the members indicated their ppreciation of wares created by others. In the Talent estival they will show articles made by themselves, ie very bone and sinew of their own capabilities.

On October 21 and 22, the City Club will become a irine at which will be laid the choicest gifts of mem- ers, things by which they are willing to be known to ieir gods of achievement.

The committee in charge, which consists of
Miss Marion W. Leale, Chairman,
Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Miss Katherine Donohoe
Mrs. A. B. Stephens
Mrs. F. B. Tupper
and Miss Margaret Zane,
has arranged that the exhibits shall be segregated according to certain classifications. It is now the plan to have only loan exhibits in the Auditorium. Nothing that is shown there will be sold. The exhibits are to be admired and appreciated to the deepest, but not sold.

On the lower main floor, the gallery on which the Swimming Pool and Beauty Salon are located, will be exhibited articles appertaining to the Pool and its needs, such as caps, powder puffs, bath mats, bathing suits and rubber bags.

Each floor will be decorated by its own special committee, and each will be appropriate in setting and connotation.

The Second Floor, for instance, will be a representation of a quaint street, a sort of Pomander Walk stylized to utilitarian exigencies. On this floor will be shown applied arts, handcraft of all kinds, scrap books, posters, and other pasted things, and here the wares will be sold. Stalls and tables may follow the example of the old guild halls of England or the modernistic corridors of contemporary shops, according to the fancy of the exhibitors, but the whole floor as a unit will conform to the street idea.

Food stuffs will be confined to the Third Floor. Italian viands will be found in the National Defenders' Room, Spanish dishes in the Annex, and the Waffle Crew, which worked so enthusiastically (and remuneratively) last year, will hold forth in the Mural Dining Room.

● Chairmen of the various sections of the Talent Festival have been appointed as follows:

Mrs. Louis Carl will have charge of articles appertaining to the Swimming Pool, Beauty Salon, and related activities, on the floor assigned to them.

Mrs. Philip A. Coxon will have charge of all exhibits and articles on the second floor, with the following chairmen of sections under her supervision:

Toys, Miss Emogene Hutchinson.
Children's Corner, Mrs. Coxon.
Applied Arts, Miss Ethel Young.
Garden Exhibits and Accessories, Misses Jean Boyd and Katherine Donohoe.
Kitchen and Bathroom, Miss Catherine Allen.
Books and Book-Ends, Mrs. William P. Lucas
Paintings, Textiles, Weaving, and Tapestries, Miss Rose Pauson.
Mrs. John Speyer will direct the Waffle Crew.
Mrs. Douglas Cushman will direct the exhibit and sale of cooking in Italian style.
Mrs. Berthold Lazarus will have charge of Jams, Jellies, and the like.
Magazine Bags, Miss D. C. Burtchaell.
Candies, Miss Elsa Garrett.
Miscellaneous, Mrs. H. K. Shaw.

Other Chairmen will be named in a few days.

Maynard Dixon Recreates the West

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● Maynard Dixon began his life as an artist at the age of six, lying on the livingroom floor cutting confederate soldiers and Southern Pacific trains out of paper. The family lived in Fresno, California, then a wide open town where shooting one's neighbor on the street over gambling or water right disputes was etiquette. Besides one water tank, one general store, and twenty-seven saloons, there was the law firm of Fayomville and Dixon.

When hell broke loose, Dixon, Senior, headed a vigilance committee and cleaned up the town. To that gentleman of action from Virginia his son was an enigma. Instead of boys' games, he was always drawing pictures with his left hand.

It looked awkward, but the pictures were good; they were everywhere—on the barn doors, on the flour barrel, on pieces of cardboard, on scrap paper, and finally neatly arranged in note books. Drawings of the town, of broncos on the prairie, of Southern Pacific trains, cattle and cowboys, Indians and Civil War veterans.

One day the young artist, then about 16, discovered an illustration by Remington in a magazine. It made such a deep impression that he sent a notebook of his drawings to the illustrator, and Remington's praise in reply decided Maynard Dixon that he would make art his life work. It was soon after he came to San Francisco to attend the California School of Design, which was then on Pine Street, directed by Arthur Matthews.

In this way life, as a commercial artist, began for the man who, 25 years later, gave up illustration because, in the remote and desolate places, he had learned to look at nature honestly, and the urge to express for his own purpose what he felt became more important than monetary security. Anita Baldwin gave him the first opportunity to do creative work, and later, in 1907, he did his first decoration in the Southern Pacific station at Tucson.

Maynard Dixon

With the changes in the world, brought about by the war, and the beginning of our modern awareness, Maynard Dixon entered a new phase in his development. New backgrounds — new perspective — Dorothea Lange — modern thought and modern art — Spengler — Havelock Ellis — Roger Fry — keeping pace, but never losing his individuality.

As an individual he is both colorful and complex. Cowboy hat and boots, orange tie—garlic and vino against a background of Virginian gentleman in black stock, with fine, sensitive hands. A man who is gentle with women and children, and with broken-down artists. We have caught him touching up their drab pot boilers so they would sell. Caustic with shams and bitterly rude with him who vaunts himself.

Maynard Dixon, painter and decorator of today, is making a real contribution to American Art. He knows and loves our Western country. He has something to say—and he says it in a way that has both vision and design, and is always personal—Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Arizona, and California. From out the richness of his experience, his painting speaks to us. In his own words, "To recreate on canvas the wonder and beauty that I extract from this amazing Western World of ours is for me enough."

City Club Announcements

Bridge Tea

● A Bridge Tea has been arranged for Saturday afternoon, August 29, in the Annex and Mural Room. Cards will be played from 2 to 4 P.M., after which refreshments will be served. Members will provide cards for their tables; also prizes, if desired.

This is an excellent opportunity for that long intended social obligation to be fulfilled and, at the same time, the hospitality of the Club can be extended to friends. It is particularly hoped that many of the new members who play bridge will be among our guests.

Tickets are 50c and may be procured from the Bridge Committee or at the Room Secretary's desk.

The Bridge Committee includes:
Miss Ida J. Lord,
Miss Isabelle E. Banz,
Miss Harriet Adams,
Mrs. Nettie Metzger.

Guests Appreciate Atmosphere

● One of the privileges of membership in the Club is that of giving to the guest in our midst an opportunity to stay in the clubhouse and combine hotel accommodations and an atmosphere of home. Our eastern and southern visitors have particularly emphasized the fact that they have appreciated the privilege and enjoyed the atmosphere of the Club.

Tea and Coffee Cans Wanted

● Miss Elsa Garrett, chairman of the Candy Committee for the Talent Festival of October 21 and 22, wants empty tea and coffee cans of quarter, half, one, one-and-one-half, and two-pound sizes. Candy will be packed in these canisters, which must have covers.

Talent Festival Luncheons

● A special table in the Cafeteria will be reserved every Friday for Talent Festival workers and committee heads. Any member wishing to discuss her exhibit is invited to meet with committee heads Fridays at luncheon.

Dr. Henry Speaks at Luncheon

● Dr. Leigh Henry, one of the most distinguished music critics of Great Britain, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the City Club, Monday, July 27. Dr. Henry, who is assistant editor of the London Musical Standard, made a plea for Americans to foster music interpretive of their own ideals and consciousness. Mrs. A. P. Black presided at the luncheon.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

I

IMATE LETTERS FROM FRANCE: 1917-1919; *by Elizabeth Ashe;* Bruce Brough Press, San Francisco.

The tide of war books has ebbed. They came in successive waves. The ely books were of outrage and sacrifice, fing young blood with the ardor of a new c sade. Then, in mid-stream, came with t meticulous accuracy of photographic nords, the stories of trench-mud and wunds and blood and disillusion and dth. Our throats were choked with hor-rs. But we did not stop talking of "the nt war." Not even "The Road Home," wh its sister-books of the post-war period, h accomplished that! What other scourge n st we have, to cure us of the habit of w?

The mind of the world is occupied now b grappling with the difficult problems of p ce—peace after a world-war! But now a l then a reminiscent book appears wich wipes out the intervening time and c nges, and takes us back fifteen, sixteen y rs to those first days of horror and pity, w en the youth of our country thrilled to t hope of making the world "safe." Miss Ae's "Intimate Letters from France" nke those ardent days live again. Writ-t under the stress of work abroad to her n st intimate friends at home, and with-o thought of publication, they are a hentic bits of life from 1917-1918. Miss C ffith, one of the friends to whom the l ers were written, says in the introduc-th, "No editing of the extracts has been p sible. To have attempted this would h e been to mar the essence of their s ength; that strength which comes from t simplicity of a great purpose deepened a l ennobled by the vision of the uncon-q rable soul of France."

Miss Ashe's life had peculiarly fitted her f the piece of Red Cross organization wich was her "bit" of service in France—a rvice which one would be proud to look b k upon. Founder of the Telegraph Hill Nighborhood Association in San Fran-c o and the Bothin Convalescent Home f Women and Children in Marin County, sh had for years been grappling with the s e problem of the relief of suffering wich the American Red Cross was called u on to face in France. When Dr. William P mer Lucas, of the University of Cali-f nia Hospital, was called upon to form t first pediatric unit to be sent to France, h invited Miss Ashe to undertake the o anization of the nursing service, and h acceptance of this task transferred her fi m the Base Hospital Unit 30 where she h been accepted for foreign service.

The letters begin in Washington, where sh had "such an exciting day," meeting t "Commission, as it is called, consisting o twelve doctors with big reputations, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Slemons, and myself, to organize the nursing end of it." Then at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, buying uniforms; and "out in the harbor waiting for our convoy." An exciting half-page tells of the U-boat attack when they "tumbled out at 7 A.M., clad hastily—my carefully-thought-out costume being the green sweater, black knickers fastened by one hook, which I intended to drop if we took to the life-boats, all surmounted by Miss Glider's tam-o-shanter. It seemed so strange to be discussing clothes at the most exciting crisis of one's life. All of this was surrounded by a life-preserver. The firing lasted about thirty minutes." In another letter, one finds that she had first buckled Miss Glider into the big life-preserver suit, keeping the ordinary life-preserver for herself. Characteristic.

Letters are dated "Somewhere in France," Paris, Evian-les-Bains, en route to Rouen, Lyons, "Name of Place Censored." It all comes back, doesn't it? How we waited for those postmarks, we stay-at-homes who were trying to keep the home-fires burning!

From Evian-les-Bains, she writes in October, '17, "Each time here in France you imagine that you have witnessed the depths of misery until you take the next step. It would be impossible for me with my poor descriptive powers to give you any picture of the arrival of the trains here twice a day, bringing in the 'repatries' from Belgium. These poor creatures arrive 500 at a time, night and morning.—I thought yesterday that nothing could be sadder than the sight of these poor families landing at Evian, homeless, penniless, and forlorn, but with joy in their faces at being again in France. The invariable answer, when you ask them if they are fatigued after their three days of frightful discomfort, 'I was, but now I am in France, all fatigue is forgotten.' The worst of it is, their troubles are anything but at an end. The difficulty of finding them homes is almost unsurmountable. When you think of 1000 people of all helpless ages arriving in one small town every day, you can imagine what it means. If they are not quickly moved on, the congestion is terrific, so trains moving them in and moving them out are always being met by a stream of people, nurses, attendants, and ambulances.—I began this letter yesterday, just after meeting the train filled with 680 Belgian children under 12 years. It was the most tragic sight imaginable. Two-thirds of the children were taken from their parents and sent to France to be supported. The majority of the children arrived in a very excited, happy state of mind, shouting 'Vive la France!' but many little girls wept bitterly."

The letters climb the scale of vividness to "Paris, Palm Sunday, March 24th, 1918: This is really becoming a perfect bore. One never gets settled but that 'Alert' sounds, and we are routed out of our beds. Now that the planes come at night and we are bombarded by day, there is no rest for the weary. I get so sleepy that I cannot keep my eyes open to be alarmed. The guns boomed every twenty minutes all day. It is astonishing that a gun has such a long range. The poor have the hardest time through all this. They live in rickety old houses, with poorly constructed cellars. They hover until midnight around the entrance of the Metros with their children clinging to them and with little bundles in their hands.

"March 28, 1918: Easter approaches. The battle rages. The forces of Satan seem to prevail over the Prince of Peace; seem to prevail but will not prevail, although things look very black. Fleeing people bring news of conquering forces, sweeping in upon us, but I have absolute faith in the ultimate result. Every one is calm and unafraid.

"Paris, March 31st, 1918: Easter Day at dawn. I simply cannot sleep through these dreadful nights, for the moon has been so bright that nightfall does not bring a cessation of the killing. . . . Our losses in Paris seem such a trifling matter compared with the thousands who are falling to protect us. You know, of course, that eighty-five people were killed while they were at a church on Good Friday.—I cannot tell you how I admire the spirit of these heroic people. Face to face with total annihilation, they stand perfectly calm and serene and politely smiling at us strangers whom they never permit to penetrate their reserve. It is a self-restraint that makes one stand and uncover the head as they pass through this fiery ordeal."

It is good for us to go back, to remember the price that was paid, particularly just now, I think, when Mr. Hoover is trying to lead the nations out of their post-war misery. It is good for us to remember the

war-wounds, lest we be impatient because they are not yet healed. They were too deep, too bitter, to heal quickly. Slowly, slowly, the wounded nations learn that we stand only in each other's strength, and not alone. If only, through this second crucifixion, they may learn, before it is forever too late, that by pulling down we are ourselves pulled down; that we stand only *together;* that we continue to exist only through the simplicity of the helping hand. How have we lost that lesson which we thought we had learned in 1917-1918 for all time!

The letters go on through organization, hospitalization, nursing the wounded soldiers, to a crescendo in the celebration of July Fourth in Paris, "a never-to-be-forgotten day to those who were privileged to take part in the ceremonies. —The Stars and Stripes decorated every building.— Our flag was placed in the center, flanked on each side by French flags. To our delight the nurses were asked by the French government to march in the parade. It was the first time women have ever marched in a parade in Paris. I carried the flag. It was the proudest moment of my life; in fact, I don't think I ever had that proud feeling before. But when we fell in line behind the Marines, our band playing Dixie, and I held that banner on high to the cheers of the crowd, 'Vive l'Amerique!', I really felt that I had reached the supreme moment of my life. When we marched by the grandstand where Joffre, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, and the President were seated, I dipped the flag, following the instructions of an army officer. I was terribly excited doing that, as I had to keep step at the same time, count spaces, etc., and see the flag didn't touch. After it was over, another army officer told me that I shouldn't have dipped the flag; that only regimental colors were dipped, not the flag,—it got dipped, anyway, correct or not!"

We follow the letters, and later her diary, through Chateau-Thierry, and on to Armistice Day. "When the sound of cannon boomed the joyful news that the longed-for peace had come, it took Dr. Lucas and me about two minutes to descent from the fifth floor to the square below where already boys were decorating the spirited equestrian statue of Joan of Arc which faces our windows. The French seemed stunned at first—they couldn't in a minute throw off these four years of horror and grief. But the Red Cross turned out strong, a drum appeared from somewhere, I produced my flag, which is a beauty, an equally large French one was found, a poilu mounted the statue, and in a moment a mad crowd was singing the Marseillaise. So many people were crying that it was a little difficult. Then a procession formed. The drummer, our most staid and dignified Red Cross worker, led, followed by the French, British, and our flag. If you could have seen me marching between a Tommy and a wounded poilu, the latter helping me carry the flag with his good arm! A French boy scout carried the French flag. The whole of Paris seemed to join in the parade. You never saw anything like it."

Do you remember the streets of San Francisco on that day? The streets of the world were one street, that day. We thought that Hate was ended.

On December 22nd, 1918, she "went over the battlefields in the region of Chateau-Thierry.—Although I have seen villages more wrecked than those I have been through these past two days, none have affected me so deeply, as this was the land our boys fought over. It was here their young lives were sacrificed for future freedom. I received the poor wrecked remnants of those heroic regiments at the hospital at Neuilly, fresh from the battlefield, and heard the tale from the lips of boys still too exalted to be exhausted in spite of loss of blood and lack of food.—It all again was a living reality as I stood by the wrecked bridge, saw the fatal wood which they crawled through under terrific fire, and saw the forest of crosses, which tell their tragic tale in that shattered forest. Will the world forget it all in less than a decade and go on its selfish way just as it did after the Civil War and all the other great wars in history? Will the survivors of this heroic struggle have to fight equally hard to live and earn their daily bread in this world they have supposedly made free? It is a fearful problem and one which I think will have to be faced without delay if this war is not be followed by internal bloodshed and revolution in every country engaged in it. The horror of taking human life has passed away from men. They contemplate death very calmly, and many have been brooding through the long watches of the night on the injustice of life.—I, with you, feel much fear and unrest for the future. I fear we have not a life of tranquil peace in which to spend our last quarter-century, if we live so long." That was written in December, 1918.

* * * *

There were other books to be reviewed today. But they can wait, while we think of this book—"lest we forget."

Mrs. Hugh Brown to Give Dramatic Readings at Teas in City Club Cafeteria

● Mrs. Hugh Brown, member of the Women's City Club, whose dramatic readings in San Francisco and other California cities have delighted audiences for several years, will give a series of six interpretations of current plays at the Women's City Club in the next six months, with tea served after the program. The first will be September 21 and the readings will be given monthly thereafter, which will make three this year and three after the first of next year.

The readings will be given in the Cafeteria on the third Monday of each month, at 2:15 o'clock. Mrs. John P. Coghlan and Mrs. E. L. Grisell are head of the committee in charge. Tickets for the course of six readings will be five dollars and single tickets will be one dollar each. If one purchases the six tickets for five dollars they may be used all at one reading or seriatum, as the purchaser pleases.

Hostesses may thus entertain parties of six, twelve, or eighteen, extending to her guests an exposition of the play of the moment and tea at the same time.

At the first Dramatic Tea of the series, September 21, Mrs. Brown will read "As Husbands Go," by Rachel Crothers, now running in New York. It is a charming, light comedy, a "runner up" for the 1931 Pulitzer prize.

At the October tea, which is to be Monday, the nineteenth, Mrs. Brown will read "Five Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn, a gripping melodrama of a ruthless tabloid newspaper. "Five Star Final" also is now playing in New York.

Subjects of other drama tea reading will be announced in succeeding issues of the Magazine.

Mrs. Hugh Brown

Richard Hodges Allen Expounds Modern Approach to Art in the Home and Art in Dress

—ALMA JANNAPOLIS

Richard Hodges Allen spoke July 14 before the members of the Women's City Club and their iends on "Modern Approach to Art and Art in Dress." Mr. Allen, who is a Californian, has studied in urope and New York in more recent years, and is)w associated with the University of California Ex- nsion Department.

Inasmuch as this informal talk was in the nature of prelude to the course of lectures and demonstrations hich Mr. Allen will give later, he outlined several pics in a sketchy manner, but gave many concrete amples of the application or mis-application of art inciples.

After listening to many devotees of the cult modne, especially as seen in pictures and sculpture, it as gratifying to hear the speaker admit that all that hung is not "art." Too many exhibitors are still eking for something they have not yet found in rm and values and contrast.

To many of us modern art means just a series of igles as applied to architecture; a jumbled mass of eird arms and legs as applied to sculpture and a)nglomerate hodge-podge of colors and distorted rms as applied to painting. These examples are the ork of those who are seeking, and should not be oked upon as finished results, for this is the Transi- on Stage in our art, and every age has had its transi- on period.

Mr. Allen does not uphold the distortion, dispro-)rtion, and lack of values that are too often found)wadays. His work lies in the cultivation of the sim- icity of the modern trend.

The simplicity of the pattern of things, while new us, is of an unknown antiquity in the Orient. The)eaker referred several times to the art of Japan, to hich artists in every line are turning more and more r inspiration in their work, and mentioned, in par- cular, the old wood-blocks, than which there are no ner examples in the world of color contrasts and alues in light and shade.

Mr. Allen laid great stress upon the correct use of ght and shadow, giving concrete examples of their se in decreasing or increasing the apparent size of)oms in the home or elsewhere.

The lack of balance in our lighting is often caused y the use of too many windows, creating cross lights hich not only annoy us, but cut up wall spaces which ould be left intact. If windows could or would be ept to one end or one side of a room, a much better alance could be obtained and furniture could be etter placed. There is no necessity, as a rule, for so any windows. A mass of light and a mass of shade is ie ideal to be sought after.

Modern art, to a very great degree, is based upon the demand of the times in which we are living. As an example of this tendency, Mr. Allen spoke of the great difference in the form of the first "horseless carriage" and the long sweeping line of the modern "car." The demand for speed, simplicity, and beauty has evolved the motor-car of today.

As related to architecture, modern art has created the towering monuments to our American engineers. It was the lack of ground space in the Eastern states that created the tower, which in turn has been replaced by the terraced stories of the more modern sky-scraper. The gingerbread period has long since passed away and a massive simplicity will be the inheritance of tomorrow.

As related to costume, modern art has created the practical clothes of the present age.

Paris used to be the source of styles for the world, with the exception of Vienna, but as American women became more style-conscious, they demanded styles more fitting to their needs. These the American designers have been supplying for several years and are fast getting control of many lines. French houses realize this, and many of them now retain American artists on their staffs, whose names, however, are not mentioned.

Another method is for our firms to have their designs drawn here and then sent to Paris to be made up. Many reputable firms do this. In this way the American woman has become the best dressed woman in the world of today.

Nowadays our clothes, like all else, have been evolved to suit the times in which we live. It is a practical, out-of-doors age—we move quickly, we demand freedom in our clothes; we travel rapidly, we have transportation suited to our needs; in short, all our surroundings, our possessions, must be applicable.

Mr. Allen will give a course of lectures at the City Club in January, and this discourse was arranged that members be given opportunity to meet the lecturer and get an idea of his interesting method of his presenting his subject. Details of the course will be given later in the Magazine.

The committee which sponsored and arranged for the lecture included:

Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Chairman,
Mrs. S. M. Baldwin,
Mrs. C. L. Banks,
Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr.,
Mrs. B. F. Brisic,
Miss Elsa Garrett,
Miss Ruth Gedney,
Mrs. Albert Jannapolis,
Mrs. P. W. Shattuck,
Mrs. G. W. Woodland.

City Club Members Paste Attractive Scrap Books

● The group of City Club members working on the Scrap Books have completed sets of charming books, each following a color scheme and a special subject of pictures and reading matter. The picture scrap books thus made are sent to hospitals for sick children. The books of reading matter, each book following a given subject are, of course, for older invalids.

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Transformations to cover thin or faded hair.

Promise

BY "A. E."

Be not so desolate
Because thy dreams have flown
And the Hall of the Heart is empty
And silent as stone—
As age left by children,
Sad and alone.

Those delicate children,
Thy dreams, still endure:
All pure and lovely things
Wend to the pure.
Sigh not Unto the fold
Their way was sure.

Thy tenderest thought, thy frailest—
Even those that were
Born and lost in a heart-beat—
Shall meet thee there:
They are become immortal
In shining air.

The unattainable beauty—
The thought of which was pain—
That flickered in eyes and on lips
And vanished again—
That fugitive beauty
Thou shalt attain.

The lights innumerable
That led thee on and on,
The masque of Time ended,
Shall blend into one.
It shall be with thee forever,
Thy travel done

Dr. Edmund Lucas Speaks at City Club

● One of the interesting events of the month at the Women's City Club was the luncheon tendered Dr. Edmund P. Lucas, brother of Dr. William Palmer Lucas of San Francisco, on July 10. Dr. Edmund Lucas, brother-in-law of one of the directors of the City Club, is in San Francisco from Lahore in the Punjab district of India, where, as president of Forman, the largest college for Asiatics in the district, he constantly contacts young India and from that contact has derived cognizance of the dream of Gandhi, Hindu patriot, whose soul, encased in a shrunken body, contains, his followers believe, the destiny of India.

Picturing the India of centuries and Gandhi as the Hindus know him, Dr. Lucas said, in his address following the luncheon:

"Western civilization has stirred Indian life to its very depths. The time has come in India for the parting of the ways. India has grown up. She is now in a position of demanding the right to decide her own destiny. Up to the time of the war the Indian doubtless considered he was getting more good than evil out of contact with the West.

"After the war came disillusionment, and the Hindu found that the West stands for many things which India despises, such as love of wealth and materialism, things which India once had and abandoned as worthless. India has found that the West is unhappy, restless, and has not found the secret of happy living.

"If India goes completely outside the British-Indian commonwealth of nations, it will be in a spirit of hostility to the West and Western civilization. This would have a tremendous repercussion throughout Asia and Africa, shaking civilization to its foundation.

"Does Gandhi really wish to lead India into such a position of hostility to the Western world? I believe that in this issue Gandhi has never made up his mind. When he looks at the economic exploitation, militarism, and race arrogance so characteristic of certain aspects of our Western world, he tends to condemn our entire civilization as gross, brutal, and materialistic. When he thinks of the tremendous rebirth brought to India through contact with the best thought and life of the West, he dreads any growth of hostility between the better mind and spirit of the East and West.

"The great problem of India, however, is the almost insurmountable difficulties of uniting India from within. She has rarely in her history been unified. And now there is the ferment of modernism, democracy, freedom of women, compulsory education, and labor problems which is creating an amazing situation."

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Happy Summer Evenings

Scout Camp

—BY SALLY BROWN, DAUGHTER OF MRS. CASPER M. BROWN

"Grassy meadows, sun-drenched, breeze-swept mountains; towering Sequoias; tumbling waterfalls; happy faces—Scout Camp."

After the hustle and bustle that always occurs during the first opening day, Scout Camp gradually regains once again its semi-peaceful appearance. Anxious mothers and calm fathers, bereft at last, have torn themselves away from their precious little ones; children (mostly happy and carefree, a few sometimes weepy), with their last farewells and promises duly signed and delivered, betake themselves off unto their parts.

In Scout Camp, friends and chums alike may be had by all, because it is always the mecca for a thousand different types of girls; girls from rich families, girls from poor families, but all are invariably good sports and really fine scouts. The leaders (or, as we know them in Scout Camp, the animals), range from girls still in college to women in the fifties and sixties. Every girl in camp looks up to and admires these councilors and hopes, or aspires, to be someday a little, if possible, like them.

In the morning, at 6:25 every scout is far away in the land of dreams, but exactly at 6:30 the cowbell has clanged and clanged to harshly break its brazen way into each scout's blank and unresponsive brain. At first, groans and snorts are the only answer, but at 7:00 o'clock all scouts are ready for inspection and colors down at the old flag-pole. One-half hour later breakfast is served and the daily jobs, for most, begin. Freedom till ten, in which time beds are made, washing done, and jobs are completed. A signal sounds at ten, which is a herald for the stampeding of many feet toward the kitchen in order to let their owners receive mid-morning crackers and milk or fruit. From there, scouts separate to their various clubs; some go to dramatics, some to nature, some to handicraft, others to pioneering, and perhaps some to manufacture puppets out of sticks of wood and old pieces of cloth. In any case, it all depends upon where your interests center or what your favorite "animal" teaches. Twelve-thirty signifies the end of clubs and the preparation for lunch. The cowbell clangs at 1:00 o'clock and again the stampeding of feet denotes meal-time—in this case, lunch. Rest, or "siesta," lasts from 2:00 to 3:30 o'clock. Then swimming, sketching or archery takes up the rest of the time until dinner, at 6:30.

Campfire is the time for scouts and leaders to mingle together, to sing songs, tell stories, and perhaps to watch a play being given by the dramatic club. Eight-thirty P.M. is the signal for sleepy scouts to drag themselves off to their respective beds. Taps, and the end of the day sounds at 9:00 and animals, both human and otherwise, are left to crow, if they will, over peace once more in camp.

LAMPS and SHADES

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The Elephant Skin Man

—JUNE LUCAS (MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS)

Editor's Note: This story of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, held in San Francisco in 1915, is one of a series of three which Mrs. Lucas has written for the City Club Magazine.

● It was a grim, sort of sickening place, that Freak Show, and the thing he hated most was that wooden step *down* to the level of the small compartments where he and his fellow freaks were exhibited to the public who crowded the Joy Zone of the great Exposition. He had spoken of it to the owner of the Show when he signed his contract.

"I've never been in a show fixed this-a-way before. All the ones where I've been, you'd step up to look at us. This steppin' down makes me feel like an animal in a cage. I don't like it." That's what he had said, and the big fat man with round black beads for eyes had laughed, a high shrill laugh, and answered, "Yer know I ain't hirin' yer for a beauty show. I got princapuls about shows. I allus make 'em step up ter see de beauties an' step down to see de freaks. It's more thrillin' atta way. Don't ast me why. I don't know. It's jes de way human bein's act. I bin in de show business a long time an' I knows frum watchin' 'em. Dey likes to step *down* to see de freaks."

The Elephant Skin Man walked away after that interview with a cold feeling up and down his spine. He wasn't a freak when he was dressed in his usual clothes. The strange greenish horny skin of his feet and his legs up to his knees and his hands didn't show. He always wore gloves—and the one spot of the horrible skin on his trunk was on the back of his neck, well below the collar line. It didn't show unless he turned his shirt in at the neck. He could walk down the Joy Zone on his hours off, and never be recognized as the man in the Freak Show who wore a pair of black velvet knee breeches, a short velvet jacket cut low in the neck, a soft velvet tam-o-shanter cap, and who paced around with his hideous bare feet and legs and hands making their thrilling, nauseating appeal to the freak-loving public.

The sign on his "cage" read — "THE ONLY ELEPHANT SKIN MAN IN EXISTENCE. THESE ARE NOT SCARS FROM BURNS. HE WAS BORN THAT WAY." My God, that sign! It was bad enough, but the step *down!* Oh, well, it didn't matter. Nothing had mattered since that afternoon two years ago when he closed the door of the engineer's office on the job he loved, on the girl he loved, and on the world that had respected his closely gloved hands, and walked away with those sobbing, frightened words ringing in his ears, "Oh, get out of here! It's terrible. You—you belong in a Freak Show!"

It had all happened so quickly. He had come into the office on a Saturday afternoon after every one had gone. He had cut himself through the brown glove, but he had not taken his glove off while the other men were there. He had stepped into the empty office to wash the wound clean, and he was standing by the basin in the corner, wiping his hands with his handkerchief, when Ella Goodwin came hurrying in for a forgotten parcel on her typewriter table, Ella of the shining blue eyes and happy laughter who had said she loved him. Of course she had never seen his hands; no one in that Company where he had worked so hard and so happily for five years had ever seen his hands. Disfiguring scars from burns had been his only explanation of the brown gloves, and because everybody liked Ashley no one had questioned.

As he stood in his dirty little dressing room back of the enclosure, slowly dressing himself for the afternoon performance, he wondered if it would have made any difference if that skin of his *had* been scars from burns. Would he still have been a freak? He thought of that awful day when he was examined for war service. How he had hoped he could get a chance to fight, to get burned by shell fire, anything, no matter how badly wounded or scarred, so he wouldn't have to hide things. The army doctor never said a word—just wrote "in-

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ıpacitated for service" on his card and ıid, "Next!" He could have served; he ıuld do everything that other boys did; e was strong; he had graduated from the cademy in the small New England city; e had taken an engineer's course and got ıonors. He ought to have been good for ımething to Uncle Sam.

"Say, hurry up out here. Are youse eaks all asleep? It's five ter two. Come on ow. Step out, some of youse!"

"Not *till* two, damn you!" thought Ash- y, as he tied the soft bow-tie that held ıe low-cut jacket together. Where was he? h, yes, then he got his job, a good one far way from anyone who had known him. [e was alone. His father and mother had ied. He was glad. He had no brothers or sters. An aunt of his, rather thought- ssly, had said, "After you, Richard, they ldn't want to try any more children." She ad not meant to be unkind. Ella had not ıeant to be unkind either. Poor kid, she as so frightened—he didn't blame her.

He could hear the scuffling tread of feet n the long, wooden platforms outside. eople were coming in to the afternoon xhibit promptly, all right! He stepped ıto his enclosure and began the slow walk- ıg around that showed all angles of his range affliction to the curious onlookers ho leaned against the railing and watched im. Ashley had always refused to say any- ıing. "They can see for themselves, can't ıey?" Sometimes a showman at small ountry fairs would step in and tell a yarn bout him. Ashley really minded that less ıan the comments of the crowd. "Say, e's a goodlookin' guy." "Quite a hand- ome boy, I say." "Ain't it a shame!" Why don't he have hisself treated!" "I'll et you never could tell 'im when he's ressed reguler like." "I wonder if he's ıarried. Do you suppose his kids 'ud have , too?"

Once in a while the voice speaking would e lowered slightly, but usually the Ele- hant Skin Man was considered deaf, umb, and blind! Ashley dreaded children he most; their startled eyes cut into him . There ought to be a law against letting ids into such places. My God, there ought o be a law against such places!

But he didn't blame anybody any more. he terrible bitterness of the first months ad died out, along with other things. He as a freak and he'd be as decent a freak s he could. That was far better than mak- ıg any more scenes like that last one in he office. Every doctor that had ever seen im had said it was "just a superficial hing," and he must not let it affect his ormal life. That was all right, maybe, but *had!*

He did have a handsome face, Ashley id; his features were beautifully cut, with sensitive mouth and chin; a pair of great rown eyes that never smiled now looked tonily out at life with the somber depth of n untraveled forest shadowing the back- round. Sometimes his showmen were fraid of him, because of those eyes, and didn't handle him rough the way they did the men who swallowed knives, or the fat sisters. When he went to a movie on his night off, lots of girls threw him a smile, but his eyes would fall for a moment on his gloved hands and then wander back to the screen.

Ashley liked the hero stuff, the men who made thrilling rescues and died gallantly, or lived to be honored for their scars. If he could've saved Ella's life, she wouldn't have minded, perhaps! God, how he loved her, and yet he hadn't been brave enough to tell her! Things like this went through his mind constantly those long hours he was a freak. He never noticed anyone in the crowd. Why should he? He was two thousand miles or more from that engineer's office and Ella, and almost three thousand miles from his native town. Surely God would let him be a reak fin peace!

And that very afternoon he looked right into the eyes of, not Ella, but of Patty Dickson, Ella's best friend! She started a sort of horrified smile of recognition toward him but it got lost in the cold fog that over swept the Freak Show or perhaps in the dead eyes of the Elephant Skin Man as he turned his back and stood waiting for the gong to strike that permitted him to step behind the curtains that hung before the door of his dressing room.

Thank God, it was his night off — he must get out and away from that Joy Zone! Ella might be anywhere, for of course he never doubted that she was with Patty. They always went on their vacations together and they were in San Francisco. He was a fool to have tried the big Exposition. He had been safe in small country fairs, but he had wanted to get enough ahead to have a rest from the horror of his show life, and this one paid good money. The fog hung thick over the back entrance as he slipped out. He'd have to think out his next step quickly.

* * * * * *

Ella Goodwin sat on the edge of a bed in a stuffy hotel room down-town, where she had been nursing a cold for two days. Her pretty nose was red, her eyes were red, but it wasn't all her cold. She was crying hard but she was listening to every word that Patty Dickson, standing by the steam radiator drying the fog-bedraggled feathers on her hat, was saying.

"Gosh, Ella, it was somethin' awful.

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AIDA—Verdi (in Italian) - - - - - - - Saturday, Sept. 12
RETHBERG, PETROVA, MARTINELLI, DANISE, PINZA—BALLET BY BELCHER

LOHENGRIN—Wagner (in German) - - - Monday, Sept. 14
MUELLER, PETROVA, PISTOR, SCHORR

ANDREA CHENIER—Giordano (in Italian) - Wednesday, Sept. 16
RETHBERG, PETROVA, ATKINSON, MARTINELLI, DANISE

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Puccini (in Italian) - - Friday, Sept. 18
MUELLER, PETROVA, CHAMLEE, DE SEGUROLA

THE MASKED BALL—Verdi (in Italian) - - - Saturday, Sept. 19
RETHBERG, SILVA, FARNCROFT, MARTINELLI, DANISE

TOSCA—Puccini (in Italian) - - - - - - Monday, Sept. 21
GALL, CHAMLEE, DANISE

TANNHAUSER—Wagner (in German) - - Wednesday, Sept. 23
RETHBERG, PISTOR, SCHORR, PINZA

LA BOHEME—Puccini (in Italian) - - - - - Friday, Sept. 25
MUELLER, FARNCROFT, CHAMLEE, DE SEGUROLA, PICCO, PINZA

IL TROVATORE—Verdi (in Italian) - - - - - Saturday, Sept. 26
RETHBERG, SILVA, MARTINELLI, DANISE

DIE MEISTERSINGER—Wagner (in German) - - Monday, Sept. 28
MUELLER, ATKINSON, PISTOR, SCHORR, GABOR, MEADER

CARMEN—Bizet (in French) - - - - - - Tuesday, Sept. 29
PETROVA, FARNCROFT, MARTINELLI, PINZA—BALLET BY BELCHER

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Ninth Annual Season Under General Director Gaetano Merola

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I was lookin' right at Dick Ashley and he was lookin' right *through* me. He certainly *is* a handsome fella, but he looked like a piece of stone with his eyes makin' deep black spots in his face; he was as white as that sheet an' thin lookin'! My, he don't look strong the way he did. Thank goodness, you didn't come with me. It's shock enough for me." Ella buried her face in the pile of beclothes tossed over the foot of the bed. "I knew he had somethin' the matter with his hands, but you never said nothin' since he disappeared. The boss said we weren't to bother you, 'cause you felt badly, and that poor Ashley was to be pitied." Patty smelled the drying feathers on her hat. "And here he is a Freak Show man!"

"Oh, Patty, won't you stop?" Ella sobbed. "I can't stand it. *I* made a freak out of Dick. I told him that's where he belonged, but he ain't one. He's a brave man and I love him and the boss and I have been tryin' to find him for two years." She pulled her handbag from under the rumpled pillow. "See, here's a letter from the boss for him I been carryin' just in case I ran into him. Now we've got to find him. You're goin' right back to that evenin' show and give him this letter."

As it turned out, they both went but only Patty went inside. The man at the window told her it was the Elephant Skin Man's night off. "No, I dun't know where any of de freaks live, but he'll be here tomorrer all right."

The two girls walked up and down the gayly lighted Joy Zone, looking eagerly, searchingly at the crowds. Ella was in despair and Patty was frightened. Ella's silence of two years was broken; she poured out her anguish in a torrent of self-abasement and blame.

"I was so cruel and he never said a word; he just walked out of that office and went away and left the work he loved and was doin' so fine at. And now he may just leave tonight 'cause he saw you and I'll *never* find him and he'll never know how I feel and how the boss feels."

"We've just got to wait until tomorrow and see, Ella, dear. Come on now and let's go down-town to a real show, and try not to think about it. The more you cry, the worse you look, and if you *do* meet Dick tomorrow you want to look like the girl he left, don't you, and not like a red-nosed scarecrow? You're mighty peaked lookin' yourself."

So they chose a high-class drama in a small theater down-town. It was the last act of the play. There was a stage storm in process behind the scenes and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed in vivid, regular strokes. Two children were about to be rescued from the mountain cabin where they had sought refuge. They were huddled on the floor. Suddenly the flash of lightning shot out longer than ever and before anyone could realize what had actually happened a sheet of real flame came from the wings, enveloping the stage window set just there with its flimsy curtains, catching the kerosene lamp on the table and throwing fire over the entire stage and the children on the cabin floor.

Ella and Patty were in the balcony, but they saw Ashley as he leaped over the footlights and began tearing at the flaming curtains with his brown-gloved hands and stamping at the burning kerosene on the floor. As the asbestos curtain dropped, Ashley seemed to be in the midst of the flames, but he was smiling.

* * * * * *

Three days later, a cub reporter was hanging around the Emergency Hospital. He had covered the theater fire pretty well. His chief had flung him a crisp word or two of recognition. This morning the cub reporter had a brand-new idea, a whopper if he could only get just a line to hang it on! The head nurse on the second floor gave him a hard look. "Now, don't hand me any nearest relative tale. I know you. You're from the Free Press, and I am not going to have my patients bothered. I've told you the burned case is doin' well. Your paper's had it all, his girl and her friend and everything; now let 'em alone, young man. Have a heart!" With that she rustled stiffly away down the long corridor. But a cub reporter dies hard. He waited; anything might happen right under his nose. You can't hurry when you're after somethin' big and you've gotta live, cast iron head nurses to the contrary!

The very first door beyond him opened slowly. Patty Dickson had been sitting just inside that door watching the shadows on the big white screen between herself and Ashley's bed. Ella and the nurses were on the other side of that screen. Patty Dickson knew that she was watching the biggest thing she had ever seen—a fight for the life of a brave man and for the love of a woman who had suffered stabbingly from her own lack of courage. She got up quietly and stepped out into the corridor to blow her nose and get some air. The cub reporter was on the job. "Say, Miss Dickson," he whispered, "Give me a minute, will you?"

Patty recognized him at once. She held her finger warningly against her lips and together they walked down the long corridor to the open window at the end. What made her heart thump like that? This was the nice young reporter Ella had talked to that first night, and his paper had it all straight the next day. "Heroic Action of young Engineer, Richard Ashley, Superintendent of Engineer's office of the Hy-

Continued on page 27

Women's City Club Swimming Pool

Salt water, fresh as the breakers that dash against Seal Rocks.

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Now is the time for swimming.

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MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Intriguing refreshment sets and gayly colored linens, as well as the smart w tableware in matching tints demand rmonizing foods and beverages. Chilled lads and iced liquids in tinkling glasses ve replaced hot entrees and steaming ps for all informal entertaining. Lunchns are served on verandas and in gardens individual tables. Frequently bridge is joyed afterwards—while some play out doors, serving light refreshments in the te afternoon. Even though one is not fornate enough to possess a house and garn, an apartment may be attractively ranged by the use of baskets of blosms and bright colored linens to simulate e freshness of the garden.

Family meals, too, will be much more lightful on warm days, and if August d September bring us as many as we d in July, we want to be prepared, if ere is but one hot service and the table pointments are cool and airy.

Table covers of bright reds, yellows, ues, and greens—cotton or linen—may placed over each other, using two cols, such as red and yellow, blue and green, rple and cream, having each cover the me size so the points of the under fabric ow. With them have four different coled napkins. Sounds rather bizarre, but ally the tables are lovely and the colors not clash, and with glassware and china the moderne motif one may achieve dehtful effects at very little expenditure.

Facilities for such entertaining must gulate to some extent the color scheme, d if one prefers pastel tones, even the ods and beverages may be planned to rmonize, while with the gay colors, rich sh fruits and vegetables supply the reds, llnws, and greens.

Canned foods are first aids to easy homeaking during the summer. If one has a od refrigerator, several varieties of fruits, getables, and fish should be kept chilled, ady for instant use. By planning ahead e may utilize the fruit syrups in punches r evening entertaining and the solids in lads; the liquids drained from canned getables in chilled cocktails or in hot eamed soups, substituting the liquor for e required quantity of milk for diluting nned soups.

As most of us change our menus during e warmer months, serving fruits, berries, d melons in place of rich sweets; and lads instead of hot rice, pastes or potaes; and meat loaves, plain or jellied, ther than steaks and chops, we require oling beverages also. Iced tea and coffee pplant the steaming cup. Punches of all nds, served with dainty cakes and perps an ice, supply evening refreshments r informal affairs.

Unless salads are molded one rarely requires a definite recipe. Crispy lettuce, peeled tomatoes, a carrot or two, freshly cooked peas or a can of salad vegetables, and one may evolve a chef's salad plate by adding a half of devilled egg and a few anchovies or flaked crab or tuna. The same is true of fruit salads. Almost all of the fresh varieties lend themselves to combination salads. And if the quantity is limited, it is quite easy to add a small or large can of mixed fruits.

When planning punches it is desirable to have canned fruit syrups for the sweetening agent. It blends the flavors nicely and it is always best to use a sugar syrup rather than undissolved sugar for such liquids. Numerous recipes call for canned fruit and syrup. If one wishes a smaller quantity or prefers adding fresh fruit or berries to the punch, the canned fruit may be utilized for a salad.

Hostesses who are noted for their unusual menus give consideration to the smallest detail, and in making punches there is one point to be most particular about and that is to use black or Orange Pekoe tea as the base—never a light colored leaf. Then again, in using the smart, new, odd-shaped glasses one is apt to be deceived about their size, as the contents vary. It is a wise precaution to check over each recipe and gauge the quantity—as for one or more quarts. Take a quart milk bottle, fill it with water, and see how many glasses it will fill. Most recipes permit additional charged water without spoiling the flavor, but it is best to be prepared in advance. For frappes, add a scoopful of sherbet to each serving. Pineapple water ice is delicious; so is orange sherbet. Some prefer a lime flavor and others enjoy lemon. In this it is best to select the ice that blends best with the chosen punch.

The following recipes will serve from one to fifty—all depending upon the size of the glasses used. A few have a canned milk base, as some wish a nourishing beverage, and they are especially desirable for the children in the late afternoon. Fresh milk may be used, if preferred, and the recipes

My new models are here and are quite out of the ordinary. The medium brim sailor, also the chic turn at the side, makes them most becoming. I have selected styles which will suit all types. I would like to have you come up either for a new hat or to have yours remodeled.

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increased to suit requirements, as they are individual servings.

One Egg Nog: Beat one egg yolk; add two tablespoons of sugar, one-third cup of canned milk, diluted with two-thirds cup of water and one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the egg white until stiff, then blend with the milk mixture by stirring briskly. Turn into glass and top with a grating of nutmeg. To vary: tint pink with vegetable coloring or strawberry juice; or blend with grated sweetened chocolate or cocoa.

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The house end cottages are situated in e quiet garden, where sleeping porches end provisions for sunbaths are found.

The food cannot be excelled, as all cooking preparations are supervised by Mrs. Lundblad and her daughter. The best of meats, vegetables, fresh fruit and cream are served. Special diets end trays are served if needed.

The atmosphere is home-like and restful, while the surrounding foothills efford beautiful scenery and e most proper setting for "The Lundblads," offering all-year-round service.

OUR SPECIALTIES

(By Request)

LUNCHEONS » » DINNERS

PARTIES » » BANQUETS

Pineapple Egg Nog: Mix one beaten egg yolk with one-third cup of canned milk diluted with one-third cup of water and one-fourth cup of canned pineapple juice. Add stiffly whipped egg white, stir well, and pour into a tall glass.

For those who do not wish eggs, a prune or orange nog might answer.

Prune Nog: Mix together one-half cup of prune syrup with one teaspoon of lemon juice and one-half cup of canned milk, diluted with one-fourth cup of cold water. Mix well, adding more sugar if necessary. (Canned prunes have a rich syrup, delicious in this beverage.)

Orange Nog: Mix one-half cup of orange juice with a little sugar—about a teaspoonful—then add one teaspoon of lemon juice and one-third cup of canned milk, diluted with one-third cup of water. Shake well before serving.

If serving six, a cherry punch made from canned juice would be unusual.

White Cherry Punch: (Six large glasses—several small punch cups): Mix two and one-half cups of white canned cherry juice with one and one-fourth cups of grapefruit juice; one-half orange, sliced and quartered; one-half cup of white stoned cherries, cut into halves; one banana, sliced; and sugar to suit taste—about one cupful. Serve in tall glasses partially filled with crushed ice, or pour over a block of ice in bowl and serve in cups.

Red Cherry Punch: (To serve ten): Mix two cups of water with one cup of sugar, bring to boiling point, add two cups of red, canned cherry juice (or syrup), one cup of fresh orange juice, and one-half cup of canned pineapple syrup and the juice of three lemons. Strain, set aside to cool. When ready to serve, dilute with charged water to suit, adding crushed ice to eacl glass. Decorate with candied cherries.

Grapefruit Punch: (To serve fifteen) Combine four cups of water with two cup of sugar and boil one minute. Let cool then add two cups of canned grapefrui juice and one cup of grapefruit segments also the juice of one lemon. Chill thor oughly and when ready to serve, dilut with charged water. Decorate with one half cup of maraschino cherries cut int halves.

Tutti Frutti Punch: (To serve fifteen) Drain syrup from two cups of canned frui salad; cut the fruit into tiny pieces. Next pour one quart of boiling water over three tablespoons of Ceylon (black) tea an steep for five minutes. Strain and cool then add three tablespoons of sugar, three slices of lemon and six cloves; lastly, ad the fruit syrup. Mix well and set aside t chill. When ready to serve, put a spoonfu of the diced fruit into each glass, add the liquid to fill, and top with a sprig of mint

Apricot Punch: (To serve ten): Pass four cups of canned apricots and syrup through a puree sieve. Add the juice of four oranges and two lemons, also two cups of sweet cider. Set aside to chill for at least one hour. When ready to serve, dilute with charged water to fill ten glasses. Decorate each serving with slices of banana and chopped candied cherries.

Raspberry Punch: (To serve twenty-four) Add the juice of three lemons to two cups of canned raspberries and syrup. Next, make a syrup by boiling one and one-fourths cups of sugar with one pint of water for ten minutes. Set aside to chill before adding to the fruit mixture. Strain, and when ready to serve pour over a block of ice in a punch bowl, adding one quart of charged water. Thinly sliced lemons make a pretty garnish, or use banana slices. Serve in small punch cups.

Grape Juice Punch: (To serve fifty): Boil two cups of sugar with one cup of water for ten minutes. Add one cup of strong tea, two cups of grape juice, the juice of five lemons, six oranges, and two cups of crushed pineapple fruit and syrup. Let stand for one-half hour to chill, then strain into a bowl over a block of ice, adding sufficient ice water to have a total quantity of one and one-half gallons of liquid. When ready to serve add one cup of maraschino cherries and four cups of charged water. Serve in punch cups with sliced bananas to decorate. (Use white or dark grape juice—depending upon desired color of liquid.)

Peach Cup: (To serve ten): Boil one cup of sugar with two cups of water for a few minutes; set aside to cool. Next pass two cups of canned peaches and syrup through a puree sieve and combine with one-half cup of orange juice and one-fourth cup of lemon juice. Add to the chilled juice and set aside until ready to serve; then dilute with charged water to fill ten glasses. Decorate with diced canned peaches.

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The Elephant Skin Man

Continued from page 24

draulic Engineering Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana."—That's what the boss's letter said he could be if he'd only come back. Ella had certainly done some mighty quick thinking that night. *Now* what did his reporter want?

"It just came to me this mornin', Miss Dickson, that there *might* be a connection. On the Joy Zone last night the Freak Show man said his Elephant Skin Man had been missin' since Tuesday night and—and the old suit case in his dressing room's got a Fort Wayne, Indiana, mark on it. See? I haven't said a word yet, but I got the case."

Patty turned cold. Oh, these newspapers they find out *everything*. What *should* she do? Ella was fighting to make Ashley want to live—the first story had gone all over the country, to Fort Wayne, of course. And the boss had sent a wonderful telegram that was under Ashley's pillow now with the letter, and the newspaper front page was pinned up on a fold of the big screen, the first thing his conscious eyes had rested upon early this morning! Patty's head whirled.

"Think what a scoop, if it's so, Miss Dickson! The Elephant Skin Man from the Joy Zone Freak Show the hero of Tuesday night's theater fire! Oh, boy, what a head line!" The cub reporter's eyes were shining. "Either way, it's a header. HUMAN FREAK A HERO! HERO A HUMAN FREAK! Say, by Golly, it's *true*. I can tell by your face."

"Wait a minute!" Patty Dickson's face was far whiter than any patient's in that hospital. She was a bad actor. This smart young fellow had guessed, but she *must* stop his scoop—she must! She put a shaking hand on the young man's arm. "You're right and you're wrong. Will you let me tell you the whole story? No, don't take it down. Look at me!"

Fifteen minutes later the cub reporter was still looking at Patty Dickson, but he wasn't seeing her. The girl had sunk down on the window sill and covered her face with her hands. She had done her best. What had she lost? The head nurse came down the long corridor, saw them, stopped, gave a despairing shrug to her starched shoulders and stepped into the room Patty Dickson had left.

"Miss Dickson," the cub reporter cleared his throat. "I'm only at the bottom, but I *know* I'll never hear a finer story. My God, it's a whiz, it 'ud *make* me—but, well—I can't use it."

Children's Hour

It is fun, ring-around-the-rosy, pum-pum-pull away, cat and mouse, tag, follow the leader, and other games played in the water. After the games there are races. See how fast you can go.

Every Tuesday at 4 o'clock in Swimming Pool

Life-Saving

● To prepare for volunteer guard duty, join the life saving class Friday at 5:30 P.M. By request, a new class of four or more will be formed at the time most desired. *No lesson fee* for this class. To be able to enter the class one must pass the following eligibility test:

1. Swimming 200 yards—8 lengths of pool.
2. Demonstrating back stroke and side stroke.
3. Performing front dive or racing start in good form.
4. Retrieving object in 6 to 8 feet of water.

Instruction includes disrobing in deep water from shoes, coat, and skirt; recovering object in 6 to 10 feet of water; different ways of carrying a person, including tired swimmer's carry; releasing various holds; and the prone pressure method of resuscitation.

Children's Lessons

● Some of the children of 12 years and up are preparing for the Junior Life Saving Test on much the same order as the senior test. Some of the tiny tots have done very well with their swimming lessons. One little girl of 4 was able to swim acrossthe tank several times without the inflated tube, after less than 3 hours of instruction. A little boy of 3 learned to swim the length of the tank, using the elementary and racing back strokes, dog paddle, and could dive off the board.

Novice Swim Meet

● September (date to be announced later).

Open to members and their guests.
No professional competition.
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Various events for various abilities.
Participate; don't look on.
Cooperate; sign up at Swimming Office for those events you most enjoy.

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Man by man was never seen,
All our striving somehow fails
To lift that which lies between.

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City Club is Setting for Reception to Educators

● San Francisco teachers closed a week of hospitality in July with a reception and tea given at the headquarters, on the second floor of the Women's City Club, in honor of delegates from the National Education Association convention in Los Angeles.

The tea followed a round of entertainment for the delegates planned under the direction of A. J. Cloud, deputy superintendent of schools, and the heads of the various teaching groups.

For the affair the second floor of the City Club had been transformed into a garden of summer flowers. Mrs. Marjorie Stuart, president of the San Francisco Teachers' Association, and Miss Mary Keegan, Classroom Teachers' head, received the guests, assisted by many of the school department leaders. Refreshments were served from the buffet kitchen of the headquarters, and a musical program was given during the afternoon.

Swimming Pool Experiment

● The Swimming Pool Committee, of which Mrs. Louis J. Carl is chairman, is going to inaugurate a new regime, for a time at least. The experiment is this: Swimming tickets (or scrip) in unlimited amount will be issued for a limited time. Members thus may give swimming parties, inviting friends, members, or otherwise. This plan will give those who do not go out of town during the summer the privilege of using the Pool, which is not so crowded as at later periods of the year.

"East of Suez"

—WILLIAM E. CAMERON

The slogan, "Go West, Young Man," was followed diligently in America for yrs; it meant an opportunity for adventurous souls to prosper, "Out West" being symbolic of fertile lands and all the name implies.

In England youths were advised to go East for fame and fortune; there lay Britain's Colonies waiting to be settled by men of the race.

The gateway to the Colonies is ancient Egypt on the fringe of the Orient, and first port of call for ships bound East of Suez is Port Said. After a delightful voyage from London via the island of Malta, we arrived on Port Said en route to our destination, Australia.

What a hodgepodge of nationalities mingle in this strange city of contrasts; this is daily where the West ends and the East begins.

Arabs, Berbers, and Algerians mix freely with Greeks, Turks, and jet-black Somalis, jostling, noisy throng. To the newcomer it is like being in another world.

The riffraff of Europe and Asia seem to have congregated in Port Said. Here is where the East and West meet on equal terms—no racial barriers, no social distinctions.

Outdoor Greek and Arab cafes intrigue the new arrival with their very strangeness, weird music floats from nowhere, and thick sweet Turkish coffee is served.

Veiled women of the Mohammedan faith pass by with sly glances at our bewildered, infidel faces. The veils they wear do not cover their eyes. Around the markets lazy, indolent throngs of Arabs can be seen, with a sprinkling of massive, frizzled-haired Soudanese.

Swarms of flies are everywhere, as much of a nuisance as the innumerable mendicants one meets.

Port Said's Fifth Avenue, the Rue de Commerce, swelters in the hot sun, and it is too uncomfortable to do much exploring.

We visited a cinema called the "El Dorado" and had the unique experience of seeing four different languages on the screen, French, English, Turkish, and Arabic—truly a cosmopolitan audience.

The red fez can be seen everywhere, although Arabs prefer a turban; the fez is symbolic of things Egyptian. Our ship was being coaled by natives using two huge planks securely fastened from ship to a barge containing coal. One plank is used as a runway by the workers, each carrying a sack of coal which they empty into the ship's bunkers. The other plank is used as a gangway back to the barge. This method is common throughout the Orient, and from a tourist's point of view is quite picturesque.

The natives have a chant, "Allah Il Allah," which is kept up continuously during the coaling. Their Greek boss explained that if they can't chant they won't work; it seems to help them; nevertheless, the monotonous, never-changing wail gets very tiresome.

From our anchorage the vast stretch of desert is visible, so peaceful and serene—the mysterious desert theme of poets and novelists for ages. This rolling sea of sand, so tranquil now, was the scene of bitter, bloody fighting between British and Turkish soldiers. If the desert could talk what stories of hate it would reveal of the age-old feud between Moslem and Christian.

We are now coaled for the voyage, stores on board, hatches battened down and ready for the second lap of our jour-

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One Parent's Question

"Mary is not interested in a full college course but she should spend the next two or three years in school. Can you suggest a school for her?"

There are good schools where girls like Mary may develop individual talents while taking up a selected group of college subjects; schools which emphasize music, art and decoration, home-making, secretarial courses—even courses in the management of property and investments — and where one can make the most of the last two or three years of growing up.

Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THIS NUMBER

ney. Down the eighty-mile stretch of canal to Suez, a dreary vista of sand on either side broken by glimpses of little towns such as Kantara and Ishmailli. Typical Egyptian scenery, palm trees, sand, camels, and a desolate bleakness totally unlike the cheerful green of Panama. Then Suez at the end of the Canal—another Port Said, and even dirtier.

This was our jumping-off place; we entered the Red Sea, known and feared as one of the hottest parts of the world. Thirteen hundred and fourteen miles of stifling heat between us and the Indian Ocean.

We proceeded east, with Africa on our starboard and Arabia on our port, sometimes both being visible, as the Red Sea is very narrow. Ships of all kinds pass us; this is a busy trade route. French, Italian, and British liners, homeward bound; a few oil tankers coming from the Persian Gulf; tramp steamers on the prowl for profitable cargoes; and occasionally Arab ahows crossing to the African side. Six days of the Red Sea, with its terrific heat during the day and its oven blasts from the Arabian desert at night—then Aden, at the entrance to the Indian Ocean.

We steam into the harbor, drop both anchors, and await medical inspection which was conducted by an intelligent Arab doctor. This formality having been attended to, we were free to go ashore.

Sun-baked, scorched, fly-infested Aden; black barrel hills and stunted vegetation—a place where rain rarely falls, if ever. Its odorous streets had the usual mixture of races, the same types of beggars, hucksters, and professional fakirs. A drink of camel's milk from an Arab street vendor seemed a novelty. It is very popular with the natives, but didn't appeal to us. Frankly, everyone was very glad to leave Aden to the Arabs, or whoever wanted it, and it was with a feeling of relief that we entered the Indian Ocean on the final stage of our journey.

It was a paradise compared to the Red Sea and our recollections are pleasant, to say the least. Twenty-six days from Aden to Freemantle, Australia—days of glorious sunshine tempered by a cooling breeze. Placid water with scarcely a ripple disturbing the surface. Flying fish pursued by their enemies, the Dolphins, skimmed across the surface like birds. Beautiful sunsets, balmy nights, an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity.

When Freemantle, our destination, appeared on the horizon, we were almost sorry to be back in the haunts of man again.

However, this was the end of our voyage, and with a feeling of deep regret we left the ship which had carried us safely from England.

Looking back over many voyages to distant lands, for sheer enjoyment and relaxation none can compare with the month we spent on the Indian Ocean en route from Aden to Freemantle.

N. E. A. Head Entertained at Club

● Miss Florence Hale, newly-elected president of the National Educational Association and state rural supervisor of education in Maine, who was a visitor in San Francisco in July, was guest of honor at a tea at the City Club, July 22. Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the Club's Hospitality Committee, presided. Miss Hale was en route to her home in Maine from Los Angeles, where she attended the convention of N. E. A.

Send Your Favorite Recipe

● Many interesting recipes for cooking were received in reply to a statement in last month's Magazine that Mrs. Madison, editor of the Household Economics Department, would assort them and from time to time publish them. More are wanted, especially recipes of dishes of other nations. All recipes must be signed. Any formula for preparing special and tasty dishes will be welcomed. Send them in care of Mrs. R. W. Madison.

Contract Bridge Lessons

● Members interested in *Contract Bridge Lessons* will please leave their names and addresses at the desk, stating whether they prefer afternoon or evening classes. If a sufficient number desire instruction, classes will be formed to suit the convenience of the members as far as possible. The cost of the instruction will depend upon the number registered.

sitors Want to Become olunteers

Volunteer Service has made such a profound impression upon a number house guests at the City Club—mem- rs of other clubs who are in San Fran- co for the summer and come from or- anizations having reciprocal privileges th the San Francisco City Club, and ers who have visited here in the last w weeks—that several have offered their e as Volunteers.

These visitors are so impressed with the rit of helpfulness and courtesy which ibues the whole aspect of Volunteer rvice that they wish to become an inte- al part of it while here. It is a remark- le commentary upon an institution which mostly giving and not receiving, except the sense of spiritual satisfaction re- ved.

raille Workers Asked or Service

Members who do Braille, which is the system of raised letters and fig- es by which the blind read, are asked to ntribute their services for work in con- ction with the Talent Festival of Octo- r 21 and 22. It may interest City Club embers to know that the blind may now ay bridge by using decks of cards upon hich the characters are raised or em- ssed.

Members who wish to contribute this nd of service may receive further par- culars from the Talent Festival, of which liss Leale is general chairman.

Old Silk Stockings Wanted

Members who have silk stockings that are past their usefulness are asked to ring them to the City Club, where they e gathered for the blind, who weave em into rugs. Please leave them with e maid at the check room on the fourth oor or telephone to Mrs. B. E. Hansen, Delaware 3817, if you cannot bring them in.

Flowers Will Be Called For

Mrs. Milton Epstein is chairman of he committee supplying flowers for the ooms of the City Club. Members who ave flowers and cannot bring them to the Club are asked to communicate with Mrs. Epstein, Skyline 5443, and she will arrange or them to be called for.

Summer Rates Prevail

Until Summer rates are extended by the City Club for bedrooms taken by he month, the reduction being five dollars er month.

City Club Scrip for all Departments

Scrip Books negotiable in all depart- ments of the Women's City Club make ideal birthday gifts. Do you want to make a gift to a young girl? Swimming Pool, Beauty Salon, or League Shop scrip will make her happy. Is it a matron whose anniversary or birthday you would "re- member"? Beauty Salon, Restaurant, or Cafeteria scrip will be very acceptable. These books, of course, may be used only by members.

Lament

—ADELA VALLEJO GANTNER

As I lean on my casement window,
There drifts lightly across the pane,
Petals of Baby-roses,
Falling like gentle rain,
The shadows of years too are falling,
And memories stir with a sigh,
Memories tender and fragile,
As dreams of lost youth, floating by.

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File Index Facilitates

● The committee which addresses and wraps the City Club Magazines for mailing now has a brand new card index file, which greatly facilitates and accelerates the business of getting the Magazine into the mails with the greatest possible despatch. The work will be even more definitely speeded each month if every member will see to it that her present address is correct in the file index. Members who have moved in the last few months are asked to send in their new addresses.

The Magazine wrapping committee last month came to the Club two days in succession to insure delivery of Magazines, due to a delay of the first day by reason of a press breaking down in the midst of the job. That the wrappers were willing to give two days in the same week was greatly appreciated by the Volunteer Service chairman.

Bedrooms for Summer Guests Available at Club

● A guest card good for two weeks at the Women's City Club may be had for fifty cents. A similar card for three months may be had for five dollars.

Thus, by procuring guest cards, members with summer guests may put them up at the City Club, for with the summer vacation period there are bedrooms available, and at a reduced rate of five dollars per month less than the winter rate.

A guest card taken for two weeks may be renewed if the guest decides to stay longer.

Wedding and Holiday Cakes Supplied

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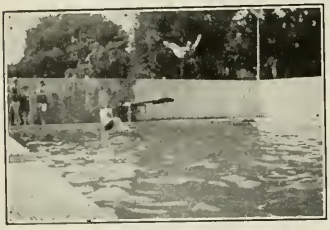

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Apropos the Talent Festival

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.
And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to paint from—Magdalen, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all:
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They are. [*Kipling*]

Self-Reliance

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that spot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preestablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—EMERSON.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 1, 1931

●

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell.
Lectures will be held every Tuesday morning at 10:45 A.M., in the Chinese Room.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*

Conversation Classes, beginning September 11	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes, beginning Monday, September 14	*Board Room*	6:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group, French Conversation, September 16	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesday . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 and 7:00 P.M.

September 2—Lecture on Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON
Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Leader.

3—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review
"Shadows on the Rock," by Willa Cather.

3—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. V. Kwonglee Kwong.
Subject: The New Era in China.

8—Opera Tea . . . . . *Auditorium* 3:30 P.M.
Reception and Tea in Honor of Leading Opera Artists; Tea, 50c.

10—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Paula Swarm.
Subject: A Woman's Experience while Living in the African Bush.

17—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Charles F. James.
Subject: What is a Print?

21—Drama Tea . . . . . *Cafeteria* 2:15 P.M.
Mrs. Hugh Brown will read
"Five Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn.
Single tickets, $1.00; Season tickets (six readings), $5.00.

24—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Gerda Wismer Hofmann.
Subject: A Dramatic Program of Poetry and Prose.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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DR. ADELAIDE BROWN — MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

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Upper Left: Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, chairman of Volunteers for the Talent Festival of the City Club, to be held October 21 and 22, and Mrs. Frank Boyce Tupper, chairman on Information. The central picture is that of Mrs. Louis J. Carl, who is chairman in charge of all exhibits pertaining to the Beauty Salon and the Swimming Pool.

Lower right: Miss Emogene Hitchinson, chairman of the Children's Corner Exhibits, and Mrs. A. B. Stephens, member of the Central Committee and chairman of Cashiers. All have been working at the Club for weeks and all are, as their uniforms would denote, members of Volunteer Service, the City Club's unique contribution to the civic, cultural and social life of San Francisco.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

AFTER reading the proofs of the splendid articles, including the editorial in the September magazine, I am wondering what is left for the President to say. Perhaps nothing more timely than commendation of the spirit with which the committees and the membership (as judged by the hundred or two pledges already received) are approaching the Second Annual Talent Festival. Those who did not take part last year, but "came to see," are adding their enthusiasm, as the skeleton plans for the second gathering unfold. There is much to be done in the next six weeks, and the fun of it all is within reach of each member who volunteers her loan and her gift. Long years ago this organization capitalized the secret of success—"my *own* business." The success of the Talent Festival of 1931 rests not with the committee but with the membership. Share with your fellow-members your talent by bringing in the one hand to the loan exhibit your own handiwork and bearing in the other your personally-made gift. If for any reason you found it impossible to fulfill your pledge last year, the opportunity is again given you to participate and to help your Club which needs your personal support. "There is nothing new under the sun," but the re-assembling of the old, like the kaleidoscope, forms a new pattern and original ideas executed or brought to the committee for others to fulfill, are welcomed as talent. Thus will the Talent Festival of 1931 become in very truth your "own business." The Festival is the opportunity given you each year to convert your membership into service.

* * * * *

The present economic condition has made us study assiduously our own house and its activities. The rates for the bedrooms, the prices in the restaurant, the beauty salon, swimming pool, and League Shop are right, as recent surveys of comparative organizations have shown, and the quality of food served and the surroundings in which all departments function is clearly of the highest. It is a pity that space in the Magazine does not permit of the printing of notes from guests who have enjoyed the privileges of this clubhouse. How true it is and how sad that we become so accustomed to the ease and beauty of it all that we take for granted its atmosphere of home and perhaps cease to have thankful hearts for the joy of membership.

* * * * *

And now a word in the bosom of the family. Constructive criticisms are ever welcome and as soon as each signed suggestion is received, it is answered. Out of such conferences have come many of our most valuable ideas. The President is "on duty" two days each week and invites your signed suggestions for improved operation, which she is eager to discuss with you. In this connection let us ask once again for your cooperation in complying with rules adopted for your protection, such as the showing of cards in the elevator and at the swimming-pool.

* * * * *

The special luncheon where a speaker of note is the guest of honor and the special tea in the American Room where a distinguished guest is welcomed are the responsibility of each member, as well as of the Board of Directors. These guests are asked in your name and the notice in the elevators and on the bulletin boards is many times the only way of reaching you, so hastily has "the party" been arranged, and often after the Magazine has gone to print. Please feel it your pleasurable duty to share personally in the hospitality thus extended by the National League for Woman's Service.

Advantages of the Talent Festival

—PATRICIA MORBIO (MRS. CARLO SUTRO MORBIO)

● What is the good of a Talent Festival? Questions of this nature are always breathed into the air by the skeptics and practical-minded. Satisfactory answers can come from all quarters, it seems to me.

In the first place, the Club benefits by it because it is able to discover the capabilities and gifts of its members. In an organization of such magnitude as ours, it would be very difficult otherwise to know just what the various individuals could do. During the war, when everyone forgot to be shy or bashful in an ardent wish to serve and help, it was easier to discern these things. In the let-down of these days of peace, all the shy members have crept back into their shells, and many have probably forgotten or neglected their own powers of expression. All that fine potential energy should not be lying dormant, and an occasion of this sort, when "everybody's doing it," will induce all sorts of people to bring their wares out into the open. Inhibitions will be broken down, and psychologically, a great deal will be accomplished.

For the members who are exhibiting, great benefits are to be derived. It is a wonderful stimulus to one's best expression to know that one is to have an audience. In fact, without that prospect, all effort seems rather fruitless and tame. To exhibit thus, in the bosom of the family, as it were, one may be assured not only of friendly interest, but of intelligent criticism. There is nothing like having a family to tell one the real truth about things. If anyone doubts this, just walk home one of these fall evenings wearing one of those new derbies or Empress Eugenie models, and get the family reaction. The clever salesgirl who sold it to you may have led you to believe that you are just the type, but after the chorus of "Heavens—not with your nose!" "It takes a slender face to get away with it"; "You look as though you'd lost half of it"; etc., etc., has died down, just see how you feel, and how you yearn to have your twenty dollars back. However, let the next door neighbor cast so much as a slighting glance at you, and the selfsame family will be up in arms, proclaiming that your hat is very smart, and you a dream in it. So it will be with our offerings to the Festival. The family feeling that exists in the Club will bring out not only friendly criticism, but that warmth of interest and spirit of cooperation that are so heartening and sustaining.

New friendships are bound to be formed. I've known people to become friends for life over the exchange of good jelly recipes. Tatting and knitting with their harassing knots and problems can form indissoluble bonds. Perhaps some hitherto obscure artist, working along faithfully and quietly, may bring out some piece of work that will give her a contact with those who are more aggressively in the field.

Besides all this, it is going to be great fun. The club will be all agog, just as a household is before a wedding or a great Thanksgiving dinner. "Company" will be coming, and we will all be wearing our shiniest smiles, and our gayest frocks. Cook will be planning the best of goodies; the vacuum cleaner and dusters and mops will be working overtime getting everything in perfect order; the family skeletons will be deeply hidden; the furniture polished; the rooms all aired. We will all be bursting with pride over all the clever things that our various members can do, and grateful to the depths of our hearts that we have such a dear home to foster all this effort. So let us all put our best foot forward, make our prettiest bows, perform graciously our best "stunts," and grace the occasion with our most charming manners for the honor of the family.

Book Plates

—MARCIA GAYLE FEE

● A bookplate serves its first purpose if it marks a book as the owner's prized possession, and keeps it from straying permanently away from his library shelves. It may carry only the owner's name, but it offers opportunity for the personal touch in an indication of his tastes or enthusiasms, or in some reference to his profession, which, hopefully, embraces not a few of these.

The subject matter for a bookplate is usually suggested to the designer. Sometimes the name itself suggests a certain design, as in the border for the Hunter plate, where oak, hounds and hunting horn are used. The subject most often suggested to me for use in a bookplate is some well-loved scene. In the Ostrom and Sargent plates, made for Army officers, the insignia of their Army corps is used, and in some plates the seal or motto of the owner's Alma Mater.

Occasionally a bookplate is inscribed with gentle remonstrance with the careless borrower! If I recall the lines correctly, one reads

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, peruse, and not to lend,
But to return to me."

Another plate, designed for a friend of mine by Salisbury Field, the playwright, reads thus:

"Rather a borrower than a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
While he who borroweth judiciously
Unto a certain if unseemly end,
Accumulateth quite a library!"

What is Your Talent?

—ALMA JANNAPOLIS

Now that vacations are almost over and members returning to the city by every road, blanks for the alent Festival are filling very rapidly.

Judging from the gifts already pledged and the loans eady promised, the Festival this year will display even greater advantage the work of the members of e Women's City Club.

Last year the idea of a Talent Festival was new, and any members felt that the products they had to show ere not the best that could have been displayed had ey been more familiar with the import of the Fesval and had had a long time in which to prepare. his year it was announced very early in the season at the Festival would be held again and made an nual event, so that each and every member has had nple opportunity in which to do her best.

Of especial importance is the collection of members' ork to be shown in the Auditorium. Last year the lcony was used for the display of articles which were ot for sale, but such work is to be given the complete oor space and will be a very important feature this ear.

It is especially to be observed, however, that no ember may exhibit her work in the loan section nless she is also a contributor to a sales department.

Many beautiful and valuable works of art have been bricated during the year for this event, and many ieces have taken more than a year in the making. It is ot necessary that any piece shown in the loan section r in the sales sections be a late product of the mem'er's talent, for any work done at any period of her fe may be exhibited or be donated for sale. That it be ne product of her hands or the creation of her brain is ll that is required.

The Talent Festival of this year, October 21 and 22, ill be arranged so as to be more easily accessible to the purchasing and spectator members and their friends.

The sales department will be divided into sections, each one of which will carry one particular line of goods or accessories. In so far as the committee is able, it will have the various departments in those sections of the club building that seem most suitable to the articles to be sold. The Lower Main Floor, for instance, will have booths for the sale of swimming equipment and aids to the well-groomed appearance of our members. The second floor, with many types of stalls, will cater to every whim of fancy and desire that can be imagined. The Third Floor will display the always tempting packages of "Homemade" and there will be some unique and delightful surprises in this locality. The popular waffle crew which was kept so busy last year will serve again in the Mural Room.

For those members who are anxious to do something to assist towards the success of the Talent Festival, but who are uncertain just what is most needed, many suggestions may be had from the heads of the various committees. If a member wishes to work in one of the groups now forming to make selected articles (and they are fascinating), she should communicate with Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., immediately. For any woman who can use the scissors and paste-pot, knife and glue, brush or needle, there are many ways of assisting her club to make this Talent Festival one long to be remembered.

Among the items already promised are photographs, golf socks, cushions, dolls, wood carvings, porcelains, braille, garden plants, infants' wear and belongings, knit apparel, bags, trays, textiles, leather-work, dressing-room, kitchen and bath accessories, frames, wood blocks, Hallowe'en favors, books, and many other objects of art and hand work.

Needlework Among Earliest Manifestations of Artistic Urge

—JOSEPHINE BARTLETT

I wonder if all the members who will display the results of their artistic bents at the Talent Festival in October realize the tremendously interesting historical background of the needlework and embroidery they do. The very first needleworker, of course, was that old reprobate, Mother Eve, who made up in neatness and artistry what she may have lacked in prowess in other lines; such as making apple tarts, and so on. The general cantankerousness of Father Adam and the two boys, Cain and Abel, may well be laid to the bad effects of eating green apples and Mother Eve's poor cooking. Anyway, Eve was a fine needleworker, as is evidenced by the various tales in our folk lore about her feather-stitched fig-leaf creations. Much may be forgiven her for fostering the very first human artistry in the world.

To discard joking and look into the history of needlework a little further—we find that it is really one of the first forms of industry, as well as art, among all races of people, since plain stitching must have been one of the earliest attainments of mankind; and of course from simple stitching it is only a step to decorative lines and patterns. Even among the remains of the Swiss lake-dwellers, needles have been found, indicating that those very ancient, primitive people had a knowledge of sewing.

Some very beautiful pieces have been discovered in the tombs of Egypt. One of the most ancient is the fragment of a linen robe found in the tomb of Thothmes IV at Thebes, which is now in the Cairo Museum. It is embroidered beautifully, in a sort of tapestry pattern, in red, green, and black. Rows of lotus flowers and papyrus motifs are encrusted on the linen, as well as the cartouche or "name plate" of Amenhotep II, which indicates that the embroidery must have been done about the fifteenth century before the Christian era. Few other actual specimens of needlework so ancient have ever been discovered, but from the wall and tomb paintings in Egypt and elsewhere, we know that people have done embroidery long before the beginnings of known history.

The ancient Greeks did embroidery as we understand it; that is, decoration by means of a needle on a finished piece of cloth. A purple woolen piece embroidered in wools of various colors, depicting a man on horseback with honeysuckle and tendril ornamentation, has been found in a tomb dated the fourth century B.C.

Here and there, across the years, we find evidences of varied and rich art in embroidery practised by all sorts of people. Homer mentions embroidered garments; the Phrygians, the Babylonians, the Romans, were masters of the art.

Perhaps loveliest of all, if we except some of the exquisite Chinese work, are the ecclesiastical embroideries done by patient hands in the Medieval centuries. There is an embroidered robe, Byzantine in origin, called the "Dalmatic of Charlemagne" or of Leo III, preserved in the sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome that is among the most famous as well as the most lovely of all such work. It is a blue silk robe; in front is represented Christ enthroned as Judge of the world, a youthful but majestic figure; on the back is the Transfiguration. The whole is a gorgeously patterned, exquisitely finished piece of work. Think of the years of effort—the deep religious exaltation—the artistic skill —all sewed into that beautiful garment which remains to represent the high point of Art in embroidery of its period.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century, embroidery grew immensely popular in England—in fact, all over Europe. Haven't you seen pictures of Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers in garments stiff with metallic and silk embroidery? A kind of embroidery known as "black work," done in black silk on linen, was popular during the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and the varied floral patterns represented so magnificently on their apparel have come down to the present day. The French embroidery of that period, closely worked in wools and silks on open-mesh material like canvas was called "au petit point"—and this method is still used today for the finest of handbags and furniture upholstery!

Anyone who saw Stowitt's paintings of "Vanishing India," exhibited at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor during the month of August, will realize the importance of embroidery as a craft in India. All sorts of clothing, the fine Kashmir shawls, Numdah rugs—all sorts of things from a Maharajah's garments to the tiniest of knick-knacks have been embroidered in that wonderful country for countless centuries. Although at times gaudy in effect, Indian embroidery is characterized by richness of coloring and extreme wealth of detail and imagination.

China's embroideries are particularly exquisite. Even in the Middle Ages, the Chinese were centuries ahead of European needleworkers, undoubtedly because China produced the world's first silk textiles. Chinese embroideries are generally worked in silk on a background of the same material. Unlike Persian and Turkish embroideries, which ordinarily have a conventionalized pattern symbolizing actual things but not picturing them, Chinese embroideries, as well as rugs, have actual pictures of landscapes, birds, dragons, flowers, and other things. No one who is sensitive to beauty and perfect craftsmanship can fail to feel the rhythmic color and perfection of workmanship down to the last tiny detail in the Chinese embroideries which Time has bequeathed to the world.

Rough but colorful and amazingly beautiful peasant embroidery from Russia, Crete, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, and other countries of southern Europe, as well as Morocco and Algeria, has been in vogue in this country during recent years. Busy women in the United States, who have neither the time nor the inclination to spend weary hours on delicate petit point or other particularly fine embroidery, find relaxation and real fun in doing the heavier, rougher peasant type of work. But however delicate or broad the work which a needleworker does, she has a definite sense of satisfaction at the completion of her task—the artist's satisfaction in his work, well done.

Those who think that embroidery in America is confined to samplers and punch-work doilies should examine a very interesting volume called "Development of Embroidery in America," written by Candace Wheeler, founder of the Decorative Arts Society. It traces the growth of needlework in our country from the porcupine quill work of the American Indians on through Colonial days to the styles that are in popular favor today. Maybe after you read it, you'll find inspiration to add *your* work to the Talent Festival next month.

Hands

You plough the earth with yours;
I use a thimble,
Or press a baby here:
Villon was nimble,
So long ago, with his—
But God's lie calm:
See! Socrates and Blake
Essaying a cold finger,
While armies clash,
And perish, in the palm.

—ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

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October 21 and 22

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Miss Laura L. McKinstry
German Kaffee Klatsch...to be announced later
Hawaiian.....Mrs. John Speyer
Italian.....Mrs. Douglas Cushman
Spanish.....to be announced later

FOURTH FLOOR: AMERICAN ROOM:
Fine Arts.....Miss Rose Pauson
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JURY.....to be announced later

Other names will be announced in next month's magazine.

TALENT FESTIVAL
1931

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Gardening

—JEAN MACGREGOR BOYD

● One of the wisest remarks that I have ever heard was made by a little old German woman when we were discussing gardening. "When I get all worked up inside," said she, "I go into my garden and work it all out outside." This is only one reason for recommending gardening to everyone.

I wonder how many battles, murders, and sudden deaths have taken place vicariously in attacks on weeds or slugs, or how many problems and perplexities have been smoothed out as the trowel slips into new-turned soil, or the fragrance steals from freshly watered flowers.

There is no one to whom gardening need be denied, especially here in California. It is only a pity too few realize just what that very simple word implies. One has only to look at Golden Gate Park and realize that scarcely more than fifty years ago it was a waste of sand, to know what knowledge and ingenuity can do. Anyone who wants can have a garden, if not a real garden, then one in miniature, either in a "window-box" or the so-called "plate garden," or possibly even with a collection of potted plants.

It is very interesting to wander around San Francisco, looking to see where possibilities have been realized and made the most of. Hidden away behind walls, on roofs of apartment houses, surrounding small cottages, are gardens where flowers bloom almost the entire year around.

The other day I found a new garden. Hedged in by tall apartment houses on every side, so that the sunlight scarcely reaches it, is a small cottage, but whoever lives there loves flowers. There was no soil to make a garden in, so they took barrels which they cut in half, drilled holes in the bottom for drainage, and in these are growing shade-loving plants which have flourished and rewarded a thousand-fold the slight effort required to grow them.

Outside the window, in one of the large hotels, an entire rock garden has been created. The rocks were brought in, one by one, and the soil carried in in baskets. From the luxuriously appointed bathroom, through a French salon, goes a long, red garden hose to water the plants. And every bird on Nob Hill comes to enjoy the luxurious freshness of this transplanted bit of woodland.

At the Cactus Show last month, the prize for the exhibit showing the greatest all-around merit and cultural skill was won by a collection from a San Francisco backyard garden.

As with everything, but particularly in gardening, there is one right and many wrong ways of proceeding, and much toil and tribulation can be avoided by taking the trouble to find the right way first—although it is fun and a valuable education to experiment by one's self.

Flowers are so lovely in themselves that one sometimes forgets that they should be considered as units in relation to their background and surroundings as a whole. This statement holds true all the way from the elaborately landscaped country estate through to the arrangement of flowers in the home. And so in your gardening consider carefully the effect as a whole. Fit the garden to its background. Together they are one entity, and each should gain from the other.

Making Enamel Vases

—HELEN B. REYNOLDS (MRS. RALPH A. REYNOLDS)

● In a dingy hall through which one enters the Kunstgewerbeschule of Vienna there stands a case containing exquisite enamelware, the work of Kunstgewerbe students. Bowls and plaques and vases glow with a beauty of translucent color all the more arresting because of the drabness of the surroundings.

Charmed with these examples of the craft when I first came upon them, I sought out the class where enameling is taught. The workroom was as dingy as the outer hall, but its appearance was easily forgotten. A dozen students, working in the leisurely Viennese manner, gave evidence in every look and gesture of pleasure in their work. Some were hammering sheet copper into shape; one was applying powdered enamel with blower and sieve; several were painting designs on the already fired enameled surfaces. Around the oven in the adjacent room a group of girls were gathered, awaiting their turn at firing. A bowl, red-hot, was removed from the oven and the students bent over it eagerly, watching as the heat died out and the colors became visible. "Ausgezeichnet!" "Fabelhaft!" "Sehr gut emailiert!" Without exception they were delighted, enthusiastic in their praise, each one taking genuine pleasure in the example of good craftsmanship. The same spirit was shown as each article was removed. No one was hurried nor agitated over the results of her work. If it was a failure—if the enamel had fallen off in the firing or cracked as it cooled—well, it was "Schade," but there were plenty of days ahead in which to do the work over and to make it perfect.

One should have the Viennese temperament in order to do good enamel work. Haste, no matter with what concentrated attention, leads nearly always to failure, and without philosophic good-nature one would find the work trying to the point of distraction. Even the experienced enameler encounters at times inexplicable failures, and at best the work is slow and painstaking.

The instructor of the class was a shy little woman with a surprising, sudden, warm smile. "Frau Professor Stark" I had noticed on the placard on the classroom door and I addressed the teacher by this name. She shook her head and smiled. "Nein. Die Frau Professor Start ist schon sieben Jahre tot. Ich heiss Fraulein Zanoskar."

She brought out for my benefit some beautiful pieces of work done by former students, handling each piece with almost reverent care. There was also a set of small trays in ruby red enamel which she herself had just completed during her spare time. Was she making these things to sell? Oh, no. If any one wished to buy she might sell them, but she worked for the pleasure of it.

A boy in leather shorts and Tyrolean jacket strolled into the room carrying a zither and a paper bag. Fraulein Zanoskar excused herself and went into her office with him. There they sat for an hour, leisurely eating plums from the paper bag and singing old Viennese songs to the accompaniment of the zither. The students in the workroom hummed with them. No one asked who the boy was. No one seemed to think it strange that the teacher should stop work for an hour to eat plums and to sing.

It was two years ago that I completed my training in enameling in the Kunstgewerbeschule. Since then I have been carrying on the work at home. I work in one end of the garage, with one ear out for the doorbell, the telephone, and the baby. Too often I try to finish my work on schedule time. Too often I work rapidly, in the American tempo. When I find myself guilty of these sins, I try to imagine myself back in the Kunstgewerbeschule; I remind myself of the students' quiet pleasure in the work, of their consciousness of unlimited time for the perfecting of each precious object; again I recall those Viennese songs and the music of the zither.

Weaving

—MAUD RIVES DETRICK (MRS. E. DETRICK)

● From the time of the building of the pyramids in Egypt women have woven cloth. Does it not seem strange that it should, here in America, have fallen into "innocuous desuetude" when it was so integral a part of our family life? Not when we consider the great labor attendant upon the production of a piece of cloth or a coverlet. Women veered entirely away when machines commenced to make cloth, and relieved their complicated lives of the carding and dyeing and spinning and weaving of the wool. They had so much else to do in the building up of our new country that weaving was suddenly and completely put aside.

Americans as a people know less of hand weaving than any European nation. But in late years, we are again becoming conscious of the beauty and value of hand woven textiles, and women, with the leisure of today, all over the country are learning the pleasure of the loom. The work has value, too, in the case of jangled, tired nerves, as witness its use in psychopathic hospitals and sanitariums for nervous patients. One becomes so completely absorbed in the work that the mind cannot dwell on disturbing thoughts. I know one woman who says she takes all her worries and troubles to her loom and finds surcease there.

For most of us, the word tapestry means needlepoint, as almost no one essays the real article, and shops call all sorts of things by that name, even block printed or painted fabrics. Real tapestry is associated for most of us generally with museums, and great battle or Biblical scenes. To actually make it is seldom attempted by craft workers. Things unknown always seem mysterious and intricate, but it is all simple when one becomes familiar with the technique, which is comparatively easy, presupposing a fair knowledge of color and ability in hand-craft.

I should like to see women become interested in tapestry weaving. Although your friends will ask you pityingly if you do not know that, as a pastime for gentlewomen, it went out in the middle ages, there is no reason why it should not be as much of a pastime as needle-point. It is vastly more interesting and beautiful, giving as it does more opportunity for imagination and ingenuity. The technique is easily mastered, and although books will tell you that it takes fifteen years to perfect the art to the degree of a master weaver, that applies to workers on museum pieces.

Labor? Yes, anything worth while takes time, but for the person who likes to work with her hands, the joy in the execution and the sense of achievement more than counterbalance that. A small piece takes about the same time as if done in needle-point.

Arduous? It need not be. There are wonderful small and simple designs. One can do furniture covering and small wall hangings with not too much labor. A little time spent with regularity will accomplish great things, and most of us can find time for that which we really want to do. It fascinates one to see a beautiful pattern unfolding day by day, until at last a thing of enduring beauty is our own. What we love to do is no labor. For those of us who like craft work, there is the very greatest pleasure in the creation of a beautiful thing.

Unequaled in beauty are the mille-fleurs designs of the fifteenth century Gothic tapestries. Most of us have seen in Paris the most famous of all, the Lady and the Unicorn series in the Cluny Museum, or at least are familiar with the charming pictures of them. They have a great appeal for their naïve and exquisite beauty of design. In the Talent Festival I hope to show you what can be done with one of these designs by a rank amateur.

Cover Design for Bound Books

—HAZEL DREIS

● Books, as they come into the hands of the average purchaser, are case bound or "cased," as the method is known in the trade. In covering these books a cover is made and the sewn and glued book is held in place by the first and last sheets of the book, which are pasted down onto the cover. These processes are done by machinery and the method is an efficient and satisfactory one for the vast number of books issued yearly by the publishers of today.

To fully bind a book each section is sewn by hand around linen cords or leather thongs which are laced into and fastened onto the boards. These boards become the foundation on which the material with which the book is covered is fixed. These operations must be done by hand and require considerable skill and much time. The result is permanent. Leather is the most satisfactory material for a hand bound book.

Comparing the first cost of a fully bound book and a case bound book, the price of the full binding seems high. But it will be seen that it is not when the life of the two is compared. A *properly* bound book, in use, will last hundreds of years; the life of a cased book, in use, is about a year. The method by which a book is to be covered should be determined by its value—intrinsically, or from a standpoint of sentiment.

In the old craft days all books were bound by hand. The machine with its possibilities of innumerable exact copies was unthought of and the main purpose of binding a book was to preserve it. Still, existing examples of first attempts to accomplish this show the wide variety of methods used before the craft finally stabilized, and the methods developed which are in use today.

Pugelleria, an early Roman, used ivory, wood, and metal, binding the whole together with rings and covering the back with wax. Glue was not discovered until 56 B. C., by a Greek, Phillatus. From this time one finds the use of glue in the covering of books. Limp covers literally wrapped around the books were tried. The various sections or pages were held together by odd methods of sewing, pasting, or even thongs run through the pierced sheets and tied together with the cover on the outside of the book. This method was not satisfactory, for while it held all the sheets together it also placed a strain on them; they became crumpled and soiled, especially the first pages, and the book could not be opened freely. Obviously a better method had to be devised. In some cases the books were pierced as before ("stabbed" is the bookbinder's term for this method) and wooden boards were attached as was the limp cover. Again this method had the defect of not permitting the pages to be opened freely, although the stiff covers eliminated much of the crumpling and soiling. Finally the sewing of folded pages around leather thongs was developed. The thongs were laced into the board, which had by now become established as a good protective covering for a book.

Up to this time there had been no attempt to decorate or embellish the covers. The binding had the sole purpose of protecting the pages. With the laced-in board one sees the first attempts to give the work a more pleasing appearance. The uncovered back of the book was unsightly; in addition, always with the practical in mind, it was the only unprotected portion of the book. The saddle maker was resorted to and he covered this unprotected portion with a strip of his leather. It adhered badly, as the heavy thongs on which the book was sewn held the leather away from the book. Examples of this period are clumsy and crude, but effective. Many have lasted until today. Tying the book up with leather thongs on either side of the thong on which the book was sewn was a next easy step. It held the leather closely on the back of the book and gave a neat appearance. To use leather or other material over the entire board and to protect the head with a headband followed, and you have the book bound much as it is today. It was some time before an end sheet came into general use—the earliest examples of hand bound books having no sheet covering the inside cover.

Up to this point, however, covering the back with leather and working it neatly around the cords were the only attempts to make the binding a nicer looking job, and both of these operations contain enough of the practical main purpose of the binding that they must be classed as the workman's instinct for good work rather than artistic strivings.

Saddle makers had been decorating their work for years, and the first books were bound in leather from the saddle maker's stock. It was quite natural that the early books should carry the blind tooling and in most cases the very ornaments which were used by the sad dle maker. Some of these books were beautiful, but many are judged so now because they are hallowed as well as mellowed by age. The tools were usually placed this way and that, and were frequently somewhat crooked. The work was beautiful, but the designs rarely so. Design did not enter. The binder filled up the space with the tools at hand and let it go at that.

Monks did a great deal of the early work, but the craft quickly spread to laymen workers who had for their clients the nobility and the aristocracy. With the demand of these patrons came the working of crests and shields by the layman, and religious figures by the priests for their religious books. Then came the discovery of the method of impressing gold on leather by the Italians, used at first, I believe, for decorating leather for furniture. The binders took it over and literally covered their work with gold, using tools obtained from Italy and in the Italian manner. Some few of the more wealthy binders had tools cut to their design, but these were the exception, and even today if a binder wishes to buy ready cut tools, the stock is with few

Continued on page 28

EDITORIAL

● As the Talent Festival approaches, laboratories, ateliers, observatories, conservatories, workshops of any kind where women dream and do, are yielding indications of what is to be shown on the four first floors of the City Club, October 21 and 22.

The urge to beauty has been an irresistible force in the world since Eve first scratched a sketch in the still moist soil of Eden. Her daughters have improved greatly upon the product, but the drive is the same composite of pain and delight which still impels us toward the guarded heights. Our spirits swing in an ampler arc, command a more glorious view, but our sense of achievement is probably no more sheer and sufficing than was hers, for that is eternal, like truth and grace and splendor.

And so we shall bring our work, our achievements, varied as the natures of the women who wrought them. There will be exhibits of all financial values, from canvases of ravishing colors to ash trays and hook rugs. But who shall venture to evaluate the satisfaction of the picture maker as more than that of the rug weaver or the jam maker? It is a Talent Festival, with each following her manifest ability. One may have a vocation for rafia work and another a genius for sculpture or bookbinding. One may be impelled to chart the stars in their courses and record their wheelings on maps. Another may express herself in a knitted afghan of delicate wools and iridescent tints. Another may scale the rugged places of the earth and bring home specimens of flora and fauna.

Variety and surprise are to characterize the Festival, and over all will be the aura which pervades any task well done. "Enter thou into the joy" of the kingdom of achievement.

Many of the exhibits will be so precious to their makers that they will not be for sale. These will comprise the "Loan Exhibit," and will not be received at the Club until October 19. Exhibits which are to be gifts to the Festival, placed on sale, and the moneys thus assembled given to the Club, are even now being received and will continue to be received until October 16. But, loan or contribution, the import of the Festival remains a salute to the ingenuity and the creativeness of eight thousand City Club members. It is infinitely more than a bazaar and considerably different from an exposition.

Course on Literature of New Russia Offered by Club

● A course of four lectures on Literature of New Russia will be given in the Chinese Room of the City Club by Madame Olga Ilyin on the second and fourth Monday afternoons of October and November under the auspices of the Club's Committee on Literary Activities, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman.

Russia as seen through the eyes of Sovietism and Life in the United States of Soviet Russia will be the general aspect of Madame Ilyin's discourses. Her subjects on specific dates will be:

October 12: The Bulk of the Russian People.
October 26: Builders of the World's Communism.
November 9: Dreamers without Dreams.
November 23: The Crucified.

The lectures will be given at 2:30 o'clock. The charge is two dollars for the course of four, or seventy-five cents for a single lecture.

Miss Marion Huntington is chairman of the committee in charge of the Ilyin lectures. Others in the group are:

Mrs. James Otis
Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy
Miss Edith Waterman
Mrs. Bruce Porter
Mrs. Franklin Harwood
Mrs. Effingham Sutton
Mrs. De Laveaga Orinda
Mrs. Morse Erskine
Mrs. Chester Moore
Mrs. Leroy Butler

Madame Ilyin is the wife of a cousin of the artists, Peter and Gleb Ilyin, prominent San Francisco painters. She is a graduate of a Russian University and recently, in Paris, published a book of poems. She fled Imperial Russia in 1918 and came to America in 1923. Since then she has been in close contact with conditions in Russia and has followed the vicissitudes of that great body of people with anxious sympathy.

"Floor by Floor"

TALENT FESTIVAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE:
Miss Marion Leale, Chairman
LOANS—AUDITORIUM:
Miss S. G. Chapman, Chairman
INFORMATION:
Mrs. Frank Boyce Tupper, Chairman
VOLUNTEERS:
Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, Chairman
CASHIERS:
Mrs. A. B. Stephens, Chairman
LOWER MAIN FLOOR:
Mrs. Louis J. Carl, Chairman
SECOND FLOOR:
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Chairman
THIRD FLOOR:
Mrs. Wm. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman
FOURTH FLOOR—AMERICAN ROOM:
Miss Rose Pauson, Chairman
MOTOR CORPS:
Mrs. Charles W. Durbrow, Chairman

City Club Announcements

Grand Duchess Marie Coming to the Women's City Club

—JESSIE McG. TREAT (MRS. PAYSON TREAT)
CHAIRMAN OF PROGRAMS

● Grand Duchess Marie will give her only lecture in San Francisco at the Women's City Club. This event will be eagerly anticipated by the members and friends of the Club, especially those who have read "Education of a Princess." However, everyone will be interested in seeing and hearing this author whose life of kaleidoscopic change is more unbelievable than fiction. A woman whose superb courage has given her opportunities, she presents them with a sincerity and candor which is charming.

The rigorous conventionality of her education was in sharp contrast to the violent personalities in the Russian Court and the tragic doom pervading the last years of the Russian Empire. A sensitive, lonely little girl was immersed in this atmosphere of dread and terror. Despite this background of gloom, she learned her philosophy early and "she wears her resolute courage lightheartedly."

Grand Duchess Marie is the daughter of Tsar Alexander III's youngest brother. Her mother died before she was two years old, her father was banished, so Marie and her brother, Dimitri, were turned over to an aunt, the sister of the Tsarina. Tragedy and disappointment followed her. Her uncle was assassinated, her marriage to Prince William of Sweden a failure, her brother, Dimitri, was involved in the murder of Rasputin. During the war she was the head nurse in a military hospital at Pskov and could appreciate the frightful mismanagement of the war. Later came the revolution, the death of the Tsar, and the end of the Romanoff régime. She fled to Paris with many other Russian aristocrats and later came to America.

With this brief résumé to indicate the wealth of experience and the opportunity to depict contrasts between the old and new, the Program Committee feel that they are fortunate to be able to present to the Women's City Club, Grand Duchess Marie.

Reception and Tea for Opera Stars

● On September 8, the Club will hold a Reception and Tea in honor of the visiting Opera Stars of the San Francisco opera season, which opens September 10 at Exposition Auditorium. Members of the Club, Sponsors of the San Francisco Opera Association, and interested guests are invited.

Reservations must be made before September 16. The tea will be fifty cents per service.

Lyman Bryson to Speak

● The Chairman and Committee of the Vocational Information Bureau has arranged an interesting program for Tuesday, October 27. Lyman Bryson, M.A., Lecturer University Extension Division, Los Angeles, Executive Director California Association for Adult Education, will be the speaker.

Mr. Bryson will take as his theme the changing attitudes in the world towards adult education (the exact title will be announced later). World traveler, keen observer, clear thinker, and excellent speaker, Mr. Bryson has a fund of information to impart. He does so in a way that holds the attention of his audience and provokes thinking on their part.

The lecture will be open to members with their friends and to the general public.

Signature Cards

● Will each member kindly ask for a signature card, either at the Main Desk or the Executive Secretary's Office, to be filled out with her name, address, and telephone number, as the signature card file is not completed. This is for your convenience and protection.

French Classes

● Mme. Rose Olivier will resume her French classes in September. The conversational class will begin Friday, September 11, at 11 o'clock, and the theory classes between 6 and 9 o'clock, Monday evening, September 14. If there is not a sufficient number to form regular classes, groups of three and four may arrange for lessons. Fees for these smaller groups will be determined later.

Fees for Conversational Classes:
Members $7.50; Non-members $9.00.

Fees for Theory Classes:
Members $6.50; Non-members $7.50.

French Table in Cafeteria

● Beginning Wednesday, September 16, a table will be reserved weekly in the Cafeteria for members and their guests who are French students or who are interested in French. The conversation will be entirely in French, and those who care to enter into the conversation may do so; those who do not may listen. Mme. Olivier will preside at the table at 12:15 and all members are welcome. This table conversation will be especially helpful to those who are studying in Mme. Olivier's conversational class, for it will give them an hour of practice in addition to their lesson.

Mrs. Hugh Brown to Begin Series with "Five Star Final"

● Mrs. Hugh Brown will inaugurate her series of Drama Teas with a reading of the gripping melodrama of a ruthless "tabloid" newspaper, "Five Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn, instead of the play previously announced. The play is a fast-moving drama of newspaper life and has been one of the New York successes. It is now drawing crowded houses. Mrs. Brown's reading will be held in the Cafeteria at 2:15 o'clock Monday afternoon, September 21.

The second reading of the series will be October 19, when Mrs. Brown will read "The Matriarch," by Miss G. B. Stern.

"The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern, was one of the outstanding London productions last season, with Mrs. Pat Campbell in the title role. "The Matriarch" marshals the family career through troubled waters, and, at last, in her old age, gives over the reins to a granddaughter, who, at first, resents the implication that she is "just like her grandmother," but who ultimately assumes with pride her position as head of the family with a determination to carry on the family tradition in the spirit of her ancestors. A very beautiful and touching picture of Jewish family life. Constance Collier and Katherine Cornell have both been mentioned as successors to the role in this country.

Mrs. Hugh Brown's Drama Tea committee comprises: Mrs. E. L. Grisell, Chairman; Mrs. William W. Adams, Miss Edith Allyne, Mrs. G. A. Applegarth, Mrs. S. D. Britt, Mrs. LeRoy Brooks, Mrs. Page Brown, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Miss Marion Burr, Mrs. Edmund Butler, Mrs. Edward Currier, Mrs. Joseph G. DeForest, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Howard Fleming, Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, Miss Ruth Gedney, Miss Lutie Goldstein, Mrs. Henry F. Grady, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. J. R. Hannay, Mrs. Franklin Hittell, Mrs. Albert J. Howell, Mrs. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. M. Osborn Johnson, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. F. W. Kroll, Mrs. S. J. Lisberger, Miss Anna K. Martin, Mrs. Frederick Meyer, Mrs. W. D. Patterson, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. Phoebe Rockwell, Mrs. Virgil F. Shaw, Mrs. William D. Stewart, Mrs. E. J. Tukington, Mrs. Shirley Walker, Mrs. Benjamin G. Weston, Mrs. E. P. Wilcox, Miss Ethel Young.

Tickets for the course are five dollars and single tickets one dollar.

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We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE.

—EMERSON

Dramatic New Fashions for Fall

—KATHERYN ALLEN

● *"So sing they, say they, tell they the tale" of Fall Fashions, 1931!*

It's a thrilling story this year.There are new fabrics, new colors, and a new silhouette to talk about. Isn't that enough to keep one busy?

The flat hipline, "cinched in" waistline, and enlarged shoulders hold the eye in viewing the Fall 1931 "trig" silhouette. Vogue expresses it by saying that everything of interest happens above the waist this year. Skirts may be longer but without wide flares—in order to balance the width above.

One important change accompanying the silhouette is that dresses and coats of fur and fabric follow the same lines. This fullness and width above the waist involves dolman sleeves, larger armholes, and fur trimming on fabric coats and suits. Tricky flares of the past seasons are quite out, also the huge shawl collars.

Next in importance in the fashion is the French Colonial influences of color. Bright blue, bright green, bright red, rust, rich browns, beige, and amber combine as emphasis on these truly dramatic new dresses. These Algerian colors will look particularly fitting under our California sun this fall.

At this distance from Fall, velvet gowns and dress suits for afternoon and evening wear will share honors with satin. Black satin for street and informal dining and dancing, white and colors for evening formalities. Velvet looks well in black and some of the stronger colors . . . the new velvet is such an improvement over the old . . . cuts well too . . . every wardrobe will fill its quota with some velvet. The season promises to be colorful . . . "strong colors" and black and white with colors contrasting. We can enjoy our clothes for their cut and color and our amusing new millinery styles which top off each costume. There really is a type of hat this season just suited to you.

New coats show lengths that are neither long nor short, and are made of boucle texture fabrics in many attractive, bright colors, if you like colors. Black in broadcloth or the new fabrics will of course be conservatively good. Black Hudson seal, by the way, now that we have touched the subject of fur, is the latest idea in Paris in sports coats, and Schiaparelli uses it in several youthful models. The newest daytime fur, however, is leopard or oceolot, showing the very definite influence of the French Colonial exposition. Black Persian lamb, Jap. weasel, mink, and sable are considered the finest furs for the fall and winter season.

Fabric coats differ from fur coats, as the fabrics make lavish use of fur trimming and fur coats are smartly self-trimmed. Both cloth and fur coats show the dolman sleeve influence, a perceptible waistline, either belted or buttoned, a deep wrap, and no tricky flares. Suits may be long or short coated, with lavish fur trimming, all falling gracefully into the lines of the fall trig silhouette.

Since so many coats will be in bright colors, dresses will tend to be dark, in prints or plain colors. But somewhere, the French Colonial color idea will definitely and smartly mark the costume, Fall 1931. Dresses will continue to feature the jacket ensemble idea. New necklines using revers, color accents, and new sleeve lines will characterize these dresses in addition to the cinched-in waists. The new dresses, especially in the new woolens, will have a trimmer, a truly trig, appearance.

Fabrics have become immeasurably more dramatic on account of woolens in diagonal weaves, lacy weaves, tricky plaids, and soft, light-weight tweeds. The Parisian and American coutouriers have worked magic and the woolen dresses and suits you will be wearing for daytime this fall will seem like nothing else you have been privileged to wear. And satin comes in again. Its lustrous black combines with white satin or gorgeous crepes in daytime and evening dresses which you can hardly wait to buy. The new velvet is dull—light-weight, but dull. It falls in moderne straight lines and looks refreshingly different as used in afternoon and evening models. Watch for "Algerian Pink," a bright color that should prove devastating this fall. Evening wraps may follow Chanel and be short, or copy Vionnet and fall in long lines nearly to the floor in the back. Ermine is a favorite material.

But perhaps the most revolutionary thing in the entire picture is the new type of hat. Up over the left ear, down to the right eyebrow . . . these derbies and Empress Eugenie styles are immensely flattering as a contrast to exposed foreheads of the last several seasons. Of course, hair styles have changed . . . semi-long hair is in vogue and a narrower head . . . whatever that means to you!

As for accessories . . . hose will be darker, thin black being worn with dark costumes. Gloves with a flare will be seen on coats narrow at the wrist, and they will be short when coats have large cuffs. Jewelry changes to jewelled bracelets with few if any necklaces. Reboux has a love of an idea for evening scarfs. It is three yards long, made of three different colors of chiffon and six inches wide in the middle, widening by addition of colors to one and one-half yards wide on the ends. You'll like it for its flowing lines.

And now, Mesdames, the tale is foretold of Fall Fashions for the coming season. The fashion-conscious women of San Francisco have a supreme advantage over other fashion centers. Our altogether delightful seasons precede by at least a month the seasons anywhere else in America. It is partly for that reason that we in the city of the Golden Gate may be leaders in this fascinating game of fashion. Be prepared, therefore, to embrace the trig silhouette and French Colonial colors.

Women of Affairs

—MARY LYNCH (MRS. WILLIAM CHARLES LYNCH)

● I have always chosen my friends with the utmost care. Realizing that the making of friends is one of the arts, I have followed certain principles with an ideal in mind. First, there is the principle of community of interests; my friend in view must like at least some of the things that I do. For example, no golf enthusiast would be considered because physically I could not follow her over the course, and spiritually, golf will remain for me one of the eternal mysteries. As for appearance, I have no unprepossessing friends—no, they are one and all an upstanding and handsome lot. With a certain grace of carriage, a fine turn to the features, and a satisfactory color scheme. There is also that often troublesome principle of appeal: there must be something about her that appeals to me; an interesting hobby—not too jauntily ridden; or again a talent for doing a thing finely. It may be that the appeal is there but evades classification. This is often the most charming appeal of all.

After reading this far you are convinced, I feel certain, that after all this sound procedure my friends are, once they are acquired, a source of never failing joy and light to me. But this is not the case. It is with sorrow that I confess that they have saddened and are disappointing me at every turn. It has generally been my habit to select my friends, as it were, from the ranks. One of obscure and humble position—like myself—leisurely enough to like to ride on top a bus. But it seems that the minute the two of us are sailing along smoothly my friend becomes important. She decides to take over a business; she is elected a civic officer; or her talent suddenly flowers and she is a character of national importance. Then is she delivered over into the hands of the public. If this had occurred only in a few sporadic instances I might have heartily rejoiced, joined the paean of praise, turning again to the remaining simple souls like my own. But it has happened with such deadly frequency that, one by one, my friends whom I cherish have risen.

Take the case of Harriet. During the fifteen years of our association Harriet has deteriorated from a mere teacher of Latin to the owner of a flourishing school. Harriet and I used to go on long and aimless rambles, stealing apples—only the fallen ones—along the fields. Now Harriet has no time to walk; she whisks herself from board meeting to board meeting in a smart roadster. I used to enjoy the welcome note in her voice when she answered the telephone. Now I get only the terse accent of her secretary. "Must I speak to Miss Lyman personally?" I stubbornly insist. At last her vague, "Miss Lyman speaking." "Harriet," I implore, "It is only me, and I hate to bother you but you forgot to feed the new dog and does he get liver and vegetables, or just liver?" Then, in the midst of a committee meeting, no doubt, Harriet has the grace to chuckle. "Darling," she replies, "Just liver, by all means, and may Sandy be as refreshed as I am by your call!" It is this ability of Harriet's, of being on occasion a human being, that keeps me from relinquishing her altogether.

Then there is Francesca. I use fictitious names because you would be sure to know their real ones. Francesca had one noble trait among others. She really adored children. She liked them pink and shining from the bath, or grubby and vociferous. Other people's children—mine. She used to happen in at zero hours while they were being fed or washed or spanked and straightway she entered into the spirit of the group. But now she has become part of a larger group. The city has decided that it cannot get along without her and no committee is complete without her name. No casual calling now, but a consultation with an appointment book, a promise of forty minutes in ten days. It is more like going to the dentist than seeing Francesca. Yet—there comes a wistful note in her voice when she says, "How are the children?" And I cannot give up Francesca.

The last case is the incentive for this lament. It is about Penelope. Penelope represents the blight of friendship in its first fair promise, a friend of only a very brief period. In this instance I set aside a rule, hoping to defy the fates. For Penelope was already famous when I found her. I told myself that she had reached the height of her attainments, but still remained accessible. Penelope had none of the earmarks of fame; she enjoyed drinking tea without planning to do so weeks in advance. She really sat down and had several cups instead of skimming from group to group in a crowded room. Penelope could and did sew—she had every grace. But alas, the crowning laurel has now been laid on her brow. A mighty organization has claimed her, to which she will dedicate each waking hour, and she will go as the others have—she is only human. I had great hopes that she would be defeated, and that another would be claimed. Then I could have said, "Never mind, Penelope, forget the fickle public—I still believe in you. Let us do something silly like going to a concert and buying our own seats."

But Penelope was not defeated; this last and fatal honor came to her as easy victor. I may see her from time to time, no doubt at the speakers' table of some banquet. I may receive a card with her signature. Who knows? But Penelope will have gone the way of the other illustrious and shining souls.

And I, for my part, will go mine, eating apples, riding on bus tops, sewing by the fireside—no doubt alone.

Building a Child's Library

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Frequently parents decide unconsciously in their own minds that school work provides sufficient reading material for their growing children and so pay very little attention to the type of literature read at home. That is unfortunate, for the child in later years is forced, in order to keep up with his classmates who have been trained, to "cram" and so merely skims over dozens of books, or perhaps resorts to reviews which give another's opinion of the author's ability and style. In this way one has the gist but not the meat.

It would be far better if each child were encouraged to read properly and if he were given the myths at an age when he could enjoy them and to meet literary, historical, and biblical characters in the natural sequence, rather than in regular school classes with no previous knowledge of them. Ignorance is the first step in diffidence. A child who is unfamiliar with a subject will hang back of his fellows and in time loses confidence in himself and his ability to succeed in other things.

Interesting contrasts have been shown in college between girls and boys who knew and loved so-called "children's stories" and those who had not heard of them. Modern plays, novels, and poetry are based upon the earlier literary publications and it is only fair that each child be given a working knowledge of facts—even though they are sugar-coated, for the dose will be easy to take when one has delightfully illustrated books with exciting tales at an age when such stories are keenly enjoyed.

These facts were stressed by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell, in her summer bi-monthly lectures on "Building a Child's Library," when she discussed hundreds of books suitable for children seven to nine years of age. With the opening of school the regular weekly schedule was resumed, with the class meeting in the Chinese Room on Tuesdays at 10:45 A.M.

A new series of talks for boys and girls, ten to thirteen years of age, was started on the eleventh of August. Printed lists with room for marginal notes are provided for the class and in the brief résumés of some of the stories the parents may prepare their own reviews, while many books are very thoroughly discussed by Mrs. Powell. If one has missed a lecture or two, it does not matter, as each meeting forms a complete unit. Through the courtesy of the staff of the Children's Book Shop and Mrs. Powell, data may be obtained on any book that interests the parent.

Members of the Club are cordially invited to attend these no-fee lectures, which are of the greatest assistance in guiding parents in book selection for every period of growth and temperament. Children's tastes in literature differ equally as in other things and it requires study and thought to choose correctly.

Child Temperament Attuned to the Artistic

—ALICE TODHUNTER (MRS. FRANCIS TODHUNTER)

● Art appreciation applied to the cultural routine in a child's life often seems to the parent as misty and devoid of value as a fairy tale. It is just one of those things that goes in and comes along with education.

An artist generally shudders when he hears the word artistic. To him it too often means something in very poor taste, like art squares, etc.

Appreciation and its close relation to really fine qualities of character is so interwoven with its application in the thinking habit of the child that its values is beyond estimation. A child cannot have too much of such a mental discipline, learning to segregate the indifferent from the fine, the cheap and tawdry from the genuine.

The growing knowledge forms itself into an unconscious inclination to render judgment. He thrills when his fingers touch rare beauty, his eyes chance upon a masterpiece.

The principle that sustains art creates a steadying influence, tending toward an equilibrium, if it stays undivorced from its structural background. Staying so it forms a basis to model and build upon, as a sculptor uses his wire armature to create a statue, piece by piece, of bits of clay.

It adds to a method of thinking through avenues of priceless knowledge and understanding of beauty. It makes a reason why rather than a procedure of don'ts.

I believe the principles of art are closely linked with the psychology that reaches deeply into the more fundamental aspects of life, enhancing it. Its practical importance is seen in the warp and woof of the individual's character, the city's character, a nation's character.

With the child this important study should begin. Here is fertile ground to plant that which will not only bear him fruit but also his faculty brings to a nation wealth. For the more we love art, the richer the individual—the finer the aspect of cities—and to the shrine of beauty goes the world.

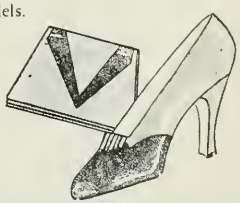
At every turn of the road the child develops an answering thrill to the real that art embraces. He learns to label the shabby, comes to dislike it. He finds himself likening people to that innate standard he is setting up. He gradually attunes himself to a union with a force as potent as excellent music. One can hardly imagine a great lover of music stooping to the sham and crudities of life.

That sense that seems so intangible, when nourished will go hand in hand with better standards, will promote happiness,

Frank Werner
Slipper Salon
255 GEARY STREET

Presenting I. MILLER
Shoe Modes for Autumn

NEW AUTUMN STYLES that are excitingly flattering . . . a variation far in excess of any previous advance showing. Original *I. Miller* and *Werner* creations portraying the fine points of Autumn fashioning. This season the prices, too, are most exciting, starting as low as 10.75 and up to 14.50; 16.50 to 18.50 for the hand-made De Luxe models.



will beautify surroundings, will make environment bountiful, people it with friends where once it was barren and lonely.

Loneliness, those who know children will say, is the child's worst enemy. And children are lonely with many other children near them. They are lonely because they want to think of doing, or thinking of something that interests them. Most often the constructive would be more acceptable, but the destructive is nearer at hand; or they have not the facility to bring themselves in touch with creative activity or environment that would be like a pot of gold to them.

The child should be more attuned to the artistic, to its vital importance, not as something to be thought of as a little seasoning to food but the very salt itself, without which the food would be impossible.

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A jolly good ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Walloping Window Blind."
No wind that blew dismayed her crew
Nor troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
Though it often appeared
When the storm had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below, sir.

A New Joy in the Garden

—PEARL SPOFFORD (MRS. ELDON B. SPOFFORD)

● The faint breath of wistaria floats through my garden, its mauve-pink blossoms forming a veritable cataract of exotic splendor as it trails down from the trellis and creeps up to the brink of the pool.

"Spring is here again!" I exclaim with rapture, dreaming of the fresh green leaves the multicolored blossoms, and my most welcome visitors, the birds, who will soon follow.

A faint, "Bzee, Bzee," rising above the gurgling fountain brings me back from my dreams to watch the tiny ruby and emerald atom which swings like a jeweled pendulum through the rainbow spray of water.

It is one of my most colorful and interesting visitors, an Allen hummingbird. To him I owe an unending debt of gratitude, for it was from watching and studying him that I began my first observations of the birds in my garden.

At first I used to see him bathing in the fountain and then preening himself as he sat perched on a twig in the sun. Then I became interested in seeing which flowers in the garden attracted him. I soon discovered that he sought out the deep-tubed ones such as lilies, penstoms, gladioli, etc., and that he seemed to favor the red and the orange blossoms.

I gradually acquired many interesting facts about my tiny friend; one of which however puzzled me considerably. Rapidly vibrating his wings, he would hover in front of a blossom, then having finished his repast, would back away from it. I had never seen a bird fly backward before and was very interested to learn some time later that the hummingbird is the only bird who can go in "reverse."

After I had derived so much pleasure and satisfaction from my observations of the hummingbird, I decided that it would be interesting to learn what I could about the other birds who visited my garden. If I did not know the correct name of a bird when I first saw it, I gave it a nickname such as, "Goldie," which proved to be a Willow Goldfinch. Or, perhaps, I would call it after some distinguishing mark as, "the robin with the black necklace," whose correct name is the Varied Thrush.

I was very interested to see that some birds always fed upon the seeds of plants, while others preferred the fruit or berries of trees and shrubs. Then, there was still another group who fed upon insects and worms.

Besides learning what a bird fed upon, I gradually found out many other interesting facts which always gave me new joy and inspiration in my study. Its song, its habits and mannerisms, whether timid or bold, quarrelsome or friendly—these are a few of the traits which I look for in every bird observed.

Then what a thrill it always is when the time arrives each season for a certain bird to appear, and to go out into the garden and see him perched in the sun, singing his greetings to you just as though he were trying to tell you how happy he is to be back again in your garden.

And so I have discovered a new joy in my garden—a joy that equals the happiness derived from the trees and flowers.

The League Shop

of the Women's City Club—Main Floor, 465 Post St.—is now in its newly decorated home, and cordially invites visitors to see these new and entirely different gifts . . .

Rare old brasses from Java and India.

Fascinating European railway posters.

Quaintly decorated Russian boxes and toys.

Mary Hamilton pottery in distinctive shapes, designed exclusively for The League Shop.

Unusual hand-made handkerchiefs in Algerian colorings.

Patsy Dolls for the children. Also complete wardrobes available for the dolls.

Mrs. Powell's Lectures

● Grace Sutton Powell's lectures on "Building a Child's Library" are finding an enthusiastic response from the public, especially from young mothers in the City Club. Every Tuesday morning at 10:45 in the Chinese Room of the City Club, where the lectures are given, there may be found a new group following the courses as given by Mrs. Powell, and her radio talks also bring to her a deal of "fan" mail from persons who express appreciation of the benefits they receive from having their children's reading intelligently charted.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Telephone Number*_____

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

- Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.
- Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M.D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

Semi-Annual Health Examinations

● Twice annually the City Club extends to its members the privilege of complete health examination at the hands of a corps of physicians of high repute, at no cost further than the ten dollars requisite as registration fee. The autumn examination for this year will be from Thursday, October 1, to October 15, inclusive, to be held as in the past under the general chairmanship and personal supervision of Dr. Adelaide Brown, who gives this as her Volunteer Service to the Club and to the womanhood of San Francisco.

Dr. Brown, who is health editor of the City Club Magazine, selects the physicians who conduct the examinations. They are the same this fall as they were last spring, their names being listed below.

To periodically take stock of one's general physical condition is to take the most certain means of insuring one's health, for insipient diseases may thus be surprised in their first stages and eradicated. Organs showing wear and tear or general debility may be built up to excellent tone.

We have our teeth examined semi-annually. We take care of our complexions, our finger-nails, our figures, and our general appearance. Is not the health of the body, the interior machinery, quite as important and eminently entitled to periodic appraisal?

The old adage about the ounce of prevention applies in this case very aptly, as many City Club members who have in the past availed themselves of the privilege of the examinations will testify. If the examining physicians find malady or organic disturbance the person examined is recommended to go straight to her own physician. The examining staff is only a diagnosing body. It but finds the trouble, if any. If none is there to be found, how satisfactory it is to have a clean bill of health.

Dr. Brown's assistants on the committee on Periodic Health Examinations follow: Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Mrs. Edward Rainey.

The staff of physicians follows:

Medical Examiners: Dr. Ethel Owen and Dr. Ina M. Richter.

Gynaecological Examiner: Dr. Gertrude Jones.

Laboratory Diagnosticians: Dr. Aghavani Shaghoian and Dr. Hilda Davis.

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Current Health Matters

ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D. (*Health Editor*)

● Your health editor has been taking a vacation on writing articles during the month of August. In July, I discussed with you the possibility of part day jobs as a matter of help in the unemployment of women. The telephone address, Underhill 3410, which I gave you, and your interest in the suggestions has brought many applications for part day workers.

Work paid for by the hour in sewing has had to be stopped, due to lack of funds in the municipal budget. In the final discussion of the problem it is certainly good for the self respect of the worker, but is it a solution to pay for work many times not skillfully done?

In following up the cases of unemployment, those with medical or mental problems have passed through my hands. I want at this point to acknowledge the cordial support the free clinics of the city (at the two universities, particularly) have given in diagnosis of medical conditions. Adjustment, only, has been my problem.

Family budgets have come up as a matter of great interest to me, and I have permission to give you one of the stories. This family has never appeared in the list of the Associated Charities, and as a group present very pressing problems. Four people, a father of 81, a mother of 79, and two daughters over and under 60 in age are living today in a house valued at $4,000, on which there is a $1,500 mortgage. This means rent equals insurance, taxes, and interest on mortgage. The income for food is between $3.50 and $4.00 a week. At the present date the father has just secured the old age pension of $30 a month. Their budget for food is as follows:

5 packages cereal	$ .40
Flour, last a week	.10
Sugar, last a week	.15
7 cans milk, at 9c	.63
4 loaves of bread	.20
6 lbs. scrap bacon	.20
4 lbs. lamb breast	.20
6 bunches vegetables	.20
2 squares butter	.24
Potatoes	.25
1 lb. coffee	.15
2 lbs. prunes	.10
2 lbs. apricots	.10
Hamburger steak	.25
1 doz. eggs (if cheap)	.30
Liver	.25
	$3.72

You will note that there is no fruit and a very small amount of green vegetables, being largely what we would call soup vegetables, and no fresh milk in this diet.

The marketing is done at one of the large down-town markets, as the housekeeper assures me that the price for scrap bacon, etc., could not be duplicated in the neighborhood markets. I have never seen a dietary which would feed four people on 12½c a day apiece written out before. Its value in calories I do not think particularly important. Its lack in the vitamines of fresh vegetables and fruit is pathetic, but the ration can be fairly well balanced; and I am assured by her that they keep well on this amount of food. One cannot discuss buying in quantity as a method of saving when the funds to pay for *quantity* are not in hand.

This woman told me most pathetically that if she could earn $5 a week, which would give them $50 a month to live on, she could see clothes, shelter, and food comfortably; that is, she would not worry about the factors which make up the item of rent. You will all be glad to know that she has permanent employment which will amount to $1.50 a day, or about $9 a week. She is a willing, happy person; and it has been very satisfactory to see how carefully and perfectly she has met the depression of income. With the old age pension, her ability to earn, and the friendship she creates by her own attitude, we can know that these four people are meeting the fundamental demands of life.

A second case that I think is far enough away to tell you about is this: A woman, 55, who has worked twelve years in the laundries of San Francisco, met with a disastrous infection of the mastoid. She had neglected herself, not realizing how sick she was, so before the operation was done a wretched facial paralysis had begun. I was able to talk it over with her physician and be assured by him there had been no brain injury in the situation. We then tried to find employment for the willing, strong woman, who was greatly disfigured by her paralysis. In search for laundry work we found an over-crowding of all laundries. In many cases part day employment was being given to their various employes. This woman was keen to go back in laundry work, because, as she expressed it to me, "it was so nice and warm in a laun-

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GALL, ATKINSON, CHAMLEE—BALLET BY BELCHER

AIDA—Verdi (in Italian) - - - - - - - Saturday, Sept. 12
RETHBERG, PETROVA, MARTINELLI, DANISE, PINZA—BALLET BY BELCHER

LOHENGRIN—Wagner (in German) - - - Monday, Sept. 14
MUELLER, PETROVA, PISTOR, SCHORR

ANDREA CHENIER—Giordano (in Italian) - Wednesday, Sept. 16
RETHBERG, PETROVA, ATKINSON, MARTINELLI, DANISE

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Puccini (in Italian) - - Friday, Sept. 18
MUELLER, PETROVA, CHAMLEE, DE SEGUROLA

THE MASKED BALL—Verdi (in Italian) - - - Saturday, Sept. 19
RETHBERG, SILVA, FARNCROFT, MARTINELLI, DANISE

TOSCA—Puccini (in Italian) - - - - - - Monday, Sept. 21
GALL, CHAMLEE, DANISE

TANNHAUSER—Wagner (in German) - - Wednesday, Sept. 23
RETHBERG, PISTOR, SCHORR, PINZA

LA BOHEME—Puccini (in Italian) - - - - - Friday, Sept. 25
MUELLER, FARNCROFT, CHAMLEE, DE SEGUROLA, PICCO, PINZA

IL TROVATORE—Verdi (in Italian) - - - - Saturday, Sept. 26
RETHBERG, SILVA, MARTINELLI, DANISE

DIE MEISTERSINGER—Wagner (in German) - - Monday, Sept. 28
MUELLER, ATKINSON, PISTOR, SCHORR, GABOR, MEADER

CARMEN—Bizet (in French) - - - - - - Tuesday, Sept. 29
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dry." I suppose if you breathe steamy air for twelve years, good fresh air must seem rather chilly. I personally made an appeal to my own laundry, to whom I had paid my bills regularly for twenty-one years, and received a very cordial letter from them, telling me exactly their own situation. Meanwhile the Goodwill Industries needed a laundress. Now a woman who had worked on a mangle for twelve years is limited in her ability, and of course longs for the group work and specialized occupation of one machine. However, this woman was not fixed in her demands; and is now employed daily and very satisfactorily and happily in the laundry of the Goodwill Industries. Her case is thus closed in the Unemployment Bureau. In the meantime we were able to get a job for her eighteen-year-old daughter in one of the canneries. This woman would certainly be considered handicapped aesthetically, but she has a good disposition and the desire for hard work. It is very satisfactory to have been able to get her her own type of job.

This, of course, brings up to you again the fact that the Goodwill Industries have been absolutely co-operative and efficient through this time of bitter pressure on the wage earning group.

Will you not, in doing your adjustment and house cleaning, remember them, as I assure you they need a large group of homes co-operating and filling the bags of the Goodwill Industries. Also remember every article of clothing and household equipment, papers, etc., that you put into this bag is revamped and mended, and put out to do the largest amount of good possible. And in the process of meeting this reconditioning a large number of people are given employment. I have never before known the work of this organization, but in their co-operation with our problems I feel enthusiastic about the common sense of their work.

Please continue to be interested in the part time employment of women.

I am personally using an able stenographer whose personality, and whose work and power to work, have an adaptability which makes a splendid private stenographer of her. She has now four one-half days a week of employment; and every time our department has sent her out to work she has come back with splendid recommendations from the group employing her. Her handicap is exceedingly slight and is detrimental in no way to her work.

The next matter of interest in public health is the great problem of a successor to our health officer, Dr. Wm. C. Hassler. The appointment will be made under the new charter. A great deal has been said in the last few days about the fact that the new charter does not provide for a Board of Health. If I can read the English language, it does. A Board acting in an advisory capacity present new plans, etc., to the health officer. Unfortunately the charter does not make definite the requirements for a health officer. How this should have ever been omitted by the charter revision committee is quite beyond me, but I suppose revising a charter is such a multiplicity of detail that unless the medical profession was represented, such an oversight as this was possible. Now the practice of medicine and public health are very different matters. One can be an able physician, care marvelously for a patient and the family in which sickness comes, and have no vision of the community importance of the disease.

We are a city sitting on the edge of a volcano every moment of our lives in our intimate contact with the Orient. The time consumed in transit and presence of a higher grade of ship medical officer is our great protection. Many diseases develop in the weeks of transit.

We are fortunate also in having ships that come over by the way of the Hawaiian Islands, passing a most punctilious territorial health department and health officer, and we are probably many times protected by his interest and ability, and the cable. But you can see there is a great port of entry and we cannot hold a position respected by the United States Public Health Service and by the health officers of other great cities, unless we have appointed, as a guardian of the municipal health, an officer who has had the very highest type of public health training and public health experience. *Ten years in the public health service* of this country in Municipal, State, or United States Service would be a minimum requirement for our new health officer. *Ten years in practice*, with no contact with problems, does not meet this requirement in any way. The latter is all the new charter requires.

If you have an opportunity of reading the resolutions of the Health Council of the Community Chest, you will see that they are a bit less definite than mine, but I am sure that the spirit is exactly the same. The best is none too good for San Francisco.

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I Have Been Reading

● THE WHITE LEOPARD; *by Inglis Fletcher;* Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; $2.50.

In the early years of the City Club Magazine its book reviews were contributed by Inglis Fletcher, and until she went to Africa to assemble material for the books she has subsequently written, she did the work now so ably being contributed by Eleanor Preston Watkins.

The African tour over, and its interlude of adventure, delightful contacts, and stirring episodes carefully annotated, Mrs. Fletcher came home and sat her down to write. No swivel-chair survey of the Dark Continent for her, but experiences as profound as any professional male explorer into an unknown land. No hearsay from first or second sources, but verification as accurate as eye or ear could guarantee. Thus equipped she called upon her already proven literary gift and her acknowledged flair for dramatically telling a tale. The result is "The White Leopard," just issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Another book, a novel, is in the hands of the publishers.

"The White Leopard" is the story of a young Englishman's combat with the climate, wild animals, and barbaric practices of the natives of the province to which he has been sent by his government. His own bravery and the integrity of his race are challenged. How well he discharges the responsibilities of both are told in a series of chapters, each of which may be read as a complete art unit. So ingeniously has the author managed this segregation of facts into separate chapters that the Junior Guild of the Book of the Month Guild sought the privilege of publishing three of them.

"The White Leopard," or "Nyalugwe," is the name given Stephen Murdoch by the natives when, shortly after his arrival to take up his duties as commissioner of the Northern Lake District of the Province of Mobililand, he killed a white leopard, scourge of the neighborhood, after the wounded animal had struck the guns from his and his attendants' hands. Here is how Mrs. Fletcher tells it: "He jumped back to reach for the other rifle Kapolo was handing him, but he was not quick enough. The leopard was on him. Its sharp claws sunk deep into his shoulder. Murdock tried to shake the beast off but he was powerless. The leopard clung to his shoulders, his hind claws dragging at his thighs. Murdoch struggled to release his arm from the crushing weight of the brute's body, but he could not. Then he felt something cold against his left hand and his fingers closed over a knife some native had thrust into his hand. Murdoch raised the knife and drove it deep into the leopard's side. The animal sank to the ground but in a second struggled to its feet. But that one second was all Murdoch needed. Jerking his automatic revolver from the holster, the Commissioner finished off the wounded leopard."

From that moment on the odds were slightly in favor of the young man in his determination to teach the natives that the white man's law is supreme. But it is not an easy task which is set before the lone white. Murdock fights the jungle and the treacherous African bush, kills rogue elephants, rids a village of "spirit lions," outwits wily Arab slave traders and, to an extent, awes the natives. But not quite. They do not completely capitulate until he exposes the trickery of their witch doctors' magic and subtle intrigue. When he has conquered that invisible power then, indeed, may he reap the harvest of his tormented and lean year.

The prestige of the white man is established by one who often had little more than his word and his honor for arsenal.

"The White Leopard" is not a novel. That is, there is no love interest. But there is every other ingredient of a stirring novel, and plenty of romance. Not until the end does one realize that no woman walks across the pages.

As a Christmas gift for a boy or young man it is ideal. Its context, however, will thrill any age. There is a gay casualness in the "White Leopard" that covers his inflexibility of purpose. If he is ever lonely and utterly baffled the reader can only

Continued on page 28

Women's City Club Swimming Pool

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● What are you contributing to the Talent Festival this year? That is the first question, as friends greet each other in the lobby, lounge, or dining room just now. It is really the most interesting topic of the day, and it should be, as the gala event is an outstanding activity among women's organizations. Just think, thousands of women will show their handiwork with the pen, brush, needle, or tool!

But that is not all. Each member will make a gift for the sale. There will be jams and jellies; cakes and pies; cookies and salads, as well as handword of all kinds, dainty bits fashioned with a needle, hand-painted china, pictures, and a host of other attractive art novelties. And if the present plans are completed—a wonderful cook book filled to the brim with choice recipes!

Don't you want to be a part of this great harvest when the talent of the membership is gathered under one roof? And don't you want to have your pet recipe in the cook book? Of course! So do your bit at once. Sign your card, then hunt up your recipes and send them in. Several, if possible, to permit a selection, as some may be duplicated. Be sure to write your name clearly on each sheet of paper so you will be credited with the delicious dish. And please give explicit directions, with exact measurements, and approximate time and temperature if the product is to be baked.

The real joy of the Talent Festival is the opportunity it gives us to know and appreciate each other. For then we realize that we are a fully developed group—not just cogs that fit the wheel in life that circumstances have forced us into, but others that we have created for ourselves to increase our knowledge and for our own pleasure.

Keeping house as true homemakers means that time and thought must be given to the smallest details. Full values must be extracted in order to profit and the wise woman does not scorn economies if they do not affect her living conditions. Even though prices are low the majority welcome suggestions for utilizing leftovers to reduce their table budget. Some enjoy a change from heavy meats to substitutes, or at least dishes that contain a minimum of flesh food—just enough to give it flavor. So this month, instead of menus and recipes for concocting the various dishes, or pies and other sweets—we will devote these columns to one dish services, some containing meat and others vegetable mixtures. In preparing these meals there will be several pans, but only one serving dish.

Macaroni, spaghetti, and rice with cheese and milk form the background for most meat substitutes, though bread crumbs and starchy vegetables combine nicely for loaves and similar mixtures. A delicious plate for a family dinner or luncheon would be creamed ham in a spinach ring, served with a border of macaroni—either elbow or full length pieces.

To Make Ham, Spinach, Macaroni Platter: Boil one-half package of elbow macaroni in two quarts of water to which has been added one teaspoon of salt, for about nine minutes or until paste is tender. Have ready three cups of cooked, drained, and chopped spinach—either fresh or canned. Turn into a buttered ring mold, press firmly, and set aside to keep hot until needed. For one and one-half cups of chopped cooked ham: melt four tablespoons of butter, blend in four tablespoons of flour and when mixture bubbles, add two cups of hot milk. Cook until smooth. Season with about one teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika and one-half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Add also two tablespoons of chopped parsley and lastly the cooked ham and one-half cup of diced cooked carrots.

To serve: Unmold the spinach ring onto a hot platter. Turn the ham mixture into the center and then arrange the drained, hot macaroni around as a border. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

Peas, Bacon with Macaroni: Boil one package of macaroni in four quarts of rapidly boiling salted water for about nine minutes, or until tender. Drain, then make a white sauce of two tablespoons of butter and two and one-half tablespoons of flour, cooked together, adding when mixture bubbles two cups of scalded milk. Cook in a double boiler about ten minutes. Season with one-half teaspoon of salt, then add one-half cup of grated cheese and cook until it has blended thoroughly. Have ready also two cups of freshly cooked or canned peas; also four slices of bacon cut in squares, that have been broiled to a delicate brown.

To serve: Mix the macaroni with the cheese sauce, then turn into center of a hot platter and heap it up on the sides, making a depression in the center. Into this turn the hot drained peas that have been seasoned with salt and pepper to suit taste and about two tablespoons of melted but-

My new models are here and are quite out of the ordinary. The chic turn at the side is new, also the medium-brim sailor. I have selected styles which will suit all types, and I would like to have you come up either for a new hat or to have your last season's remodeled.

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ter. Garnish with the bacon squares. If desired, a poached egg for each service makes a pleasing addition.

Leftover Meat and Macaroni: Cook one package of macaroni in four quarts of water to which one tablespoon of salt has been added, for about nine minutes. Drain and keep hot. Next mix together one and one-half cups of cubed meat with two cups of gravy or canned mushroom sauce. Add also two tablespoons of chopped onion that has been sautéed a light golden color in one tablespoon of butter, with salt and pepper to suit taste—as the gravy or sauce would be seasoned. Lastly add one cup of grated cheese. Combine with the macaroni or arrange in layers in a well-oiled baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for twenty minutes. Cover the top with either buttered bread crumbs or a light sprinkling of grated cheese.

Roasts or loaves made entirely of vegetables or a small quantity of meat utilize small quantities of leftover vegetables. In the following recipe meat may be substituted for either the beans or rice and a delicious dish be had at a small cost.

Vegetable Roast: Mix together one cup each of beans (baked soy or navy, or boiled limas), strained, stewed tomatoes, rice, chopped raw potatoes, corn (cut from the cob or canned), and two cups of dried bread crumbs, one tablespoon of butter or bacon fat, one-half teaspoon of vegetable extract (dissolved in one-fourth cup of boiling water), two teaspoons of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of minced onion, and one egg (well-beaten), with additional bread crumbs if necessary to form the mixture into a roast or loaf. Turn into a buttered baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for one hour, basting frequently with one-half cupful of milk in which two tablespoons of butter have been melted. Serve with a tomato or mushroom sauce.

Eggplant with tomatoes and cheese is delicious as a side dish for a light meal, or may be used as a meat substitute. As a rule, two large ones cost little more than one, so it is advisable to purchase the larger quantity, then serve the vegetable in entirely different ways.

Eggplant with Cheese and Macaroni: Cut one medium sized eggplant into thin, even slices and salt well. Into a buttered dish pour one cup of cream (or top milk) and add as many slices of eggplant as you will need to line the dish; then arrange sliced tomatoes (for this you will require two large ones) on top and over them place a thick layer of cooked macaroni or spaghetti with a topping of grated cheese. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle well with salt and pepper, then add another layer of sliced tomatoes, again sprinkle with salt and pepper and add another layer of sliced eggplant, with a last sprinkling of grated cheese. Then bake in a slow oven (275°) for one and one-half hours, or until the vegetables are tender and the top well browned. A small quantity of chopped green pepper is very good with the tomato, if liked, but is not necessary to the recipe.

Eggplant Tomatoes with Bread Crumbs: Peel, then parboil one medium sized egg plant with one onion, chopped, until vegetable is tender, then drain and set aside to cool. Mash with a silver fork, season to suit taste with salt, pepper, and a dash of celery seed, adding also one-half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Next add one beaten egg and about one-half as much bread crumbs as vegetable, with enough milk to moisten—about one-half cup. Pack into a well-oiled baking dish, cover with grated cheese and bake in a hot oven until top is nicely browned. Tomatoes enhance the flavor of this dish and if enjoyed, use one cup of drained pulp, adding it to the mixture last.

Stuffed Peppers: Cut a piece from the end of each pepper. This amount is for six bell (green) peppers, so increase all ingredients in proportion to suit if you wish to serve more. Remove seeds and membranes and cook in boiling water for five minutes. Drain carefully. For the filling: Mix together one cup each of chopped tomatoes, minced cooked cold meat, and cooked rice (or bread crumbs), with two tablespoons butter or fat, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, and one teaspoon of chopped onion. Fill the peppers with the mixture, and arrange in a baking dish. Add one cup of hot water or stock and bake in a hot oven (400°) from thirty to forty minutes.

Any of the prepared tomato or mushroom sauces, plain or mixed with equal quantity of gravy, offer a simple method of serving leftover cold sliced beef or lamb. A border of hot cooked rice, noodles, or spaghetti, with an outer ring of drained cooked string beans, makes a delightful service for those who do not care for cold meats. Cream sauces for the base are delicious for ham, or part ham and part cooked chicken, or sliced hard cooked eggs. Served over toast, in patty shells, or over any of the pastes or rice, they increase a small amount of meat to a full service.

Your School Problem

When your boy and girl face their College Entrance Board requirements will they be prepared? Have you provided the environment which permits a balanced program of supervised study and recreation, or are they merely trying to "get through" high school in an atmosphere which is not conducive to their best interests? Their preparatory work will be an important influence at the very beginning of their college careers.

The routine of the modern home is of necessity seldom suited to the needs of the growing child of school age. It provides too many distractions and too many opportunities to dodge school work.

In the wholesome atmosphere of a good private school boys and girls find each school day a new and interesting experience. They live, work and play according to a systematic schedule. They are given an opportunity to acquire a sense of values other than scholastic and to develop wisdom, leadership and self-control under the guidance of men and women who know boys and girls, who believe in them, and whose experience makes them fine, wise and sympathetic leaders.

We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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Miss Mosgrove Discusses Penology

● After visiting penal institutions for women in important states on the Atlantic Coast, Miss Alicia Mosgrove says she is convinced that the indeterminate sentence is the most humane thing for the woman prisoner and the most beneficial from all counts to society at large.

This was the summary of a talk given by Miss Mosgrove at a luncheon at the City Club, August 10, when several score members assembled in the National Defenders' Room to pay honor to the speaker as a Club Member and as one who holds a unique position among women, that of superintendent of the California State Farm for Women at Tehachapi.

Miss Mosgrove believes that prevention of conditions which lead to crime is still the greatest economy of the human equation and that only a scientific approach to the whole subject, leaving out the idea of punishment and substituting the idea of the protection of society as the basis of procedure, will ever be entirely adequate.

"Many are not deterred by the thought of punishment if the urge to violate prescribed law is there. What is punishment for one stirs maddening impulses in others. The cost is prodigious and the result is questionable," said Miss Mosgrove, after recounting incidents of her trip east and the reactions which followed her visits to the various institutions. "There is but one general classification for offenders; those who want to try to conform to the laws of society and those who do not. There is no warden or matron who can make an offender want to try."

The Federal Institution for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, as described by Miss Mosgrove, was of much interest. The woman at its head is Dr. Mary B. Harris, who, aside from her relation to sociological work, is a professor of Sanscrit and possessor of several university degrees. The institution at Alderson houses 485 women offenders on the cottage plan, with a local self-government in each cottage.

"At first I was interested to know the crime for which each woman was immured there," said Miss Mosgrove, "and asked Dr. Harris about this or that character. I was surprised when Dr. Harris said she did not recall and did not credit her when she prophesied that I'd soon come to feel the same indifference to the past of any of the women. She was right, however. I soon found that I was engrossed in their present situations and not their pasts.

"I found that religion plays a large part in their lives and that they like the sentimental hymns. Their singing of chorals and humns in many instances was very good, indeed.

"They do not often break paroles. For myself, I should say that there is no person so imprisoned as the fugitive; perhaps they, too, feel that way.

"When I observe the discipline and the efficient system of these state institutions, I am constrained to believe that the best schools are these institutions for felons or the feeble-minded," was Miss Mosgrove's commentary upon many educational institutions of the present.

Miss Mosgrove sketched conditions at Munsey, Pennsylvania, in New Jersey, New York, and other places in the east, and from this tour has brought ideas, either by way of emulation or avoidance, to the government of the Tehachapi institution over which she is director.

Send Your Recipes

● Members are reminded that the City Club Cook Book is being steadily compiled and that many and most appeiizing are the recipes that are going into ts making. But there is room for more. Send in your pet formulas for concocting delicious things to eat. They may not get into the Cook Book if they are duplications of recipes already received, but they will be published in the Magazine and thus will give pleasure to others. Salad, candy, pastry, soup, meat, fowl, or "what have you." Send to the Club.

The Cook Book Committee comprises: Mrs. Randolph Madison, Chairman, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Miss Charlotte Sloane, Miss Helen Wells.

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Opera Tea

Fifty cents will be charged for admission to the Opera Tea at the Club, September 8, at which artists of the opera will be complimented.

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Do You Know That —

Members may have cards issued to guests living more than 50 miles from San Francisco, so that they may have rooms at the Club for two, four, or twelve weeks?

******

On Thursday evening a special $1.00 dinner is served in the Main Dining Room?

******

Every Thursday evening a delightful program is given for the pleasure of the members and their guests? Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, always has some really worth-while speaker, the lectures covering an infinite variety of subjects.

******

Mrs. Charles E. Curry gives a monthly lecture on "The Appreciation of Art"? The last two meetings were held at the Legion of Honor and the de Young Museum, respectively, and the members enjoyed being led through the galleries under the leadership of Mrs. Curry.

******

Dr. H. H. Powell will give another series of nine Monday morning lectures at the Club this fall, the first to be held in the Auditorium on Monday morning, October 19, at 11:00 o'clock? The series will continue until December 14, and the general subject will be "God in the Problems of Life."

******

The Clubhouse is always in need of flowers? Members are reminded that a bouquet left at the Desk on the Main Floor when passing the building will help brighten some spot on the third and fourth floors.

Cover Design for Bound Books

Continued from page 14

exceptions the early Italian design. All this made for decoration but not design. A binder would as cheerfully cover a work on medicine or Homer's poems with the same tools in the same arrangement. This went on with very little change into the Victorian era.

A most important event now took place in the realm of books, with a more far-reaching result than any artistic effort of an individual binder. The machines for covering books were designed. At first these books carried gold or printed designs, following designs by the hand binder and lacking entirely the charm of the craft product. The binder put roses and lilies on his cover and so did the commercial case maker; in both cases the result was bad. With few exceptions this was the fashion until recently and very little was done which could compare in charm with the early native work. I believe, however, that the books were no worse than the other art efforts of the period.

At no time since the all-over gold design was popular has the art trend of the day so perfectly fitted the advantages and limitations encountered by the hand binder in the decoration of the book. Books are designed today to fit the subject matter and the style of the printer. Fine combinations of line and color can be obtained by inlaying, gold tooling, and blind tooling, although as always the binder is hampered by the limitations of his materials. That the way is clear for real cover design for books is to the credit of the commercial binders, the best of whom are creating splendid efforts, symbolizing the contents and popularizing the trend away from the stuffy overdone books of the past. Unfortunately the binding collectors cling to the past, but gradually even they are beginning to see the beautiful in the best work of today.

"The White Leopard"

Continued from page 24

guess it from his plight, not from his manner. This is what will endear Stephen Murdoch to thousands who like to feel that they are being given authenticity of atmosphere and correct nomenclature as they follow his destiny. For that is one of the reasons Mrs. Fletcher went to Africa and traveled "safari" into the fastnesses—to see the ceremonial dances and tribal rites and to describe them without imaginative embellishment. In the acquiring of this detail she found time to accept entertainment from both government and native chiefs, but that is another story. Read of the Funeral Drums of Mulolo in the fifth chapter for a sense of mysterious terror, or the ninth chapter on "Witchcraft" for an insight into realms the white man cannot comprehend.

The book is beautifully illustrated by Kurt Weiss. *By* MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

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Now is the Time!

● People who never before have asked for aid must be given help this winter through the Community Chest and its agencies. Savings accounts—often pitifully meagre in the first place—have been slowly exhausted, and whole families are forced to look to charity for their very existence.

To meet the destitution which exists now and will undoubtedly increase throughout the winter, the San Francisco Community Chest will conduct its appeal for funds from October 26 through November 18, instead of in the spring. This appeal is part of a campaign organized by the Association of Community Chests and Councils at the request of President Hoover's Emergency Committee for Employment which is seeking to mobilize public and private resources in 376 cities in order to meet the situation.

During the summer months, when demands for relief are normally at the minimum, welfare organizations have experienced a heavy and steadily increasing drain on their resources. According to Miss Katherine Felton, managing director of the Associated Charities, the number of persons requiring relief is two and one-half times greater now than it was last year at this time. Expenditures for the Associated Charities are as great now as they were in March, which was the heaviest month of the year. Emergency relief was furnished 49,600 destitute persons as compared with 50,000 last March. Help is being given to more than 2500 families each month, averaging four to a family, Miss Felton stated.

The funds raised by the Chest during the spring campaign were for agency needs during the calendar year, January 1, 1931, through December 31, 1931. Pledges, not payments, will be asked for this campaign.

The response which San Franciscans will make is indicated in part by the great number of volunteer workers who have offered their services for the fall appeal. Among Women's City Club members who are active in the campaign are:

Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Mrs. Eugene Conlin, Mrs. Sidney M. Ehrman, Mrs. Milton H. Esberg, Miss Alice Griffith, Mrs. W. P. Roth, and Mrs. M. C. Sloss, who are members of the Board of Directors of the Community Chest; Mrs. Howard Fleming, Colonel of Division 17, Mrs. Alfred F. Meyer, Mrs. Henry S. Kiersted, lieutenant-colonels for the campaign; Mrs. Edwin R. Sheldon, chairman of the public relations committee; Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. Leroy Briggs, and Miss Katherine Donohue, members of the reports luncheon committee; Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, member of the budget committee and the budget study committee for protective agencies; Miss Mabel Pierce, member of the emergency relief budget committee, and the budget committee for general and special agencies; Mrs. Ernest J. Mott, chariman of the public schools cooperation committee; Mrs. Edward B. Stanwood, chairman of the private schools cooperation committee; and Mrs. W. L. Hyman, chairman of the speakers' bureau committee; Mrs. Charles de Young Elkus, chairman of the radio committee.

Among club members who are active in work for Community Chest agencies are: Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, in charge of volunteers at the University of California hospital outpatients' department; Mrs. Tadini Bacigalupi, chairman of the agency publicity for the Children's Council, and the committee on standards for the Children's Council; Mrs. Payson J. Treat, member of the board of directors of the Stanford Convalescent Home.

Restaurant Department Solves Holiday Cake Problem

● Miss Nancy Mackenzie, manager of the Restaurant Department, has many new and unusual recipes and she includes one or two of these special dishes in her regular daily menus.

Miss Mackenzie also makes a specialty of fruit cakes for weddings and holidays, orders for which are taken on the third floor. It is not too early to place holiday orders.

Leave out three steps and have a better cake!

When you use Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate in making Chocolate Cake, you can omit these three steps: (1) Grating; (2) Melting; (3) An extra mixing. Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate goes right into the sifter with the other dry ingredients. And, also—your cake will have a finer full-chocolate flavor! Try it!

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One Parent's Question

"Mary is not interested in a full college course but she should spend the next two or three years in school. Can you suggest a school for her?"

There are good schools where girls like Mary may develop individual talents while taking up a selected group of college subjects; schools which emphasize music, art and decoration, home-making, secretarial courses—even courses in the management of property and investments — and where one can make the most of the last two or three years of growing up.

Many such schools are listed in these pages. They will be glad to tell you more about their courses and to answer any questions you wish to ask.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THIS NUMBER

"With the West Jester"

—WILLIAM E. CAMERON

● After a month of adverse winds, two hurricanes, and a multitude of ill luck which had pursued us since leaving Astoria, Oregon, the Trans-Pacific Steamer, "West Jester," limped up the Whangpo River to her anchorage. We were now in Shanghai, which shares honors with Hanoi as being the Paris of the Orient. Ocean liners lay anchored around us with the tramp steamers and warships of all nationalities.

Hundreds of Chinese junks, sampans, and houseboats helped to emphasize the already cosmopolitan atmosphere. Once ashore on the famous Shanghai Bund, a scene of even greater confusion presented itself. Rickshaw men — gaunt, ragged coolies—hounded any and all pedestrians like a pack of hunting dogs after game. Myriads of beggars, with the pitiful evidence of self-mutilation, whined for alms. Dark-skinned, bushy-bearded Sikhs, from India's Paunjab, were directing traffic, frequently using clubs upon turbulent coolies. Traffic jams in Shanghai are few and far between, due to the eternal vigilance of the Sikhs. At the slightest sign of a tie-up, they swoop down upon the offenders with their clubs and have no scruples about using them.

Hongkew Park, with its pretty flower beds, looked very fresh and inviting in the warm sunlight—truly a beauty spot on the waterfront of a huge city. Weird street cars, piloted by important-looking Chinese, race along the Bund, seemingly unwilling to stop for passengers. Armed patrols of British Tommies are seen, and upon inquiring we are informed that a Cantonese invasion is feared. Well, with two or three navies at anchor on the Whangpo, let them invade!

Now, to get off the Bund and uptown; a hundred rickshawmen endeavor to help us out, but two suffice, and the first stop will be the Astor House, where according to custom all newcomers must tarry for a "Tom and Jerry." Near the Astor House stands "Hanbury Institute," a refuge for seamen. A score of men were lounging around the entrance, Scandinavian types predominating. A shrill-voiced Cockney tries to borrow a fag from a woolly-haired, jet-black negro who is strangely out of place in this land of yellow faces. These men are beachcombers, the flotsam and jetsam of life drawn from all parts of the globe and thrown together in this strange, fascinating city. What material for stories if they could be drawn out! Our query as to the most interesting sight in Shanghai was answered, "unquestionably the Old Walled City." At the word of command our rickshaw men started for there at a dog trot. Through the Foreign Settlement, with its elaborate stores and office buildings, into the French Concession, with its twisting Rue de this and that, then Edward VII Boulevard, a spacious thoroughfare leading to our destination. At the entrance we paid off our rickshaw men and procured a guide who spoke good English.

The Walled City of Shanghai is truly a wonderful sight; over two thousand years old, with never-changing customs despite the intrusion of Occidentals. Our first stop was a huge joss house where crowds of coolies were waiting in line to pay homage to their ancestors by bowing to the carved images before them. Our guide asked us if we wanted our names written down on the holy book of Confucius. This ceremony consisted of writing our names on a piece of paper, giving same to the High Priest conducting the ceremony, who burnt paper with a sacred flame. This cost us one dollar, and seems to be a lucrative business arrangement between the guides and priests. The thousands of bazaars, stores, markets, and what not, were very interesting; everything imaginable for sale, all

made by hand in the most primitive fashion. For hand carving of ivory or jade, your Chinese artisan is in a class by himself. Without the aid of modern machinery, he produces the most intricate designs. As in all Oriental ports, the eternal bartering and arguing over prices was taking place on every side. A safe rule for the tourist is never to give a Chinaman or any other Oriental more than one-half of his original price. Our guide led us out of the bedlam of shoppers, sightseers, and natives into a large courtyard where a teashop is located on a hanging garden. After the turmoil of the streets below, it is quiet and peaceful in this cool tea room in the midst of a lovely garden. Tea, cake, and pumpkin seeds were served and Song-Song girls wailed native chants and thumped tambourines for our entertainment. The hanging garden overlooked most of this ancient city and afforded us an excellent view.

It was now late in the afternoon and we realized the impossibility of seeing a city like Shanghai in a day, so back to the hotel for dinner. The gay life of Shanghai is centered in the French quarter where Filipino orchestras played American jazz to which attractive Russian girls and their escorts tripped the light fantastic. The cafes were crowded with men and women of all nationalities; it was so European that one might imagine he was in Paris itself. Shanghai certainly has a gay night life, surpassing any other Oriental port. Thoroughly satisfied with our first day in this wonderful city, we returned to our hotel tired, but happy.

Talent Festival, October 21 and 22 — Classified Index of Talents

Accessories: Bathroom, Boudoir, Dressing Room Closet, Kitchen, Swimming, Utility Articles.

Arts: Braille, Enamel Ware, Etchings, Hand Loom, Leather Work, Jewelry, Music, Metals, Oriental, Paintings, Photography, Porcelain, Tapestry, Textiles, Sculpture, Sketches, Wash Drawings, Writings, Wood Block, Wood Work.

Books and Book Binding.

Candies and Nuts.

Dolls and Dolls' Accessories.

Food: Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Breads, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Recipes (Members' own).

Infants' Apparel and Accessories.

Knit Goods.

Lamps and Shades.

Magazine Bags.

Needlework: Bags, Bead Work, Cushions (Pillows), Handkerchiefs, Laces, Linens, Rugs, Towels, Trapunto, Wearing Apparel, Miscellaneous.

Toys, etc., for "Children's Corner."

Varieties.

Varieties: Boxes (Decorated), Bridge Prizes and Tallies, Calendars, Novelties, Scrap Books.

We shall appreciate suggestions for additions to this list.

Opera Season Opens This Month

—MRS. MARCUS KOSHLAND

● On September 10 at Exposition Auditorium the San Francisco Opera Company will open its ninth annual season of grand opera with a production of Rabaud's "Marouf," revolving about the Arabian Nights story of the Cobbler and the Princess.

The season will close September 28 and will include twelve performances of high standard, prepared under the general direction of Gaetano Merola, who will conduct most of them.

Elisabeth Rethberg's "perfect voice" will be heard in five operas: Tannhauser, The Masked Aide, Andrea Chenier and Il Trovatore.

Maria Mueller, leading dramatic soprano in the opera houses of Germany and also of the New York Metropolitan, also to appear in the San Francisco season, has

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been honored two years in succession by opening the Festival at Bayreuth, the house built especially for Wagner's operas, and consecrated to their perfect performance. This great star will sing here in Lohengrin, La Boheme, Madame Butterfly, and Die Meistersinger.

Faina Petrova, prima donna of the Moscow Opera, came last season to the Metropolitan where the audiences thrilled to her dramatic impersonations, the result of two years' training as a member of the famous Moscow Art Theatre. In San Francisco Mme. Petrova will give a new Carmen, and will have the leading mezzo-soprano roles in Aida, Andrea Chenier, Butterfly, and Lohengrin.

Yvonne Gall, one of the most beautiful women in grand opera, prima donna at the Paris Opera and guest artist at the other great opera houses of Europe, a superb singer and a fine emotional actress, will appear here as the Princess in Marouf, and in the title role of Tosca.

Giovanni Martinelli, like Rethberg, needs no introduction here; and in four operas he will sing with her, Aida, Il Trovatore, Andrea Chenier, and The Masked Ball.

CLUB MEMBERS' CARDS

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Swimming Pool News

● Elementary diving classes will be formed at 11 A.M. Tuesday and Thursday, upon the request of five or more applicants.

Do you know that you may offer your friends a Guest Card (Courtesy Card) for the Club Swimming Pool? This card must be obtained by a member *in person*, must bear her name and that of her guest, and will admit the one guest only. The charge for this card is 25c, and entitles the guest to use the pool 10 times for the usual guest fee of 50c a swim.

It is still possible to join the Life Saving Class at 5:30 Friday afternoons. There is no *lesson fee* for this course. A new class will be formed at another hour on the request of four or more applicants. This class affords an opportunity to train for the volunteer lifesaving work. Leave your name at the swimming office.

The Swimming Pool will be closed on Labor Day, but will be open all day on Admission Day.

The Swimming Pool Committee is arranging a "Family Night" once a week, when a member may bring her husband and sons as well as her daughters to the Swimming Pool. Details will later be posted on the Bulletin Boards.

Bridge Committee Meeting

● The League Bridge Committee, Miss Ida Lord, Chairman, will meet Tuesday evening, September 15, to discuss plans for the winter's activities and the possibility of sponsoring a course of contract bridge lessons to be given by an authority to be chosen.

The sky is as the sea to me—
I lie in a field—look up and see
The cerulean surf toss languidly
In vaguely charted majesty—
Tideless—
Through Infinity.

—JULETTE S. GRA

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For those who were unable to avail themselves of this offer, we are extending it to October 1st, 1931

LIMITED COUPON: For a limited time, to members of the Women's City Club who present this coupon with 50c, at our store, 397 Sutter St., or at Keck's Pharmacy, 454 Post St., opp. Women's City Club, we will present you with a regular 75c tube of Gahns-Upsala Tissue Cream.

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OMEN'S CITY CLUB

AGAZINE

Published monthly by The Women's City Club, San Francisco

931 15 cents a copy ◆ Vol. V · No. 9

The League Shop

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¶ Each day brings new gifts for Autumn. Smart hand bags with removable covers to harmonize with the season's costume. Hand-made handkerchiefs in gay colorings to complete the ensemble.

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¶ For the Fall bridge parties, we have new designs in playing cards, tallies—and unusual prizes.

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SWIMMING

Single admissions—members and children of members	$ .35
Single admissions—guests (adults)	.50
Single admissions—guests (children under 12)	.35
Ticket for ten admissions—members	3.00
Ticket for ten admissions—children of members	2.50

LESSONS

Private (single lessons)	
Members and children of members (½ hour)	$1.00
Guests (adults or children)	1.25
Private (course of six lessons)	
Members and children of members	4.50
Guests (adults or children)	6.00
Class (six lessons in course)	
Members and children of members	3.00
Guests (adults or children)	3.75

(Classes composed of five or more)
All tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser

FAMILY NIGHT

Members may bring their husbands, sons and daughters
Every Friday night from 5:30 to 9 o'clock

Members	$ .35
Sons under 8 and daughters under 18	.35
Boys over 8 and men	.50

THE POOL IS NOW CLOSED ON SATURDAYS AT 5 O'CLOCK

Because of the "Fun Meet" to be held in the Pool on Wednesday evening, October 21st (the first night of the Talent Festival), the Pool will close Thursday night, October 22nd, at 7:30 o'clock.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY FOR CHILDREN
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 11 O'CLOCK

SWIMMING POOL

CHILDREN'S HOUR

A children's hour has been arranged at 4 on Tuesdays. Games, coaching, and competitive swimming will be held. Bring the children. Leave them while you shop. They will enjoy it.

LIFE-SAVING CLASSES

Life-saving classes of four or more will be formed at any time by request.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

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Weekdays

Service from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Sundays and Holidays

7:30 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Cafeteria

Service 11:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.

and 5:30 to 7 P. M.

Except Sundays and Holidays

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following Swimming Pool Party

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31

65 CENTS

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

OCTOBER 1, 1931

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell.
Lectures will be held every Tuesday morning at 10:45 in the Chinese Room.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor*.
Conversation Classes every Friday . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes every Monday . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group, French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:15 P.M.
(Every Wednesday Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational table.)

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 and 7:00 P.M.

HEALTH EXAMINATIONS—October 1 to 15 . . . . . *Second Floor* 4:00 to 9:00 P.M.
(Appointments to be made through Secretary's Office)

FAMILY NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 5:30 to 9:00 P.M.
(Members may bring husbands and children every Friday night beginning September 25)

October 1—Tea in Honor of the Countess Tolstoi . . . . . *American Room* 3:30 P.M.

1—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defense Room* 6:00 P.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Susan Spray," by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

1—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. J. M. Nicol. Subject: Rambles in Central America.

5—Fire Lighting . . . . . *Lounge* 8:00 P.M.

6—Monthly Luncheon—$1.00 a Plate . . . . . *National Defense Room* 12:30 P.M.
Speaker: Professor Felix Fluegel.
Subject: "Russia and Her Critics."
(First of Series—Monthly Luncheons)

7—Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry . . . . . *Card Room* 12 NOON

7—Contract Bridge Lecture . . . . . *Auditorium* 10:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M.
Mr. Paul Black (First of Series—10 Lectures).
Course tickets $5.00 (Morning and Evening courses).

8—Monthly Tea—Tea 35 cents . . . . . *American Room* 3:30 P.M
Speaker: Mrs. Cecil Hollis Stone.
Subject: The Making of Music (Illustrated).
(First of Series—Monthly Teas)

8—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Lillian Birmingham.
Subject: Reading of the Poems of Martha Sims Kirkbride, with piano music.

12—Lecture on "Present Day Russia" . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:30 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Olga Ilyin. Subject: "The Bulk of the Russian People."
(First of Series—Four Lectures) Course tickets, $2.00.

14—Contract Bridge Lecture . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Mr. Paul Black (Second of Series—10 Lectures)

15—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Paula Swarm.
Subject: A Woman's Experience While Living in the African Bush.

19—Drama Tea . . . . . *Cafeteria* 2:15 P.M.
Mrs. Hugh Brown will read
"The Matriarch," by G. S. Stern.
(First of Series—Six Readings) Course Tickets, $5.00.

19—Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Subject: "God in the Problems of Life."
(First of Series—Weekly Lectures)

21—Hallowe'en Swimming Party . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 8:00 P.M.
(Novice Swimming Meet)
(Pool will be closed on Thursday Evening, October 22)

21-22—TALENT FESTIVAL . . . . . *Clubhouse* 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

22—Talent Festival Dinner—$1.50 a Plate . . . . . *Third Floor* 7:00 P.M.
(Reservations must be in by October 21, accompanied by check)

26—Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Subject: "God in the Problems of Life."
(Second of Series—Weekly Lectures)

26—Lecture on "Present Day Russia" . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:30 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Olga Ilyin.
Subject: "Builders of the World's Communism."
(Second of Series—Four Lectures)

27—Lecture—Lyman Bryson, M.A. . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Subject: "Some Encouraging Developments in a Slightly Chaotic World."
(Under Auspices of Vocational Guidance Committee) Tickets 50 cents.

28—Contract Bridge Lecture . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Mr. Paul Black (Third of Series—10 Lectures)

29—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Two Plays by Century Club Members.
Plays are "The Bad Penny," a curtain raiser, and "Elizabeth".

30—Hallowe'en Bridge Party—$3.00 a Table . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Prizes and Refreshments.

31—Children's Hallowe'en Swimming Party . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 11:00 A.M.
and Luncheon—Luncheon 65 cents a plate . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:30 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME V — OCTOBER, 1931 — NUMBER 9

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS MARTHA BELBEL—HER CONTRIBUTION TO VOLUNTEER SERVIC

GROUP OF TALENT FESTIVAL ENTHUSIASTS

Left to right: Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., Member Central Committee of Talent Festival and year-round Chairman of Volunteer Service; Mrs. A. B. Stephens, Chairman Talent Festival Cashiers and Member Central Committee; Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Chairman Talent Festival Programs; Mrs. Louis J. Carl, Member Festival Central Committee and Chairman Lower Main Floor.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

FOR some time past we have talked of the loans and gifts which the members of the National League for Woman's Service have been bringing to the Clubhouse as votive offerings personifying their service to an organization whose program has gripped them. It is time to mark the calendars for October twenty-first and twenty-second so that nothing shall interfere with the Festival days themselves. The opportunity for us to meet together as a membership is rare, for whether we meet in the evening or in the daytime some are bound to be precluded because of duties elsewhere, and so the Talent Festival was conceived to provide this yearly opportunity to play together as one big family. At this time we gather to reminisce or perhaps to catch up with news of each other, to learn where our tastes and our talents lie, and we disperse at the end of two days of festivity with a better understanding of each other and with a warmer glow in our hearts and a camaraderie which only such a playtime could kindle.

Particularly this year can we not afford to miss the Festival, for "all work and no play" makes Jill as dull as it does Jack, and the winter of steady and persevering work ahead in order to overcome the negativeness of general economic discouragement demands a spirit refreshed by good fellowship and by the assurance that others are interested in us and appreciative of our talents. "I have no talent" has been changed to "I'm wondering if this would be acceptable for the Festival," and many are throwing off the inferiority complex which we heard so much about a few short years ago and which is now no longer fashionable as an excuse for inertia. Some time ago the National League for Woman's Service proved that volunteer service could live and flourish in peace time; it is now proving that every woman has a talent and that the members of this particular group are ready to share this talent with one another. Not one member can afford to miss seeing the Festival and partaking of its joy.

The loan exhibit will be distinctly worth while; the gifts will be attractive and delightfully displayed; the English tea and the Kaffee Klatch will introduce an unique feature the first afternoon, and the dinner and program which are to follow will climax the two days' festivity and enable us to entertain gentlemen at a time when we are proud to show that we "belong."

Annual Firelighting

● Again the season of the annual Firelighting Ceremony of the City Club has rolled around.

Monday evening, October 5, Mrs. Leon Guggenhime will touch a flame to the fuel which will have been piled in the fireplace which she gave to the Club, and there, in the deepening dusk of early evening in the Lounge, members will again gather to watch the rite which, each season, presages many happy evenings by mellow fireglow.

It is a ceremony fraught with deep feeling for members, and each year it takes on new meaning for the members, for with the passing of each four seasons another cycle of memories is added to the consciousness. Mrs. M. C. Sloss will give the address of the evening. Mrs. Sloss was one of the founders of the Presidio (Lombard street) canteen and a charter member of the City Club. She was one of the most active of the group which sold bonds for the Club when the buying of the site and the building were first discussed. Her address, therefore, will savor of the reminiscence of authenticity and tender humor.

Firelighting Time is harvest and the forerunner of Thanksgiving and the other holidays which follow in quick succession as soon as the days begin to shorten. It marks the return of summer wanderers and the flight of the birds to the south, and it begins many pleasant things planned for the long evenings ahead.

Monday evening, October 5, at 8 o'clock.

Talent Festival Regulations

● No one can lend who does not also give, for gifts are the service of the member to the Club. The loan and the gift need not be related as to handcraft, but each must be the member's own handiwork.

All loans and gifts will be marked with the name of the maker, for thus the talents will be appreciated and identified.

The loans may have been made before this year but must be a member's *own* handwork.

Loans *should* arrive by Sunday, October 18 (especially wall hangings, paintings, etc.), and *must* arrive by noon, October 20, in order that they may be displayed to the best advantage.

Gifts may now arrive at any time (except perishables, which shall be delivered in time to be marked and placed). No gifts will be received after the morning of October 21.

New ideas which others may execute are welcome, and Mrs. Booth awaits suggestions which groups may carry forward. Creative talent is something to be shared, and constitutes service. Cash gifts for materials are making possible this work of groups.

Gifts will be priced according to the value of materials—the hours of making accepted as service.

The Talent Festival is the opportunity given each member, through a gift, to convert her service into tangible help for the National League for Woman's Service. Personal thanks for the donations to last year's Festival may not have reached each donor, due to the confusion in the records of a new venture, but appreciative thanks is herewith expressed.

Reservations for bedrooms should be made as soon as possible, as space is limited and many out-of-town members are planning to attend.

Articles in the following pages are by members of the City Club and are, in themselves, in a way, contributions to the Talent Festival, for they are specimens of a very certain talent and are written for the Talent Festival Number of the Magazine.

If more convenient, Palo Alto members may send their pledges to Mrs. Payson Treat, Palo Alto, who will see that they reach their proper destination.

Committees of City Club Talent Festival, October 21 and 22

CENTRAL COMMITTEE:
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Mrs. Philip A. Coxon
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LOWER MAIN FLOOR:
Mrs. Louis J. Carl, Chairman
Beauty Salon and Swimming Pool Accessories

SECOND FLOOR:
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Chairman

Applied Arts . . . . . Miss Ethel Young
Baby Booth . . . . . to be announced later
Books, Bookbinding and Library Accessories . . . . . Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Boudoir . . . . . Mrs. P. W. King
Children's Corner . Miss Emogene Hutchinson
Fine Arts (Chinese Room) . Miss Rose Pauson
Fortunes, Games . Miss Georgie Fenwick
Garden Accessories . Miss Katherine Donohoe
Kitchen and Bathroom Utilities . . . . . Miss Catherine Allen
Magazine Bags . . . . . Miss D. C. Burtchaell
National League Cook Book . . . . . Mrs. Randolph Madison
Varieties . . . . . Mrs. H. K. Shaw

THIRD FLOOR: *Mrs. Wm. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman*

Candies, Nuts . . . . . Miss Elsa Garrett
Cakes, Pies and Bread . . . . . Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson
Pantry Shelf (Jams-Jellies) Mrs. Bert Lazarus, Miss Edna Huber
German Kaffee Klatsch . . . . . Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, Miss Jane Klink
Hawaiian . . . . . Mrs. John Speyer
Italian . . . . . Mrs. Douglas Cushman
Programs . . . . . Mrs. John P. Coghlan
Purchasing . . . . . Miss Jean Macintosh
MOTOR CORPS . . Mrs. Charles W. Durbrow
JURY . . . . . to be announced later

Your Contribution to the Exhibition of Members' Talents

October 21 - 22

ACCESSORIES: Bath room, boudoir, desk, nursery, personal toilet, travel, kitchen, swimming, dressing room.

APRONS: All kinds.

ARTS: Paintings, etchings, wood blocks, water colors.

BAGS: Beaded, leather, petit point.

BASKETS: All kinds.

BEAD WORK: All kinds.

BOOKS: Original writings.

BOOKS: Hand tooled.

BOUDOIR: Pillows, trays, throws, dresser and table scarfs, quilts, negligee.

BRAILLE: Cards, booklets.

BRIDGE PRIZES.

CALENDARS, POST CARDS, BLOTTERS, PLACE AND SCORE CARDS. (Handmade)

CANDIES.

CERAMICS.

COSMETICS.

CUSHIONS.

DECORATED BOXES.

DOLLS AND DOLLS' OUTFITS, DOLLS' HOUSES. (Include infant dolls).

DRESSING ROOM CLOSET ACCESSORIES: Covered coat hangers, shoe boxes, shoe trees, hat holders, etc.

ENAMEL WARE.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

HAND LOOM ARTICLES.

HATS.

HOUSEHOLD: Kitchen and pantry equipment.

INFANTS' AND YOUNG CHILDREN'S WEARING APPAREL.

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1931

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LAMPS AND LAMP SHADES.

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LINENS.

LACES.

LINGERIE.

MATS: Rags and silk—for floor and under lamps.

MUSIC: Original compositions.

METALS: Silver, copper, brass, and iron.

NEEDLEWORK: All kinds.

NOVELTIES: Match cases, sachets, waste baskets, table decorations, place and score cards.

ORIENTAL CHINESE ART.

ORIGINAL IDEAS FOR WRAPPING PACKAGES.

PAPER NOVELTIES: Favors, boxes, dolls.

PATTERNS: Novel ideas for infants' and children's clothes, aprons.

PLANT AND GARDEN LIFE: Flowers, rock gardens, pots, garden sticks, aprons, and original garden utility articles.

PURSES: All kinds.

RUGS: Hooked, rag, silk.

SCRAP BOOKS.

SCULPTURE.

SOCKS: (hand knit). For men especially.

TAPESTRY.

TRAPUNTO.

TOWELS.

TOYS.

UTILITY ARTICLES: For household, business and professional life.

WEARING APPAREL.

WEAVING.

WOOD WORK: Book ends, plaques, carved panels, furniture, toys.

Shadows Toward the East

—MAY F. RILEY (*Courtesy "The Business Woman"*)

● A Man and I were talking the other day about women in business.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that most women, as they get older, get to look and act alike?" I have pondered over that observation many times since, looking for the answer among the women whom one would index as "alike" and those who stand out as personalities.

I feel the Man was thinking not so much of dress and manner, as of that outward appearance which is the reflection of mental attitude. It is true that as we get older, it takes a certain determination not to "let down"; and that to insure our values we must always be alert and enthusiastic. I feel that is the answer—the antidote against "getting to look and act alike"—maintaining our interest in life.

An interest that encompasses many things. Interest in personal appearance. In a program of recreation; this is a means of self-preservation, for pleasures are figures in the pattern of efficiency. Interest in education with special reference to one's own line of work. Recognizing the necessity of keeping our independence and of holding firm opinions; but in that independence not forgetting the welfare of our companion. Developing the ability to turn our thoughts inwards on the things we already possess and to make those things live.

And beyond the materialistic, developing the spiritual self, without which no life can be complete. Taking time to write one's own book of philosophy in the quiet groves of contemplation.

Learning that real peace, contentment and kindness dwell within; creating such sources of happiness through work and friendships that as the years go on, they will bring an increasing rejoicing in the gift of life.

In childhood we danced in the dawn hours; youth stands tip-toe on the hill-top and eagerly stretches out its arms to the noon-day sun. Then we set our faces toward the setting sun and life's shadow lengthens toward the east. Those who have acquired the art of maintaining a high interest in life, can look toward the sunset and feel the radiance of the afterglow in their hearts. And after sunset comes twilight.

"For age is opportunity no less
than youth itself,
though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
the sky is filled with stars
invisible by day."

The Camping Ideal

—RUTH M. HUNTINGTON

● The 180,000 boys and girls in private camps during the summer shows our organized exodus toward the sun and stars. Our Talent Festival is the time to regard our creative effort, and what could be more satisfying than to have a hand in the creation of joy, health, and character? For six weeks there is a brotherhood of the lake and woods, where children are at their best, away from artificial stimulation, where each child is taken on its face value. What a tremendous challenge to the Director to make the summer stand for high ideals and to awaken a social conscience as a result of group living! To the tune of "Stroke, Swing, Stroke," paddling in the canoe, life is so full of adventure—all glorious and sparkling as it should be. Gypsy days on horseback, breaking unknown trails; still nights around the campfire, no mention of hurry, serve as nature's background to face the winter with a physical and mental balance and to acquire a sane attitude toward life that will adjust happily to the demands of any environment. Our boys and girls take to camp life so naturally that in the opinion of many parents camp becomes a biological necessity. New activities attempted with enthusiasm help them to discover the infinite possibilities presented by their own hands and also to receive an education in the wise use of leisure time. New friends open wider vistas, and lessons of life are learned of living together harmoniously and efficiently as members in a democratic society, with a regard for the rights of others.

Ex-President Eliot of Harvard said, "The organized summer camp is the most important step in education that America has given the world." In line with this thought, whatever talents may be possessed by a Director are offered humbly to cultivate among the girls and boys of privileged parents in private summer camps the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the responsive heart, a pure mind, a content with simple things, the development of leadership, and the instillation of a spirit of service as the fundamental source of human happiness.

The Literary Agent

—SUSAN LOCKWOOD FOUNTAIN

(Editor's Note: Miss Fountain is a pioneer member of the City Club. She has been a guest at the Club for several weeks following her return to San Francisco after a sojourn of several years in Honolulu. Miss Fountain is the only woman member of the Association of Authors' Agents, composed of one young man from each leading city of the United States and Hawaii. She was member of the Writers' Bureau of London and secretary there of the American Branch of the Lyceum Club. Since there are no publishers in Hawaii, where she recently has lived, she was more a literary adviser than selling agent.)

● Perhaps "literary agent" is a misnomer. Often the agent is not literary. And sometimes he is not an agent. This manuscript broker, or middleman for publisher and author, though occupying a humble position in the writing profession, is a useful person and his activities cover a wide field.

A pessimistic poet once said that the editor is the barrier that stands between the author and the reading public. It is the work of the literary agent to break through that barrier. It is his business to know what the publishers want and to get that material from the writers and find a place for it. He has a vast variety to select from, for in no other line of creative work does the supply so enormously exceed the demand as in the literary market. This is so because a great number of people write to satisfy themselves rather than to meet a requirement of the reader.

Many literary agents are men and women who after considerable experience in writing for publication find their critical and commercial ability is stronger than their creative ability, and this discovery they put to practical use by spotting the selling points in the manuscripts of less experienced writers. Their stock in trade is a thorough knowledge of the needs of book and magazine publishers. This knowledge is valuable to thousands of writers who lose time and money and sleep and heart-hope by submitting the right kind of material to the wrong market. It does not follow that because a person can write a story that person will know what to do with the story when it is written.

The author's representative establishes on that one count his reason for being.

True, the average successful writer studies the literary market for himself and is in amiable and understanding accord with his publisher, one of the most delightful of business relations. Even in these cases the agent has been found useful. Authors who travel a great deal always like to have such a one to consult or command by cable.

It may be said here that the literary agent is of help to two classes of writers: to the beginner who knows nothing whatever about the selling end of the work, and to the writer who has arrived and has not the time for details in dealing with publishers, making contracts, etc.

Frequently when the agent is more literary than he is agent, his work becomes that of a literary adviser. The reviewing and revision of manuscripts, instruction in the rudiments of writing, advice as to reading and technical study—these are the tasks he really likes best.

There are black sheep in the fold. Some are very black and they cast their sinister shadow upon the pure white ones who plod patiently along, with Integrity for their watchword. There are so many opportunities in this profession for unethical procedure that the honorable agents regard their character as their capital.

Until a few years ago there was no union, no organized connection, among the "manuscript menders and vendors," it being such an individual sort of occupation, personal and private to a degree, each adhering jealously to his own particular methods and usages. But one night in New York when several were gathered together they became communistic, and an association of authors' agents was formed. The object of the group was to lessen by reciprocity of service certain difficulties in placing manuscripts. A man in his own city will of course know the publishing possibilities of that city and he will have personal acquaintance with the Powers that Be which he takes good care to cultivate. He is in a position to handle the wares of his own and his fellow-agents' clients in the place where he lives, by taking them in person to the market. And it is emphatically stated at this point that this method beats the post office by miles. Every member of the association, in his own stronghold, has this advantage. Thus, working together, like the fingers on your two hands, with the system of give-and-take for a working basis, these united agents have achieved results for the authors and are recognized as a reliable source of supply by the publishers.

Bridge of Sighs

We dined "a quatre," a laden table,
My husband, John, myself and Mabel,
Intelligentsia we; from soup to ice
We talked of peace at any price.
We played at bridge, a smaller table,
My husband, John, myself and Mabel,
We Culbertsoned; and in a trice
There was no peace at any price.

H. H. S

Elizabeth Norton, Artist

—By her friend, ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

● Did you ever go on a "Treasure Hunt?" Don't you think that our preparation for the Club's Talent Festival is like a Treasure Hunt—following the clues, finding the prize?

At 353 Lowell Avenue, in Palo Alto, a low brown house rambles generously through a garden of trees and flowers, and opens a gracious doorway to a studio full of treasure. Against its background of sculpture and pastels, watercolors and etchings and block-prints, a modest brown woman leads what has always seemed to me to be a very happy life, in the search for beauty, and its reproduction. The thought of her has the tone of brown—brown house, brown clothes, brown hair—that rich quiet brown of a forest tree's bark against which one likes to lean because it means serenity and strength. And which never advertises its own virtues.

Nor does Elizabeth Norton. She is better known in the East, I think, than in her adopted State. Born in Chicago; a student of the Chicago Art Institute, the Art Students' League, and the New York Academy of Design; she had her studio of painting and sculpture in New York City till 1919. Since then she has been a Californian. She is a member of the Art Alliance of America; the American Federation of Arts; S. F. Society of Women Artists; California Print Makers; California Society of Etchers; and she is an officer of the Palo Alto Art Club.

Well known in Eastern exhibitions for her sculpture and prints and wood-blocks, she has also added to our permanent store of beauty by such private commissions as the bronze wall-fountain in the Athletic Club of Detroit, the very lovely bas-relief in wood of "Saint Francis and the Birds" in the Church of Saint Francis of the Mountains at Fallen Leaf Lake, and the sculpture for the fish-pool at the Stanford Convalescent Home. Her versatility is shown by the stately sculptures of the late Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. John C. Branner, and by the bewitching etching of the Scottie family.

Bronze Fountain Figure, "Boy and Squirrel," two feet high, by Elizabeth Norton

On October 3rd, in the State Library Building at Sacramento, the California Library Association will install a memorial tablet to the memory of James L. Gillis, founder of the county library system of California. The five-foot-long bronze tablet, which is the work of Elizabeth Norton, will be placed over the main doorway of the Reading and Reference room, henceforth to be known as the James L. Gillis Hall. There will be a gathering of the state librarians, a memorial program, and the tablet will be formally presented to the Governor.

During the month of October, Miss Norton will hold a "one-man" exhibit of her work in the Print gallery of State Library, Sacramento. Those who saw her exhibitions in Massachusetts and Palo Alto and at Courvoisier's gallery in San Francisco will remember the alive-ness in her "House-Cats and Jungle-Cats" and in her block-prints of animals.

I could make use of many more words about Elizabeth Norton's work, and herself! But I am gazing at some delightful photographs of fountain and bas-relief and etching which speak more eloquently than any words of mine.

Elizabeth Norton, member Women's City Club, printing Wood-Block Prints

David Starr Jordan—An Appreciation

—CAROL GREEN WILSON

[Mrs. David Starr Jordan has been a member of the City Club since its beginning. Mrs. Wilson, who writes this appreciation of the President Emeritus of Stanford University, who died September 19, is a member of the City Club and editor of the Stanford Illustrated Monthly.]

Bust of Dr. Jordan
by Elizabeth Norton

David Starr Jordan lives, though his great spirit is released from its bondage house of a body worn in service. He lives in the hearts of thousands inspired to fuller sense of the nobility of life through his words and teaching. He lives in the voices speaking for peace in a perplexed world. His vision finds fulfillment in the coming together next month in China of leading thinkers in the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Whether it be in Tokio, where the man in the street knows Stanford as "Dr. Jordan's University," or in gatherings of world scientists who will be phrasing memorials to his paramount leadership, this night of his passing, September 19, 1931, will see bowed heads and hearts grateful for what he has given to this age.

California claimed Dr. Jordan at the half-way point of his useful life. Just forty years ago, when he himself was in the prime of vigorous maturity, he came to this coast, a man of forty, in response to Senator Stanford's invitation to head the pioneer educational dream of that great-souled citizen who sought to make "the children of California our children." Dr. Jordan had already won renown as the country's youngest University president when, six years previous, he had assumed the helm of Indiana University. The Senator was well advised by his friends among Eastern college presidents whom he had consulted before founding Leland Stanford Junior University when they pointed out to him this high-thinking scientist.

Senator Stanford was impelled in his decision to found a new university along lines of freedom unhampered by outworn traditions and usages by a conviction that the exigencies of a modern practical world called for education consistent with individual needs. The object, which he wrote into the Founding Grant, "to qualify its students for personal success, and direct usefulness in life," could not have been carried out with greater faithfulness than it was by that first president who wrote "The Care and Culture of Men" and "Life's Enthusiasms."

But Dr. Jordan taught by precept as well as by word. The true meaning of education was in his conception. To draw out inherent capabilities of his students and then to direct their training into spheres of influence was his greatest joy. His entire life exemplified that ideal. No bit of knowledge acquired by him was stored unused in his massive brain, but was sent out electrified to contribute toward the bettering of the world whose loyal citizen he was. The wonder of his life lay in his preeminence in such diversified fields. Acknowledged throughout the world as one of the greatest scientists in the study of fundamental life forms, he was at the same time a foremost world statesman in his noble passion for peace, and the author of more than six thousand books and monographs. And the hundreds of students who through the years gathered around his Thursday evening fireside gained there a new conception of the dignity of life without regard to creed or color.

Last January, on his eightieth birthday, he sat in his wheel-chair in the sun-flooded living room of his campus home and received with equal pleasure telegrams from notable friends and former students and the homage of a Japanese mushroom grower from San Mateo, who presented his treasures with the remark, "All day I have watched these growing to perfection so that I could gather the best for Dr. Jordan."

Like his other admirers, the Women's City Club, a service organization founded along the very ideals personified by him, would lay upon the memory of this man, most beloved and honored of our Western patriarchs, its truest regard and humble acknowledgment of the debt owed to his leadership.

Our Talents

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write.

The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT

Editor's Note:—This charming story by Mrs. William Kent, Jr., will be continued monthly for several issues in the City Club Magazine.—Illustrations by Frances Revett Wallace (Mrs. Bradley L. Wallace.)

PROLOGUE

The King of Cordain was tramping up and down the great stone hall of his castle in such a terrible rage that every time he jerked around, his long purple train whisked up a perfect whirlwind of little dust-clouds. "Girl!" he muttered; "girl! another girl!" and he brought his royal sceptre down on the table with such a bang that it made an ugly dent on the surface. You see, the Queen had just given birth to a baby girl, and the King had so hoped for a boy to inherit the kingdom, that when the third girl in six years was born he could contain his wrath no longer.

There was great excitement throughout the castle. All the courtiers and court-ladies, rustling and whispering, and all the slaves and servants, were assembled in the chapel for the christening—and the Bishop in his red robes was just then marching up to the altar. The only thing lacking was the name for the child. This was the King's duty; but here was the difficulty. Three times had the Lord High Chamberlain slipped apologetically through the curtains that hung in the doors of the great stone hall, and reminded the royal parent that his child was awaiting a name, and each time the King, never ceasing his pacing, had roared at the Lord High Chamberlain in such a manner as to make it necessary for that worthy man to retire.

The Lord High Chamberlain was in a terrible predicament because when for the third time he left the hall the King had bellowed at him, "Name it yourself!" In agony he returned to the chapel. Now, names are very important things, and the Lord Chamberlain realized with a groan that he had never before been called upon to present a baby with a name—and a royal name at that—on such short notice. The other little Princesses had beautiful long names: Clemencinia Dallis Lorraine, and Geraldora Rosann Velma; but the poor Lord Chamberlain was so excited with all the congregation looking at him that he couldn't think of even *one* name. The Bishop was beginning rather huffily to shift from one foot to the other, and the royal baby was crying in a feeble, ragged little voice, very irritating to the delicate ears of the court-ladies. Great beads of perspiration stood out all over the fat face of the Lord Chamberlain, and while the court-ladies coughed and tittered, he tried to tell the Bishop that it would be better to wait until——But he stuttered so that the Bishop, who was slightly deaf and very much alarmed lest his own dignity should be injured by this unusual delay, heard only the stuttering "b-b- -a-e-he-b-a-betttt;" so he hurriedly christened the wailing child "Babette!"

A thrill of amazement ran through the congregation. Babette! The Lord High Chamberlain struggled to overcome a certain tendency of his knees to feel as if they weren't there. Babette! What a name for a royal Princess! Babette! It hadn't even three syllables!

The poor Queen, when she heard it, sank back upon her pillows. "Babette?" she cried faintly. "Babette!" and being in her weakened condition overcome by the news, she sank still farther back into her pillows and died.

After the excitement aroused by the christening and the death of the Queen had subsided, the King found himself faced with the problem of bringing up his three little daughters, but as there was nothing the King of Cordain disliked so much as girls, he tried to avoid that annoyance, and sent the three little Princesses off to a high-walled castle by the sea. His plan was to give them the finest teachers of music and art and all things necessary to a princess' education, and to surround them with all

The Christening of Babette

the beautiful things they could wish for,—but never to let them look upon the face of a man (at least, of a young man) until such time as they should be given away in marriage to suitable husbands.

And that is how it came to be that sixteen years later, once upon a time, the three Princesses, Clemencinia Dallis Lorraine, Geraldora Rosann Velma, and Babette were living shut up within the high walls of the castle by the sea.

CHAPTER I

The Castle-by-the-Sea

It was raining hard. Great gusts of wind wrapped the turrets of the Castle-by-the-Sea in rain-sheets, and below, the sea waves beat against the cliffs. In an upstairs chamber of the castle where a fire burned merrily and sent little shafts of rosy light over the tapestry on the walls, the three Princesses were spending the evening together. Clemencinia, sitting very near the fire, was embroidering upon a frame with threads of blue and gold. She was tall and fair, with calm blue eyes and lovely white hands that pulled the thread aloft slowly, and as slowly pricked the needle downwards into the blue and gold design upon the frame. On the other side of the fire, Geraldora, tall and dark, was sweeping her hand in languid strokes across the strings of a harp, and gazing abstractedly up at the ceiling. Babette, who, unlike her sisters, was dark-haired and very little, was kneeling on the window seat, stroking a silken-haired amber cat, and watching the rain.

"It's raining very hard," said Babette, sitting back on her heels and addressing her sisters in a conversational tone.

Clemencinia went on sewing, and Geraldora scowled slightly at the interruption to her music. Babette pulled the cat's tail a little and looked out again at the rain.

"I wonder what becomes of the moon and stars at night when it rains," she said suddenly. This time Geraldora twitched crossly in her chair, and Clemencinia looked up for a minute to smile a vague smile.

"I wonder," went on Babette, "what it would feel like to be out on a night like this, and to be cold and hungry? I wonder—" but here there was a chord of exasperation on the harp-strings and Geraldora's dark eyes blazed angrily, while Clemencinia resignedly shook her head.

"O-o-oh, well!" Babette bounced crossly up and down on her heels and pulled the tail of the beautiful amber cat with viciousness so that it let out such a terrible wail of pain that the two older sisters leaped to their feet.

"Babette!" shrieked Geraldora furiously, and "Babette!" moaned Clemencinia, wiping from her white hands the blood which she had drawn in scratching herself with the needle as she jumped.

But before they could utter another word Babette, who had again turned to look out of the window, cried: "Oh, look—look! Someone is coming on horseback along the cliff! It must be a man!"

Geraldora and Clemencinia, forgetting their princessy dignity, scrambled up on the window-seat and looked out with Babette.

Continued on page 23

EDITORIAL

At last the month of the annual Talent Festival has arrived. And the committee in charge, with ll the wide ramification of workers, is ready. It has been steady, arduous, but intensely pleasant work, his preparation which has kept the Club in the grip of 'getting ready." There has been filing, cataloguing, egregating, and eliminating to be done. But these hings have been but the perfunctory and the physical ffices necessary to any undertaking. Accompanying nd underlying these material preparations has been kind of "voyage of discovery" as the committee was pprised, day after day, of the wealth and diversity of alent in the membership. It has been like following he mother lode in a mine. With the uncovering of one tratum came the clue to another, and so on into the eal consciousness of the Club. It has been exhilarating o the explorers and joyously gratifying to the "dis-overed."

On another page Miss Leale explains the difference etween the loan exhibit and the gift exhibit. Both, owever, are indicative of the creative ability of the nembership and manifest a devout worship at the hrine of achievement. Utilitarian or ornamental, each bject is the outward and visible manifestation of an nner grace. One must create; the aborigine, urged by n irresistible instinct, weaves baskets, mixes vegetable lyes, and daubs colors on crude walls which he has nade of mud. Not only must he create, but he must eautify. We, the heirs of that aborigine, administrate he legacy by writing theses, painting pictures, organ-zing Girl Scout camps, founding lecture courses, giv-ng concerts, kneading bread, binding books, dotting he landscape with sculpture, weaving tapestries, writ-ng novels, and mapping the stars. The list is as long as he roster of human activity.

Last year, when the first Talent Festival was only in ts formative period, the projectors realized that the City Club nourished notable ability. Since then it has ecome apparent that the thin white flame of genius urns here and there along the line of eight thousand ntities.

But it took the Festival to uncover those shining ights, and, incidentally, other gifts and attainments o less interesting and valuable to Club and member. The quality and character of both loans and gifts is of emarkably high esthetic standard.

Boxes and crates have been arriving at the Club for veeks. It has been like the breathless days before Christmas.

And so we come to the Second Year, with one year's xperience to "grow by."

Loans will be housed in the Club Auditorium under the general chairmanship of Mrs. S. G. Chapman.

Mrs. Louis J. Carl, on the Lower Main Floor, will have charge of exhibits appertaining to beauty and the boudoir, swimming pool accessories, and the like.

Mrs. Philip A. Coxon has charge of the entire Second Floor, and here, indeed, are to be surprises and gayety galore. A score of sub-chairmen have the responsibility of as many departments. Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., is chairman of the Third Floor, where food in infinite variety will be on sale. Mrs. Leon Guggenhime will preside at the German Kaffee Klatsch, and hostesses of the English Tea will be women who have officiated as leaders in the Club's past. There will be Spanish, Italian, Hawaiian and English delicacies in booths appropriately decorated.

The Fine Arts Exhibit, Miss Rose Pauson, chairman, will find a charming setting on the Second Floor.

Mrs. John P. Coghlan is chairman of the programs to be given both days, with especial emphasis on the short but choice interlude of entertainment on the night of the Gala Dinner, which is to be October 22, as a concluding gesture of the Festival.

Strolling singers will promenade the building throughout both days, and there will not be even one-half hour which one can afford to miss. Miss Leale will preside at the dinner. Dancers will appear at intervals on the stage of the Auditorium, where the beautiful curtains, product of the talent of a pioneer member, will part to reveal the graceful rythms.

Talent Festival Dinner

A formal dinner, with members in their prettiest gowns and escorted by husbands and beaus, will close the second Talent Festival. It is to be a gala affair, with a number of large parties as the nucleus for numerous twos, fours, and sixes.

The dinner will afford excellent opportunity for members to exhibit their Club at its very best to husbands and friends, for the decorations are to be as attractive as autumn blooms and exquisite taste can contrive.

Reservations, accompanied by check, must be made in advance, and not later than October 21. The charge is $1.50 per service.

Mrs. Lucas to Give Current Event Talks

During the convalescence of Mrs. Parker S. Maddux from the serious illness which for many weeks has incapacitated her from giving the Current Events talks which have been an outstanding feature of the City Club's cultural activities for a number of years, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will give the lectures. Thus, in the efficient regimentation of the Club, when one falls out of the ranks, some one is ready and equipped to carry on until the other is ready to resume. Mrs. Lucas' qualifications are well known and her series will undoubtedly draw a large following.

City Club Activities

Dr. Lyman Bryson

Lyman Bryson Lectures October 27

● Much interest is being taken in the lecture arranged by the chairman and committee of the Vocational Information Bureau for Tuesday Evening, October 27 when Lyman Bryson will be the speaker. His subject, "Encouraging Developments in a Slightly Chaotic World" will permit of his touching upon many absorbing topics.

Mr. Bryson received his A.B. and A.M. at the University of Michigan. After further study at Columbia and Georgetown Universities, he returned to Michigan University as assistant professor. From 1919 to December, 1920, Mr. Bryson traveled over Europe and Asia Minor as associate director of the work of the American Junior Red Cross and as assistant to the commissioner for Europe of the American Red Cross. In this work he visited twenty-five countries.

In 1922 Mr. Bryson was one of two delegates sent by the International Red Cross on an oriental tour and he was Secretary of the Oriental Health Conference in Bankok, Siam, in November of that year. On his return he was appointed editor of the publication of the International Red Cross and held that position until he came back to the United States in 1924.

Mr. Bryson is now spending his time in writing and lecturing. He is executive Director of Adult Education for the State of California.

There will be a charge of fifty cents admission. We suggest an early application for tickets as this speaker draws an audience from many sections in the community. Lecture open to the public.

Members' Teacup Chats

● About four o'clock a hot cup of tea is always welcome. Knowing this the Club has planned a series of monthly teas, to be held in the American Room at 3:30 on a Thursday afternoon of each month.

At these teas an informal chat upon an interesting topic dear to the speaker's heart, perhaps her hobby, will be given by a member. The occasion is to be informal and friendly as is very fitting to all chat over the teacups. The first two tea-times and chats are:

October 8—The Making of Music—
Illustrated by her own compositions by
Mrs. Cecil Hollis Stone

November 5—Radio—New Profession for Women, by Mrs. Josephine Bartlett.

Josephine Bartlett

Hallowe'en Party

● A Hallowe'en Party will be given on Friday evening, October 30, in the Auditorium of the City Club.

Tickets are now on sale at the desk, the price per table being $3.00—which includes a prize and refreshments. No single tickets have been issued, but individual members may arrange with any member of the Bridge Committee for partners.

We hope to make this party an evening of mystery and fun and we are looking forward to meeting many of the City Club members and their friends.

—Bridge Committee Harriet L. Adams
I. E. Banz
Nettie R. Metzger
Ida J. Lord

Luncheon Talks

● Since the busy winter season is now beginning and for everyone, time becomes more restricted, the Womens' City Club has arranged for a series of Luncheon Lectures upon international topics of the moment, by distinguished professors of the University of California, who have just returned from many months spent abroad in special study.

The luncheon lectures will be held in the Main Dining Room. Members may invite both men and women guests. The tickets will be $1.00 for the luncheon including the lecture. The time will be 12:15.

The dates and lectures are as follows:

October 6th—Prof. Felix Fluegel—
"Russia and Her Critics."

November 3rd—Prof. R. A. Brady—
"Germany and Her Critics."

December 1st—Prof. Melvin M. Knight—
"French Colonial Troubles."

A biographical note of Professor Felix Fluegel is of interest.

Associate Professor of Economics, University of California. Field of specialization: Economic History. Author of several books on European and American economic history. Travelled in Europe 1925-26, 1930, and in the summer of 1931. Visited Russia in the summer of this year.

Dr. Ewald Fluegel, the father of Felix Fluegel, was Professor of English Philology at Stanford University from 1892-1914; a specialist in Middle English literature. Ewald Fluegel's father and grandfather were likewise English philologists and editors of noted series of lexicographical works.

First Mondays are the Luncheon-Lecture days.

Dr. Felix Fluegel

Augur Interesting Winter

Life in Soviet Russia as Seen Through the Eyes of Soviet Writers

A four-lecture course in the newest Russian Literature to be given by Olgy Ilyin second and fourth Monday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock in October and November.

October 12: *The Bulk of the Russian People:*

The Russian peasant as he was mirrored in pre-revolutionary literature by authors who did not belong to the peasant class. The peasants of Turgeneff, Necrassoff, and Bunin.

The contemporary peasant as he appears in the books of Soviet writers who themselves sprang from the village peasant life; the attitude toward religion, politics, five-year plan. Family, love; the relationship between the younger and older generations—by the works of Panteleymon, Romanoff, Shishkoff, Seifulina, Leonoff.

Madame Ilyin's contact with peasants before and after the Revolution.

October 26: *The Builders of the World's Communism.*

The city proletarian. His home, office, and street life according to the short stories of Michael Sostchenko, Panteleymon, Romanoff, and others. The non-party proletarian and the communist. His state of mind reflected in his vocabulary. His constructive work with its leaps and crashes.

November 9: *Dreamers without Dreams:*

Soviet youth: students, Comsomoltzy (Members of the Young Communistic League), romance among them, their aspirations. Social and college work. Marriage and divorce.

Children at school and children "lawbreakers," portrayed by Seifulina, Romanoff, and others.

November 23: *The Crucified:*

The Russian "Intelligent." The one who adjusts himself. The one who dies with honor. The one who breaks down and rises again—pictured by Ivan Shmeleff, Alexey Tolstoy (the new), Romanoff.

Madame Ilyin's psychological experiences in Soviet Russia.

These dates and subjects will be informative of the lectures to be given at the City Club by Madame Olga Ilyin, a graduate of a Russian University, who majored in literature and history. As a poetess she had gained recognition among discriminating critics for her poems published in the Russian magazines of distinction. Her latest work, a book of poems, was published in Paris in 1927.

Mrs. Ilyin fled from Russia in 1918 and was captured by the Reds two years later in Siberia and sent back to Russia, where she stayed until 1923, during this time coming in close contact with different aspects of Soviet life. Mrs. Ilyin has lived in America since 1923.

Miss Marion Huntington is chairman of the committee in charge of the Ilyin lectures. Others in the group are:

Mrs. James Otis
Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy
Miss Edith Waterman
Mrs. Bruce Porter
Mrs. Franklin Harwood
Mrs. Effingham Sutton
Mrs. De Laveaga Orinda
Mrs. Morse Erskine
Mrs. Chester Moore
Mrs. Leroy Butler
Miss Ida Bowen
Mrs. Samuel Boardman
Miss Lallie Maynard
Mrs. Samuel Pond
Miss Alice Chapman
Mrs. Philip Bancroft
Mrs. J. B. Metcalf

Olga Ilyin

Husbands Admitted to Pool Friday Evenings

● A new departure has been inaugurated in the Swimming Pool. By vote of the Board of Directors, members of the families and guests of members will be admitted to the pool on Friday evenings between 5:30 and 9 o'clock. Members will have opportunity of bringing their husbands and children on these evenings, making it Family Party Night. The new regime began Friday evening, September 25, and was eminently successful. Women and children guests are admitted on these evenings under the ruling of other nights.

HOME

BY IVY M. JACOBSON

I have a friend who owns a lovely home—
(Mine's just a room)—
With windows to the ceiling, and a view
That thrills with awe the very heart of you;
With furniture wrought by a master's hands
And gorgeous things from far, romantic lands,
So that she has an extra lovely home,—
(Mine's just a room).
Mine's just a tiny room at that, you know,—
(It's really VERY wee)—
With just a little window on the town,
(But I have flowered curtains, yellow-brown
Of English chintz) and a deep-cushioned chair
Beside the little table standing there;
A tea-set, and a trivet by the fire;
A place where I can write:—a little higher,
Some shelves for books, and in the corner space
I have a couch, a cozy, lounging place
With pillows and a lamp and little stand
Where I can have my sewing things at hand.
I have a friend who owns a lovely home—
(It's like an orchid-bloom.)
I love to wander through and feast my eyes
Upon the polished beauty of her prize;
The wondrous walls, the gleaming colors there,
The magic groups of royal things and fair;
Indeed, she has an extra-lovely home—
(Mine's just a room).

Some Highlights in Art for San Francisco During the Winter to Come

BY BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● It can no longer be said in San Francisco that the circumference of art is of urban exclusiveness which closes the door on the foreigner, thereby paralyzing the scope and the education of the community by lack of comparison values and whatnot. A glance over the calendar above denies any such conclusion. We might even venture to suggest that the shoe is quite on the other foot. Among the enthusiastic featuring and feteing of noteworthy artists that mark each season we should occasionally find a Californian to so compliment. Unfortunately the dear public is instantly and completely engaged by talent from elsewhere, and we who are responsible in swinging such affairs to success follow the easier road. In defense of ourselves we have to acknowledge that artists from other countries lend themselves with a readier grace as social motives. Inherently social our people are not, and the artist, always an individualist, follows on, only further. He resents being personally exploited, whereas the European, while he may not be enthusiastic, regards it as a necessary performance in the marketing of his art, in the same sense that many a business man has joined a club or taken up golf.

During the recent sojourn of Dr. Elie Faure, we happened to be in Los Angeles on his arrival in California, and it is certain that this noted philosopher and writer was altogether puzzled by the vehemence with which he was seized and catapulted through a rigorous social program among people who for the most part did not speak or understand his language which leads us by a circuitous route to the goal of this meandering dissertation.

After Dr. Faure's speech at the California Art Club in Los Angeles, there appeared in the press an article "What Did Elie Faure Say?" An attempt to answer a letter received from one of Dr. Faure's audience whose confusion partly seems to have arisen from the shock occasioned by the frank truths uttered in his speech, especially those concerning the French art of today. This may or may not have been the reason that Julian Garnsey's translation of Dr. Faure's speech in its entirety has been printed by the Club. As we understand Dr. Faure's rapid French and manner of speaking stumped even the members of the French Department at the University of California, and as there may be those in San Francisco who, in spite of the able translation given by Edgar Walter, are also asking the question, "What Did Elie Faure Say?" And as the whole article is too long for reprint here, we are quoting from the context ad lib:

Dr. Elie Faure began, "The title of my discourse is: 'The Revolution in Art in the World Today'. . . . The evolutions of the various arts are not parallel. Each of the arts, architecture, sculpture, painting and music, develops at that moment in a people's history when a social organization demands it.

"Architecture, for example, is a fulfillment of collective and communal requirements. In Greece it flourished early in the history of Greek civilization when sculpture was rude and primitive, and when painting did not exist. Sculpture reflects the first signs of breakdown in collective forms of social organization. In Greece it appeared timidly, in connection with the temples. Then with the growth of individualism, it took on freer forms in gardens and private buildings. That is, it changed its nature in conformity with a change in social organization. Painting, the most individual of the arts, accompanies the complete failure of collective social institutions and responds to a need for individual forms of expression. Music appears when changes in the social order again demand an expression of collective organization and when people are grouped in definite association. With music the cycle I have in mind is complete. Architecture then reappears and the cycle begins anew.

"My second thought is that we are now passing from a period of individual to one of collective expression. . . . Today we are less insistent on playing solo parts and begin to be content with playing one part in the general orchestra. Our expression is becoming less melodic and more symphonic. Let us note, however, that the greatness of a musician is not diminished, but rather enhanced, by playing a part in the orchestra. The medieval sculptor working upon his tiny part of the cathedral, unknown to fame but supported by the co-operation of his fellows, was a greater artist than many a present-day member of the institute, loaded with his public honors.

"During my recent sojourn in Mexico I found startling confirmation of my ideas. There, as I observed the impressive monuments of Toltec architecture, I stood in the presence of a great collective expression. The extraordinary communal civilization which produced those temples was destroyed by the Spanish occupation, which imposed upon it a different and incompatible social order. Much as I love Spain, undoubtedly the mother of the world's greatest painter, whether you prefer to call him Velasquez, Goya or El Greco, I can call her conquest of the Aztecs nothing less than brutal. . .

"The third thought which I bring to your attention is that anonymity is an essential characteristic of great epochs in art. An important art made by the people celebrates no great names. Only in decadence and dissolution do names appear as having some importance. We do not know the name of a single sculptor of the medieval cathedrals. . .

"Reasoning from this premise, do we not find in the monumental architecture of America, the New York skyscrapers, an indication of our present trend? These buildings are evident expressions of collective and anonymous effort. . . Such an art is characteristic of a tendency toward concentration into a collective civilization. Its basic impulse is the same as that which built the Aztec temples.

"Now let us go to Paris of today. Is she still the Capital of Art? No, she is now only the capital of traders in paintings. As we look back over French history, we see the great effort, the miracle, of French architecture. For eight hundred years it flourished until that Revolution came which was to liberate mankind but succeeded only in defining the rights of man. The Revolution destroyed the guilds by whose collective efforts a great tradition had been maintained and developed. After the destruction of the guilds French architecture sank to the depths of mediocrity. Then, in accordance with our theory, painting began to answer the need for individual expression and, during one hundred years, developed into the greatest school in the world's history. I have only to call the names of Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, Millet and the School of Fontainebleau, Courbet, Renoir, Cezanne, and the sculptors Rude, Carpeaux, Barye and Rodin. . .

"My fourth thought is that, at certain times of the week, month or year, peoples have wished to gather together to view spectacles. . . Today, the one spectacle before which all people unite is the cinema. What could be more of a collective expression than this? It combines architecture, sculpture, painting, music and the dance. It is a plastic art, developing in space. It is an anonymous art, for it is created by many unknown workers acting co-operatively toward a common end. It is true that the cinema is in eclipse at present owing to the false emphasis given to spoken words. We must give up most of the conversation in motion pictures or the cinema, as an art, is lost. Moreover, we must change the conditions of that great art from a means of enriching a few to a universal art for the benefit of all people. The fate of the actors depends on us.

"I have shown that we find ourselves today at a point in the cycle of the arts and of social development, where various signs point toward a gain in collective, at the expense of individual, expression. In the future the cinema will take an important part for the integration of the arts and for the return of social consciousness."

(Appreciation to Julian E. Garnsey, Translator.)

Current Art Events in San Francisco

Legion of Honor—

Paintings from Manet to the Present Day (English and French 18th Century).

Japanese art from the 15th Century to the present day.

Paintings by: Wendt, S. McDonald Wright, Boris Deutsch, Helen Forbes, Ray Boynton, San Francisco Society of Women Artists.

Sculpture by: Archipenko, G. Fletcher Clark and the Greco-Buddhic Sculpture.

De Young Memorial Museum—

Etchings by: Charles Meryon, Decaris, Mary Coulter, Roi Partridge, Robert Austin; and wood engravings by Henry Wolf.

Photographs by: Beulah Roos, Edward Weston, Imogene C. Partridge, Carl Siegel, Ansel Adams.

Art Center—

Paintings by: Dorothy Waggoner, Glenn Wessels, Neils Gren.

Fresco by: Victor Arnautoff.

Sculpture by: Raymond Puccinelli and Valenti Angelo (also oils).

San Francisco Art Association—

Members Exhibit of Paintings and Sculpture at Legion of Honor in December.

Lectures by Sam Hume on history of art at California School of Fine Arts on Wednesdays at 3 P.M. Diego Rivera Mural open to the public daily, except Sundays.

Commonwealth Club—

Art Section: Working to interest civic support for the plastic arts for San Francisco.

Architecture Section: Program to promote through education, a greater aesthetic appreciation and understanding of the arts.

Courvoisier—

Paintings by: Justema, Gerrity, Modern French.

Etchings by: Zorn, Sloan, Luquiens, West, Laurencin.

Gumps—

Exhibits by: Albert Durer (Engraving and woodcuts).

Etchings by: Meryon.

Paintings by: Fujita and the Impressionists.

Galerie Beaux Arts—

Exhibits of paintings by: Poole, Wickson, Cunningham, Dixon, Oldfield, Wm. Schwartz and Stojana.

Sculpture by: Mexicao School Children (with lecture by Newton Bell and Donald Hord).

Lecture by: Louis Danz "Approach to Modern Art," on October 6th at 8:30.

Vickery, Atkins and Torry—

Annual show of the Society of California Etchers (later announcement).

Additional "Birthday Gifts"

● On the evening that the City Club celebrated the end of the fifth year at 465 Post street, many of the bondholders contributed their bonds as birthday gifts. On that occasion the donors were announced by the president in her address. Since then other bondholders have contributed their bonds, scarcely a week passing that a letter does not arrive with a bond "Birthday Gift." Others are contributing bonds as their "Talent" Gifts. Here are some of the most recent contributions, which, added to the others, make a substantial total:

Miss Adele Arnstein	$200
Mrs. Isabella Blaney	100
Miss Marion Burr	100
Miss Mona L. Crellin	100
Mrs. D. Ghiradelli	100
Mrs. Grace P. Hayne	200
Miss Elizabeth Lent	100
Mrs. F. L. Lipman	100
Mrs. Horatio Livermore	100
Mrs. C. O. G. Miller	100
Miss Ellen O'Sullivan	100
Mrs. Silas Palmer	100
Mrs. James Graham Sharp	100
Mrs. Louis Sloss	100
Miss Frances Young	100

Green Hills

I think that there is in me some small part
Almost forgot, that still holds green hills dear.
O, tawny ones—sun parched! years since, my heart
Has known that no quick loving can be here.
Until I saw how subtly brown can fade
To softest blue beneath the evening sky.
And I forgot, almost, the friendly shade
Of other hills, white laurel crowned, that lie
So close, so peaceful—where the wood thrush hides.
But one morning rain's strange alchemy wove
A spell of emerald on your grim, gaunt sides,
With darts of magic gold from clouds above.
Then memory stirred, and something in me still
Young and unclaimed recalled a small, green hill.

—MARY LYNCH (MRS. WILLIAM CHARLES LYNCH)

I Have Been Reading

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK; *by Willa Cather;* Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. $2.50

MEXICO: A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS; *by Stuart Chase;* The Macmillan Company, N. Y. $3.00

THE GOOD EARTH; *by Pearl S. Buck;* Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed. $2.50

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT; *by Margaret Wilson;* Harcourt, Brace, and Company, N. Y.; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed. $3.00

● Shadows on the Rock; by Willa Cather; Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.

The black letters of "Shadows on the Rock" are reflected in dim gray duplicate on the title-page. It is an apt suggestion of the skill with which Miss Cather has brought back to life certain folk who went to and fro on the rock of Quebec, vividly in the seventeenth century, shadows now.

Her publisher, Alfred Knopf, gives Miss Cather's latest book the highest praise possible: "For me to praise this novel would smack of impertinence. It is enough to say that it is every bit as good as we have come to expect from one whose title to first and foremost of living, if not of all, American novelists, few would challenge." What more could one say?

It is probably universally true that when a new book by Willa Cather is announced, we look forward, and wait, and put other books aside. There is a crystal purity in her style, a simplicity, a perfect freedom from self-consciousness, which no other of our writers has attained. It is that point of perfection which the French salon labelled "Hors Concours." Her handiwork shows no mark of the tool.

The old French city of Quebec is a new background for Miss Cather to choose. The light touch of her thought has moved from the Spanish Southwest of her Archbishop, to the country of Wolfe and Montcalm, of Indian fighters and pioneers and early French missionaries. But this is not the so-called "historic novel." Frontenac and La Salle move across the back of the stage. But this is the lovely story of a little French-Canadian girl.

Little Cecile adored her father, Papa Auclair, and made it her life's business to care for him as tenderly as her dead mother had done. "The accident of being born next the Count de Frontenac's house in Paris had determined Euclide Auclair's destiny. He had grown up a studious, thoughtful boy, assisting his father in the apothecary shop. Every afternoon he read Latin with a priest on the rue Saint-Antoine. Count Frontenac's irregular and unexpected returns to town made the chief variety in his life." After his father died, "Euclide devoted himself seriously to his profession. Too seriously for his own good, indeed. . . . He was not afraid of new ideas, . . . or of old ideas that had gone out of fashion because surgeons and doctors were too stupid to see their value. . . . When sick people in his own neighborhood came to Euclide for help, he kept them away from doctors, . . . gave them tisanes and herb-teas and poultices, which at least could do no harm. He advised them about their diet; reduced the surfeit of the rich, and prescribed goat's milk for the poorly nourished. He was strongly opposed to blood-letting. . . . This eccentricity made him very unpopular, not only with the barber-surgeons of the parish, but with their patients. . . . His business contracted steadily. . . . He scarcely knew where to turn; until one day the Count de Frontenac walked into the shop and put out his hand as if to rescue a drowning man."

Frontenac also had fallen on evil days. A fighter, an explorer in far lands, "in each campaign he added to his renown, but never to his fortune. . . . He had few friends of his own station in Paris, . . . few anywhere. He was a man who got on admirably with his inferiors—seemed to find among them the only human ties that were of any comfort to him. . . . Out of favor at Versailles, his estate had run down during his absence in Canada, and he had not the means to repair it, so he now spent a good deal of time next door. . . . Lonely in his town house, he often sent for Euclide to come to him in his professional capacity. Of an evening they would sit in the Count's library, talking of New France. . . . Gradually there grew up in Auclair's mind the picture of a country, vast and free. He fell into a habit of looking to Canada as a possible refuge, an escape from the evils one suffered at home."

And so, when Cecile was four years old, "Count Frontenac made one of his sudden reappearances in Paris, and sent for Euclide. The King had again appointed him Governor General of Canada, and he would sail in a few weeks. He wished to take Au-

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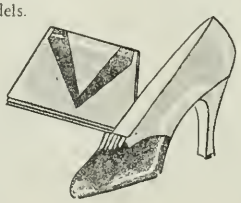

clair with him as his personal physician." And the shadows of their lives fell across the gray rock of Quebec.

Little Cecile, being French-Canadian, was of course religieuse. She was the beloved little friend of the Reverend Mother Juschereau de Saint-Ignace of the Hotel Dieu, "the first Reverend Mother of the foundation who was Canadian-born"; and of Monseigneur de Laval, the saintly old Archbishop of Quebec. The pages are starred with stories of saint and miracle, which Cecile has heard as she sat at their feet; and which she passes on to little Jacques, whom she has befriended because he is the neglected little son of Antoinette Gaux, "a young woman who was quite irreclaimable." The two children are lovely in their simplicity. "They went softly up to the feet of Sainte Anne, where the candles were burning down in the metal basin. Each of them took a fresh taper from the box underneath, lit it, and fitted its hollow base upon one of the little metal horns. After saying a prayer they returned to their bench to enjoy the sight of the two new bright spots in the brownish gloom. Sure enough, when the fresh tapers were burning well, the gold flowers on Sainte Anne's cloak began to show; not entire, but wherever there was a fold in the mantle, the gold seemed to flow like a glistening liquid. Her figure emerged from the dusk in a rich, oily, yellow light.

After a long silence, Jacques spoke.

"Cecile, all the saints in this church like children, don't they?"

"Oh, yes! And Our Lord loves children. Because He was a child Himself, you know." . . .

"Two paintings hung in the Lady Chapel, both of Sainte Genevieve as a little girl. In one she sat under a tree in a meadow, with a flock of sheep all about her, and a distaff in her hand, while two angels watched her from a distance. In the other she was reading an illuminated scroll, —but here, too, she was in a field, and surrounded by her flock.

"The high altar was especially interesting to the children. . . . It was very simple, indeed, . . . but definite. It was a representation of a feudal castle, all stone walls and towers. The outer wall was low and thick, with many battlements; the second was higher, with fewer battlements; the third seemed to be the wall of the palace itself, with towers and many windows. Within the arched gateway (hung with little velvet curtains that were green or red or white, according to the day) the Host was kept. Cecile had always taken it for granted that the Kingdom of Heaven looked exactly like this from the outside and was surrounded by just such walls; that this altar was a reproduction of it, made in France by people who knew; just as the statues of the saints and the Holy Family were portraits. She had taught Jacques to believe the same thing, and it was very comforting to them both to know just what Heaven looked like, . . . strong and unassailable, wherever it was set among the stars."

One might speak of Pierre Charron, the strong woods-man; of Noel Chabanel, the self-abnegating missionary; of Father Hector Saint-Cyr—but this book is like the music of a flowing river. No one note can represent its charm.

● Mexico: a Study of Two Americas; by Stuart Chase; the Macmillan Company, N. Y.

"Mexico: A study of Two Americas," by Stuart Chase, is a valuable handbook for those who may wish to become more closely acquainted with our nearest neighbor. I had not realized the extent of my ignorance! Mr. Chase's geographical descriptions, of mountain-ringed village or great city, are vivid. His historical story is complete, from Mayas and Aztecs, through erfdom, to the freedom-seeking browns man of today. He traces the decline of Mexican civilization, from the marvelous Mayan days which are lost in pre-historic mists. He holds a brief for the "machineless men, and tells us in detail of their food, shelter, clothing, work, and play, contrasting them favorably in many ways with the pressure of our Northern living, and warning our neighbors against the Yankee invasion with the ills to which machinery and over-production have brought the United States.

The book is a storehouse of information. But its style is open to criticism in at least one respect. In the multitude of details, the outline blurs. It is mentally a bit bewildering, like a Chinese plate of the Thousand Wise Men. The memory suffers for lack of a clear-cut picture.

● The Good Earth; by Pearl S. Buck; Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Pearl S. Buck's "The Good Earth" bears the same relation to the Chinese peasant farmer that Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" bears to the peasant farmer of Norway. Both of these books are virile expressions of the elemental qualities that dominate the lives of those whose sole interest in and knowledge of life is centered in the soil.

"The Good Earth" is the story of Wang Lung, beginning with his taking O-lan, a poor, homely, but physically strong slave girl, as his wife. Mrs. Buck depicts their life together—begettings and births, unceasing toil, harvests and frugal living, famine and starvation; all of these are handled frankly, yet cleanly. It is as if the life of the soil had sanctified the life of the instincts.

Gradually, through labor and rigid self-denial, Wang Lung with the aid of his faithful, patient, burden-bearing O-lan, saves enough silver to buy more land and yet more land. As the yield of the land increases Wang Lung becomes rich, builds a big house, and becomes a landed proprietor. Ashamed of the homely, big-footed O-lan, he buys from a house of prostitution, a beautiful, lily-footed girl—Lotus. Wang has time now for passionate indulgence and display. Yet, in spite of outward change, at heart he is always the farmer. He loves even the feel of the good earth on his naked feet and body.

There is a reality and forthrightness in Mrs. Buck's portrayal of Wang Lung; the note of pathos with which she ends the story is significant. Wang had acquired land so that his children and children's children might live on it, and he dies knowing that his sons are planning to sell a part of it that they might have money to become soldiers. "It is the end of a family when they begin to sell the land. Out of the land we came and into the land we must go. If you hold your land you can

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live; no one can rob you of it. If you sell the land it is the end."

● The Crime of Punishment; by Margaret Wilson; Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y.; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

At the time when the Wickersham Commission has just made public, in a volume called "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement," its nation-wide survey of police departments, sheriff's offices, District Attorneys, and similar agencies, the appearance of Margaret Wilson's book, "The Crime of Punishment," has exceptional significance.

Mrs. Wilson, whose husband was prison governor, lived for several years on an English prison wall. She began her prison contact with no interest in prisons or in crimes, but she came to realize that the "grim walls shut in not criminals but human beings." In spite of herself she began to seek understanding of the real reasons for shutting four-fifths of present-day prisoners in prisons.

This search for understanding led her to study the history of punishment. This she divides into three stages, as follows:

1. Might makes right; prevails among primitive peoples who inflict pain without measure upon the weaker.

2. Restriction of the right to vengeance by organized groups and codified law. Civilized society in general measures and restricts its revenge, but being not too secure, still punishes to terrify as well as avenge. This is the point of view that groups inflict pain only for the good of the sufferer. The English speaking world is at this stage.

3. All infliction of pain is not only futile but destructive—suffering does not atone for sin. English ideas of punishment are the nearest approach to the ideal of the third stage, and in consequence, England is becoming the most law abiding nation of the world.

From her study of the history of punishment, Mrs. Wilson makes the following conclusions: "The more violent the law, the more violent the law breaking." If imprisonment is not often reformatory, seldom deterrent, and then only destructively so, can one still maintain one's respect for it on the grounds that it is retribution? The retributory theory of punishment is not one that intelligent persons valuing self-respect can cling to."

Mrs. Wilson's "better way" is to change the laws until they prevent crime instead of creating it, to perfect the police system, to forbid press exploitation of the crimes of minors, to protect children from mental defilement, to reduce sentences to a minimum, and to empty prisons until they become socially constructive through personal relationships.

The book is an appeal primarily to women to take the old theories of punishment out of darkness and vagueness into the light. The facts of the book are indisputable. But Mrs. Wilson lacks the scientific attitude toward her facts. Furthermore, in making punishment a crime she sets herself up as a moralist. "Morality (in the words of Walter Lippmann), if it is not fixed by custom and authority, becomes a mere matter of taste determined by the idiosyncrasies of the moralist."

Mrs. Hugh Brown to Read "The Matriarch"

● The second reading of the series of Drama Teas being given by Mrs. Hugh Brown will be October 19, when Mrs. Brown will read "The Matriarch," by Miss G. B. Stern.

"The Matriarch" was an outstanding London success last season, with Mrs. Pat Campbell in the title role. "The Matriarch" will be read Monday afternoon, October 19, in the Cafeteria, at 2:15 o'clock.

Mrs. E. L. Grissell is chairman of the committee in charge. Tickets for the course are five dollars and single tickets one dollar.

Opera Tea

● The Opera Tea, given September 8 at the City Club in honor of Gaetano Merola, director general of the San Francisco Opera Association, and his songbirds, "domestic" and visiting, was one of the smartest social affairs given the artists of the 1931 season, which closed September 29, after what is generally conceded to be the most brilliant year of the Company's history.

Madame Elisabeth Rethberg, Mlle. Marie Mueller, Madame Yvonne Gall, and the constellation of tenors and baritones of the season came in their smartest array and most gracious off-stage manner, and were greeted by hundreds of City Club members. It was a gratifying occasion and thoroughly consistent with San Francisco's reputation for hospitality to art.

AFTER SUNSET

If light of life outlive the set of sun
That men call death and end of all things, then
How should not that which life held best for men
And proved most precious, though it seemed undone
By force of death and woeful victory won,
Be first and surest of revival, when
Death shall bow down to life arisen again?
So shall the soul seen be the self-same one
That looked and spake with even such lips and eyes
As love shall doubt not then to recognize—
And all bright thoughts and smiles of all time past
Revive, transfigured, but in spirit and sense
None other than we knew, for evidence
That love's last mortal world was not his last.

—SWINBURNE

The League Shop

of the Women's City Club—Main Floor, 465 Post St.—is now in its newly decorated home, and cordially invites visitors to see these new and entirely different gifts . . .

Rare old brasses from Java and India.

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Patsy Dolls for the children. Also complete wardrobes available for the dolls.

The Princess They Christened Babette

Continued from page 14

"He must be very wet and cold," said the gentle Clemencinia.

"Look!" exclaimed Geraldora, "he's stopping at the gate—to seek shelter, of course. Oh!" she added a moment later, as a loud knocking at the postern gate resounded through the castle.

Suddenly Babette, leaving her sisters looking out of the window, slipped down quietly and hid herself behind a big piece of tapestry hanging near the door, just as Lady Paxia, the old dragon to whom the care of the Princesses had for sixteen years been entrusted, entered the room and hastily bore the two elder Princesses off to bed. But Babette waited quietly behind the big piece of tapestry until all sounds of footsteps had died away, and then, taking off her little golden slippers, she tiptoed down the long stone hall that led to the long stone stairway.

At the top of the stairs she waited until all was quiet below, and then very softly, very slowly, she went down step after step. About half way down she let out a cry of surprise, and the little golden slippers fell from her hand and went scuffing and rolling down the stone steps to the very feet of the stranger sitting by the fire. The stranger sprang, and, looking upwards, saw standing on the broad stone stairs a startled little figure in a rippling golden-colored gown, and with very long curly black hair.

"Why," gasped Babette, coming down another step—"why, you aren't a man, after all! You're—you're a woman!"

The stranger, who in truth was a woman dressed in man's clothes, laughed.

"I'm an Amazon," she answered. She was a tall angular woman with a harsh face and rough hands, not a bit attractive, but Babette thought she was beautiful, because she had never before seen anything like her.

"What is an Amazon?" she asked, coming down a few more steps.

"An Amazon," said the stranger, picking up Babette's slippers and handing them to her, "is a woman who dresses like a man, who rides and hunts like a man and who is almost as good as a man."

Babette came all the way down, put on her slippers, and went to the fire with the Amazon. "It must be nice to be an Amazon," she said admiringly.

The Amazon laughed and told her of the wonderful rides and hunts she had had with her brothers, and of the tournaments and fairs she had attended, until Babette's eyes grew wider and wider in wonder. And furthermore, she told Babette how all those good times had come to an end because her brothers had joined themselves to a band of twelve knights who had for two years forsworn the society of women, and had betaken themselves to a great castle called Elvarnen. From this castle they sallied forth to right the wrongs of the oppressed, or to fight in behalf of some lady, but the rest of the time they spent in hunting or in jousting among themselves.

Babette wanted to ask many questions, but a door opened and servants entered bringing food for the Amazon, followed by Lady Paxia, who had worked herself into a terrible rage, and who dragged Babette from the room.

Next morning the Amazon was gone, and Babette had to be content with telling herself over and over again all that she had heard about the Amazon's brothers and the Twelve Knights at the Castle of Elvarnen. She didn't tell any of this to Clemencinia or Geraldora, because it seemed nicer to have nobody but herself to think it over with.

So the days passed on as usual at the Castle-by-the-Sea, until one day when the King of Cordain arrived with important tidings for his daughters. Some time ago he had had the portraits of the three Princesses painted and hung in his own royal castle, and just recently a young prince who had been stopping at the court had, on noticing them, asked for the hand of Babette in marriage. He was a very wealthy and powerful young prince: Trajan Alcarmadan, Prince of Lavarre, and Grand Ruler of Perth and Sordavis; and his request had greatly pleased the King of Cordain, who set out immediately for the Castle-by-the-Sea. The King leaned comfortably back in his chair as he told his daughters of the event, and announced that Babette was to be in readiness to return with him in the morning. Clemencinia and Geraldora looked envious at this, but Babette gazed thoughtfully at her royal father.

"Shall I be able to do things if I marry?" she asked, and the King, thinking that she might be alarmed at the prospect of a new kind of life, said kindly,

"Oh, it won't be very different."

"But I mean," went on Babette earnestly, "shall I ride and hunt and follow him to battle? Shall I be an Amazon?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the King

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(the two older Princesses gasped in horror.) "You will be Queen of Lavarre, and must conduct yourself as such."

"But what will I do?"

"You will do what any good Queen does: You will stay at court and. . ." here the King paused, for it had never occurred to him before to think about what a Queen did do— "and—and play upon the harp, and embroider, just as you do now."

"Just as we do now." There was a pause in which Babette ran the toe of her slipper up and down a crack in the stone flags of the floor; and then she remarked: "Why didn't he want Clemencinia or Geraldora?"

"The hands of the Princesses Clemencinia and Geraldora," said the King, looking majestically at those two young ladies, who would undoubtedly have tossed their heads if they had not stood so much in awe of their royal parent — "the hands of Clemencinia and Geraldora were requested by suitors whose wealth and powers were not great enough to induce me to consider their requests. I suggested to Prince Trajan that, as my youngest daughter was only sixteen, it might be more advisable for him to select one of the elder Princesses, but he appeared quite fixed in his choice."

"What did he say about me?" asked Babette, examining the crack in the floor.

"I don't remember"—the King of Cordain frowned—"except that he said he liked your name; it was so easy to remember!"

Geraldora sniffed, but Clemencinia asked softly, "Was he handsome?"

"I really have no idea!" snapped the King, for he was becoming bored.

"Wouldn't it be awful"—Babette's gray eyes stared solemnly at her father—"wouldn't it be awful if we didn't like each other!" But the King of Cordain had had enough, and, ordering Babette to be in readiness on the morrow, he got up and strode from the room.

Late that night, when all the household was asleep, down the stone stairs, through the big hall, and on through the passage that led to the postern, stole a little figure wrapped in a cape of black velvet, out from the bottom of which soft folds of pale green satin embroidered in pearls trailed on the ground. Down the dark passage and on past the sleeping guards—for guards are always asleep when anyone is running away—stole Babette. With unskilled, tugging little hands she worked at the bolts until the great door swung open a little. Then, slipping through the narrow opening, Babette ran out into the darkness.

To be continued next month

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Novice Swimming Meet

● You can swim? Then sign up for the "fun meet," Wednesday evening, October 21, at 8 o'clock.

Splash parties have frequently been held for the children. Now the women are to have one—a regular water party with races and games and laughter and fun.

But you say you can't do anything.

Have you watched the children? They don't break any records, but how they enjoy themselves!

The events are varied enough to enable each of you to enter in at least one or more of them. There will be games that everyone will like. Don't let the thought that you can't do anything send you up to the spectators' gallery. No one else can either—therein lies the pleasure of such a meet.

Co-operate and sign up at the Swim office. Events of this party will be posted on the bulletin boards. Come and bring your friends.

Hallowe'en Splash Party for Children

● The annual children's party will be held at 11 o'clock, A.M., on the last Saturday in October. Costumes—pretty ones, funny ones, colorful ones—slipped on over bathing suits, will be worn for the entrance march around the pool. Races, with prizes for the winners, will be held. Games just for the fun of them will be played.

The party will close with a 65-cent plate luncheon in the cafeteria.

Sign up at the "swimming" office before October 28 for both the party and the luncheon.

Remember—Saturday morning, October 31, at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Tupper to Give Series of Talks

● In response to a request made to the City Club by the Mission Y. W. C. A., for a young woman to give a series of practical talks before the members, Mrs. Frank Boyce Tupper has been selected to fill that important post. Mrs. Tupper is member of the Central Committee of the Talent Festival and Chairman of the Festival Committee on Information. She goes to the Y. W. C. A. as a member of City Club Volunteer Service.

The subjects of Mrs. Tupper's talks will be:

The Women of Yesterday and Today
How Far is Education a Factor to Success?
Good Health a Factor to Success
A Control of Emotions
Habits
Characteristics Necessary to Success
Value of Personality
Developing our Executive Ability
Training the Important End of Society

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June 30th, 1931

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Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds $5,900,000.00

The following accounts stand on the Books at $1.00 *each, viz.:*

Bank Buildings and Lots.....(Value over $2,120,000.00)
Other Real Estate .....(Value over $312,500.00)
Pension Fund.....(Value over $745,000.00)

MISSION BRANCH.....Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO BRANCH.....Clement St. and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH.....Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH.....West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Breakfast should be the happiest meal of the day, but far too often it is not. Wherein the fault lies, no one knows. Sometimes it is the family's responsibility in not coming to the table when called—again it may be due to the homemaker's last minute preparations which are not productive of attractive service. Then too, the mad rushing of commuting or dashing off to school plays a big part. Yet in spite of these things, the wise woman will arise in time to have an appetizing meal ready—thus fulfilling her obligation—and few will resist the silent appeal of a dainty table and the enticing odors of coffee and other good things to eat.

Leaving dietetics out of the question entirely it is too long from dinner until luncheon the next day with only a cup of coffee and perhaps a slice of toast to break the fast. Hunger will cause an over indulgence that leaves one below par. An instance of this is the interest the financial head of a large business concern takes in his employees' luncheons, for he found that the majority of mistakes—that frequently totaled thousands—were made after the noon hour. Regular eating makes one alert.

By planning the entire week's menus in advance there will be a variety of foods and the supplies will be ready for instant use. Both time savers. And that counts early in the morning. It will help a great deal if the table is laid after dinner, for then the proper silver and dishes will be in place, which eliminates last minute hopping up and down, which is so often the case. Make a cover of muslin, white or some dainty pastel toned fabric that is heavy enough to protect the table from dust. It may be bound or crocheted around the edge in a contrasting color.

With this detail out of the way, the food is the next problem. There should be fruit of some sort served, either solid or in juice form. Put the glasses of juice—tightly covered—in the refrigerator if you wish to prepare it in advance, though it does not have as rich a flavor as when freshly squeezed. As a rule chilling oranges or grapefruit makes the juice sufficiently cold. Some find it best to drink these juices or a glass of water to which the juice of one lemon has been added, at least thirty minutes before the meal as they can not successfully combine starches and acids. Others enjoy the fruit as a last course. So the menus must be changed to suit, though above all else do not serve the same kind on succeeding days. Variety lends enchantment.

Canned fruits: grapefruit, oranges, prunes, apricots, white cherries, pineapple and pears, as well as tomato and grape juice, are equally delicious for breakfast, and they have the added attraction of always being ready, if a can or two is kept in the refrigerator.

Apples or pears baked plain with a little sugar or cinnamon, or filled with raisins, will take the place of melons and other fruits now out of season. Some like the apples as a sauce and this also comes canned as does a most delicious prune in syrup.

With the first course planned, or even ready to serve the evening before, the next step is to put out the coffee container and pot or percolator, the measuring spoon and cup. If electric, attach the cord to the socket as the beverage should be made at the table. This also applies to the electric toaster or waffle iron.

Coffee cakes, biscuits, or batter for waffles or hot cakes may be prepared at night and kept in the refrigerator until morning. Remove and cover the batter pitcher with a folded towel on entering the kitchen and it will be ready to use as soon as the iron is hot. Biscuits and coffee cake may also be ready to pop into the oven and kept in the refrigerator overnight. Place them on top of the oven as soon as it is lighted and as it gradually heats to the correct baking temperature it starts the raising process sufficiently to overcome the chill and permits cooking in the usual time.

Toast, or hot breads, fruit and coffee are quite enough for many, while others enjoy a ready-to-serve cereal, oatmeal or wheat mush and for them there must be cream or top milk. Others want both and eggs or meat as well. Sausage patties or links—country style—served with sauteed apple rings are tasty but require extra time so are

Your School Problem

When your boy and girl face their College Entrance Board requirements will they be prepared? Have you provided the environment which permits a balanced program of supervised study and recreation, or are they merely trying to "get through" high school in an atmosphere which is not conducive to their best interests? Their preparatory work will be an important influence at the very beginning of their college careers.

The routine of the modern home is of necessity seldom suited to the needs of the growing child of school age. It provides too many distractions and too many opportunities to dodge school work.

In the wholesome atmosphere of a good private school boys and girls find each school day a new and interesting experience. They live, work and play according to a systematic schedule. They are given an opportunity to acquire a sense of values other than scholastic and to develop wisdom, leadership and self-control under the guidance of men and women who know boys and girls, who believe in them, and whose experience makes them fine, wise and sympathetic leaders

We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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usually reserved for Sundays and holidays. Finnan haddie filets, cut into serving sized pieces, require but a few minutes to pan-broil in butter and offer a delightful change from the usual bacon and eggs. Salt mackerel or salmon bellies, washed well, and soaked overnight in cold water to cover, need only to be placed in a pan of cold water and brought to a boil, cooked about five minutes and served with melted butter. And eggs, of course! There must be a thousand ways of serving them, plain or in combination with meat and vegetables.

Whatever menu is selected, be sure to allow sufficient time for its preparation so the food will be properly cooked and the cold dishes well chilled while the hot ones are brought directly from the stove.

The following menus are for two or three courses and may prove helpful. Bakers' rolls, biscuits, Danish pastry, coffee cake or English muffins may be re-heated or toasted and served in place of any of the suggested breads.

Baked Apple Raisin Filled
Cream
Bran Muffins Jam
Bacon and Eggs
Coffee
* * *
Orange Slices
Buckwheat Cakes Syrup
Sausage Patties with Apple Rings
Coffee
* * *
Prunes in Syrup
Waffles Broiled Ham
Coffee
* * *
Sliced Bananas
Cream
French Toast Scrambled Eggs
Coffee
* * *
Applesauce
Mackerel with Butter Sauce
Toast Coffee

Tomato Juice
Buckwheat Cakes
Country Sausage
Coffee
* * *
Grape Juice
Coffee Cake Jam
Coffee
* * *
Grapefruit Juice
Oatmeal with Cream
Ham Omelet Hot Biscuits
Coffee
* * *
Canned Apricots
Dry Cereal with Cream
Broiled Finnan Haddie
French Toast
Coffee
* * *
Canned Pineapple
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee
* * *
Pineapple-cherry Fruit Cup
Hot Wheat Cereal with Butter
Beef on Toast
Coffee
* * *
Tomato Juice
Broiled Bacon Scrambled Eggs
Wheat Hot Cakes
Syrup
Coffee
* * *

Hot Cakes: Sift together three cups of flour with one teaspoon of salt and one-eighth cup of sugar (more if you like them sweet) and one and one-half tablespoons of baking powder. Beat one large egg, add to it two full cups of sweet milk, and gradually stir into the flour. When thoroughly blended, add two tablespoons of butter and cook on a hot griddle until top is porous, then turn. (Do not grease an electric iron). Makes twelve cakes.

Old Fashioned Pancakes (Flannel): Sift one cup of flour with two teaspoons of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one teaspoon of sugar. To this add seven-eights cup of sweet milk, one egg, well-beaten, and lastly two tablespoons of melted butter. Bake on a well greased griddle—if cooking on gas. Makes four cakes.

Waffles: Mix and sift one and three-fourths cups of flour with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt; then gradually add one cup of milk and beat until mixture is smooth and light. Then add two well-beaten egg yolks and blend. Add three tablespoons of melted butter and lastly fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Bake on an ungreased electric iron. Makes about eight—depending upon size of iron.

Baking Powder Biscuits: Mix and sift two cups of flour with one-half teaspoon of salt and five teaspoons of baking powder, twice. Then chop or rub in two tablespoons butter or shortening and when well-blended, add enough milk to make a soft dough,

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about one cupful. Roll out to one inch thickness on a slightly floured board; cut with a biscuit cutter, place on greased cookie tin, brush tops with milk or melted fat and bake from ten to fifteen minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees). Double the shortening if a richer biscuit is desired. Will make twelve biscuits of average size.

Coffee Cake: Mix and sift two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, three tablespoons of sugar and four teaspoons of baking powder, twice; add two tablespoons of cooking oil or melted shortening and enough milk to make a stiff batter—about one cupful. Mix well, spread to one-half inch thickness in greased pan; cover top with sugar mixture and bake in a hot oven (400) for about thirty minutes.

To make the topping: Mix together three tablespoons each of flour and sugar and one tablespoon of cinnamon, blend with it three tablespoons of shortening or butter and spread thickly over top of cake dough.

Brown Sugar Coffee Cake: Mix and sift three cups of flour with two cups of brown sugar and one teaspoon each of salt and cinnamon. Cut or rub in one-half cup of shortening and when mixture is "crumbly" take out one cupful and reserve for topping. To the remaining mixture add two teaspoons of baking powder and mix well. Then add two beaten eggs and three-fourths cup of milk and beat thoroughly. Pour into two greased layer cake tins; sprinkle top with reserved crumbs and bake in a hot oven (400) for about twenty-five minutes.

Fruit Buns (Quick substitute for Danish pastry): Mix and sift together two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoon of sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt. Chop or rub in two large tablespoons of butter and when blended, add enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out on floured board to one-half inch thickness, spread thick with soft butter and over that sprinkle four tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon each of flour and cinnamon that have been sifted together. Next sprinkle one-half cup each of seeded raisins, chopped citron and cleaned currants. Roll up evenly as you would a jelly roll, cut into inch slices, place on flat greased pans and bake in a hot oven (400) for about twenty-five minutes.

Nine Magic Words

LOVE
COURAGE
CHEERFULNESS
ACTIVITY
COMPASSION
FRIENDLINESS
GENEROSITY
TOLERANCE
ROMANCE

Contract Bridge Lessons

● Lessons in Contract Bridge will begin Wednesday evening, October 7, at 8 o'clock, and continue for ten weeks, excluding Wednesday, October 21, on account of the Talent Festival.

The cost will be $5.00 for ten lessons and tickets for the course may be secured at the desk.

The instructor is Mr. Paul W. Black, author of several booklets on Contract Bridge. His work has been most favorably commented upon by Mr. Culbertson, as follows:

"To real students of Contract, those actually desiring to gain a dependable foundation for their game, and a good comfortable working knowledge of the inferences underlying valuation and partnership methods, I can and do recommend this book by Mr. Black. The general methods and underlying principles follow closely the Approach-Forcing System, and the reader will not have to unlearn tomorrow what he learned today."

The course to be given will illustrate in detail the *Approach-Forcing Method.*

Mr. Black brings to his study of Bridge and to Contract the advantage of a highly trained and educated mind and to his teaching the further very decided advantage of experience as a member of the Faculties of the Universities of Wisconsin and California.

There have been several requests for a Morning Class, and if twenty members and their friends desire this, Mr. Black will be available for instruction every Wednesday morning preceding the Evening Class.—Bridge Committee:

Harriet L. Adams Ida J. Lord
Nettie R. Metzger I. E. Banz

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Psychology Applied to Civic Conditions

—BY DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● It is interesting at the present moment in community life to see such great issues as health, education and relief coming up for active consideration, when probably every person in the community has an emotional depression due to the stress of the present economic situation. These three situations need our most careful and unemotional consideration. Those of you who read my last article realize that, after it was written, the matter of recommendations as to credentials for health officer was put in the hands of the Deans of the Medical Schools, San Francisco Medical Society and others in the community. Their report practically duplicated the one already given by the Health Council of the Community Chest, and has been received by the Board of Health. The Board meets in executive session on September 16th, and before this article is read by our membership I may be able to attach a special note as to the appointment; very fortunately we have several men fulfilling the highest grade of equipment in our community. The matter is now in the hands of the Board of Health for action.

The problem of relief of unemployed is a matter of considerable consideration, and foreseeing a plan for winter relief is in the mind of every one. Such a situation must be met with intellectual consideration of the highest type and not with anything bordering on hysteria. There are in San Francisco three large agencies who seek the salvage of the city. The Salvation Army and Volunteers of America in their salvage shops sell for the benefit of their other work. The Goodwill Industries rehabilitate the salvage, paying in San Francisco a wage bill of $1,000 a month, employing ordinary workers at $1.50 and experts at $2.25 a day, employing some 170 more or less handicapped people. This work is thoroughly established. It runs four stores in San Francisco in connection with this factory idea at which, for very moderate expenditure, clothes, furniture, shoes, hats, books, etc., may be purchased.

In a time of unemployment there are many grades of suffering. The Associated Charities with its "work one week for food for three" slogan is feeding, on a very intelligent ration, a large number of families and individuals. There is another group that *seek work*, have capability, and with the addition of the $1.50 a day or $7.50 a week, which is $30 a month, can plan their budget and carry on giving service for salary. The unemployment of women, Division of the Citizens' Committee, with which I am working, has ten women at the Goodwill Industries today. In visiting them I found happy faces and the sad burden of need and no outlook lifted from them.

At the present moment in the acute question of relief, the idea of a huge garment drive, including shoes, is being considered. It seems to me that any committee who is planning a searching appeal for this collection should take into careful consideration the agencies already depending on community support through salvage, and the large group of workers which the Goodwill Industries also employs. As a community, if we cripple permanent work, which our Chest already has investigated and supports, by excluding from them material brought in by a salvage drive, we are throwing out of employment people whose next step in life will be to become permanent charges on the city in the Relief Home. Again we need create a policy which will protect the existing agencies, and at the same time meet the needs carefully of those caught in the present acute depression. It takes considerable more thought to evolve a plan which meets both of these situations than to drive from door to door and excite a community to give.

I am still convinced that creative work as to half day jobs is something we have not yet taken seriously. The Bureau of the Handicapped of the Goodwill Industries and their Part-time Employment Bureau, especially the latter, has received many calls from our membership, and is very grateful for the intelligent support our group is giving it. The phone is UNderhill 3410.

The third civic situation which calls again for an intelligent consideration and not an emotional appeal is the question of bonds for schools. A committee of the

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MISS MARGARET JOHNSON
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Board of Education, not the whole Board, met with the Mayor August 25th and reported back that in view of the unemployment situation, the (pay as you go) plan, involving $834,000 a year, would be suspended, and this amount of money stricken from the budget. The Board voted unanimously, Mrs. Mott only voting No on this point. They then voted on the following point: "RESOLVED: That, in view of the passage by the Board of Education of a resolution suspending during the fiscal year 1931-1932, its New Building Program, the Board of Education declares its intention of asking for the submission of a Bond Issue in the future for new building construction. Above resolution duly seconded and adopted by the following vote:

"Ayes: Directors Benedict, Murphy, Power and President Coburn.

"Noes: Directors Esberg, Mott and Prag."

Acting on this decision of the Board of Education a bond issue is to be submitted. The present plans would be put in action after the bonds had been sold, and probably in the spring some activity in building would begin. Meanwhile, if the bonds obtain the amount of $5,000,000, and the schools listed were to be built, it would mean plans with no possibility of activity in building under a period of at least a year longer. The whole point is, should we rush into a big building program, when for nine years we have been working as a City under the Board of Education on a (pay as you go) plan, thus in no way jeopardizing or putting a burden of payment on future generations. Education in America is in a position of being influenced by great thought and the concentration of our best educators on its problems. It has developed, broadened, taken on new duties in health and vocational guidance to children; special schools for handicapped, reclaiming the children of personality problems tending perhaps through juvenile crimes to criminality, mental hygiene, ungraded schools, playgrounds, the adoption of the 6-3-3 grading of schools calling for additional equipment and expense in the Junior and Senior High schools. All these additional steps in education have been in the mind of the Board of Education, under the leadership of Mr. Gwinn, and have been constantly met. Tying ourselves to the building of schools will not give us a chance to advance with the times in school building. The Chronicle this morning states that 500 skilled mechanics would be employed on the present building program. The building program covered by the bonds would take time to develop. If you look over our City you will know that the new schools are very creditable, and it is a pleasure to feel that we are paying for them and not wishing them on another generation. Increasing bonded indebtedness in place of making our own budget cover seems to any housewife atrocious. It would be like mortgaging your house whenever you had up-keep to pay rather than economizing, laying aside, and taking your up-keep out of your household budget. I think you will feel with me that we must guard as a community against emotional and hysterical stiuations, and at least consider carefully and thoroughly, taking the community, into confidence, when so great a thing as altering the policy of the Board of Education in favor of unemployment was being considered. We are citizens of San Francisco, many of us are mothers of school children, and all of us are deeply interested in their welfare. No hysterical action should be undertaken.

In conclusion, as a practical citizen of the community I wonder why when we voted $3,500,000 bonds for the extension of the San Francisco Hospital to include a Psychopathic Hospital, a Cancer Hospital and a Health Center, this piece of work is not put into immediate action. The plans are ready, the bonds are sold, and the land is bought. Rather than voting new bonds, activity on these projects would employ the same number of men as fresh bonds voted for schools. If the Department of Education thinks it best to release $800,000 and declare a moratorium on building for one year that should be theirs to decide.

Annual Health Examinations

● There has been an alteration in the staff of the Annual Health Examinations. In place of Dr. Alma Pennington, is who spending a year in Ceylon in charge of a hundred-bed hospital, where she will do the surgical work, your committee has appointed Dr. Gertrude Jones. Dr. Jones is a graduate of Stanford University, Stanford Medical School, interne at San Francisco Hospital, in medical charge of the women students at Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, post-graduate study in New York and Vienna, two years on the surgical house staff as resident physician at Children's Hospital, San Francisco, and assistant on the surgical staff of the Children's Hospital. Dr. Jones is acting director of the Maternal Health Clinic of the American Association of University women, and is on the Clinical staff at the University of California and at Stanford.

The staff of the health examination will be as follows: For the Medical Examination, Dr. Ina M. Richter and Dr. Ethel Owen; for the Gynaecological Examination, Dr. Gertrude Jones; and for the Laboratory Examination, Dr. Hilda Davis and Dr. A. Shagoian. Dr. Adelaide Brown is general chairman.

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Off on a Rickshaw Trip Along the Nakatsu

—BY CORA A. MAY

● We spent the night at a little Inn at Nakatsu as neat and clean as the proverbial "new pin," in order to get an early start the next morning on our rickshaw trip along the famous Nakasendo.

Picking us up at the railway station the rickshaw boys had hardly deposited us in the little courtyard of the Inn before the whole household had assembled to bid us welcome and everyone from the proprietor down was smiling and bowing and kneeling and touching the forehead to the floor in the warmth of their greeting!

A naisan was sent to show my friend and me to our room, but not until our shoes had been taken off and replaced by the regulation dark red cotton flannel slippers, which so impeded our progress up the two flights of steep stairs that we were in danger of losing sight of our swiftly moving guide. We were not very apt in acquiring the peculiar technique which is necessary in order to keep these slippers on the feet, but when we had gained the top we made good time sliding along the highly polished floor of the hallway and caught up with her as she was kneeling, and opening the paper door into our room. How pretty it was! how immaculate and how light and airy! For the whole side of the room opposite us as we entered was open and we looked through trees to a distant view. The room had the usual white matting tatami on the floor and although it was devoid of furniture, it did not look bare nor unfriendly. How could it, when it had for a center of interest on the left wall, two toconomas. The precious articles which were set forth in these shallow alcoves for pleasure, were delicately painted scrolls, one on the wall of each alcove, and underneath each was a fine bronze bowl on a low stand and in these the most charming arrangements of flowers. Sweet William in one and in the other, such a sweet bunch of small white petunias and crimson mallow pinks.

The time before our evening meal passed quickly in letter writing and in studying the different features that went to the making of this lovely, peaceful room. But

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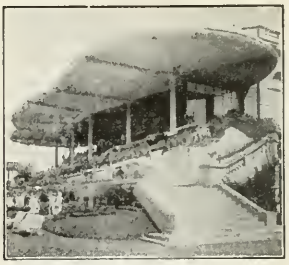
instead of eating seated on a heap of soft cushions on the floor we were disappointed to see the naisan come in bringing two impossible chairs and a table, which might have come from any one of our Department stores. To do anything but express our surprise and delight at this delicate attention, we had not the heart! At least they did not bring us knives and forks and we ate our dainty and very satisfactory food with the chop-sticks which we preferred.

Not long after this the silken futons were brought in and unrolled for our beds and the heavy wooden shutters were about to be taken from their boxes when we protested mildly and said we didn't wish them put up. This was something entirely new to this young naisan and she was at a loss what to do. We sent for Yamguchi, our guide, and when we told him we could not, would not be boarded up for the night, he was also perplexed and held a long consultation with the naisan while they looked down into the court speculating evidently as to whether a marauder would be likely to climb to such a height. Finally when we said we would take all the responsibility, he acquiesced and both he and the maid withdrew and we had all the sweet air in our room that we wanted and no marauder climbed to our balcony to molest us!

We were up betimes the next morning and so were all the attaches of the Inn and so, judging by the numbers were all the townspeople—at least all of the children. It was fun to see the looks of intense interest on their faces as they crowded about us and to see the very fragmentary clothing on their little brown backs.

As the Nakasendo parallels the tumultuous Kiso River and takes its way up through the Japanese Alps, it was necessary for my friend and I and Yamaguchi each to have two coolies and there was also the luggage rickshaw coolie so we were quite a procession as we moved out of the little village. The "sayonaras" rang in our ears for some time as we started off at a slow pace to be quickened later to the pace which was to be kept up for the day.

Goro, who took my shafts, was stockily built and steady-going. He wore the usual uniform of the rickshaw boy and was serious and hard working through the whole trip. In contrast to him was Ito his helper. Not for him was the dark colored garb of Goro. He was clad in white shorts and jacket, stout white knitted woolen gloves, a white basket work hat, black tabi and straw sandals. He was quite a picture, I assure you, and his sprightliness was an addition to the expedition! His spirits were unflagging. All day long he capered and pranced along the highway and even when he took his turn in the shafts to do his bit in pulling, he was as if on springs and bobbed up and down in the shafts untiringly. I could but rejoice at his gift for expressing the joy he so evidently felt in the delights of the trip. My



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REPRESENTATIVE SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS listed in the Women's City Club Magazine Educational Guide merit consideration. We recommend them to you and shall appreciate your mentioning City Club Magazine when you write directly to the schools.

If you do not find in this issue a school which seems to meet all of your requirements, we shall be glad to offer suggestions if you will write us as fully as possible.

Women's City Club Magazine
Advertising Dept.
Room 210-465 Post Street
San Francisco

friend and I had only words—and how meager and inadequate they were to tell of all we felt about this region, unsurpassed in Japan for beauty and grandeur; and why shouldn't we be glad there was someone in the party who could express himself in a different way, and we might even have envied him his effervescent temperament!

Volunteer Service

● Volunteer Service continues in all Departments, notwithstanding the tremendous interest in the Talent Festival.

The last department to have Volunteer Service is the Swimming Pool—hours 10 to 1 and 1 to 4.

Those interested in serving please sign volunteer blanks or telephone Secretary's office.

Volunteers are especially delighted to serve in the Shop since it has been redecorated.

Volunteers are serving every day at Talent Festival Information Dsek.

Folk Dancing

● The Literary Activities Committee announces an unusually pleasing possibility, the organization of a class in Folk Dancing. The instructor will be Miss Mary S. Shafter, formerly of the Physical Education Dept. of the University of California. Among Miss Shafter's instructors were Yvette Guilbert, Irene Castle and Madame Alberti. Miss Shafter trained and produced the exquisite program of Colonial Dancing the members enjoyed at the Talent Festival last November. She also has charge of the program of dancing for this Talent Festival on October 21-22. She is now training a group of members to be leaders in preparation for the class that will be organized immediately following the Christmas holidays.

If you are seeking an activity which both reduces and rejoices, prepare to join the Folk Dancing Class. Information may be obtained at the Main Desk.

Smedley Butler Coming

● Major-General Smedley D. Butler, retired, "bad boy" of the United States Marines, is coming to the Tivoli Theatre on October 16 to speak on "Blowing the Lid off Crime," in the first event of the Alice Seckels Celebrity series.

General Butler is always interesting because he has interesting things to say and says them in an unusual way. That is why he has been in trouble so many times. Now that he has retired from the U. S. Marines he is no longer muzzled in any way and will feel free to speak on whatever subject he thinks is important.

His experiences as head of the police department for two years in Philadelphia, when he was loaned by the U. S. government to that city, will be the basis of his remarks on the crime situation and how it may be successfully coped with.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

November, 1931 • Vol. V - No. 10
Price 15 cents a copy

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 1, 1931

LECTURES—"Building a Child's Library," by Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell.
Lectures will be held first and third Tuesday of the month in the Chinese Room at 2:00 P.M. Second and fourth Tuesday in the Chinese Room at 7:00 P.M.
Dr. H. H. Powell will lecture every Monday at 11:00 A.M. in the Auditorium. His subject will be "God in the Problems of Life."

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*

Conversation Classes every Friday	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes every Monday	*Board Room*	6:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group, French Conversation	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.

(Every Wednesday Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational table)

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 to 7:00 P.M.

FAMILY NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night . . 5:30 to 9:00 P.M.
(Members may bring husbands and children)

CONTRACT BRIDGE LESSONS—Mr. Paul Black, *Instructor.*
Mr. Black will lecture every Wednesday in the Chinese Room at 10:30 A.M.
Also at 8:00 P.M. in the Auditorium.

November 3—Monthly Luncheon, and Lecture by Professor R. A. Brady . . . . . *National Defenders Room* 12:30 P.M.
Subject: "Germany and Her Critics."
(Professor Brady has just returned from one year in Germany under Social Service Research Council)

4—Current Events—Mrs. Parker S. Maddux's Section . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Leader: Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

4—Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON
Speaker: Mrs. Charles Curry.

5—Monthly Tea (Tea, 35 cents) . . . . . ~~*American Room*~~ *Lounge* 3:30 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Josephine Bartlett.
Subject: "Radio—A New Profession for Women."

5—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Cyril H. Cane.
Subject: "Commercial and Other Relations between Great Britain and California."

5—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders Room* 6:00 P.M.
Speaker: Dr. Adelaide Brown.
Subject: "Vagabonding at Fifty," by Elsie R. Mitchell and H. C. Wilson, and "Red Bread," by Maurice Hindus.

9—Lecture on Russia, by Mrs. Olga Ilyin . . . . . *Auditorium* 2:30 P.M.
Subject: "Dreamers without Dreams."

12—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Elsa Mehlmann.
Subject: "Six Years in Soviet Russia."

16—Drama Tea . . . . . *American Room* 2:15 P.M.
Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "The Breadwinner," by Somerset Maughan.

19—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Flodden W. Heron.
Subject: "The Lure of Book Collecting."
(Many valuable books and first editions will be shown)

23—Lecture on Russia . . . . . *Auditorium* 2:30 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Olga Ilyin.
Subject: "The Crucified."

24—Thanksgiving Luncheon . . . . . *Cafeteria* 11:30 to 1:30 P.M.
$1.00 a plate.

Thanksgiving Dinner . . . . . *Cafeteria* 5:30 to 7:30 P.M.
$1.00 a plate.

26—Special Thanksgiving Dinner, $1.50 a plate . . . *Main Dining Room* 6:00 to 8:00 P.M.

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Single admissions — members and children of members	$ .35
Single admissions—guests (adults)	.50
Single admissions — guests (children under 12)	.35
Ticket for ten admissions—members	3.00
Ticket for ten admissions—children of members	2.50

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Members and children of members	$1.00
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Private (course of six lessons)	
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Guests (adults or children)	3.75

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CHILDREN'S HOUR

A children's hour has been arranged at 4 on Tuesdays. Games, coaching, and competitive swimming will be held. Bring the children. Leave them while you shop. They will enjoy it.

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY
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As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, and for those interested, military and business training, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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VOLUME V NOVEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 10

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Miss Marion Leale, pr- dent of the Women's Cy Club and chairman Cen Committee of the Ta Festival; at the right, M Katherine Donohoe, m- ber Central Committee, A chairman Decoration Committee.

Left to right: Mrs. Addington Lee Wise and Miss Muriel Fulton being shown an interesting loan by Mrs. Ira Sloss. In the same corner of the Club Auditorium are Mrs. Payson J. Treat and Mrs. Paul Shoup, City Club directors, discussing another loan, a valuable manuscript.

Photographs by Elizabeth Church of the Church Studio, a new member, as her contribution to Volunteer Service.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

AT THE END of two days spent in listening to the comments of sixty-five hundred members and friends who have visited the Clubhouse, the President's Message cannot but echo some of the enthusiasm for this League of ours to which with the slightest excuse we cling. The second Talent Festival has surpassed the hopes of us all, for those who did not know us warned us it could not be done this year. From abroad members have sent greetings of gifts in kind and in money; from near at hand members have brought tokens of their own talent as loans and as gifts. With smiles members have greeted members, have reminisced and renewed friendships, adding to the greetings a word of commendation of some particular talent brought to light by the Festival and in many instances uncovered for the first time. And so we come to the serious part of our year's program renewed in spirit, with more kindness of heart one for another, and with an appreciation of each others' talents, small and great, which close association in our Clubhouse during the Talent Festival has given us.

This labor of love has brought its own reward, for our guests have praised us, our talents have been approved by fellow members, and our treasury has been enriched. Strangely enough—though not so strange after all in this group—no one has asked, "How much did we make?" We all know that what was netted cannot be measured by dollars and cents. On the contrary, one has heard on all sides today (for this message is written after the dinner in order that the magazine for November shall carry a word of appreciation to each member)—one has heard hundreds of times, "Haven't we had a happy two days? Aren't the exhibits splendid? I had no idea we had so many talented members," etc., etc. This shows that we are becoming an informed membership. An informed citizenship is in a smaller way the task of a club of our numbers, for meetings at noon or at night are never truly successful. One group or another is by the very nature of its vocation cut out of participation in such meetings. And so the Festival was conceived, and for two days, day and night, we have been continuously informing ourselves of our Club and of our Clubhouse. The staff has entered unselfishly and efficiently into the program. Floor after floor—from Lower Main to Bedroom—has blossomed with its own particular adaptability to its purpose for being. As individuals and as a group we are learning to use our Clubhouse. We are learning to appreciate what it gives us for our six dollars dues, because we are giving volunteer service, and we are learning what joy it is to meet for play and for work together in our Annual Talent Festivals.

Talent Festival Draws Thousands

● The Second Talent Festival is over, and so much "bigger and better" than the first that, if they continue to appreciate in similar ratio the Club walls will burst and the Club horizon widen indefinitely.

Two days filled with Achievement and Happiness. Two days of Beauty and Usefulness.

The City Club is a better place for the Festival having been there. The community has been enriched by having been furnished with an appraisal of the ability of its womankind.

To give individual credit were impossible, for the Talent Festival is a Club affair, but the work of the Central Committee was splendid.

The Festival was divided into two parts: the loan exhibit and the exhibit of outright gifts, which were sold and the proceeds given to the Club. Which attracted more admiration it would be difficult to say. The Loan Exhibit contained some handsome and extremely valuable things as well as books, poems, theses, charts, and monographs of limited interest but incalculable artistic value.

The number of Volunteers who worked during the Festival and throughout the two days attests the general enthusiasm with which the Festival was invested. Somewhere in the Club statistics is a summary which gives the number of hours which committee and Volunteers put in. But we shall not quote this inventory, for it is meaningless. How could that statistician compute the number of hours spent in dreaming over the making of this gift or that loan? How could she tabulate the hours spent by the Home Brigade (husbands, brothers, et al.) who stood by?

The second floor was where the sales were made. No bartering or wheedling. Prices had previously been agreed upon by a jury and each article was definitely marked.

The decorations here were particularly beautiful. The walls were first covered with green lattice, to simulate a garden, and over this were placed quantities of fresh, green foliage in which dozens of orange, yellow, and white parrakeets were perched. The birds were not alive, however, but made of paper, their brilliant plumage so real that the visitor involuntarily ran her fingers over the trailing feathers.

These were made by Miss Katherine Donohoe, and every one was sold the first day. Orders were taken for more on the second day.

Chrysanthemums and zinnias, now at the height of their flamboyant coloring and luxuriance, were used in profusion. Miss Donohoe and Miss Jean Boyd, directors of the Club, paid especial attention to this detail of the Festival.

The Third Floor was given over to the dispensing of foods. In the Mural Room the Waffle Crew did a flourishing business, with a score of Volunteers continual taking orders. This room was lined with branches palms brought fresh and dewy from members' garder

In the National Defenders' Room were sold Haw ian foods and other delicacies. The Cafeteria for t time being was a Tea Room, where the especial cor mittee of hostesses presided at the silver urns and V unteers passed the cups. It was one of the prettie sights of the Festival, and a popular rendezvous.

As for the Talents made visual, that is a story t long and absorbing to be told here. Each object repr sented the dreams and hopes of its maker. Who cou make comparisons? Who appraise?

Novels, profound treatises, maps, music and lyri were shown alongside pieces of sculpture and pain ings in oil, tempera, and water color. Journalis brought their latest "scoops" in the day's newspape for the Fourth Estate is well represented in the Clu Tapestries, petit point chairs, and bell cords, er broideries of minute detail and exquisite workma ship, were spread in alluring array. Announcements lectures and classes by members took cognizance their Talents.

The City Club Cook Book, an anthology of favori recipes of members, was the work of Mrs. Randol Madison, whose Volunteer Service also includes t Home Economic pages each month of the City Cl Magazine.

Other Talent represented in the Magazine is t monthly Book Review by Eleanor Preston Watkin the Health Articles by Dr. Adelaide Brown, the a seminars by Beatrice Judd Ryan, the photography Martha Belvel, fiction and poetry by various membe

Mrs. George Osborn Wilson took especial pride showing the very first copy off the press of her boo "Chinatown Quest." Lubov Bujanoff, who makes pu pets for the various Puppet Shows hereabouts, e hibited a group which represented a chapter of "Litt Red Riding Hood." Olga Block Barrett, distinguish pianist, brought a song, "Oracle," for which she h written words and music. Elizabeth Church, photo rapher, brought her camera and took pictures for t press.

And so it all ties in together.

As Miss Leale said in her informal address after t Dinner: "We have, in degree, done what the League Nations has attempted. We have obliterated class co sciousness. The woman with a collar of pearls wor beside the woman in uniformin remarkable amity."

The City Club, by and through its second Festiv has shown that it has gone a long way forward in pu suit of its ideals.

Six thousand, five hundred persons passed throu the doors in the two days.

"He Builded Better Than He Knew"

"To the National League for Women's Service: With the compliments of Willis Polk.

"I hope that the new project will be as great an inspiration to women as the problem is to me. May neither fail. Willis Polk."

These words, inscribed across a drawing of the façade of the City Club, as done by the architect, the late Willis Polk, were written on St. Valentine's Day, 1913. The picture now hangs in the Club.

Eight years later, the day following the Talent Festival, to be exact, Mrs. Polk wrote this letter to Miss Hale, president of the City Club, on the occasion of a festal day in the building which was the object of Willis Polk's good wishes:

"In war time days you would ask me for my impressions at the moment. I would answer, 'Let me go home and think it over'; and so this morning I want to tell you of my impressions of the Talent Festival last evening. It is a wonderful idea and one which will grow into something big if well directed. At first the object was difficult to understand, or perhaps it is a matter of 'the work will speak for itself.' As I stopped at different exhibits and watched the Volunteers, their interest and enthusiasm and spirit of it all struck me more than ever, and this piece of constructive work is what you have held together—the Volunteer Service. This work is what makes the foundation and work of the Women's City Club far reaching and different from other clubs in this city and other cities—unique. This spirit is what helps women to help themselves and inspires women to express themselves, and so you have your Talent Festival. It was quite remarkable to notice the way in which the crowds were handled; also the dinner served quickly, with excellent service and food. The arrangement in the lounge and library for the guests and music; the checking system, all recalled an interesting outcome of the WAR DEFENDERS' CLUB. It is certainly a charming way to bring a large membership together, renewing old friendships and making new—in all paths of life. As a business man expressed it last evening: "It is a great piece of work which the women of this Club are doing for the community in San Francisco." And so the big work goes marching forward. The President and Board of Directors should be very proud of the work they have accomplished, and I want to thank you and the organization for a very delightful and memorable evening.

Sincerely yours,
CHRISTINE BARREDA POLK.

Cook Book

Copies of the City Club Cook Book, compiled from favorite recipes of members, may be had for 50 cents at the League Shop.

Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, and Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, snapped in the Baby Room of the Talent Festival. Photograph by Church Studio.

Extra-Volunteer Service

Besides the Club members who gave innumerable hours and incalculable enthusiasm to the Talent Festival there was an auxiliary body which remained in the background but which, nevertheless, was no mean part of the ensemble. It was affectionately termed the "Home Contingent," and comprised the husbands, sons, brothers, and male friends of the regular Volunteers. The anxious hours they spent will never be known. They listened and they suggested; they fetched and carried and, at the last, dressed up and attended the Festival Dinner with as much pride and complacency as if the City Club were indeed theirs. It was a fine spirit.

School Girls Come to Club After Classes

School girls love to come to the Club after classes for a brisk swim before dinner and the evening study hour. Many mothers are planning to give books of swimming tickets as Christmas gifts to their young daughters, nieces, and friends.

The Beauty Salon, too, made new friends through the Talent Festival. Complimentary "facials" were given those two days, and now there are women who feel they are not well groomed unless they have at least one facial in a week. This department of the Club is open to the public, as also is the League Shop on the First Floor.

English Tea Hostesses Introduce Bath Buns

● The English Tea Committee of the Talent Festival was recipient of many compliments upon its hospitality and the quality of the refreshments served.

"Bath Buns," a novelty to many, were best sellers. The Bath Bun, made by a member from a famous old recipe, is a slightly sweetened, very light bun with a raisin or two in its folds, leavened with eggs and served with butter.

Also there were Dundee Currant Cakes and Scotch Scones, all served by the hostesses who poured tea from their own silverware and saw to it that the beverage was steeped in the accepted English manner.

Hostesses of the English Tea were:

Mesdames Edward E. Brownell, Silas H. Palmer, A. Stuart Baldwin, A. P. Black, Le Roy Brooks, Cora Chapman, Charles Miner Cooper, Lambert Coblentz, Elise A. Drexler, William Denman, Charles J. Deering, Milton Esberg, Perry Eyre, Cleaveland Forbes, Will J. French, Frederick Funston, D. Ghirardelli, J. J. Gottlob, E. L. Grisell, Prentis Cobb Hale, William B. Hamilton, F. W. Henshaw, E. S. Heller, I. N. Hibberd, Alphonse Jeddis, Horatio Livermore, S. M. Marks, Drummond MacGavin, C. O. G. Miller, Franklin Nutting, Willis Polk, Edward Rainey, Ruth Benjamin Reed, James Graham Sharp, Paul Shoup, Walter A. Shockley, M. C. Sloss, S. Sussman, Payson T. Treat, Thomas H. Williams.

Misses Elizabeth Ashe, Lucy Allyne, Anna Beaver, Margaret Foster, Julia George, Kate Hall, Margaret Mary Morgan, Jean McIntosh, Laura McKinstry, Sue McNab, Emma Noonan, Mamie Rodgers, Edith Slack, Clara Maxwell Taft.

Hostesses for the Kaffee Klatsch were:

Mesdames Jessie Ashley, S. M. Baldwin, Carter, Robert H. Donaldson, Edward Glaser, L. Haber, Frank Howlett, Maude Hardy-Balance, Karl Krafft, Marcus S. Koshland, D. Forbes McRae, Phoebe Rockwell, Henry K. Shaw, E. Stauff, James Swinnerton, John Stanton, Solly Walter.

Misses Charlotte Brown and Elsa Garrett.

Mrs. Hugh Brown to Read at Drama Tea

● Mrs. Hugh Brown's series of Drama Teas, held at the City Club on the third Monday of each month, are drawing enthusiastic audiences.

On Monday afternoon, November 16, at 2:15 o'clock, Mrs. Brown will give the third of the series. If she can procure a copy of "The House of Connelly," by Paul Green, which is now being much discussed in New York, she will read that play. If the book does not reach here in time, Mrs. Brown will read "The Breadwinners," which is equally well liked in New York.

No hostess tables are available at the Drama Teas for members who do not come in parties or are not arranging parties of their own.

Mrs. E. L. Grissell is chairman of the committee in charge. Tickets for the course are five dollars and single tickets one dollar.

Professor Brady to Discuss the German Situation

● Professor Robert A. Brady, Department of Economics, University of California, will be the speaker at the second of the Luncheon Lectures of the City Club.

Professor Brady will speak at 12:15, Tuesday, November 3, on the subject, "The German Crisis and the World Depression." The lectures are held in the main dining room, and members may invite both men and women guests. The charge is one dollar.

Professor Brady came to the University of California in 1929 as Assistant Professor of Economics. Last year he was on leave of absence, as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council of the Rockefeller Foundation, studying the subject, "Rationalization of Industry in Post-War Germany." Most of the time in Europe was spent in Berlin, but he also traveled to Geneva, Moscow and Leningrad, the Ruhr district, and various other industrial centers of Germany. He wrote "Industrial Standardization" for the National Industrial Conference Board in 1929, and has written articles and reviews in miscellaneous magazines and newspapers.

Josephine Bartlett to Discuss New Avenue for Women

● "Radio, a New Profession for Women," will be the subject of a Teacup Chat by Josephine Bartlett, to be given in the Lounge, November 5 (Thursday), at 3:30 o'clock.

Volunteers will serve tea at fifteen cents per service, and as the guests are refreshed by their oolong or orange pekoe they will hear from one who knows how women may avail themselves of the new, mysterious, and marvelous agency, the radio.

Josephine Bartlett is a member of the City Club, a former newspaper woman who left that field to pioneer in the newer realm of radio. She has been as successful in the latter venture as she was in the former, which is saying much, for Josephine Bartlett was one of the leading writers in western journalism.

Olga Ilyin's Lectures on Russia Appeal to Throngs

● "Dreamers without Dreams" is th title of the third causerie, to be give by Madame Olga Ilyin in the series Russian lectures which she is giving at th City Club.

The second, on "Builders of the World Communism," won such an enthusiast response that the committee has decide in order to accommodate the attendanc to have the lectures in the Club Aud torium.

Miss Marion Huntington is chairman the committee in charge of the Ilyin le tures. Others in the group are:

Talks on Merchandise by Famous Women

● What becomes of the billions of do lars that are spent in retail stores i the United States every year?

What percentage of this vast sum repr sents actual profit to the store owners?

Who gets the rest?

These and other questions will be an swered during the coming weeks when th buying public of the nation will be take for the first time behind the scenes in th great national industry. The women of th United States, who are the largest buye and consumers of retail merchandise, wi hear these questions answered by a num ber of the foremost women of the Unite States, among them Kathleen Norris, f mous writer and economist; Mary Pick ford; Mary Lewis, stylist; Katherin Fisher, director Good Housekeeping Inst tute, and others. Beginning Thursday October 22, this series of radio broadcast will be given over the Columbia Broad casting System at 8:00 o'clock in the morn ing. It may be heard locally over Statio KFRC, San Francisco unit of the nation wide network.

Following is the list of speakers and th dates they may be heard locally ove KFRC:

Mrs. Norris will talk from San Fran cisco and Miss Pickford from Los Angeles

The speakers and the schedule of thei talks follow:

Alice Edwards, October 22.

Mrs. John Sippel, president Genera Federation of Women's Clubs, Octo ber 29.

Mary Pickford, motion picture star November 5.

Kathleen Norris, noted author, Novem ber 12.

Katherine Fisher, director Good House keeping Institute, November 19.

Mary Lewis, November 26.

Song and Dancing Add to Festival Spirit

All of the talent of the Talent Festival was not catalogued and placed in cabinets and vitrines for li: lay of two days' duration.

he programs which entertained the crowds Wednesla afternoon and evening and Thursday afternoon at h dinner which concluded the Festival attested the r stic gifts with which many of the City Club mem- e: are endowed.

Mrs. John P. Coghlan, who arranged the several rgrams, said proudly, as she handed the list of enter- a ers to Miss Leale as general chairman of the two as, "Every musician, dancer, speaker and accom- aist is a member of the Club." Whereupon Miss le smiled tolerantly, as one who would say, "And re are more if we had had room for them on the rgram."

he two days, Wednesday, October 21, and Thurs- , October 22, could not have held more entertain- nt without having had more hours added. Wednes- , in the Kaffee Klatsch, Mrs. W. W. Adams, in tume, gave German songs. In the Hawaiian Booth, n and evening and Thursday noon, where the ffle Squad did a rushing business, Mrs. John W. yer arranged a delightful program of Hawaiian sic, given by a trio which comprised Miss Edith le, in Volunteer uniform, and two young women are still too young for membership but are on the aiting list" of the Club, Miss Eleanor Speyer and ss Margaret Heath. They wore the "grass skirts" l other habiliaments of Hawaii. Miss Leale and ss Speyer played ukeleles, and so enchanting was program here that a Volunteer traffic officer had clear the way occasionally. Hawaiian salad of pine- le, alligator pear, and cottage cheese, cake and ee and buttered rolls were served here as well as ffles and jam.

n the English Tea Room, Mrs. S. S. Seward and Mrs. Latham True gave an English Garden Tea program of charming old ballads. Both wore garden frocks and hats and presented an attractive and eminently appropriate picture.

On both afternoons in the Club Auditorium a series of Japanese Folk Dances were given by a class of young girls under the direction of Miss Mary Shafter of the University of California Dramatic Department.

Wednesday evening in the Lounge a delightful program was presented by Laura Blickfeldt, pianist; Mrs. Arthur Castle, contralto; Mrs. Henry Lund, dramatic reader, and Dinga Van Denberg, soprano.

The Festival Dinner, at which more than four hundred members and guests assembled to conclude the gala two days, was one of the most important social events in the Club's history and an outstanding occasion in San Francisco's society activities of the early season. Husbands appeared to be as eager and enthusiastic as the members themselves, who, of course, were putting their "best foot" forward because of the husbands and beaux, to whom the Club's Festival had been a familiar topic of conversation for many weeks.

After the dinner, which was served with dispatch and reflected much credit upon the restaurant department of the Club, the guests went upstairs to the Lounge and Library for the delightful program which Mrs. Coghlan had arranged for them.

Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio, well-known diseuse, gave recitatives and songs of her own composition. She made a pretty picture in organdy dress and garden hat. Francesca Ortega Brady (Mrs. George T. Brady), in costume, sang Spanish songs. She wore white lace gown and mantilla and a high comb of rare beauty. Miss Dorothea Johnston gave Indian songs in costume. Miss Dorothy Dunn, harpist, and Miss Mary Pasmore, violinist, contributed instrumental numbers.

Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, chairman of Volunteers for Talent Festival; Mrs. S.G. Chapman, member Central Committee and Chairman Loans Committee; Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Loans Committee; and Miss Margaret C. Zane, Central Committee. Photograph by Elizabeth Church.

Volunteer Service in Relation to Talent Festiva

—MRS. WILLIAM F. BOOTH, JR.

● To write an article on the part Volunteer Service plays in the Talent Festival would be to tell the whole story, for the Talent Festival *is* Volunteer Service from start to finish.

The difficulty is to locate the start. Long before the finishing touches of one festival are complete, suggestions and ideas come pouring in for the next, so that there is an endless interest in an idea which manifests itself each year in two gala days.

However, it might be of interest to members to know what occurs behind the scenes. Months in advance meetings are called for the purpose of discussing various talents and the demand of the public for certain articles. Throughout the year volunteers study lists and write letters, work over files, and telephone. Telephone, telephone, and telephone. Thus hours of service have been given months before the membership gradually becomes conscious of the approaching Festival days. Interest is aroused by means of articles appearing in the magazine, and by the assignment of Volunteers to the Information Desks on the third and fourth floors. If every member could serve just once at the Information Desk, how easy it would all be! At least we would be spared the "Nothing today, thank you" member who sails past our Festival Poster, nose in air, not knowing what it is all about.

As the Festival days draw nearer another desk is placed on the fourth floor. That, indeed, is a coveted post, for to the Volunteer stationed there is given the first peek as gifts are brought in by members. How modestly these offerings are made. "I cannot serve in the Clubhouse, but I want to take some part." Or, "It is really very little," or again, "I shall do something better next year." These are the comments, a beautiful samples of handiwork are laid before a appreciative Volunteer. Again, experienced membe give service by filing, checking, and labeling. Tl labels themselves are a generous gift from a Clu member.

Much time and thought is expended by the jury i pricing articles. Time spent in the making of gifts ma be great, but the Volunteer serving regularly eac week in a department gives equally generously of h time, therefore the cost of material must be the go erning factor in determining prices.

Painters and pasters work with enthusiasm an ability in order that confections from the choice recipes may be presented in suitable and attracti containers. The compiling of our new cook-book r quired time not only to collect recipes but to compil type, and arrange for printing.

Group dancing succeeds only by frequent and co scientious rehearsals of performers and accompanis

The "set up" of the Festival Sections, however sin ple, needs planning and forethought with attentio to details. Loans are called for and arranged wit care.

Thus the stage is set and when the curtain is draw each member has a part, each in her own costume, th uniform of the "The National League of Women Service." Certain posts are definitely assigned, but is a time when every member is hostess to the remair ing 8499. And be it said that however long the hour however arduous the task, the Volunteer Service Com mittee alone reckons the service given on our Festiva Days.

The Friday Group and the Talent Festival

—MRS. HOBART W. MEARS

● The Talent Festival!

These three words were ringing in our ears for the last few months. No matter where you went in the Clubhouse, the conversation, whatever it may have been about, no matter where it started, or where it ended, came around finally to the Festival and the question, "What are you doing for the Talent Festival? What is your particular talent, and in what way are you contributing to the Club's big event of the year?" For, that's what our Festival is—our big event. All through the year we come to our Club—we use it, we enjoy it, we go to lectures, to meetings, we have tea, luncheon, dinner—we swim, and we get a manicure or a shampoo or a wave—we wander up and down our spacious corridors greeting our friends—meet old ones and make new ones; we bring in ou friends and relations and make ourselves generally a home in the delightful atmosphere of our Club Hom and then, in October, we all come together in one bi family, to bring to our Club our own particula talent.

Who thought of that delightful idea? Whoever sh was, don't you feel that we all owe her a deep debt o thanks? Think of it!—to bring to your Club your ow particular hobby, whatever it may be, and spread i before all your fellow Club members for their pleasur

How I have wished that I had a real talent, lik painting a picture, making some gorgeous piece o

ewelry, doing some exquisite handwork, or any of the hundreds of clever inimitable things that my other friends are doing, and yet when someone asks me, "What are you contributing to the Festival?" I groaned inwardly (sometimes outwardly), for, alas, I am one of that group who always answer, "But I have no talent. All I can do is to keep house—you know, just the ordinary everyday sort of things you all do." "Make jelly?" "Never did in my life." "Bake a cake?" "Oh, yes, and a pie and a loaf of bread, and a whole lot of other useful every-day sort of things that everyone does, but that's not a talent—that's just plain every-day living—anyone can do that," is my answer.

Well, perhaps they can do all those things, but, think—perhaps, too, you can bake a better cake, or make a clearer glass of jelly, or put together a more delectable pie. Is that the answer?

Anyway, there is a group in your Club which has a name all its own, self-named to be sure, but I think that lots of you know about it, and will recognize us when I tell you. It's called "The Friday Group"—you know, the Cafeteria group who serve your luncheon—dressed, all of us, in green uniforms, all alike—every Friday noon; the group who serves you with a laugh and a smile, and who always seem to have something funny up their sleeves to talk about to each other. I have one friend who says she makes it a point to always come in for lunch on Fridays because she "likes to look at us in our green uniforms and to hear us laughing and see us smiling." Now isn't that nice of her? Well, perhaps that's a talent. Anyhow, we made it ours, from the Captain down to the newest recruit. And we were on hand to serve you at the Festival. In the Cafeteria? Oh, no, indeed, not at all! We've graduated into the Mural Room and the Dining Room Annex. (We haven't found out yet why we were so lucky, but anyhow we add those two delightful rooms in which to exhibit our talents.) Someone asked, when the Captain told us about it, "How did you rate those two gorgeous rooms?" and some facetious soul replied, "Why, I'm sure it was for good behavior." Perhaps and maybe, but at any rate, we got them, and that's the main thing.

Did you remember us from last year? And will you remember us again next year? We hope so, for we want you to. There were fifteen of us—all in green; that was one of our talents—the clever member who recognized the fact that everyone loves harmony in color. Then—we had another talent. We made waffles; of course you remember them—the best waffles you ever ate (oh yes, we admit it), but we hoped that this year they were even better than last. And so we dug out more and more talents, and we found that among fifteen women there were just loads of them that hadn't even been aired, so we dragged them all out to the light and we exhibited them for what we hoped was your pleasure.

Then there was the decorator. Surely that is a talent; and if you don't believe it, just remember what she did to the Mural Room and the Annex.

Then there was our name, "The Hawaiian Luncheon"—that was our specialty—a Hawaiian luncheon, served in Hawaiian surroundings, with Hawaiian music and even some Hawaiian costumes—(my, I'm getting tired of writing that word, but we hope you didn't get tired of seeing us and eating what we offered).

So, as I said, we got all of our talents out and laid them on the table and looked them over, and lo, we found that instead of having none, we had an array that surprised us, to choose from. We couldn't choose, so we took them all and worked them in together and the result was the Hawaiian Luncheon that we offered you at the Festival.

And now I must go back to that Club of ours—that idea we have of Service. What made our Friday Group what it is? (for I assure you it is something quite par-particular and special). What gave us the incentive? What holds us together? In fact, what brought us together in the first place? SERVICE. VOLUNTEER SERVICE. That's what brought each and every one of us into contact with one another—contacts that have made fast friends, good fellowship, pleasant acquaintances—just Service.

In Squaring Up an Old Debt

—ETHEL L. HOFFMANN

● Thank goodness, there is a debt that is pleasant to assume, one we do not shrink from—the debt of gratitude! That well-worn word, debt, which grips nations with fear and paralyzes their efforts, and which makes cowards out of strong men and bill collectors, isn't so ugly, for it spells activity, service, too.

The Talent Festival gave me my opportunity to discharge, in a small way, a debt fourteen years old; and the satisfaction that accompanied it is well worth experiencing.

It dates back to the great days of the World War, when an earnest little group of women, burning to serve their country, gathered in a few rooms in the Flood Building. I joined them in taking a course in occupational aids for work in military and marine hospitals. It was only my intense desire to serve that nerved me to start a course in color harmony and design; for design was one thing I very definitely couldn't do. I had mastered the technique of china painting quite fairly but was a copyist—no ideas. It seemed

absurd even to try, but those were the days when the impossible was being accomplished. And besides, I couldn't take any of the work without it, so I braced myself and plunged in. Can I ever forget the fun we had in working out our problems, or my intense surprise at finding that what had seemed a vacuum was bursting with ideas? We didn't offer one but a dozen answers to a problem—crude, to be sure, but spontaneous, free. And when the League outgrew the rooms in the Flood Building and moved on to Kearny Street, these same eager attempts at art did their bit too, and served to relieve the plainness of those bare walls. I have only to look at the beautiful paintings that now adorn the Women's City Club to realize how the League has grown.

Then came the time when home duties called, and I was forced to give up my design work, but not my desire, for the joy of it all and the encouraging criticism of our teacher never faded from memory. So is it any wonder that a few years later, when opportunity offered, I found myself in art school studying color harmony and design? And again, is it any wonder that after putting several years of hard work at it I now find myself in that most fascinating occupation of designing jewelry? My gratitude goes out to the League, the ancestor of my inspiration.

[*Editor's Note.—Mrs. Hoffmann gave a beautiful silver dinner ring, set with semi-precious jewels, to the Talent Festival.*]

Fire Now Burns Upon the Hearth

● The Annual Firelighting, which took place Monday evening, October 5, in the Lounge of the City Club, was witnessed by several hundred members and their guests, all of whom voted the ceremony one of significant beauty and distinction.

The attendance and the deep sentiment pervading the Lounge as Mrs. John P. Coghlan led in community singing of the war songs of the time in which the City Club was born, attested the memory, poignant and fragrant, in which that time is held.

"For we are held together by a common past," said Mrs. M. C. Sloss, who was speaker of the evening.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Sloss' address, Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, donor of the beautiful fireplace in the Lounge, applied a match to the fuel which had been piled high in it for this, the first fire of the approaching winter. And then, as the flames leaped and glowed, a score or so of Volunteers, in their "wartime" uniforms, passed cider and doughnuts (Apples and Flagons) to the guests, who had by this time arisen from their seats and circulated about the Library and Lounge, friends greeting each other in the cordial and simple manner which holds in the City Club.

Mrs. Sloss alluded to the symbolism of the fire on the hearth, quoting Dante's verse, "Give light and the people will find their way." This was the keynote of her address.

"We, the members of the City Club, are here tonight after our baptism of fire," she said.

"I recall the groups in the canteens during the war and see many of the same faces tonight.

"From the canteens these women followed a pillar of light which resolved itself into the word 'Service,' and here they continue the service which they began in the war. I am reminded of the words of the New Testament, 'How great a matter a little fire kindled.' Fire has been a very primal necessity along the ages—one of the most important of the elements. The Egyptians worshipped it and the Greeks had ceremonials in which fire was revered. Their Prytaneum, in which a fire was kept steadily burning, was a composite of temple, tribunal, town hall and gossip place. Isn't that an approximate picture of the City Club? The flagstones of the Prytaneum were kept sacred to culture, which began with fire and increased in usefulness as did the fire itself. Like Prometheus, we have taken the divine spark from heaven and with it have kindled attributes of zeal, fancy, beauty, fervor, devotion, and service.

"Our fires were lighted during the war and still burn as Volunteer Service. Our Club is different from others because of the vitality of the Service which, like a flame, survives as long as there is fuel. If a thing is begun rightly it survives. The City Club began as the National League for Women's Service, and now, fifteen years later, we still stand ready for Service. Only a few days ago the City Club was asked to assist in the Community Chest Drive, and, like the Minute Women of the War, were ready. And this winter, when Marching Men tramp our streets, we shall be just as ready as we were for those other Marching Men, the ones who went away to war. For another emergency faces us, and here we are, ready with fresh oil for our lamps and fuel for our fires of Service.

"The only people who accomplish things are the idealists. If ever an institution was built upon Idealism it is the City Club. Idealism is the only practical thing in the world, for it never disintegrates. Our idealism is needed now in a great world crisis, and in lighting this fire here this evening we revitalize our ideals and rededicate our Service. It is ready, as it was in the war-torn days when we organized the canteens and vowed to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' From the canteens we have grown into this organization, where Volunteer Service is part of the community itself, a bulwark in a moral crisis, and a silent white flame burning on our hearthstones when the emergency passes."

EDITORIAL

● The Talent Festival, which closed October 22 with gala dinner and program attended by six hundred members and their guests, proved many things.

Firstly, the very fact that a dinner for six hundred moved without a hitch and was beautifully served, upon time, with elevators and check rooms at one hundred per cent efficiency, is something to be commented upon. But we will forbear that, for we expected at least ninety-nine per cent efficiency.

Secondly, the solidarity of the Club, never questioned by itself, was presented to the community in its most attractive phases.

Volunteer Service is the one aspect of the Club's composition which never fails to arrest attention and elicit comment. Men, especially, never get over the marvel of it.

On the opening day of the Festival, October 21, they were witness to the miracle of nearly three hundred women arising betimes to be at the Club by 9:30. Husbands drove down-town with their wives; many were impressed into service, carrying flowers and heavy packages for the Exhibit. Chauffeurs, husbands, brothers—it made no difference to the enthusiastic Volunteers—all were swept by the same tide of enthusiasm for Service.

The Big Fact, however, was reassurance to the members of the Useability of the Club. It is for Use, "for human nature's daily food."

There are many and diverse ways of using it, and even the oldest member learns a new way now and then.

In giving a dinner party, for instance. One gives her menu to Miss Mackenzie, or gets one from her. Then the number of guests and the kind of decorations wanted. That's all there is to it until the hostess meets her guests in the lobby, where there is a charming little room for that purpose, or on the Fourth Floor, in Lounge, American Room, or Corridor.

In giving a luncheon the same *modus operandi* is followed. Or a bridge party, with tea.

Tables, cards, candies, even the prizes, may be purchased in the League Shop.

Swimming parties and drama reading are far apart but they are not too disparate when a City Club member follows up a good swim with an hour in the Lounge listening to a distinguished reader interpret the latest plays of the New York, London or Paris boards.

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed"

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

(Read by Mrs. M. C. Sloss at the annual Firelighting Ceremony at the City Club, Monday evening, October 5.)

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming;
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows;
But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
And going, he comes; and coming, he heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of sorrow;
At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles;
For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow;
And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

* * * * *

Who Loves the Rain

Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes,
Him will I follow through the storm;
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

FRANCES SHAW

This isn't all of them, as many could not (and would not) leave their pos of the Annual Talent Festival. They are members of Volunteer Service o Volunteers have served since the early days of the War. Others are new
Photo by Mo

1931
TALENT FESTIVAL
Committee Chairmen

Central Committee:
Miss Marion Leale, *Chairman.*
Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. Louis J. Carl
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon
Miss Katherine Donohoe
Mrs. A. B. Stephens
Mrs. Frank Boyce Tupper
Miss Margaret C. Zane

Loans (Auditorium):
Mrs. S. G. Chapman, *Chairman.*
Mrs. Arthur Lee Bailhache
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Mrs. Beatrice Judd-Ryan
Mrs. Matteo Sandona
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Information:
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Mrs. John P. Coghlan, *Chairman.*

Motor Corps:
Mrs. Charles W. Durbrow

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Mrs. Frederick A. Mead
Miss Sarah Collier
Mrs. Joseph Fife

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Applied Arts, Miss Ethel A. Young
Children's Corner, Miss Emogene Hutchinson
Books, Book-binding, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Boudoir, Mrs. P. W. King
Fine Arts, Mrs. Rose Pauson
Fortunes, Games, Mrs. Spencer Brush
Garden Accessories, Miss Katherine Donohoe
Kitchen and Bathroom Accessories, Miss Catherine Allen
Magazine Bags, Miss D. C. Burtchaell
Varieties, Mrs. H. K. Shaw

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Candies, Nuts, Miss Elsa Garrett
Cakes, Pies, Breads, Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson
Pantry Shelf (Jams-Jellies), Mrs. Bert Lazarus
German Kaffee Kaltsch, Mrs. Leon Guggenheim, *Chairman.*
Hawaiian, Mrs. John Speyer
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Mrs. Theophilus Allen
Mrs. Walter C. Allen
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Mrs. Chester Brown
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Mrs. Lambert Coblentz
Miss Lotus Coombs
Mrs. E. A. Cottrell
Mrs. R. W. Cross
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Mrs. Robina Deiter
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Mrs. Edwin Thomas
Miss Carlie Tomlinson
Mrs. Salley Walter
Mrs. W. Russell Werner
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Mrs. Mary Walter

Volunteers on Information und Miss Harriet Fenwick:
Miss M. Arnott
Mrs. Edwin L. Bruck
Miss Mabel Clay
Mrs. Earl Cohen

ednesday morning to be photographed in the group, just after the opening Women's City Club and the uniform is the badge of honor. Some of these nbers of the Club, but all are enthusiasts in the regimentation of Service. and Company.

Mrs. Leland Connick
Mrs. G. H. Corse
Mrs. Alvin Davis
Mrs. Ford T. Edwards
Mrs. F. P. Gillespie
Miss Virginia Gibbs
Miss H. E. Gibbs
Mrs. H. Nordnan
Mrs. George Pierce
Mrs. H. J. Scott
Mrs. Frank Smith
Mrs. Samuel Van Ronkel
Miss Harriet Welch
Miss Katherine Atcheson

SECOND FLOOR

Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, *Chairman.*

Assisted by:
Mrs. Josephine Bartlett
Mrs. H. N. Carroll

Applied Arts:
Miss Ethel A. Young, *Chairman.*
Miss Lucille Bell
Mrs. Peter Breen
Mrs. A. Bridge
Mrs. Ruth Darling
Mrs. William Gibbon
Mrs. A. Jannapolis
Miss Jean McIntosh
Miss Lillian Mysell
Mrs. R. F. Phillips
Mrs. William Phillips
Mrs. Harold Shelton
Miss Mary Wilcox

Books, Book-binding:
Mrs. W. P. Lucas, *Chairman.*

Children's Corner:
Miss Emogene Hutchinson, *Chairman.*
Mrs. W. H. Arata
Mrs. H. B. Bolton
Mrs. George Clough
Mrs. C. W. Davis
Mrs. S. Goodman
Mrs. J. E. Powrie
Miss L. Richardson
Mrs. A. S. Rosser
Mrs. C. H. Singleton
Mrs. H. B. Stanton
Mrs. B. Walters

Boudoir:
Mrs. P. W. King, *Chairman.*
Mrs. H. Bolton
Miss Virginia Chilton
Mrs. A. J. Howell
Mrs. E. T. Maples
Mrs. W. W. Phillips
Mrs. W. R. Werner
Mrs. Edna Whitney

Fine Arts:
Miss Rose Pauson, *Chairman.*
Miss Rose Frowenfeld
Mrs. A. L. Haber

Garden Accessories:
Miss Katherine Donohoe, *Chairman.*
Miss Jean Boyd
Mrs. William Doyle
Mrs. Milton Eisner
Mrs. Charles French
Mrs. George Kelham
Mrs. Arthur Mathews
Miss Henrietta Moffitt
Mrs. R. Winston

Kitchen and Bathroom Accessories:
Miss Catherine Allen, *Chairman.*
Miss C. A. Allen
Mrs. B. G. Morris
Mrs. Maud Thomas
Mrs. J. G. Treilhard
Mrs. E. E. Whitney

Magazine Bags:
Miss Dorcas C. Burtchaell, *Chairman.*
Mrs. Mabel Barr
Miss Harriet T. Cohen
Mrs. J. E. Doidge
Mrs. W. R. Douglas
Miss Ethel Perkins
Mrs. W. E. Powrie
Miss Ethel Speyer
Miss Helene Speyer

Varieties:
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Mrs. S. M. Baldwin
Mrs. Charles J. Bashford
Miss M. Brown
Mrs. A. Brownstone
Mrs. Harriet Carr
Mrs. George Carter
Miss Amy Cook
Mrs. A. D. Ettel
Mrs. Agnes Fielding
Mrs. C. Funke
Mrs. L. Haber
Mrs. H. Houseworth
Miss Florence Keesing
Mrs. C. V. Lane
Miss Jeane Levy
Mrs. M. M. Matthews
Mrs. Carmel Meyer
Mrs. C. D. Potter

Wrapping Table:
Mrs. A. B. Stephens, *Chairman.*
Mrs. Jessie D. Ashley
Mrs. Frank E. Blaisdell
Miss Mary Connor
Mrs. Stanley E. Crichton
Mrs. J. E. Doidge
Mrs. W. R. Douglas
Miss E. E. St. John
Mrs. D. Forbes McRae
Mrs. W. E. Powrie
Mrs. R. Smale
Miss Helene Speyer
Miss Edna G. Thomason

THIRD FLOOR

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., *Chairman.*

Assisted by:
Mrs. A. L. Alves
Mrs. R. Doane
Mrs. E. A. Wilcox
Mrs. Woodland
Mrs. E. Woodruff

Cakes, Pies, etc.:
Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson *Chairman.*
Miss Martha Brown
Mrs. Maurice Chemnick
Miss Helen Cochran
Miss Barbara Funston
Mrs. M. C. Hickock
Mrs. Frank Howlett
Mrs. J. H. Miller
Mrs. Theodore Pryor
Mrs. J. P. Rethenmayer
Mrs. Shepard Tucker
Mrs. Paul Von Ettner

Candies, Nuts:
Miss Elsa Garrett, *Chairman.*
Mrs. S. M. Baldwin
Mrs. Edwin Bruck
Mrs. Isaac Burke
Mrs. Albert B. Cassinelli
Mrs. L. Haber
Mrs. Karl Kraft
Mrs. J. Lautzenheiser
Mrs. William D. Read
Miss Harriet Reed
Mrs. Einar Wismer

Jams and Jellies:
Mrs. Bert Lazarus, *Chairman.*

Continued on page 23

The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT—*Drawing by Mrs. Bradley Wallace*

[Continued from October issue: Synopsis of Preceding Chapter: Babette, youngest of three princesses, whose mother died at her christening because the Court Chamberlain, who stuttered, was understood to say "Babette" when he really would have said something much longer and prettier, lived with her sisters in a Castle-by-the-Sea. A Prince has come a-wooing Babette, and her father, King of Cordain, has commanded her to accept his hand. But Babette has decided to run away from the Castle and see the world.]

Chapter II

Elvarnen

● The pathway from the postern gate led down the cliff in a steep descent, along the shore, and then, turning inland, it entered one of the dark forests which abounded in that part of the country. It was a rutty, stony road, hard to travel at any time, but to thin slippers it proved so rough that in a little over an hour Babette was limping and crying out at every step. She was very tired. All about her dim shapes of tree-trunks stretched upwards, and queer rustlings and night sounds startled her—now faint and far away, now suddenly crackling behind her. Never in all her life had Babette felt so little; never before had her hair been damp with night mist; never before had her feet been wet and bruised. She was beginning to be very frightened, when suddenly she heard behind her a slow thumping sound accompanied by a queer creaking and rattling. Stiff with terror, Babette closed her eyes and waited. When the sound was very near it stopped. Babette opened her eyes.

There was a circle of light in the roadway, and in it stood a knobby-looking old white horse in front of a long peasant's cart or wagon. The cart, from whose side a lantern hung, seemed to be filled with bundles and sacks of all kinds, and on the foremost of these was seated what Babette, inexperienced as she was, recognized as a boy. This boy, sitting very still, stared with all his might, and dazedly brushed his hand across his eyes. As he didn't move, and the horse didn't move, and the only sound at all was the faint creaking of the cart, Babette drew a long breath and spoke:

"I was so frightened!"

The boy blinked. "So was I!" he blurted out; then, as Babette smiled, "I didn't think you were real—coming on you like this in the—But what *are* you doing here?" he added suspiciously.

"I'm running away—"

The boy looked her up and down incredulously.

"—and I'm very tired. Would you let me ride in your cart a while? We're going the same way, and," she added, looking at the dejected white horse, "I'm not very heavy."

The boy gave a short laugh, held out his hand, pulled Babette up beside him, and clucked to the horse. The sack on which Babette sat was very lumpy, the cart jounced horribly, and the pale light from the lantern made everything a sickly yellow, more depressing even than complete darkness. For a while Babette sat huddled into her black velvet cape, aching with every jolt of the cart, until quite suddenly she began to cry. Her hands were so occupied in holding the edges of her cape together to keep out the wind that she couldn't cover her face, so she sat there, very little and still, with the tears running down her cheeks. The boy, after taking several hasty glances at her, searched with one hand in a sort of basket at his side, and, drawing forth a big chunk of yellow cheese, he offered it to Babette, saying gruffly, "Guess you're hungry."

"Thank you," said Babette, accepting the chunk; for though she had never before seen anything like it, and was not very agreeably surprised by the smell, she didn't want to hurt the boy's feelings. Seeing that he was still looking at her, she took a nibble of the cheese, another nibble, and the third time she let her teeth sink into its yellow softness with evident delight. "Why, it's good!" she smiled. "What is it?"

Babette and Her Two Sisters in Their Castle-by-the-Sea

The boy stared. "It's only cheese."

"Cheese," repeated Babette, taking another bite. "Cheese. Why, I never tasted anything like it before."

"Never tasted *cheese!* Never tasted—" The boy laughed.

"Well, you see," explained Babette between bites, "you see—What is your name?"

"Tad."

"Well, you see, Tad, we never had a chance to eat anything but what was served us in the Castle."

"Castle?" echoed Tad.

"Yes. You see—you won't tell anyone, Tad?" Tad shook his head. "I'm a Princess, and—and that's why I'm running away."

Tad gasped; then he put out a tentative hand and gently touched the folds of pale green, pearl-embroidered satin that hung below the black cape. "Running away because you're a Princess?"

"Yes. I don't like being a Princess. I'd rather—" Babette leaned confidentially toward him— "I'd rather be an Amazon."

The boy was disturbed. "But if you're running away they'll be chasing after you."

"Oh," cried Babette, putting the cheese down suddenly, "of course they will! I'd forgotten for a moment."

"And," went on Tad, "they'll come along this same road and see you in my cart, and take away these things, and beat me, and maybe put me into prison."

"Oh, they mustn't do that!" Babette was beating her hands together nervously. "When you've been so nice to me, and all. We must think of something."

"This cart's full of things I bought at the fair with our egg and butter money, and Granny said if I didn't bring these home safely we'd starve."

"Are all your family so poor?" asked Babette absently; for she was really trying to think of a plan.

"There's only Granny and little Byrn and me— But you can't ride any more! You must get out! I've got to get home!"

"Oh, don't put me off! They'd be sure to overtake me then!"

"But they'll have fast horses, and catch up to us anyway. You've got to—"

"Couldn't"—Babette's hands pulled eagerly at Tad's sleeve,—"couldn't you hide me among the sacks?"

"They'd be sure to look. Listen; what's that. They're coming—they're coming now!" Far in the distance was heard the sound of horses' hoofs beating rapidly. "You must get out!" Tad was about to stop the cart, when Babette clutched his arm.

"Oh, no, no, Tad! You can't do that. Please—please. Tad! Oh, haven't you anything I could wear to hide my clothes? Oh, Tad, you *must* help me! Please, Tad!"

"There's—there's a new suit I bought at the fair for Byrn. It's about your size."

'ad's voice was angry, but he pointed to a ack in the rear of the cart. Babette crambled over the piles of boxes, and from sack drew forth a small boy's suit of a ough grey-green material. "You'd better urry. They're nearer!" cried Tad; for indeed the hoofbeats could be heard more lainly; gallumpit—gallumpit—gallumpit! While Tad whipped the old white horse nto a stumbling trot, Babette struggled vith the boy's clothes. She didn't know ow they should be worn, but she scramled into them somehow, and rolling her elvet and satin garments into a wad, she tuffed them into the sack.

Gallumpit—gallumpit—the hoofbeats ame nearer.

"Tuck your hair under your cap and pull t down," Tad commanded, and, letting he old horse choose his way along the oad, he came back and began moving the acks and boxes around.

Gallumpit — gallumpit — louder and ouder.

"Lie down here!" he cried, swaying to keep his balance in the jolting cart, "so nly your back shows."

The horses came nearer and nearer. Gallumpit—gallumpit—louder and louder ntil the riders could be heard swearing nd urging their steeds forward. "You're ny little brother, and you're asleep no natter what happens." Tad was by this ime up in front and had pulled the horse nto his former plodding walk. Clumpity—lumpity—clup! Six horsemen galloped up nd surrounded the cart as it drove slowly on. To be sure, it wasn't a very suspicious ooking sight that met their eyes; A rickety art, dragged by a stumbling old white orse, and driven by a sleepily startled boy.

"Hi, youngster!" called one of the horsemen, a big jolly-looking fellow, "passed any one on the road?"

"None that I saw," answered the boy simply.

"Who are you, boy?" asked a dark, ill-visaged man.

"I am Tad of Cullen's Hill, your worships."

"A fine time of night to be joy-riding!"

"I am returning from the fair, your worships. It was late when I started, but I feared Granny would worry."

"We waste time here, Kaleb," said the jolly-looking fellow; "she wouldn't have walked so far. The scarf's proof enough."

"But why," asked another man, "should she want to drown herself if ———"

"Hold your tongues!" snapped Kaleb. "What's in the cart, boy?"

"Only stuff from the fair, your honor, and my little brother, who is sleeping."

Kaleb prodded with his sword a sack here and there, shoved a box or two, and finally poked the sleeping child lightly. The boy, with a long sleepy sigh, turned over and lay flat on his face.

Kaleb grunted. "A wild-goose chase. Right about, men, and back to the castle," and, spurring his horse, he galloped off with his followers.

Babette lay quietly until all sounds of the horsemen had vanished, and then she raised her head. It was very still all about her, but they were coming to the edge of the forest, and through the tree-trunks dawn was making the sky all thin and gray. "Tad," said Babette softly, crawling over the sacks to his side, "some day I'll do something for you."

Tad drew a deep breath and shook himself. "Let's have something to eat," was all he said.

Many hours later, in the afternoon, when the sun was filling all the world with a golden haze, and the shadows were lengthening, Tad halted his cart beside a boulder at a fork in the road, and pointed westward. "It's over across that brook, behind those two hills," he said.

Babette followed his finger, and then, turning to him, said, "Do I look all right?" She had on the gray-green boy's suit, and her black curls were tucked under a jaunty green cap. Tad surveyed her admiringly.

"You look fine—like a real boy, only for—" He broke into laughter.

"Only what?" Babette anxiously asked.

"Your feet are so small!" chuckled Tad; "They're the littlest things I ever saw."

Babette laughed too. "You can tell your Granny how you came by the cape and dress, but don't tell anyone else, will you? Good-bye, Tad."

"Good-bye," said Tad, and clucking to the old white horse, he drove off.

Babette walked across the fields, and followed the stream that ran between the hills until at length she came upon a wide green meadow that surrounded a very beautiful and very high stone castle. The afternoon sun had just gone down over the hill when Babette knocked at the drawbridge gate. The gate-keeper, a rough, burly man, stuck his head out of the little window with a jerk, and glared when he saw Babette.

"Is this the Castle of Elvarnen?" Babette was very polite.

"Well, and what if 'tis?" growled the gate-keeper. "No beggars allowed!"

"But I'm not a beggar," said Babette hopefully. "I want to see the Masters of the Castle. I want to be a page."

"The Head Steward sees to all that—and we have enough pages now. Go 'way!" and the gate-keeper banged shut the window. Babette was very much discouraged, but as there seemed nothing else to do she sat down beside the wall and waited. In about fifteen minutes the gate-keeper stuck his head out. "Go 'way!" he roared, and banged the window again. Babette still sat there, and in half an hour's time the whole door opened and the gate-keeper came out. "Why don't you go 'way?" he cried.

"But I want to see the Masters."

"Insolent puppy! I'll teach you to come hanging around gentlefolks' gates. *You'll* see the *Masters*, will you? Very well! We'll see what the Masters say when they see you!" And so saying, he shot out a huge hand and dragged Babette by the collar of her doublet through the gate, let down the drawbridge, and dragged Babette, squirming and scuffling, over it into the castle.

After many turns and twistings Babette found herself roughly thrust into a brilliantly lighted room where a group of knights was seated at supper.

"Your honors"—the gate-keeper was scraping and bowing— "this ruffian was hanging about the gate, demanding to see your lordships; so I brought him in that you might attend to his insolence!" With one accord all eyes were turned on Babette, who, not quite recovered from the rough treatment, was leaning breathlessly againts the wall.

"He carries his insolence far!" cried a tall blond man. "Where are your manners, sirrah, to keep your cap on in the presence of your betters? Off with it!"

"Oh, no, I can't!" cried Babette clutching at her head with both hands, but before she could save herself the blond knight had leaped from his seat and had snatched the cap from off her head. Down with the swiftness of a cascade in springtime tumbled Babette's black hair, and fell in thick curls about her knees. With one accord the knights at the table sprang to their feet and shouted: "A woman! A woman in Elvarnen!"

Then ensued a confusion of shouts and commands to "Put her out!" "Kill the gate-keeper!" "Have them both flogged!" until Babette, shrinking against the wall, put out supplicating hands and begged to be heard. Timidly at first, and then warming to her theme, she pleaded with them, saying that she was a girl of gentle birth named Babette—she didn't tell them she was a Princess—who had run away rather than marry; that she had heard of Elvarnen from a sister of two of the knights, and that she wanted to be an Amazon. She asked leave to stay in Elvarnen, not as a woman, but as a page, at which suggestion there arose a howl of protest from the knights. "But," cried Babette earnestly, "I wouldn't be a bother to you, truly I wouldn't! I'd wear boys' clothes, and you wouldn't have to be nice to me, but you could go on swearing and drinking just as if I'd never been here."

"The rules of courtesy to a lady would forbid that," growled one of the knights. There was a murmur of assent.

To be continued next month

I Have Been Reading

ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

CHINATOWN QUEST: The Life Adventures of Donaldina Cameron; *by Carol Green Wilson;* Stanford University Press.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN: A Short Life of Sir William Osler; *by Edith Gittings Reid;* Oxford University Press, London, New York, Toronto.

Sociological Textbooks for Group Study:

Council of Women for Home Missions, and Missionary Education Movement, New York.

THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE: *by John Milton Moore;*

ROVING WITH THE MIGRANTS *by Adela J. Ballard;*

GOD AND THE CENSUS: *by Robert N. McLean.*

Missionary Education Movement, New York.

THE STORY OF AGRICULTURAL MISSIONS, *by Benjamin Hunnicutt and William Reid.*

Friendship Press, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TREASURES IN THE EARTH, *by Fred Hamlin;*

THE RURAL BILLION, *by Charles McConnell.*

THE GINGERBREAD LADY, *by Mary Cole Bickel;* San Mateo Times Printing Co.

MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR; *by Edwin Arlington Robinson;* The Macmillan Company, New York.

● Chinatown Quest: The Life Adventuresof Donaldina Cameron; by Carol Green Wilson; Stanford University Press.

Romance! Drama! Heroism! We think of Grenfell in Labrador, of Kagawa in Japan, of Lucas at Lahore. But it is not necessary to go so far. There are thrilling lives near at hand. Probably not one of us is so poor in friendship and adventure that she has not said of at least one friend, "Somebody ought to write her life!" That has been said many times of Donaldina Cameron by many friends, for the threads of her friendships reach far. But it was given to Carol Green Wilson to see the need and to grasp the opportunity, and to override the modest objections of the beloved Scotswoman who has quietly lived romance and adventure and heroism here in our midst. "Chinatown Quest" is a book which will travel far and be widely read. It has its audience and publicity ready-made for it before its publication, and I can see eager hands stretched out for it of those who have loved Donaldina Cameron in America and Scotland and China. I can see the book in an honored place on the "parlor table" of scattered happy homes, where her Chinese "daughters" and "grand-

daughters" are living in light, whom she brought out of Chinatown's darkest slavery.

Those who delve in the depths of humanity, mining for precious metal, too often become drab in the process. But Donaldina Cameron—never! From her gay family background of Scotch moors, and New Zealand and Southern California ranches, she went as assistant to the "Home" at 920 Sacramento Street when she was only twenty. And always, through all the years of work and adventure, she has kept the spirit of youth, as she has gone, high-hearted and fearless, through the underground ways of old Chinatown, through raids of police and threats of tongs and highbinders. That is a part of the history of our old Chinatown, before the new Chinatown, purified by fire, and by the efforts of her own Americanized people, had sprung into being. And still, when she holds in her arms now the babies of those girls whom she saved from slavery when they were almost babies, there is in her gentle face, under the wavy gray hair, that same look of undying, undaunted youth!

Carol Green Wilson is a comparatively new member of the Advisory Committee for Miss Cameron's work, and she approached the writing of this book with as ardent an enthusiasm as Donaldina Cameron's own. Whenever Miss Cameron was interviewed about her own life, her invariable reply was, "No: but I will tell you stories about my girls." And so this book is full of dramatic chronicles of young girl-lives that began in terror and hopelessness, and grew into happy citizenship and service—of Suey Leen, the sweet singer; of Jade, the Stanford student, who is studying medicine now; of Ida Lee, right hand in the care of the babies at the Ming Quong orphanage in Oakland; of Tien Fuh Wu, who is Miss Cameron's assistant at "Nine-Twenty," the friend and partner and staff of her autumn years; of black-haired Mae who was the Christmas angel with star-tipped wand in the Bethlehem pageant at Christmastime. And there are stories of those who have helped and encouraged:—of William Greer Harrison, adviser of the early days; of Charlie Bailey, sheep-man and rancher; of Captain Dollar, who gave his time and wisdom, and the land for the orphanage at Ming Quong—the "Home of Light"; of Gertrude and Mary Tooker, who helped to build it; of Dr. Shepherd, who started the home for Chinese boys—the "step-sons"; of Miss Mills and Miss Higgins and Miss Banks and little Ann Wharton, and so many, many others who put a shoulder to the wheel! It is the story of a happy, fearless life that followed the slogan, "This one thing I do"—not spread thin over many lesser things. She who was "Fahn Quai"—the "White Devil"—to the law-breakers of Chinatown, has become "Lo Mo"—"Mother"—to many daughters.

In the foreword to the story, Mrs. Wilson says: "Chinatown seen through Donaldina Cameron's eyes is a new place. For a year of priceless searching I have followed the routes of her quests through its alleys and shops, rewarded in the end by new knowledge of the Oriental neighbors who give such charm to our city.

"If of necessity the tongs, the child slavery, and the highbinders have formed the sensational screen against which modern Chinatown shines in bold relief, the essence of this story is not display of these evils, but praise for the combined efforts of Chinese and Americans who have evolved law and order from the welter of outgrown pioneer conditions. The privilege of sharing the earnest desires of cultured leaders of the present Chinese community for the rehabilitation of the unfortunate among their countrymen in the New World has enabled me to see why this pioneer experiment in Pacific Relations has borne fruit. Therefore I would ask my readers to approach this tale as Donaldina Cameron has met her foster daughters—with a belief in the ultimate good of all, despite the handicap of difficult surroundings. My part has been to weave the strands that others have carded and spun. May they, as well as the readers of the book, find revealed the pattern I have visioned."

● The Great Physician: A Short Life of Sir William Osler; by Edith Gittings Reid; Oxford University Press, London, New York, Toronto.

Of another heroism, but not less, is the

tory of "the great physician," Sir William Osler. If Donaldina Cameron's slogan has been, "This one thing I do," Dr. Osler's may have been the old English motto, "Do ye nexte thyng."

Dr. Cushing's story of Dr. Osler, in two large volumes, recounted, year by year, all the events of that remarkable life. But Edith Gittings Reid, a close friend of the Oslers, in her shorter and more intimate story, has brought him within the reach of the average reader. The book is as entertaining as any novel could be, and more stimulating. As a gift it is to be recommended to any woman whose father or brother or husband has devoted his life to that stern taskmistress, Medicine—or to any girl whose boy-friend is a pre-medical student. He will be a better doctor and perhaps a better man for reading the life of this "the greatest physician of history."

"There are a few families that seem hand-made by the gods in the best of humors. From such Sir William sprang—an adventurous, religious race—the philosophy of their lives was service, kindness, faith and works—with initiative to undertake almost any work, and power to complete it once undertaken, and to drop it at a moment's notice if something more essential appeared. Masterly controllers of their own habits, the Oslers!"

William Osler was the youngest son and the eighth child of Canon Osler, who with his young wife had left Cornwall for "a charge where young men were wanted who were not afraid of the rigors of the frontier—West Gwillembury in Upper Canada, then sparsely settled on the edge of the wilderness. When we think of the father and mother, we can account for much that made him a telling power in his generation." Little Willie Osler was expelled from grammar school, where he "had led a group of boys into every conceivable prank." But his incomparable mother realized that he was "merely a fine young colt not yet fitted to harness." Again, when a practical joke landed him and nine classmates of his prep school in jail, she "sent him two dollars to pay the costs—and her love." "But it was not all mischief. He was easily the first boy in school, and notably proficient in the Bible, and so kind and friendly. He had already a genius for friendship."

In his last two years at Weston school, all this misapplied energy was guided into deepening channels by two men who profoundly influenced his whole life—Father Johnson, priest and naturalist, and Dr. Bovell, priest and naturalist. Of these two men and of their pupil, William Osler, might have been written these lines:

"Stand still, O man, and consider
The wonderful works of God!
We are the priests of the high mysteries."

From that time there was no more waste effort. In reading his life, the thing that impressed me most was his economy of effort, the utilizing of every power and opportunity, from his early collections of natural history specimens, through his years of medical study, his teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, his organizing and moulding of the young university of Johns Hopkins, and his last fruitful years at Oxford. Work seemed joy and play to him. He might have written:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere;
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest."

He did write: "In my school-days I was more bent upon mischief than upon books—I say it with regret now—but as soon as I got interested in medicine I had only a single idea, and I do believe that if I have had any measure of success at all, it has been solely because of doing the day's work that was before me just as faithfully and honestly and energetically as I could."

● The sociological textbooks which I have listed are small volumes very full of information—and not a little inspiration! I did not realize my own ignorance

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of our migrant workers, of our country dwellers and their problems, and of the very remarkable things that have been done since the beginning of this century by young graduates of our agricultural colleges for the peoples of the ends of the earth. I did not know of the practical demonstration schools in Africa, and Greece, and China, and India, where the size of the rice-grain and the wheat is doubled, as well as the yield per acre. It is a modern epic! These are practical, unsung heroes. But who knows? Some day, because of them, it may be that China and India will know famine no more.

● The Gingerbread Lady, by Mary Cole Bickel; San Mateo Times Printing Co.

"The Gingerbread Lady" is a gay little fairy-tale by one of our club members, Mary Cole Bickel. The gingerbread lady led old Jan out to fun and folly on the Spring Fete night, away from his old wife, Freda. But when Fete night was over, "all the gay bits of confetti seemed to wink at old Jan as they slipped into the drawer beside the other pieces of fun and folly. Jan smiled wisely. 'I will make no more gingerbread ladies. They only lead to mischief! To Spring intoxication and Fete-night madness!' Then, with a satisfied smile, Jan turned to good, old Freda."

● Matthias at the Door, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Matthias at the Door" is a new poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson. It is a psychological study of a man "so wrapped in rectitude that even his eyes were filmed with it, so that it took a crushing blow to break the rich web of his complacency." Garth, his friend, says to him:

"Your God, if you may still believe in Him,
Created you so wrapped in rectitude
That even your eyes are filmed a little with it.
Like a benignant sort of cataract,
It spares your vision many distances
That you have not explored."

Timberlake, faithful friend, "who had outlived surprise," warns him:

"You are like a book with pages in it
You have not read, and cannot read
in the dark."

Matthias was very sure of all things, of success, of his friends, of Natalie, his wife.

"He was apart,
Because, being who he was, and as he was,
His natural station would inevitably
Be somewhat on an eminence, like his house."

But down "in the wood-shadowed and forsaken gorge," where "a brook somewhere unseen made a cold song of an eternity that would be always cold, and always dark,"—there was a Door in the cliff. One by one they faced it. Garth, who was "alive more with indifference than with life," passed through because he was too futile to go on living. Timberlake says,

"Garth, I've a notion, tore a few farewell holes
In the rich web of his complacency,
Letting some truth come in."

Natalie went through the door, because she loved Timberlake; and Timberlake passed through because he loved Natalie, and owed a debt of gratitude to his friend, her husband. Natalie said to him,

"When you poor men look in from the outside
With your well-meaning and unmarried eyes,
And see so much, and tell us all about it,
What has a woman left to do but laugh—
Unless she cries?"

But when Matthias, too, would pass through the Door, the robe of his complacency torn from him by the loss of her love and all his illusions, Natalie's spirit warns him back, because he is unready.

"If you could know, Matthias, you would be free.
But you are far from knowing, and are not free;
You are not even free to open this door—
You will go back
To build another tower—a safer one
This time.—
There's a ship waiting for you; and when dawn
Begins to let you know, you will see then
That you are outward bound, with all your ruins
And all your old mistakes on board with you,
With you, and your regrets, and your possessions,
And with yourself, and all that makes a tower.
There may still be surprise."

And so the book ends, with Matthias outside the door.

"He must go back again; he must be born,
And then must live; and he who had been always
So promptly served, and was to be a servant,
Must be of some use in a new world.—
There were long hours to wait,
And dark hours; and he met their length and darkness
With a vast gratitude that humbled him
And warmed him while he waited for the dawn."

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November 24th
$1 Dinner and Lunch Served in the Cafeteria
THANKSGIVING DAY
$1.50 November 26th Music
Members and their families who are planning to have their dinner in the Club on Thanksgiving Day will be interested to know that where the dinner is served in a private dining room they may have the turkey brought to the table and do their own carving if they so desire. Dinner will be served from 12 noon to 8 o'clock.
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Continued from page 17

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Miss Edna Huber
Mrs. W. T. Kuser
Miss Erna Schoenfeld
Mrs. Selma Schoenfeld
Mrs. S. Silberfield

Kaffee Klatsch:
Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, *Chairman.*

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Mrs. S. M. Baldwin
Mrs. Charlotte Brown
Mrs. Ann Carter
Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson
Miss Elsa Garrett
Mrs. Edward Glaser
Mrs. L. Haber
Mrs. Frank Howlett
Mrs. Karl Krafft
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Mrs. D. Forbes McRae
Mrs. Phoebe Rockwell
Mrs. Henry K. Shaw
Mrs. E. Stauff
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Mrs. M. A. Arnold
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Mrs. Ralph Branham
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Mrs. W. R. Douglas
Miss Nellie Gillespie
Miss M. Haight
Mrs. Raymond Hall
Mrs. F. T. Harcourt
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Mrs. J. W. James
Mrs. Bertha Y. Kron
Miss J. La Rue
Mrs. J. G. Maltman
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Mrs. F. B. Scoones
Mrs. Lulu Spencer
Mrs. J. Watrous
Mrs. George Williams

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Mrs. Farnsworth Currier
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Mrs. Hiram Difendorf
Mrs. F. C. Ford
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Mrs. William G. Gilson
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Mrs. Amos Hicks
Mrs. Harry Hinmon
Mrs. D. Holman
Mrs. Hobart Mears
Mrs. George Mueller
Mrs. Clinton Stanley

Italian Foods:
Mrs. Douglas Cushman, *Chairman.*
Miss A. B. Bianchi
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Mrs. J. A. Brown
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Miss H. Carr
Mrs. S. Cummings
Mrs. E. C. Dixon
Mrs. James Doolittle
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Mrs. C. E. French
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Continued on page 29

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Third Floor

HALE BROS

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Thanksgiving Greetings!

Our national holiday will have a greater significance for most of us this year, for we truly have much to be grateful for—in our lovely temperate climate, which eliminates real suffering; our efficient methods of caring for the less fortunate, but best of all—the privilege of being a part of this organization which is dedicated to woman's service. For all of these we are indeed thankful that we can forget ourselves in bigger and better things.

Nearly two weeks have slipped by since we held our annual Talent Festival, but its memory lingers to warm our hearts and to stimulate us for next year. In our exhibit of hand-created articles, in the Loan and Gift sections we put a part of ourselves. It did more than provide an exchange of material subjects, for it brought us a wealth of new ideas and real appreciation of each other.

All the arts were represented: exquisite needlework; metal, jewelry; leather; beautiful oils, china, and similar types of brush creations far too numerous to mention vied for honors; while those whose talents were along culinary lines brought us delicious jams and jellies; cakes and cookies; salads and special dishes native to Italy and the Hawaiian Islands. Others served at the English Tea and koffee klatch or in the special waffle division; and a host of smiling, willing volunteers acted as saleswomen, cashiers, and assistants to those responsible for the various booths. Each one gave her very best and it was indeed a joyous occasion.

The small booklet of Members' Favorite Recipes compiled for the occasion contained directions for making some of the goodies sold, as the donors graciously shared their recipes with the membership. We hope that each of you will try the various dishes, as they will add variety to your regular menus and some are very choice, not appearing in the usual cook books, while others are quite original.

If you did not attend the Festival and secure your copy, there are a few left which may be had through the League Shop, and the price is fifty cents. They will make dandy Christmas gifts as they are in envelopes—ready for mailing. For real friends, they would be far more acceptable than a card, as they would be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness throughout the year. Some of the members bought as high as ten copies for this purpose—as they did the calendar last year. So you had better hurry if you want one!

Alas! we must settle down once more to routine affairs—and wait two months for Christmas and another round of happiness such as we had during the Festival. We have a holiday dinner to prepare. For some it will be an elaborate service; for them we will suggest full course dinners. Others who like just "Mr. Turkey and Trimmin's" will have only three or four courses, with perhaps an appetizer of soup, fish or fruit cocktail followed by the fowl, vegetables and gravy and perhaps a salad before the traditional dessert of pumpkin pie.

As many recipes as space permits to make the suggested dishes will be published following the menus. If you need others—there are delicious soups, a few appetizers, many vegetables and desserts in the recipe book. But if you are a busy homemaker, or one who is not successful in making pastries, it would be best to order a lovely big

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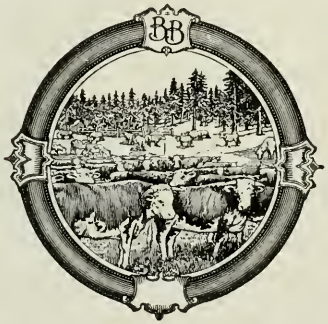

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ie from the club dining room. Then you ill be assured of a perfect dessert to complete your holiday repast.

With the present low prices many foods re no longer prohibitive. Canapes and ocktails could easily be added to your din-er at last year's cost without increasing our food budget. Any of these would lease the most particular:

Anchovy Canape
Celery Curls Jumbo Olives
Cream of Chestnut Soup
Cranberry Frappe
Roast Turkey Oyster Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Asparagus Tips
Endive Salad Roquefort Dressing
Pumpkin Pie Ice Cream
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

* * * * *

Oyster Cocktail
Celery Pimolas
Consomme Wafers
Roast Duck Stuffing
Candied Sweets String Beans
Tomato Ring
Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
Cheese
Nuts, Raisins and Fruit
Coffee

* * * * *

Caviar Canapes
Pimolas Celery
Bouillon Wafers
Sweetbreads in Ramekins
Roast Turkey Chestnut Dressing
Cranberry Frappe
Moulded Salad
Pumpkin Pie Plum Pudding
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

* * * * *

Shell Fish Cocktail
Ripe Olives Celery Curls
Cream of Tomato
Roast Chicken Bread Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Avocado Moulded Salad
Mince Pie Ice Cream
Nuts and Raisins
Coffee

* * * * *

Banana Balls
Ripe Olives Celery Hearts
Homemade Relish
Roast Turkey Sausage Dressing
Cranberry Jelly
Potatoes Artichokes—Butter Sauce
Pumpkin Pie Plum Pudding
Coffee

Anchovy Canape: Cut eight slices of bread in pieces four and a half inches long by two and three-fourths inches wide and saute in butter on one side; then spread the other side with anchovy paste. Next divide diagonally into three sections, having two ends half a square. Sprinkle the end sections with egg yolks and the center with egg whites, then divide sections with narrow strips of pimento. To prepare the eggs: put two eggs in upper part of double boiler with boiling water to cover and let water in lower half boil steadily but not hard, for one hour. Then chop the egg whites (with a silver knife to prevent discoloring) and rub the yolks through a coarse sieve.

Cranberry Jelly: Pick over and wash berries, put in a saucepan, and cover with boiling water, allowing one cup for each four cups of berries. Let boil for twenty minutes, then rub through a sieve, add two cups of sugar and cook until mixture will "sheet" from side of spoon, or about five minutes. This may be poured into sterilized glasses and sealed with paraffine — making enough for the winter at one time.

Cranberry Frappe: Cook one quart of washed and picked-over berries in two cups of water for eight minutes, then strain; then add two cups granulated sugar and bring to boiling point. Set aside to cool, then add the juice of two lemons and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and rock salt, or place in tray if using an electric refrigerator.

Plain Dressing: For each quart of dry bread crumbs, allow one small onion,

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chopped and fried to a golden brown in three tablespoons of butter; one cup of finely chopped celery, two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce; salt, pepper, and celery seed to suit taste.

Oyster Dressing: Soak one quart of bread broken into small pieces in water to which the oyster liquor has been added; then squeeze dry. Season to suit taste with salt, pepper, and celery salt, adding also one tablespoon of minced onion and two eggs. Lastly add one dozen oysters (large Eastern) cut coarsely—or if they are not available, use a large can of oysters, chopped.

Chestnut Dressing: First shake one quart of chestnuts (cut a slash in each) in a hot skillet in which you have heated one tablespoon of oil. Heat about five minutes, while constantly shaking, then place in the oven for another five minutes. This permits easy removal of shell and inner skin.

Cover the nut meats with boiling, salted water, cook until tender; then drain, mash, and pass through sieve. To the nut puree add one pint of softened bread crumbs, one-half teaspoon minced parsley, one-fourth cup melted butter, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon onion juice, pepper to suit taste, the turkey liver, finely chopped, and one slightly beaten egg. Mix well and stuff fowl.

To Roast Turkey: Clean, singe, and dry fowl. Stuff with any preferred dressing, sewing up both crop and lower opening. Tie or skewer wings and legs in position. Heat oven at searing—525. Pour boiling water over the entire fowl to come even with rack in bottom of pan. Then rub breast, body, and legs with butter, season with salt and pepper, and brown for about ten minutes. Watch carefully to prevent scorching. Put on lid, reduce heat to 475, and roast for two and one-quarter hours for a ten-pound turkey.

Do not over-cook. Test with fork in hip joint. If dry, it is done.

An Appreciation

● Words cannot express my deep appreciation to each member of the City Club staff, headed by Miss Osborn, and including Jann and his assistants, the elevator operators, the check girls—everyone—for unfailing courtesy and cheerfulness throughout the busy days preceding the Talent Festival. A smile, a helping hand, and assistance in minor details so necessary to the finished product—all these far in excess of their duties. Further proof of the splendid spirit that pervades our organization. Special thanks are due to Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Breck, Miss Ingrim and Mrs. Angus Allmond, a Volunteer, for assistance in compiling the recipe booklet.

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON,
Chairman, Recipe Booklet

Mrs. Hamilton Hostess for Returned Travelers

● Mrs. William B. Hamilton was hostess at a luncheon at the Women's City Club, Monday, October 12, in honor of Mrs. E. O. Bartlett (Norma Preston) and Mrs. George Cameron, who have recently returned from abroad.

Mrs. Hamilton's other guests were Mrs. Powers Symington, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mrs. C. W. Durbrow, Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mrs. John J. Deane, Miss O'Connor, and Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis.

Restaurant Department Makes Holiday Dessert Suggestions

● What are you planning to serve for your Thanksgiving dinner this year? A pie? Pumpkin or mince? Or a slice of luscious fruit cake with a steaming cup of coffee? They are the traditional toppings for the feast but entail so much effort on the part of the homemaker without a maid, that she frequently gives them up and makes a simple pudding or orders ice cream from the sweet shop.

Former Governor Entertained at Club

● Mrs. Joseph Furlong Gallagher entertained for Mrs. Nellie Taylor V. Ross, former governor of Wyoming, at dinner at the Women's City Club on Wednesday, September 30.

Other guests were Mrs. Charles Donohoe, of Oakland, Dr. Josephine Fernald, Miss Mary Fairbrother, Dr. Margaret Mahoney, Mme. Grosjean, and Mrs. John B. Casserly of Hillsborough.

English Speaking Union Holds Tea at Club

● Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron was chairman of the hostess committee for the English-Speaking Union tea Thursday, October 15, at the Women's City Club. Assisting her were Mrs. William McPherson Fitzhugh, Miss Floride Green, Mrs. E. N. Durant, Mrs. J. Otis Burrage, Mrs. H. G. Bristol, Mrs. Joseph Sheedy, Mrs. W. Sprott Boyd and Mrs. Charles P. Morse.

Professor E. T. Williams spoke on "The Confusion in China." Professor Walter Morris Hart presided.

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To shelter . . our homeless
To protect . our fatherless
To care for . . . . our sick
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OCT. 26 — NOV. 18

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Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Chicken and Rice

A Toronabi Luncheon in Kyoto
—CORA A. MAY

● We started out in a brisk shower for our first toronabi (chicken and rice) luncheon at the Kikusui Tea House in Kyoto, but we didn't mind the rain, for we were so snug in our rickshaws with the tops up and the front and side curtains securely buttoned. Indeed they were somewhat too securely buttoned for our comfort—we felt as if we were hermetically sealed in—and much to the boy's disapproval insisted upon having the two top buttons unbuttoned, which though it did leave the curtain flapping and let in some rain also gave us the fresh air which we wanted.

Peering through the little window as we went along to see what we could in this new and strange country, we caught sight of hundreds of strips of the pretty blue and white figured Japanese cotton crepe which had been dipped in the river—Kami gawa—to set its dye and laid on the banks to dry. Then it would be packed and shipped to the United States, to appear as curtains, tablecloths and napkins in innumerable bungalows on the Pacific Coast.

The Tea House was not far from our hotel and the boys turned abruptly, made a quick dash through a dark narrow passage and brought us into the Tea House compound and upon the sweetest little garden I had ever seen. Grassy slopes surrounded the little pond set about with miniature trees; large closely-clipped azalea mounds; crouching junipers and, under a bridge, frilly-tailed goldfish disported themselves. However gloomy the day outside everything seemed smiling in this "lovesome spot," where the room reserved for us opened on two sides to this "duck" of a garden.

We took off our shoes before we stepped on the snowy mats and placed them on the floor of the veranda which runs entirely around every Japanese house, only to have them snatched by the maids under cover the next minute when a rivulet from the roof threatened to swamp them.

We were each given three cushions by the smiling "neisan" who took charge of us and this brought us to a convenient height for the square teakwood table placed before us when the luncheon was to be served.

These chicken and rice luncheons, cooked in the presence of the guests and with the guest sometimes participating in the cooking, are a specialty at the Kyoto tea houses and are also popular at other cities in Japan.

Seated now, we looked about admiringly at the room with the immaculate straw mats, which are so delightfully springy under the feet; at the precious kakemono hanging on the wall of the alcoves or tokonomo in the wall and the low stand beneath bearing its bronze flower bowl with a charming arrangement of delicate blossoms. As we looked out on the garden there was borne to us on the breeze the sound of a samisen and the tremulous voice of a young girl in song. It floated over from the near-by Geisha School and filled us with delight; surely no one, not the most exacting, but would be satisfied with the "atmosphere" which this strange exotic sound supplied. We had it at intervals all the afternoon and as I think of this day the characteristic beauty of the samisen and the voice of the young girl singing is always dominant in my thought.

The neisan now brought us our tea—inevitable preliminary to every Japanese repast—in its tiny pot, and small cups without handles. While we were sipping it the utensils for the luncheon were brought in, that is to say, the first relay—the hibachi (brazier) which in this instance was a low round glazed earthenware affair, so attractive that it looked as if its mission in life should be that of a flower-bowl instead of a cookstove, which it really was. This was placed on the table before us and over the glowing charcoal was placed an odd frying pan with a depression on one side.

The smiling neisan now brought in a fetching portable cupboard, shaped like a cross section of a great bell, and made of lacquered wood. You would surely want one if I could make you see how very desirable such a thing would be in our houses. A "curate's assistant" would have to hide its head in the presence of a portable pantry like this. It stood about three feet high and when the front came off and was laid aside there was disclosed on its shelves an array of lovely porcelain dishes and appetizing viands, the like of which is not to be seen outside of Japan.

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Of course, we did not know by name half of the eatables, but the collection of bowls, pitchers, jugs and plates—their lovely colors and the novelty of their shapes and the neatness with which everything was disposed on its respective dish— made everything look delectable and predisposed us in their favor.

Now that the pan was sizzling hot the neisan took out a pair of chop-sticks, greased the pan with a bit nf chicken fat and laid in the pieces of chicken which had been freed from every bit of bone and skin, and cut—not in the "handsome portions" of the old cook-books—but in small flat pieces.

We watched, fascinated, the slender satiny hands, as they deftly arranged with the chop-sticks the fine stalks of celery; found places for the cabbage; disposed the squares of soy bean paste and the onions where they seemed to be needed; laid in the crevices the quaking curly thread-like macaroni, and saw to it that all the nameless ingredients had places. From time to time she added broth from one of the adorable pitchers and also from another a few drops of soy sauce in lieu of salt. Successive layers of everything were now added and more libations of broth and sauce until the pan was full. Each component had its own particular place in the pan and there remained until serving time came as there was no stirring of the mixture.

The glowing hibachi, the steaming toronabi, the aroma from the cooking food, the pretty neisan kneeling at her task, the sound of the samisen drifting in from the garden, all contributed to making this a scene of cheer on this rainy afternoon which I shall not easily forget.

Now that the toronabi had cooked enough the neisan fetched the lacquer box of rice. Taking just enough in her paddle to half fill our rice bowls, she added a morsel of each thing in the pan, poured over the whole some of the broth, and we were served.—*Courtesy "Japan", San Francisco Magazine.*

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Society Attends Talent Festival Dinner Given by City Club

● An oil painting of Mrs. D. Hanson Grubb (Ethel McAllister) painted by herself.

A book, "Chinatown Quest," just off the press, written by Mrs. George Osborn Wilson.

A stunning piece of sculpture by Elizabeth Norton of Palo Alto.

Poems, theses, charts of the stars. Captivating puppets by Lubov Bujanoff.

Marion Leale, the president, apparently on all four floors at once.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of hospitality, smiling, gracious, queenly.

Katherine Donohoe and Jean Boyd, seeing that the floral decorations were renewed as soon as a blossom began to droop.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, extravagantly pleased with the success of the two-day interval, but keeping a poker face.

Pervading the general aura a Spirit—initiate, emeritus—the thing which makes the City Club different from any other organization in the world—Volunteer Service, Flower of the War.

These were some of the impressions gleaned last night at the gala dinner with which the Women's City Club concluded its annual Talent Festival.

Rather a nice and comprehensive term—Talent Festival.

Talent, like Genius, is something that may not be weighed or measured like cranberries or ribbon. It is imponderable as the fragrance of an apple or the elixir of joy.

But the City Club believes that there is a way of ascertaining its general "displacement."

Hence the annual Talent Festival, where the member, each for the joy of working and each in her separate star, shall draw the thing as she sees it, for the God of things as they are.

The entire third floor of the building at 465 Post street was set with flower laden tables and there the members entertained their friends at dinner.

Miss Leale, the president, was hostess at a large table set in the Club's cafeteria, where her guests were Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Dr. and Mrs. John Loshe, Mr. and Mrs. Colbert Coldwell, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall, Mrs. E. V. Cowell, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, Miss Edith Leale, Mr. Benjamin S. Moore and Mr. Charles Whitney.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper was hostess to Mr. and Mrs. Matteo Sandona, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. White, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Black, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Sage, and Miss Ella Bailey.

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At Mrs. Marcus Koshland's table were Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Senor and Senora de Romero of the Spanish consulate, and several others.

[*San Francisco Call-Bulletin, October 23, 1931. Reprinted at request of Miss Leale.*]

Volunteers

Concluded from page 23

Mrs. H. R. Sperry
Mrs. Marguerite Welcome
Fortunes and Games:
Mrs. Spenser Brush, *Chairman.*
Mrs. Robert Coleman
Mrs. Mason Kline
Mrs. Frederick St. Goar
National League Cook Book:
Mrs. Randolph Madison, *Chairman.*
Mrs. A. B. Baldwin
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon
Miss Charlotte Sloane
Miss Helen Wells
Table Decorations:
Mrs. Emmet Brandon
Mrs. Milton Epstein
Mrs. L. F. Haber
Miss La Rue
Mrs. Robert Martin
Mrs. H. N. Van Pelt
Mrs. Paul Shattuck
Clerical Volunteer Service:
Post Street Secretarial School
Printing:
Margaret Mary Morgan
Design:
Miss Marion Hatwell
Cooking:
Miss Ida J. Lord
Miss Norah Box

PROGRAM
TALENT FESTIVAL

Mrs. John P. Coghlan, *Chairman.*
Mrs. W. W. Adams
Miss Margaret Heath
Miss Edith Leale
Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Jr., Accompanist
Miss Eleanor Speyer
Mrs. S. S. Seward
Mrs. Latham True
Japanese Dance
(Directed by Miss Mary Shafter)
Mrs. Charles A. Ingram, Accompanist.
Mrs. N. Cooke
Miss B. Funston
Miss F. Hall
Miss G. Hall
Miss Babette Jannapolis
Miss H. Parsons

PROGRAM

Laura Blickfeld, Pianist
Mrs. Arthur Castle, Contralto
Emma Jarvis, Dramatic Reader
Dinga Von Denberg, Dramatic Soprano
Francesca Ortega Brady, Spanish Folk Songs
Miss Dorothy Dunn, Harpist
Dorothea Johnston, Indian Songs
Patricia O'Connor Morbio, Diseuse
Mary Pasmore, Violinist

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Have You Books for the Library?

● Members have been kind about donating books to the Library and this generosity is deeply appreciated.

If anyone has extra copies of the following books to give, it would greatly help the demand at the Library desk.

"The Story of San Michele"; "Good Earth"; "Father"; "From Day to Day."

The Library has already purchased more than one copy of each of these books, but the demand is so great that more are needed.

* * * * *

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, California, October 1, 1931.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Managing Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

Business Manager, Marie Hicks Davidson, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: Women's City Club, which is a non-profit corporation. Address 465 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, San Francisco, California.

Secretary, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., San Mateo, California.

Treasurer, Miss Emma Noonan, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

Marie Hicks Davidson,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1931.

[SEAL] M. V. COLLINS,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires April 14, 1933.)

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Another Reciprocal Club

● Another European Club has been added to the long list of clubs having reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco. It is the American Woman's Club of Berlin, attractive photographs of which have just been received. The Lounge especially, is very beautiful.

Historical Numbers of Magazine

● City Club Magazines containing a complete history of the building of the Club and the story of its occupation are on sale in the League Shop or at the desk. Price, fifty cents. Suitable for Christmas gifts.

Dr. Lundy Leaves on Annual Tour

● Last week, Dr. J. W. Lundy left with a group for the Orient, en route to America, for a four-months tour.

This is just one of Dr. Lundy's annual jaunts to far parts of the world. In the late spring he will be starting for the Mediterranean for a special summer cruise, something novel in the way of travel, for summer cruises to the North African Coast, Greece, and Italy are not usual. This particular trip has been arranged to be notably comprehensive, wider in its routing, and less costly than any of the winter cruises to that area.

Before leaving for the Orient the Doctor had completed the itinerary for the European trips as well as the special Mediterranean routing for next summer.

Dr. Lundy has left his son in charge of the plans during his absence and this young man is prepared, through seasons of personally conducting trips abroad, to supply information and data pertinent to any contemplated trips.

Curtain Cleaning Problem at City Club is Solved

● One of the problems of housekeeping is curtain cleaning. The Women's City Club has had this work done for several years by the Superior Blanket and Curtain Cleaning Works, a local plant, which is well equipped to handle delicate curtains. The wear and tear on curtains in this day of oil-burning furnaces and steam heat is terrific, and it has been found that the cleaning of the curtains at stated intervals prolongs the life of the fabric.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

December, 1931 • Vol. V - No. 11
Price 15 cents a copy

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1, 1931

LECTURE—DR. H. H. POWELL will lecture every Monday at 11:00 A. M. in the Auditorium. Subject: "God in the Problems of Life."

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, *Instructor.*

Conversational Classes every Friday . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A. M.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:15 NOON
(Every Wednesday Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at French Conversational table)

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card and Board Rooms* 2:00 AND 7:00 P. M.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.
(Members may bring families and men and women guests)

December 1—Monthly Luncheon and Lecture by Professor Melvin M. Knight . . . . . *National Defenders Room* 12:30 P. M.
Subject: "French Colonial Troubles'
(Professor Knight has just returned from a trip through the French Colonial Possessions)

2—Current Events—Mrs. Parker S. Maddux's Section . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A. M.
Leader: Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

2—Appreciation of Art . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON
Leader: Mrs. Charles Curry

3—Tea in honor of Miss Christabel Pankhurst—35 cents . . . *Auditorium* 3:00 P. M.

3—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders Room* 6:00 P. M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Waves" by Virginia Woolf

3—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P. M.
Speaker: Mr. William Schwyter
Subject: Switzerland, Its History and Political Development

10—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P. M.
Musical Program arranged by Mrs. Horatio Stoll

22—Christmas Luncheon . . . . . *Cafeteria* 11:30 TO 1:30 P. M.

Christmas Dinner . . . . . *Cafeteria* 5:30 TO 7:00 P. M.

23—Children's Christmas Party . . . . . *Auditorium* 2:30 P. M.
Mrs. Carlo S. Morbio, Chairman of Arrangements.

25—Special Christmas Dinner. $1.50 . . . . . *Main Dining Room* 12:00 TO 8:00 P. M.

29—Children's Swimming Party . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 10:30 A. M.

Luncheon . . . . . 12:00 NOON

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB SWIMMING POOL

Learn to Swim Week

Monday and Wednesday January 25th and 27th	11 to 11:30 Elementary 11:30 to 12 Intermediate
Tuesday and Thursday January 26th and 28th	5:30 to 6 Elementary 6 to 6:30 Intermediate

for members only

CHILDREN'S SWIMMING PARTY

Tuesday, December 29th at 10:30

Children are requested to register at the Swimming Pool Office in advance.

ADMISSION FEES

Single admissions — members and children of members	$ .35
Single admissions—guests (adults)	.50
Single admissions — guests (children under 12)	.35
Ticket for ten admissions—members	3.00
Ticket for ten admissions—children of members	2.50

LESSONS—(Admission Fee Extra)

Private (single lessons)	
Members and children of members	$1.00
Guests (adults or children)	1.25
Private (course of six lessons)	
Members and children of members	4.50
Guests (adults or children)	6.00
Class (six lessons in course)	
Members and children of members	3.00
Guests (adults or children)	3.75

(Classes composed of five or more persons)
All tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser

Guest Night

Members may bring their families and men and women guests
Every Friday night from 5:30 to 9 o'clock

Members	$ .35
Sons under 8 and daughters under 18	.35
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Guests must be personally accompanied by a member

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A children's hour has been arranged at 4 o'clock on Tuesdays. Games, coaching, and competitive swimming. Bring the children and leave them while you shop.

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY
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As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, and for those interested, military and business training, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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DR. ADELAIDE BROWN — MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD

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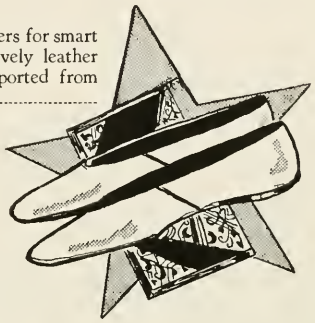

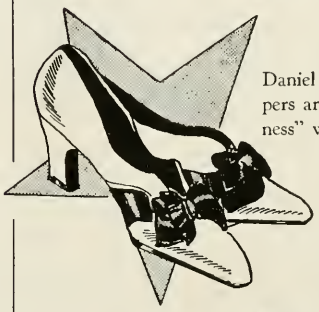

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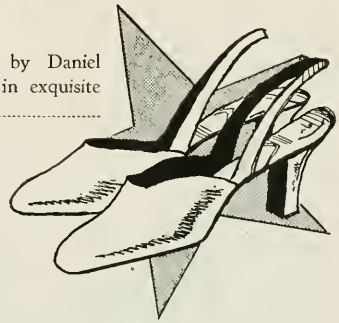

SECOND FLOOR

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STOCKTON AT O'FARRELL — SUtter 1800

Sir Francis Drake Enters San Francisco Bay

●

Christmas on the Golden Hind

And so they anchored in a little bay, and the dusty savages stole out of the woods at night to stare across the water at the ship's lanthorn, and to hear those strange voices of gods lifted in song and chorus as they kept their first Christmas Eve at sea, on the way to the New World.

First Voyage of Sir Francis Drake
(1579)

Courtesy Hotel Sir Francis Drake.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

THE TALENT FESTIVAL of 1931 is now history, but in this, the last chapter, let us thank the anonymous givers whose names could not be found in the files because they did not disclose their identity. They have missed a personal word, but we take this way of expressing our appreciation for their cooperation. The few pieces of fine art still available for Christmas gifts (some paintings, a textile or two, and a beautifully designed ring) are all that is left for those who NOW come to buy because they could not be with us personally on the two happy days of the Festival.

* * *

The year has passed so quickly that it seems but a minute since we last elected members to our Board of Directors and yet the Nominating Committee to bring to you a ticket for 1932 has now been elected. The question has been asked, "Why the absurdity of calling it an election when there is only one ticket to be voted upon and we, as members, have no choice?" The answer is, "Now is your chance. An immediate letter to the Nominating Committee will bring your candidate's name to this Committee which has all the facts at hand and is your representative duly appointed by the Board of Directors you have chosen." The Committee has not the autocratic position some imagine, for in order to keep the National League for Woman's Service non-sectarian, non-political and representative of all groups of women, the Board must as far as possible embrace every sect, every county, business women, non-business women; and so it has been found that alternates disturb this balance of power and throw it into one group or another. In these early days of our existence while we know comparatively few of our 8,500 members, it is wisest therefore to trust a Committee who works conscientiously for the best good of the organization. A careful analysis is the work of this Committee rather than a choice of popular candidates. Election to the Board, while an honor, is the placing of responsibility upon the shoulders of a fellow member. Members now have their opportunity to offer names for consideration by the Committee, which will in turn bring the ticket to you for your vote next month.

* * *

"The holidays"—what associations the words bring —childhood with its earnest faith in a Santa Claus, a generous saint, rewarding good little girls and boys; youth, with its joys of human companionship and with its love of life; middle age with its conscious graps of realities; old age with its peace wrapped in hallowed memories and with its watchful waiting. And so we come to another milestone, the holidays of 1931, and to each of us their meaning is unique. To each of us, the Christmas Spirit has its own special significance, but to all of us this year it brings a special message. Our fellow men are burdened beneath a yoke of economic pressure such as the world has never seen. We speak of peace on earth and yet there is war on its surface. We preach religion and yet there is atheism abroad. Never was service more needed. Happiness and peace is ours in the National League. The strength and the will to do. Let us remember others less fortunate. We shall gather in our warm beautiful clubhouse. We shall eat our California fruits. We shall be among friends whom through a common service we have learned to know and understand. Let us meet with thankful hearts as we smile at each other thru the tears of a stern existence and say "Merry Christmas!"

Gifts

—MAY F. RILEY

● This is December.

The month of radiant greetings, carols, and gifts. What gifts would we ask this year?

The present world condition may be said to have these aspects: political, economic, intellectual and ethical. National forces have had the task of adjustments along economic and political lines and the past few months especially have developed many constructive evaluations of past accomplishments and of future trends. Another significant development is that the individual has become more articulate. It would seem to me that today we are analyzing our difficulties more in terms of the personal factor. Instead of speaking as a group influenced by mass psychology, we are now thinking as individuals.

When this transition era will have passed, we shall undoubtedly find that the balance was restored, to a great extent, by individual thought and action as directly related to that individual; that it was by adjustment of personal viewpoint that the present fixation of ideas was destroyed.

This involves a new survey of living habits; it means stabilization of emotions. Doing away with the complications we bring into an already compex life. We may have to go towards the beginning; rediscover our own values; become introspective and vitalize those talents we already possess.

William Henry Channing phrases the worth-while life beautifully when he says, "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open hearts; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common.

". . . do all bravely."

That is what we need today, more than anything else. Brave men and brave women. Men and women not afraid to reason forward and to go forward. Not afraid of self-denial, that they may share with others; men and women brave enough to subscribe to the doctrine of the simple life, and fortified with pioneer courage and firmness of purpose.

Let us, this year, then, ask for the gift of bravery.

That we may live our lives finely, and with a gallant attitude towards others. Christmas carols are joyous melodies, but the most precious Christmas Song of all is the unsung carol intoned in our hearts, of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Christabel Pankhurst to Be Guest of City Club

● Miss Christabel Pankhurst, LL.B., daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, militant suffragist of Great Britain, will be guest of honor at the City Club at a tea to be given Thursday afternoon, December 3, in the Club Auditorium at three o'clock.

Members and their guests are invited to meet Miss Pankhurst and hear her talk.

David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., said of Miss Pankhurst last July in introducing her:

"It is a delight to me to appear on a platform with Miss Pankhurst. It recalls to me the time when she and her mother—that distinguished woman who, in her lifetime did a great work for the cause of women and for her country—assisted the resources of the nation at a critical moment.

"I don't know what I should have done without their help. They put at my disposal all their gifts of organization and inspiring leadership, and so rendered incalculable service in organizing the nation for the Great War. I am proud of the fact that I was then Prime Minister, and that the Government of which I was the head piloted through the House the first great measure of votes for women. The women's vote has greatly altered the character of legislation, and the effect will be greater as the years go on. I don't think there are any opponents to it know.

"Miss Pankhurst has addressed a very serious appeal to us on very grave matters—matters of grave moment to us all. I endorse everything she has said. No one contemplating the position of the world at the present moment can be free from misgiving as to what may be in store for us in the future. With great eloquence and force, and great foundation of truth she has probed the subject. She called attention to the fact that we are moving on rapidly towards the next war. Armaments are more powerful than ever, more men are trained in arms, and the machinery of war is far more destructive than we should have thought possible in the early days of war. Year by year we were devising more machinery till, at the end of the war, the machinery for human slaughter and destruction was infinitely more

Continued on page 30

Christmas Customs and Superstitions in Many Lands

—ADELAIDE B. FRENCH (MRS. CHARLES E. FRENCH)

Christmas, one of the most beautiful festivals we observe, is essentially a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, and although we celebrate it as a Christian festival it is the anniversary of the most solemn event in history, the meeting of heaven and earth in the birth of a God-man, and is a part of the universal history of the race. Even before the time of Christianity, in pagan Rome, in Greece, in the days of the Teutonic Barbarians, and in the most remote times of the ancient Egyptian civilization, the period of the winter solstice, the end of the shortest day of the year and the beginning of the period when the days become longer, was ever a time for rejoicing and festivity.

Before the fifth century there was no general consensus of opinion as to when Christmas should come on the calendar, whether on the sixth of January, the twenty-fifth of December or March twenty-fifth. The first mention of December twenty-fifth as the birthday of the Christ was in the period between the years 171 and 183 A. D. The next mention was in Hippolytus, but nothing was written about a feast or celebration. Again we find it mentioned in 354 A. D., but still no feast day is spoken of. For years there was great argument about the day and finally in the middle of the 4th century, Pope Julius established a great festival in Rome on December 25th. Before the end of that century all Christian nations had accepted that date.

In Great Britain December 25th was a festival long before their conversion to Christianity — they called it "Modra Niht," or "mothers' night." It was in England too, that the Christmas carol originated; carol in Middle English meaning song; the same air was used for a hymn and a happy carol. The Prioress of St. Albans, in the middle of the 14th century, wrote the first carol, and the angels' song on the morning of the Nativity was the first Christmas carol ever sung. The custom of singing carols is still in vogue in parts of England—especially in the East End of London, where small groups of men and boys sing carols in front of the homes of the prominent parishioners. After the song is finished, they are invited in for coffee or tea and hot toast. The Yule Log, which plays a prominent part in the English Christmas celebration, is an ancient custom descending from the Scandinavian ceremony, when at the feast of Jul (the festival of the Winter Solstice) they burned a huge bonfire in honor of their God Thor. The Boar's Head also comes from ancient times, the Druids being the first to use it at the Winter Solstice ceremony. Their Goddess always rode a wild boar and so at the feast in her honor they served a boar's head with a lemon in its mouth: the lemon denoting plenty; in modern times, however, the lemon is substituted by an orange or an apple. Another Pagan custom, which we carry along, is the use of Christmas berries and mistletoe, also coming from Druidical worship, and the idea of a Christmas banquet is reminiscent of the feasts given in honor of the ancient Gods and Goddesses.

There are also many superstitions which find their birth in the Christmas idea. For instance, if the cock crows in November or December, he is crowing for Christmas,—the bees sing in honor of the Christ child,—cattle kneel in honor of the child in the manger,—and sheep go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angel to the shepherds. In the German Alps, cattle are believed to have the gift of language on Christmas eve, but if any one spies on them or listens, the penalty is death. In Suabia, maidens pull sticks from a bunch of twigs, trying to discover if they will have a short or a tall husband according to the length of the stick and similarly they pour melted lead into a cup of cold water and devine from the various figures formed what the trade of the future husband will be. Young women in Pfulligen, wishing to know who of a group will be the first to marry, form a large circle, in the center of which they place a blindfolded goose, and the one to whom the goose turns first will be the first to marry. Not a great compliment, I should say, to be chosen by a blindfolded goose. Tyrolese peasants have what they call a knocking night. A maiden sits before the great oven and knocks: if she hears music it foretells a wedding, but if she hears bells instead, she will die. In Poland, they tell a legend that on Christmas night the heavens open and the scene of Jacob's Ladder is reenacted, but this is seen only by saints. Throughout northern Germany tables are spread with tempting food, and lights are left burning brightly so that the Virgin and the Angel who pass when all are asleep may find something to eat when tired from their journey. And in certain parts of Austria candles are placed in the window that the Christ child may not stumble in passing through the village. In Scandinavia, candles are left burning in the window to light the path of Kristine, who brings the gifts. Until the custom was introduced into other countries, the Christmas present was unknown outside the Teuton countries, and in many places today Christmas is not celebrated as a festival of giving. In France, for instance, January first is the great gift day, and in Holland December 6th is celebrated by the exchange of gifts, the children at that time hanging up their stockings. In Russia January 6th is the day for the exchange of gifts. December 6th is the feastday of St. Nicholas who was an early Bishop of Myra in Lycia. He is a popular saint in the Roman and Greek Church being the Patron of sailors, travelers, merchants, parish clerks, virgins and children. The origin of

our Santa Claus comes from Holland where St. Nicholas is called San Nicolas which soon became Santa Claus and the custom of giving gifts has been transfered to Christmas Eve with Santa Claus. His feast day was at one time elaborately celebrated in England but died out after the Protestant Reformation. There was in England during the 17th century a strong feeling against the celebration of Christmas by the Puritans and in 1644 they forbade either merriment or a religious service of any kind on the grounds that December 25th was a heathen festival and they ordered it to be kept as a fast. Charles the Second revived the feast, but the Scots adhered to the fast. Puritans brought the anti-Christmas idea to America and in 1621 Governor Bradford of Massachusetts rebuked men for celebrating that day, issuing a general order to that effect and in 1659 a fine of five shillings was imposed by the General Court of Massachusetts on anyone observing that day.

England was the soil in which the Christmas festival idea took its firmest root, and they usually celebrated from December 16th to January 6th. It was a most democratic festival and all classes mixed in the merry making. In the 15th and the 16th centuries a country gentleman held open house, and at daybreak on Christmas morning tenants and neighbors came in, the keg of ale was tapped, Blackjacks and Cheshire cheese with toast and sugar and nutmeg went around and the Hackin or great sausage was boiled at daybreak. If the cook failed to awaken on time to boil the sausage two young men took her by the arm and ran her around and around the market place until she was sorry she had so delayed the feast. Women had great privileges on that day; in Oxfordshire, for instance, it was the right of the maid servant to ask the man for ivy to decorate the house; if he refused or by chance forgot, she stole a pair of his breeches and nailed them to the gate in the yard or on the highway. In other places a refusal to comply with the demand debarred the man from the privileges of the mistletoe.

There are many different legends about the Christmas tree; in Scandinavia they speak of a "Service Tree" which is supposed to have sprung from blood drenched soil where lovers were killed, and at certain nights during the Christmas season lights flamed from its branches that no wind could extinguish. An interesting French legend tells us that a hero found a gigantic tree whose branches were covered with burning candles, some stood erect but others were upside-down. On the top stood a vision of a child with a halo about its curly head. The Knight being awed asked the Pope the significance of it all, and the answer was that the tree represented mankind, the child, the Savior, and the candles, good and bad human beings. Two charming German legends give different versions of the origin of the Christmas tree in Germany. One tells the story of Martin Luther, who late one evening was wending his way home through the forest. The ground was covered with snow and a million stars twinkled in the sky. He was greatly impressed by the still beauty of the starlit sky, and on arriving home tried to convey to his wife some idea of the beauty of it all, but words failed him. Suddenly he had an idea: he went out into the garden and cut down a small fir tree. He then dragged it into the house to the nursery and covering it with candles which he lighted, gave her his impression of the star covered sky.

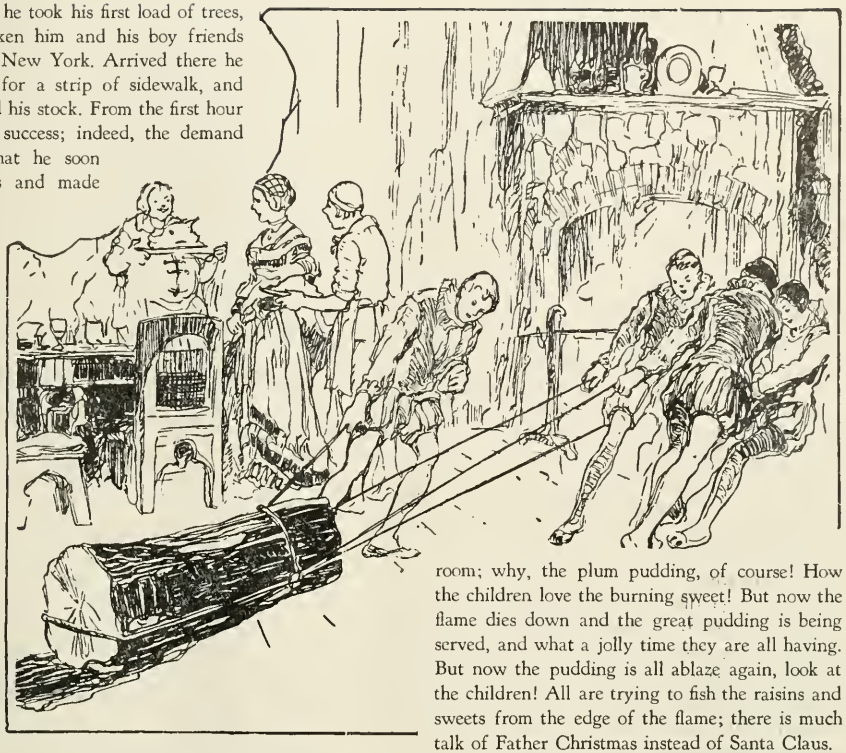
An older German myth makes St. Winifred the inventor of the legend. In the middle of a crowd of converts he was hewing down a huge oak tree which had been the object of Druid worship. Then a wonder came to pass, as he raised his axe and the flakes flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind blew over the forest, gripped the oak, and over it crashed and split asunder into four pieces. Just behind the giant oak stood a young fir tree pointing a green spire towards the stars: seeing this he dropped his axe and spoke to the amazed group of people. "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is a tree of peace, for your homes are built of fir, and it is a sign of endless life as its leaves are evergreen. See how it points upwards to the heavens! Let this tree be called the tree of the Christ child, gather about it, not here in the wild woods, but in your homes: there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but gifts and deeds of kindness!"

In England, where they so generally use Christmas trees today, it is interesting to know that they did not use a tree at the Christmas festivity until the little Princess Victoria was a child of five, and her German father, Albert, the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, ordered one for his small daughter. In 1830, not so long ago, the Christmas tree was introduced into Munich by Queen Caroline, and from there through Bohemia into Hungary where it soon became popular with the Magyar aristocracy. In 1840 Duchess Helen of Orleans brought the Christmas tree to the Tuilleries, the Empress Eugenia patronized it, but the middle class French people refused to accept it as they considered it of Alsatian origin. As late as 1860 German residents of Paris had great difficulty in obtaining a tree but only nine years later, Christmas trees were sold everywhere. It was the Germans immigrating to America who brought the Christmas tree to us, and the Dutch who gave us Santa Claus.

And speaking of Christmas trees, perhaps you would be interested in knowing how they happened to be sold on the streets all over our United States. In the early part of the 19th century a tiny baby was born in the foothills of the Catskills. He was named Mark Carr. Christmas to little Mark brought no tree, laden with gifts and candles, but by the time he had grown to manhood he had read or heard of the beautiful Christmas trees which were so popular in New York City. One day it occured to him that he might make such use of the young firs which grew in such abundance around his home, so he decided that if he could go to New York with a number of trees, he might be able to sell them to the city folks. At any rate it would not cost him much money, and not more time than he could afford. So

n the year 1851 he took his first load of trees, which it had taken him and his boy friends weeks to cut, to New York. Arrived there he paid one dollar for a strip of sidewalk, and there he arranged his stock. From the first hour Mark met with success; indeed, the demand was so great that he soon raised his prices and made more money than had seemed possible.

The next year Mark returned to the same corner and soon sold every tree he had, and from that time to this the business of selling Christmas trees has grown in New York and spread to all the cities and towns in the country. How much the Christmas tree adds to the festival only those who have them know! Glistening with garlands of tinsel and shining ornaments, gleaming with light from many candles and laden with gifts, these children of the forests are a bright and beautiful part of the children's day of days, the twenty-fifth of December.



And now would you like to go on a trip to various countries? A trip personally conducted by the Christmas Fairy; if so, join hands and hop on the magic carpet as time is pressing and we have much to see. Is everybody ready? Don't you feel yourself gently rising? Up, up, and now faster and faster, through mist and clouds, rain and sun, over the great ocean; guided always by the Star, the Star of Bethlehem, which is the heart of the Spirit of Giving. Gently we descend, lower, lower, and lo! We are in a garden, yew trees and hedges, sundials and rose gardens; it must be England. The great house is a blaze of light; quickly! we are just in time. The first thing we must do is put on our invisible capes so we will not be seen and then quietly we'll slip in. The family is at dinner, and the great side of beef is just being removed from the table: too bad we were too late for the lighting of the Yule Log, but the Christmas tree stands in the corner—a gorgeous affair hung with ornaments and ablaze with many lights. The hall is decorated with wreaths and there hangs the mistletoe. But what is this? A mass of flame being borne into the room; why, the plum pudding, of course! How the children love the burning sweet! But now the flame dies down and the great pudding is being served, and what a jolly time they are all having. But now the pudding is all ablaze again, look at the children! All are trying to fish the raisins and sweets from the edge of the flame; there is much talk of Father Christmas instead of Santa Claus.

But again we must be off! We have quite a trip before us, up, up, and over the North Sea, where we shall see a Scandinavian celebration. Oh! but it is cold, awfully cold! Why, there is snow everywhere. We are in it! Down, down, and we are on the frozen ground. How beautiful it all seems, the trees covered with white powder; white everywhere; we are in a land of glistening white! The houses are all bright with lights and there are candles in the windows. Quietly we pass into a fine large room, a great fire place, with the log burning, at one end of the room, and a tree dripping with beauty; but did you notice all the shoes as we entered? It is a custom to place in a row every pair of shoes in each household, typifying that during the year the family will live together in peace and harmony. In fact peace and good will is the order of the season, old quarrels are adjusted and feuds are forgotten. Such preparations for the holidays. Everyone is busy everywhere, cakes and cookies are baked, but especially the tiny mounds of bread, many different kinds of which are baked for weeks in advance of Christmas. And how they clean house! Everything must shine; even the animals are not forgotten and the stalls are cleaned and filled with fresh hay. On the roof a sheaf of wheat is hung that the birds too may have food. By the morning of the twenty-fourth every member of the

household has had a bath, and things are in readiness: the tree is decorated, the gifts are wrapped; a cake of meal has been placed in the snow as a Christmas offering and everyone is waiting for the frolic to begin. Such a supper as they have; much to eat and drink, and the festivity goes far into the night. Now things are quiet for a time. It is still very dark, but again everyone seems to be moving about, the horses are prancing in the courtyard, lights are burning everywhere, throwing their rays on the snow, carrying a message of good will to all men. The household is all dressed, even the children. They all wrap themselves up in furs, and away they go over the snow with their jingle bells singing a merry song, to the Christmas morning service. It is the one time in the year when the church is lighted only by candle light. Then home again to more feasting! On Christmas night the family are happy, sitting around the fire, when knock! knock! at the door—and four or five boys, dressed in white, enter. One carries a star-shaped lantern and another an ornamented glass box containing two dolls representing the virgin and child. After singing some carol they are invited to join the feast, and then they are on their way again over the snow. This merriment continues for a week, but we must leave or we'll surely miss something worth while.

So on we go, this time to Germany. There, too, great preparations have been made, cakes baked, great platters of food in readiness and the house is decorated. On the morning of the 24th the decoration of the tree begins, only the mother being allowed in the room where the tree and presents are arrayed; greens are hung from the windows and doors, and garlands on the walls. The supper is in readiness on the dining room table and at five o'clock the guests begin to arrive. There is great excitement and the eyes of the children are glued to the sliding doors which open into the room. At six a tiny bell rings, tingle-ling; 'tis Kris Kringle, I am sure. He is just leaving, and the doors slide slowly open, and there it stands, in all its glory! Was there ever anything so beautiful! THE CHRISTMAS TREE. The presents are distributed, every one kisses every one else and finally the supper is served. On Christmas day it is the custom to pay visits, a sort of "What did you get for Christmas" visit, and in the evening they have a dance; such a happy, happy holiday!

But now we must be on our way, this time to Paris, but I think you will be disappointed. Christmas eve in Paris is spent by a great majority of people in the cafes on the Boulevards. Here the Parisian consumes many oysters and crawfish, and the next day is rather gloomy. But we will leave Paris and go up to northern France and look in at a great family dinner. They are all so gay and dinner is about over, but what are they doing? The guests are not going into the Salon, but out to the kitchen: the servants are seated and surely there must be a mistake, but no, the guests are serving the servants—and after the meal is over they form a sort of "ring around a rosy" in the kitchen and first the cook is placed in the center, and round and round her they dance singing a funny little rhyme about "What a fine cook, what a very fine cook she is;" next comes the butler, and so on until each servant in the household has been sung to.

Now we are off for Italy. It is surprising how quiet everything seems, no particular jollification in the country at all, but let us look into a home and see what is happening. What, no Christmas tree! But we hear plans for the children to hang up their stockings by the fire place on January 6th, then they say a funny little rhyme about, "Befana, Befana, I have been a good boy, please fill my sock in the morning." Who is Befana? She is the "Spirit of Giving" in Italy. Portrayed as a large buxom peasant woman, she trudges along the road with her sack, and when the children are all asleep in their beds, she fills their stockings with nuts and raisins and other sweets, and sometimes she leaves gifts for them about their beds. Christmas is a day of peace in Italy: families are reunited, even enemies are invited to the feast and everyone, especially the sailors, try to make port, that they may be with the family on Christmas day. But now let us go to the city and peek in on their celebra-

Continued on page 22

Katherine Ball Writes to the Editor

The Editor Women's City Club Magazine:

● I am reading your July number while speeding by train from Surakarta to Djocjakarta, the two cities of Central Java of supreme interest to the student of Oriental art.

But the passing show of vast stretches of agricultural lands with fields of rice, tobacco, corn, and sugarcane, above which rise the shapely cones of a volcanic range with Merapi steaming forth a small white cloud; or the forests of intermingled banana, bamboo, palm, teakwood, sandalwood, and the air-rooted Warangin trees that shade thatched-roofed huts of small native settlements, have little attraction for me. I scarcely look up at the barefooted, picturesquely clad natives that crowd the stations as the train halts. For I am so absorbed actually "reading the book from kiver to kiver," not even overlooking the ads.

What an excellent number it is, so representative of the Club's activities and achievements. How profoundly I am impressed with its contents. In my enthusiasm I should like a hundred copies to distribute, not only to proclaim the ideals and spirit of our American womanhood, but to suggest methods of improving conditions in this tropical world.

How I revel in each contribution, reading and rereading it to appease my longing for the literary and social life the Club so generously offers to its members.

I read the President's Message and resolve to do my part on my return, for nowhere in my experience have I found another such an institution.

I am naturally drawn to the articles pertaining to my own special interests, such as "The Collector's Exhibition" and "The Talent Festival," and I promise myself a future participation in these worthy enterprises. But the one that both gladdens and saddens me is that on "Home Economics." Such wonderful recipes! How they recall the delicious dishes of the Club's cafeteria and the exceptional dinners in its cafe. No such cooking have I found since I left home.

Two and a half years in foreign lands—where daily in elaborate menus meat and potato in some form or other—generally tasteless—shamelessly repeat themselves with little thought of vegetables; where real salad is hopelessly unknown or the idea of a balanced diet is foreign to the soil—is apt to make one reflective when there is any reference to food. Then instantly visions of hearts of lettuce and sliced ripe tomatoes with mayonnaise or thousand island dressing, cottage cheese, pie—yes pie, lemon pie—and real coffee with cream parade before one's yes, making one quite sympathetic with Mark Twain's long list of dishes he planned to order as soon as he reached New York.

But, what do I hear? Oh, the dulcet strains of the *Gamelon* wafted by the winds from some passing village—possibly a wedding. I see nothing. I only hear melodies mystical, soul-stirring that bring forth from my mental gallery pictures recently seen of pageants moving leisurely with measured pace in harmony with the rhythm of these tuneful vibrations.

I recall the wonderful cremation procession at Bali, where bearers of offerings, women in batik and princesses in gold brocade riding on chairs elevated above the crowd, and highly decorated cremation towers and striking cow-caskets borne along by what seemed a multitude of men, together form a line many street blocks in length.

Then, in memory, I sit in the beautiful *pendopo,* "pavilion" of the *Kraton,* "palace" of the Sultan of Djocja, quite close to His Highness and his "Elder Brother," as His Excellency the Governor of Djocja is known, who review the native troops. It is the feast of Mohammed's birthday. About twenty-five companies, each in most interesting medieval uniforms, file by with the dignity and formality quite becoming the pomp of a great potentate.

Then I see the great picture in the Government House where, at the reception given to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of the Netherlands, the Sultan arrives in state, escorted by his gaily liveried bodyguard, bringing with him a company of *bedajas* who perform one of the native classical dances for the edification of Djocja society.

And, now, in a native residence, I watch the *wajang koelit,* "grotesque leather puppets," enact a shadow play, portraying scenes from the Ramayana.

Then I pass on to Surakarta and attend a series of functions given by Prince Mangkoenagoro in his palace, the Astana, commemorating, in a jubilee, his sixteenth year as the ruler of the Mangkoenagaram principality. Nothing that I have ever witnessed has equalled the grandeur and beauty of these entertainments.

In the first, given for the benefit of the Dutch elite and the native princes, I see a hundred dancers give a *wajang* dramatic play which lasts, without intermission, from 9:30 p. m. to 2 a. m. It is a performance wonderful in technique, gorgeous in costume, and resplendent in colorful illumination. Then comes the vision of the tea-dansant, quite European in most respects, with the *pendopo* again in a blaze of light and glory; and finally, that of the bridge party where the Sultan of Djocja and the Susuhunan of Surakarta with a number of proud princes of the realm, play the game, while many of the guests, myself included, find it more profitable to watch three exceptionally beautiful, native dances. And through it all, the air ever vibrates with the soft notes of the gamelon orchestra.

But suddenly I realize all is still. I am no longer under the spell. I look down on the printed page and my eyes light on the word "chicken." Instantly all thoughts of princes, palaces, and pageants, vanish. I can only think of fried chicken, Maryland style, and cream gravy, muffins, candied sweet potatoes, corn, ice cream . . .

I see I am nearing my destination. I have made a resolution. I shall take this magazine to the proprietor of my hotel with injunctions that he is to read the article on "Home Economics."

Djocjakarta, September 19, 1931.

KATHERINE M. BALL

(Member Women's City Club, who has been abroad two years.)

The Gracious Time

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No faiery talks, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

"Hamlet."

The German Crisis

—PROFESSOR ROBERT A. BRADY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The following is the gist of an address given by Professor Robert A. Brady, of the University of California Economics Department, at the City Club at a luncheon given November 3.

● America is interested in Germany's fate because of: (a) Germany's significance in our foreign trade; (b) American investments of one billion dollars in long-term and several hundred millions in short-term German loans; (c) Germany is the foundation-stone of the Inter-Allied debts—2/3 of Reparations payments go indirectly to the United States in Allied debt payments; (d) Germany is the key to the present European depression, which preceded the American by nearly a year. Revolution in Germany might sweep all away, and Revolution may be right around the corner.

The present situation is a matter of deeper significance than that of a passing financial crisis. Since the 1928 peak the wholesale price level has declined 20%; production 25%; imports 30%. Since January, 1930, coal and coke production has fallen off 30%; iron, raw steel, and rolled steel products 35%; automobiles 50%. Nearly 5,000,000 men unemployed in Germany; a similar number, the two making up about 2/5 of the total working population, are employed but part time. Employment in the building industry is 40% below the maximum.

The political situation is strained by budgetary difficulties. On the receipts side the tax burdens are almost unbearable; taxes have begun to bring in decreasing returns, and are a cause of grave, social unrest. On the disbursements side the principal strain is unemployment insurance. The consensus of opinion in Germany is that failure to pay might mean revolution. The insurance rates were cut on July 13th, increasing the burden being thrown on "Wohlfahrtsverpflegung" — organized (local) charity—which pays but a portion of the unemployment insurance rate. The strain is increased because of the slight decline in retail prices, and the political tenseness which occasioned the "Notverordnung"—emergency decree—establishing a temporary dictatorship. The potential power of the two extreme political wings (Communists — left wing — hold 76, Nationalist (Hugenberg group) 41, and the "Nazis" 107 seats out of 576 in the Reichstag) are enormously enhanced thereby.

The underlying difficulties may be summarized under three heads:

(a) *Psychological-Historical* — psychological "malaise" resulting from a rapid succession of national disasters, beginning with the loss of the war, and followed by the Treaty of Versailles, the crushing burden of Reparations, revolution (1918-20), inflation, French occupation, the disappointment with the League of Nations in the Polish Corridor, and the Upper Silesian plebiscite, the burdens and humiliations of the Dawes and Young Plans, the fate of the Tariff Union idea, and ending with the present acute business depression. Nearly a generation has been accustomed to an atmosphere charged with hostilities, bitterness, and disappointment. An attitude of "defeatism" tempered with contention and militancy prevails. There is a rising tide of disilluson literature, reaching its apogee in Spengler's "Decline of the West," Wasserman's "World's Illusion," "The Mazurius Case," Remarque, etc., reflected in novels, art, the drama. The general atmosphere is receptive to fadism of all sorts.

(b) *Socio-Political* — significant elements of stability are lacking. Internally the old middle-class was wiped out through inflation. Germany is the "key" to the central European future, made difficult by the reckless map-drawing of the "experts" of Versailles. From almost any point of view, ethnic, linguistic, religious, economic, the map of contemporary Europe is worse than before the war. Central Europe is, hence, an excellent breeding ground for extremist doctrines of all sorts. In Germany the right wing is "backward-looking" toward nineteenth century militant political nationalism; the Communists are "forward-looking" towards the "coming Revolution."

(c) *Economic* — the most important single factor is the loss of key resources, upsetting the industrial and economic balance of the most important industrial country in Europe. In the Treaty Germany lost 13% of her territory (European), 13% of her population, 14.3% of her arable land, etc. In terms of 1913 production, Germany surrendered 19% of her coke, 74.5% of her iron ore, 26.7% of her blast furnaces, 19.2% of her raw iron and steel, 15.8% of her rolling mills, 68.5% of her zinc foundries, 12% of her livestock, her entire ocean-going merchant marine, etc. More serious, the Treaty and subsequent adjudications split wide open the highly organized industrial areas of both Upper Silesia and the lower Rhine. The latter is the economic heart of Germany. The Treaty separated coal and coke from iron ore, blast furnaces from rolling mills, etc. To this has been coupled a general shortage of both long and short-term capital.

In face of these difficulties Germans attempted to "rationalize" their major industries. "Rationalization" is a catch-word to include scientific research, industrial standardization, scientific management, horizontal and vertical coordination and integration. Until the break of depression the economic recovery was brilliant. (Discussion of the basis of failure in the coal-coke-steel-gas-chemicals-power "combine," transportation and communication, textiles, and general distribution in terms of duplication of facilities, excess plant capacity, high operating costs, international complications — the general inability to work out the organizational implications of modern mass production and distribution systems.)

The view may be hazarded that the psychological, social, and political difficulties are bound up with this latter problem.

It is dangerous to talk in terms of "solutions." The view may be advanced that these, however, might be placed in two general categories: (a) lower level, or temporary measures, and (b) higher level, or more permanent measures. The first must be in terms of a scaling down of reparations payments, with the corollary of scaling down of inter-allied debts (moratorium as the first step); scaling down of tariff walls; long and short-term loans to meet the present crisis; political "guarantees" for Germany. The second must be in terms of complete elimination of reparations and inter-allied debts arising from war, with the corollary of abandonment of the "war-guilt myth"; return throughout Europe and America to tariff for revenue only; creation of a European customs union, with its historical implication—gradual abandonment of political and economic nationalism; the establishment of national, and eventually international planning commissions; disarmament to the point of military for police purposes only.

Failing the former, the question is: Can revolution during the coming winter be avoided? If so, how much longer can it be put off? And then, how long will the European (and our own) depression last?

Failing the latter the question arises: Can the capitalistic system, and with it "western civilization," survive the events that appear to be scheduled for the next decade? Will it be "communism as far as the Rhine?"

EDITORIAL

● Service.

What a beautiful word.

It seems to belong to the City Club.

And at the moment is especially appropriate to Christmas.

At a meeting of San Francisco's civic, sociological and educational leaders held recently at one of the leading churches a direct appeal was made to the City Club to take the initiative in a certain campaign.

To which Miss Leale gave the following exposition of the City Club tenets:

"When the National League for Woman's Service concluded its actual war work and the League turned its usefulness into another channel, that of providing clubrooms for women, we quite definitely stated our field of activity.

"The San Francisco Center had been functioning many years, since the granting of woman suffrage in California, in the field of political economy.

"The Association of University Women had long established its leadership in the field of education.

"Technically we were neither political nor educational leaders and we would not presume to intrude in those areas so ably occupied by other organizations.

"We would continue as we had begun, under the banner of 'Service.'

"And so we are here for that purpose and have pretty well adhered to that policy.

"We have heard the 'one clear call'."

And now we come to the time of year when Service connotes so infinitely much more than at any other time.

It's an extraordinary year, with unusual demands upon our largess. It's a time when good cheer is the soul's duty and Service is an expression of that consciousness.

Some time ago the board of directors of the City Club announced a program of Service outside the building. The Club placed its facilities at the disposal of organizations doing work along similar lines, and which, through co-operation, contribute to the common weal. The circle to which co-operation may extend is illimitable.

The imagination plays with the idea of the City Club taking over entire projects now handled by heterogeneous groups.

Meanwhile it fills its niche as its Founders dreamed. Sufficient to the era is the requirement thereof.

The National League for Woman's Service met its requirement and discharged its duty.

The City Club is doing no less.

The Future can expect no less.

And thus we come to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Joy in Service

—MRS. HOBART W. MEARS

● The mere fact that for one day in the week, for a few hours, we lay aside all the things we love best to do, play golf, bridge, go to parties, shopping, a thousand and one things that fill our lives to overflowing, and take our little green uniforms out of the locker and go into our Clubhouse and serve, proves our joy in Service.

What matters it whether we serve in one capacity or another?—We serve. You who sew; you who go into the office and manipulate the typewriter, or file the bills, or address envelopes, or help send out the magazine—we all serve, and that one word in our Club Life makes it what it is, the best and the finest Club in the city.

When I joined the City Club someone said to me, "Oh, why go into that Club — you'll have to work!" Surely I have to work — I love to work (at some things, and I admit that working in a Cafeteria was not one of my pet ideas of a job, either)—but, how glad I am that I did go into the Cafeteria; how happy I am when I look back and think over the years that I have filled soup bowls, passed out pies and cakes, filled the plates with hot meats and fish and vegetables. Why, it's FUN—more fun than you could ever realize unless you've done it yourself—and what do we get for that Service? Why, sometimes I am ashamed when I think of the return that has come to just one Club member for her few hours of Service each week. As I said before, friends, good times, happy acquaintances, pleasant hours in congenial company —oh, so many good things that one couldn't even begin to list them—all in return for a few hours out of a busy week, in service for someone else.

The Volunteer Service, the backbone of our Club, the thing which we have, and that no other Club in the city has—Service.

When you see our President, our Directors, our Committee Chairmen around the Clubhouse, day after day, directing, working, planning, do you ever stop to think of the time, the energy, the hard labor that those friends of ours put into our Club? When you step into the Clubhouse and see beautiful flowers everywhere, when you have the latest novel handed to you at the Library desk, when you realize the smoothness with which the wheels of the business of the Club are run, when you swim in that shining pool—in fact, when you enjoy your Club, do you ever stop to think of what is behind it all? Volunteer Service. I know I do, and I sometimes feel guilty when I realize how little time I actually do give, and wish that my life were so arranged that I might give days instead of hours, as so many of my fellow members do.

Why Modern Music?

—HENRY COWELL

● No form of contemporary art has had to fight quite so hard for general appreciation as music. The reason is clear. An appreciation of something new in art is born of familiarity. Familiarity may cause one to accept or reject; but it stimulates a decision. Modern books may be read, modern art may be seen in reproductions as well as exhibitions, as may pictures of architecture, etc. But the general public cannot perceive the innards of music by reading the notes; they must wait until it is performed. Modern music is too seldom performed; and when it is performed, perhaps many miss the performance. At the best, it is only one hearing, and many repeated hearings are essential to a real emotional enjoyment of music. If a new piece of music is emotionally apprehended the first time, it is an indication that the material in it is old, even if the title is new! Thus through utter unfamiliarity, modern music has lagged in public appreciation. The general serious music public appreciates best music of the middle nineteenth century—a hundred years back. There is no reason why this great music should be discarded, but also no reason why music expressing the life of today should not also be warmly welcomed, in its more serious aspects.

Although music appreciation has lagged, still the music public is beginning to be greatly interested in modern music, and finds itself enjoying it, without knowing why. One hears on all sides: "I didn't think I would like it, and I don't know why I like it, but it *does* appeal to me!"

As long as modern music was considered a passing fad, there was little general interest in trying to understand it, as it was considered there was nothing to understand. Now, when it is played by every leading orchestra and soloist, and is beginning to give pleasure to many, people are looking about for the reason for it all—and find very little satisfactory explanation. Many modern composers, even the best and the most important, are inarticulate in words, and their explanations are often far from convincing! There are, however, logical answers to the natural inquiries which beset the modernist from all sides. I will propound some of the questions I most frequently hear from interested but not entirely convinced music lovers, and try to answer them.

The first question is, why modern music in the first place? The old masters were content with certain types of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic material; why is it necessary to seek for something new? Why not be content with the same materials, which have proven their worth? The answer to this point of view is very simple. The old masters used their materials so well that it is utter folly for any composer today to try to emulate them in their own field—one cannot conceive of any present composer being better than Bach in his own field, or better than Beethoven in his type of symphonic form. A composer who uses the style or materials of these men today is either so egotistical as to think he may improve on such masters, or else he is content to remain a weak imitation of past glory.

Another question is, does the modern composer reject the classics, or has he still respect for them? The answer grows out of the answer to the last question. The modern composer, I have found by experience with many, usually has colossal admiration for the greatest of the old masters, so much so that he feels his only chance in writing music is to create a different style from theirs—to virtually create a new art, because they have said all the best that there is to say in the older forms. Not only that—the modernist believes in actually emulating the old masters—not by trying to imitate their style, as that is *not* emulating them, but to do as they did in creating a new style of their own. Practically every one of the very greatest of the old masters created a style so much his own that on hearing their music one can say, "That is in the style of Bach," or "This is in the style of Wagner."

These men did not imitate. They created their own style. They were considered radical and discordant in their own time. If a composer of today really admires them he will not imitate their style—they did not imitate men gone before. The admiring one will emulate them by at least attempting to create his own style. If he is enough talented, he will succeed in giving something of benefit to the world. If he is not, then it matters little whether he does one thing or the other! But it is certain that nothing of value is offered to the world by reiterating statements of the past. We wish to preserve the past in its lovely purity; not in garbled, rehashed form.

The next question is, why is modern music full of discords? Must this be? Here the answer must go into a definition. By a discord is meant a combination of sounds which sounds offensive, or meaningless. But there are no special sets of sounds which are always discordant. A new combination of sounds always sounds discordant at first, then gradually on further hearing, becomes understandable and concordant. This process has had to be gone through in musical history with every chord we have: yes, even the "common chord" of C-E-G! The chords of Palastrina, Monteverdi, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Debussy, and Stravinsky have all sounded to the public

first as discords, then on further hearing cleared up and were heard as concords. The modernist today is not using discords—he himself is familiar with them, and they sound as concords to him. The public will follow him, later, and will hear what it now hears as a discord, as a fine and lovely concord. This has already happened in the case of Debussy. The chords sounded terribly odd at first—now they sound well to the same people.

Another question often asked: Why is modern music lacking in melody? The answer to this must be a refutal. Modern music possesses just as much melody as the music of any other period. When a modern melody is first heard, its character is often not apprehended by the listener, who thinks it is chaotic. As in the case of appreciation of modern chords, further hearing serves to bring about an understanding of its beauty and true melodic quality. When Wagner's "Lohengrin" was first performed, it was said that it contained no melody whatsoever. Today this seems almost incomprehensible to us, because the melody in it is so apparent, so simple. But the music loving public had to become used to it first, before this was appreciated. It is the same now. All serious modern music, with the exception of a few individual passages where rhythm is stressed, contains melody; but sometimes it is necessary to hear it a number of times before the melodic line becomes clear to the listener.

I have been asked: "Are there any rules in modern music, or can a modern composer do anything he pleases; in other words, is it legitimate or anarchistical?" I would answer that it is bound, just as any other music, by great general principles, though not hampered by binding rules which have to be followed willy-nilly in each instance. Most modernists I know have developed for themselves a set of rules of procedure which they believe in, and which they follow conscientiously themselves, but would not try to impose on other composers, realizing that each one must in this respect work out his own problem. With the exception of two so-called moderns whom I consider more or less charlatans, no one I know believes in musical anarchy. There are rules, and most of them are based on old ones. The only difference is that they are applied to new materials.

A question which can only be answered according to one's own aesthetic idea is frequently asked: "What does modern music mean? What does it express?" The specific meaning of any music, new or old, is difficult if not impossible to put into words. If one could say exactly in words what music means, then there would be no reason for the music! I believe that the "meaning" of modern music is tied up in whether one reacts to it. The reason we wish to listen to music is because we gain from it some indescribably pleasurable reaction, calling up subtle and otherwise unexperienceable emotions. In this respect modern music is the same as any other. The newcomer to it does not understand its language, and consequently it seems meaningless to him at first. But modern music *has* something very definite to say, and when the listener is familiar with the language he thrills and understands. That which the composer said in musical terms becomes clear to him.

Modern music may, as classical music did, express almost any emotion. It is probable, though, that there is a present-day emotional attitude to be found in modern music. It expresses our life today. To go back to classical music represents an escape from the grim realities of this age, and places us back emotionally into a former page of history. But it is also very healthy to have a full emotional appreciation of the possibilities of beauty and the moving power and sweep of contemporary life. This is to be found in modern music alone.

Antigua

Adela Vallejo Gantner

Within the pattern of this heirloom lace,
Made lovelier by the dust of passing years—
Its creamy folds recall a dream-like face,
With laughing eyes, that knew not salt of tears.

Through the pleated gossamer of hours of toil,
Flowers bloomed to add their grace unto the night,
While fragile bits of mother-of-pearl
Held fast the carven cupids of delight.

What dreams were dreamed upon Alhambra's hill
Where soft fingers fashioned patiently this light talisman
And dreamers bound their haunting fancies for a day,
And laced the images upon a Spanish fan.

The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT (MRS. WILLIAM KENT, JR.)—*Drawing by Mrs. Bradley Wallace*

[Continued from November issue. Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Babette, youngest of three princesses, whose mother died at her christening because the Court Chamberlain, who stuttered, was understood to say "Babette" when he really meant something else, lived with her sisters in a Castle-by-the-Sea. A Prince comes a-wooing Babette, and her father, King of Cordain, commands her to wed him. Babette has run away. A poor boy, Tad, gives her a lift in his cart. She comes to Elvarnen Castle, where she asks them to permit her to remain as a page. They protest because she is a woman.]

"But, you see, I wouldn't *be* a woman. I'd be an Amazon. Oh, please, please let me—" Babette had stepped away from the supporting wall, and faced them with outstretched hands, an eager little gray-green figure with a torrent of black hair, and eyes flashing with excitement.

There was a pause, and then the tall blond man spoke: "Well, I suppose we can't turn her out into the night, at any rate."

"But, Cleon, we can't let this stranger girl break an agreement," protested another knight.

"Women never mean what they say," put in a dark, cross little man.

"If you would just try me!" cried Babette.

"Well, for one thing, you'd have to cut your hair," said the little man contemptuously.

"A good test, Hazaron, a good test!" laughed another.

Hesitating a moment, Babette stepped suddenly up to Hazaron, caught from his belt a shining dagger, raised it, and tore it fiercely through her curls. A gasp of amazement, tinged with awe, went around the room as Babette stood jagged-haired, dagger in hand, in the center of a pool of black hair.

"May I stay?" asked Babette breathlessly, and the knights, laughing suddenly and merrily, picked up their wine-glasses and drank to the new page of Elvarnen.

Chapter III

The Tournament at Ashby

For the space of a year and a day Babette lived at the Castle of Elvarnen, acting as page to the Twelve Knights. She was very happy there, for the knights, though they never regarded her as other than a little boy, treated her with a rough sort of kindness. Lamar, the smith, forged her a little sword, sharp and slender, but not too heavy, and Hazaron, the keenest swordsman at Elvarnen, taught her to fence. On the big black stallion that Cleon gave her, Babette soon learned to ride so well that she rode forth with the knights when they set out to right some wrong or attend some tournament. There was but one thing in which Babette failed to be a perfect page. Beside the Castle there was a beautiful garden in which the knights often strolled, and Keef, the youngest gardener, was proud of his flowers, and often called Babette to look at some new blossoms. Time after time Babette, forgetful of the scoldings of the knights, would fill her arms with roses, and running into the castle, would decorate the cold stone rooms, until Hazaron would stumble upon bowl after bowl of pink and white fragrance, and, cursing, would scatter the blossoms on the ground.

In the summertime came the great tournament at Ashby, and to this tournament rode the Twelve Knights and Babette. From all over the land people came to Ashby; peasant women lugging nodding babies, stealthy-faced gypsies who slipped here and there through the crowd, solemn-faced priests who hung lank legs over the sides of their mules, and gay ladies on palfreys.

Babette, perched high on her black stallion, rode smiling through the crowd, giving little cries of delight at some bright color, or listening to some wandering singer. A ragged fellow was singing to a group of townspeople, and his song attracted Babette's attention till she made Hazaron stop to listen.

1

"When Love sets forth to barter hearts,
And thinks well-mated deals to win,
He strayeth often from the path
And shakes his pack all up within;
And then he mixeth up the hearts
Which he had set so orderly,
And selleth all his wares awry,
For Love is blind and cannot see—
  Ah me!
  Ah me!
For Love is blind and cannot see.

2

"If thou shouldst hope to deal in hearts,
And think to pair them equally—
Match like to like, as birth to birth—
Then shalt thou labor uselessly.
If thou dost seek to measure love
By that which showeth outwardly,
To judge by words or ponderous sighs,
Then art thou blind; thou canst not see.
  Ah me!
  Ah me!
Then art thou blind; thou canst not see."

Babette would have liked to listen to another song, but Hazaron only muttered something, and she was forced to follow him to the tourney grounds. The tourney grounds were gay with color and the noise of excited voices. Crowding, elbowing, edging, the peasants strained against the ropes that marked off the green space for the encounter. The townspeople and rich merchant class sat on wooden benches, and higher up, amidst the silken cushions of a blue-and-gold pavilion, sat the nobility.

As the Knights of Elvarnen entered the gate, a richly dressed man rode up to meet them, and, after gazing at the boy-clad figure of Babette, said: "The lady will find a seat in the Pavilion it she will follow me." Hazaron stared, but Cleon, after thinking a moment, whispered, "He means Babette."

"Oh," said Hazaron, "Sir, we thank you for your courtesy, but Babette comes with us—our page," and so saying, he rode on.

Now, Babette had been looking at the beautiful blue-and-gold pavilion, and was thinking that it must be very nice to sit up there amidst the silk and perfumes; so she was a little angry with Hazaron for his abrupt way of settling the question. She was still rather cross when later she was running from one tent to another, fetching lances, buckling on armor, carrying shields, and fulfilling the commands of twelve excited knights. While she was putting on his spurs Cleon talked to another knight called Dane:

"I shall ask her for the pearls about her throat. She is so beautiful!" And Dane answered:

"There was a fop standing near her; did you see him? She laughed when he spoke. I'll murder him!"

"Her hair was like spun gold."—Cleon jerked his other foot out to Babette—"like sunlight on the blueness of her gown!"

Babette suddenly remembered a fair-haired lady swathed in pale blue and pearls, who had leaned out of the pavilion and smiled as they rode by. Dane was fixing the strap on his shield. "How long it was! I never saw such hair!" Babette looked up.

"My hair was longer than that before I cut it, and much thicker. Hers was braided with pearls to make it look heavy."

Dane laughed, but Cleon only said: "Run fetch my sword, Babette."

The anger smouldering in Babette grew stronger.

When all the knights were armored and mounted Babette ran out to them with a forgotten glove, and, seeing them there so strong and gallant, she forgot her anger for a moment and cried: "Oh, fight, fight for Elvarnen and a little for me! Fight for—" But the knights didn't wait to hear her;

with one accord they galloped off to where the fair-haired lady sat in the pavilion.

Hot and tired with her labors, Babette leaned against the side of the tent and watched the lady bend smiling from the pavilion and speak to each knight as he rode by. From the same spot Babette saw the Knights of Elvarnen ride to one end of the field, face twelve knights at the other end—the signal horn sounded, and the contest began. Cries of "Elvarnen! Elvarnen!" and the pounding of horses' hoofs, lances hurled, knights rushing together, turning, rushing again, sword clashes—"Elvarnen!" —stumbling, swaying, hacking with broken swords—stillness from all spectators, and then triumphant the cry of "Elvarnen!" The first part of the contest was over.

Weary as she was, Babette ran forward to meet the returning knights. "Oh, Hazaron!" she cried, "Oh——"

But Hazaron, mopping the blood from his cheek, interrupted her with: "Bandages, quick! Dane's ribs! Curse this blood!"

A few minutes later, out of a confusion of half-doffed armor and of bandages, swearing, and blood, a woman's voice in sweet accents came: "I wish to speak to the Knights of Elvarnen, to thank them—" and in the silence that followed Cleon whispered: "'Tis she! She's come herself!" Straightway the knights, casting on their long cloaks, hurried from their tents to meet a fair-haired lady in blue, standing between two pages. Forgetting all aches and bruises, they pressed about her with smiles and gentle phrases.

Babette stayed by Dane's couch, but on his command she went, dishevelled and blood spattered, out to the knights, and said to Hazaron, "Dane wants to see *her*."

Hazaron nodded, and, bowing to the lady, said: "Sweet lady, there is one of us wounded in your service who begs a sight of you. The place, I know, is unfit for such as you, but——"

The lady smiled, extended her hand to Hazeron, and walked through the scattered armor and trappings to Dane's couch. Faint through the loss of blood and racked with pain, Dane groped for her hand and kissed it. Whereupon the lady smiled again, and, bowing to the knights, departed with her two pages.

Cleon looked after her fondly. "She came—through blood and rags and confusion! *Her* garments touched this floor. How kind of her. How beautiful!" And all the knights echoed, "How beautiful of her!"

"This was no fit place to bring a woman, and yet *she* came," murmured Cleon.

"Yes," said Hazaron, "this mess is disgraceful. We must have it cleared. Babette, here's work for you!"

Hazaron hadn't spoken unkindly, but merely in a matter-of-fact tone; he didn't

"A rickety cart, dragged by a stumbling old white horse, and driven by a sleepily startled boy." (Drawing by Frances Revett Wallace.)

even wait for an answer, but the effect on Babette was strange. She watched the knights go to their tents, saw that Dane needed nothing, and then with head held high, and a tight look around her mouth, she marched out of the tent, mounted her black stallion, and rode at a trot out from the tourney grounds. Half an hour later saw her coming, with a bundle, out of a linen draper's shop, and galloping on her black stallion down the road that led to Elvarnen.

* * * * *

That night the Twelve Knights of Elvarnen returned from Ashby triumphant, but halted in amaze at the edge of their own green meadow. "The place is bewitched!" gasped Hazaron; for before their eyes their own castle, usually so sober, blazed with light from every window and loophole.

"Babette!" breathed Cleon intelligently.

"Yes," snapped Hazaron, "but *why?*"

Quickly the knights rode up to their home, rattled over the drawbridge, and rushed into the hall.

There was not a guard or servant in sight, but all around the walls of the hall in iron brackets tall torches flared, and in the windows and on the tables, bowl after bowl of summer flowers flaunted its color in the indignant faces of the knights.

"Keefl Jasonl Almar!" called Hazaron angrily to the servants, but there was no answer. The knights rushed into the next room and the next, always with the same results: not a sign of life, only flaring torches, and bowl after bowl of flowers. At length they came to the dining-hall, and there with one accord they halted thunderstruck on the threshold. All about the walls were torches, and the bowls of flowers were there too, but between the bowls of flowers on the table (which was covered, against all rules, by a cloth of beautiful linen), were platters heaped high with fruits and cakes; and behind the chairs the entire servant body of Elvarnen, immaculate and smiling, was ranged. But to the gaping knights on the threshold the sight at the head of the table was most overpowering. There, against a high carved black chair, stood Babette, no longer dusty and boyish, but shimmering in the golden ripples of a wonderful gown. Her short black curls were caught back into a golden corded net, and her little tanned hands played with the tassels of a golden cord.

"Babette!" cried the knights.

"How beautiful you are!" cried Cleon, but Hazaron cried:

"What does this mean?"

"I'm tired of being an Amazon," explained Babette, "so tonight I'm going to be a woman! Oh, yes, I know," she cried, putting out a hand to stop the protests of the knights—"I know it's breaking your law. I'll leave Elvarnen tomorrow at dawn and never come back, but tonight—well, I've served you for a year and a day, but tonight you shall serve me! Come, draw up your chairs and be merry!"

That is how it happened that early the next morning, so early that the dew was still heavy on the grass, and that wide feeling of dawn hadn't yet disappeared, Babette, mounted on her black stallion, rode out from the Castle of Elvarnen, and on past the green meadow. She was dressed in her gray-green boy's suit; her small sword hung from her side, and behind her on the saddle was tied a bundle. Without looking around she rode on steadily until

she heard behind her the sound of horses' hoofs, and, turning saw Keef, the youngest gardener, mounted on a big gray horse.

"Why, Keef," she cried, "why are you out so early?" Keef was a big young man with blond hair that stood up stiffly, and a solemn expression upon his face.

"I'm coming with you," he drawled, for he was slow of speech.

"But, Keef, I'm not coming back."

"I know it," answered Keef.

"But you can't leave the Knights. What will they do?"

"They'll have to get another gardener," said Keef simply.

"But, Keef," Babette was flattered, but worried, "I'm afraid you wouldn't gain much by coming with me. I—I couldn't pay you wages."

"I know it," said Keef.

"And I don't even know where I'm going."

"All the more reason for taking me."

"But why do you *want* to go?" curiously asked Babette.

"You're too little to go about alone," said Keef with an air of authority.

"Well—" said Babette doubtfully, and she put her horse into a walk.

Keef said nothing, but rode along beside her. So they set out early in the morning, leaving behind them the green meadows and stone towers of Elvarnen.

CHAPTER IV

Summertime

Jogging along the highway, Babette did a great deal of thinking. Being an Amazon was not, she reflected, all she had expected it to be, and having left Elvarnen behind her, she decided also to leave behind the role of Amazon. The question as to what she was going to be now bothered her somewhat, until she decided that the role of gypsy would be appropriate. Gypsies wandered about the country in search of adventure.

All day Babette and Keef rode leisurely on, stopping to toss a coin at cross-roads to decide upon their direction, or to gather some of the flowers that grew in dusty tangles along the highway. Babette was very fond of flowers, and Keef, being a gardener, could tell her all sorts of interesting things about them. It was getting dark when they finally rode into a tiny village and looked about for food and lodging. Although it was still early in the evening the streets were deserted except for a few timid-looking people who hurried along clinging close to the houses, and the houses themselves were dark. "What a strange place!" said Babette. "It looks as if everyone were hiding."

"The inn is dark, too," said Keef, pointing to a large building which, in spite of its signboard bearing the inscription "Ye Jolly Shepherds," presented a most inhospitable array of darkened windows and closed doors. Babette and Keef stopped their horses in front of the door.

"Halloo!" shouted Keef. They waited, but there was no answer.

"Halloo!"

This time the big door of the inn opened a crack and a hushed voice asked: "Did you want something?"

Babette said, "We want food and lodging for the night."

There was a gasp behind the door, "Lodging here?"

"Why, yes. This is an inn, isn't it?" Babette was getting impatient.

This caused a great amount of whispering in the house, but finally the door opened wide and revealed a thin woman holding to the arm of a man in an apron.

"You — you want lodging *HERE?*" asked the thin woman, hesitating.

"Yes, of course. What is the matter?"

The woman looked at the man, who rubbed his hands over his apron and cleared his throat. "You are a stranger?"

"Yes," Babette wonderingly answered.

"Then, you don't know about *IT*."

Babette jerked crossly in her saddle. "Know about what? Will you lodge us or must we ride on to the next village?"

The thin woman curtsied and said, "We will be glad to serve you, but you—you see, you were the first guests we have had in so long! Nobody comes here now—now that—" she looked behind her fearfully— "now that *IT* is here."

"*IT?*"

"Sh!" The man and woman drew nearer and whispered, "The GHOST! For over a month now it has been here in our inn."

"But there aren't any ghosts," said Babette in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh, hush! It will hear you. All our servants have left, and now no one dares to go upstairs, for it lives there and comes out at night. The whole village is afraid. Two children and three cows have died since it came, and Evan, the warden, was stricken with the palsy. It is an ill omen. Every night we hear it walking around with clanking chains and terrible groans. Oh, it's terrible!" And at the thought the woman began to tremble and catch hold of the man's arm.

"And every night," the man spoke now, "we say a prayer for it to go away, and we leave a food-offering at the head of the stairs, and every morning sees the food gone, but *it* is still there. Oh, it's terrible!' And like the woman he began to tremble.

Babette looked at Keef, who was staring agog at the host and hostess of the inn. "Where can we put our horses?"

"You will stay, knowing about *IT?*" gasped the woman and man together.

Babette nodded. "We're not afraid of ghosts—are we, Keef?"

"No-o-o-oo." Keef dubiously answered, and then, as if anxious to assure Babette of his loyalty, he added emphatically, "No, we're not."

Babette and Keef were very hungry, and ate heartily in spite of the hushed air about the kitchen and frightened, wondering glances cast upon them by their host and hostess. Babette asked a great many questions about the ghost, which the woman answered in a nervous whisper.

"And all your trade is lost and you are getting poorer and poorer because of *IT?* asked Babette.

"Oh, it's terrible!" moaned the woman.

Babette suddenly put down the piece of bread which she was eating and stared into the fire. Then she said, "I should like to see *IT.*"

The woman gasped. The man started a little, and Keef's knife clattered on the table, but Babette got up filled with her idea. "Isn't it time for the food-offering? I'll take it up and speak to it."

The man and the woman protested violently, and Keef exclaimed: "Oh, no, Babette, no, no!"

"But I don't believe in ghosts, and you said yourself, Keef, you weren't afraid of them," declared Babette, and, piling the remnants of the supper on a plate, she started for the front of the house.

"If you will go," the man said sadly, "this is its supper." He handed her a tray filled with sweetmeats and dainties.

"And here," whispered the woman, thrusting a bottle of wine under Babette's arm. "Oh, it's better not to anger it, and to leave the food on the stairs!"

Babette grasped the tray in one hand, pressed the wine bottle tightly to her side, and with a candle in the other hand she walked out of the kitchen and slowly mounted the stairs. They were very steep and creaky, and the tiny light from the candle cast queer shadows on the wall, and as Babette reached the top she could smell that musty shut-in odor that comes to unoccupied rooms.

Setting the tray, the bottle, and the candle on the ground, Babette sat down on the top step and waited. For a long time there was no sound anywhere, and then faintly from the other end of the long hallway came a low moan, then silence. Babette sat up alertly. A low moan—silence—another moan—silence—then the cold sound of rattling chains. Babette clasped her hands tightly and pressed hard against the wall. For the moan had increased to a groan and the rattling was coming nearer. Boards creaked in the hallway, the clanking grew louder, and, looking over her shoulder, Babette saw something tall and white coming down the hallway. *IT* came on. In spite of her disbelief in ghosts Babette was strongly tempted to descend the stairway in one wild leap, but she put her

Continued on page 26

Lyman Bryson Speaks

—ELIZABETH K. OWEN (MRS. HERMAN OWEN), *Professor of Economics, Mills College*

To many people the Bureau of Vocational Information continues the work of the National League for Women's Service of World War days.

The college graduate comes to the Director to get a glimpse of her new world and its opportunities—the business woman out of work, to learn of possible openings, or of new fields for her talents; while the middle aged home woman suddenly obliged to support herself turns here in her bewilderment for advice. From morning until night the executive is busy giving information and encouragement to that large group of self-respecting women asking only for an opportunity to work. Perhaps there is no greater service in these days of depression than that of vocational guidance.

This year the committee in charge of the work of the bureau sponsored a lecture by Lyman Bryson on the subject, "Encouraging Developments in a Slightly Chaotic World." All interested in vocational guidance today feel the need of a philosophy which will enable them to get a hilltop view of their work, something more constructive than that which comes from the counting of jobs and best ways of making contacts with people controlling them.

Where shall the young woman turn to find the greatest personal satisfaction and in turn an opportunity to give the noblest service when every avenue is open?

Mr. Bryson, who has traveled in Europe and Asia Minor as Associate Director of the American Junior Red Cross and later as Secretary of the Oriental Health Conference in Bankok, Siam, brought a world view-point. An abstract of such a subtle, thought-provoking lecture would be an injustice to Mr. Bryson. However, one who found suggestions for the work in hand would like to pass them on for what they are worth. It is only hoped that these ideas will not do an injustice to such an interesting, scholarly lecture.

Have we, twentieth century folk, really learned to use two of the scientific inventions of the day, the radio and the airplane? If our social and ethical ideas are lagging behind our scientific achievements, may not these instruments of material progress bring us problems which will drag our civilization toward the "chaos" of which H. G. Wells writes?

Is the twentieth century woman, in plucking hungrily the flowers of politics, and business, making a greater contribution to civilization than she would if she were to carry on in a larger way some of the traditional ideals? Would it not be a gain for woman to preserve the balance? Is not the new interest in women's colleges in a study of fine arts a twentieth century way of saying that woman finds the noblest field for her activity in the cultivation of the "good, the true and the beautiful"? If she neglects these opportunities may this not be a serious loss to our civilization?

The lecture was preceded by a dinner presided over by Mrs. Edward Rainey, Chairman of the Committee of the Vocational Information Bureau. In addition to the other members of the committee, there were representatives from the University of California, Stanford, Mills College, San Francisco Center, and the Y. W. C. A. Among the many distinguished people at dinner or at the lecture were Judge and Mrs. Alden Ames, Judge and Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mr. Edward Rainey, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cane, Mrs. Edward B. Stanwood, Mr. and Mrs. Coxon, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. W. J. French, Mrs. E. Sutton, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Deems, Mrs. W. P. Lucas, and Mrs. C. M. Cooper.

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Christmas Customs and Superstitions in Many Lands

Continued from page 12

tion. In Rome at the church of Ara Coeli, there lies, in a cradle, a waxen effigy made to represent the Christ Child and it is dressed in its finest clothes. In fact, in every church there is either a waxen or a wooden effigy of the Bambino, and a cradle to place it in. It is quite a ceremony when the children in church tell the story of the Christ Child and after that is over the children are free to feast on candies which are made especially for Christmas: "torone" and "pan giallo."

I hope you are not tired as we still have Russia and Peru to visit, but we'll hurry along and I am sure we will be home in time to attend to our own Christmas plans. Once again hop on, up, up. Oh! Over the Alps we go, and on, on to Russia. We are just in time, the sun is setting, and the peasants are assembling on the principal street of the village. They are forming a procession and now off they go—down the street with much laughter and talking. Let us follow and perhaps we'll see something of interest. Now they stop before a most imposing house, the residence of the mayor of the town, and they are singing carols. Then on they go to the homes of the village dignitaries: at each place they sing and receive pennies; this part of the ceremony is called "Kolenda." Then a grand masquerade follows in which the adults dress as cows, pigs, goats or other animals in remembrance of the animals in the manger. When the evening star appears a supper is served; the table is covered with straw over which is laid the cloth, then comes the samovar, together with fish and various cakes. The feast begins with the division of a blessed wafer, each person present receiving a tiny portion. This is a most sacred rite. Then the head of each family is served, the remaining members according to their ages, the children, of course, being served last. This is called the Evening Star ceremony. When this is over, they again go to the house of the first nobleman they had visited, where an immense tree has been prepared with gifts and money for all. The children, like those in Italy, receive their gifts on January 6th, when Baboushka comes down the chimney and leaves gifts and sweets for the children, as that is the date that the Wise Men found the stable where the Christ child lay.

Baboushka was a little old lady who lived on the highroad between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. She was a good woman and a very careful housewife. One day she was busy as usual cleaning her house when on looking out of the window she saw three Wise Men, riding on camels, passing her house. She questioned them as to where they were going and when she was told that they were on their way to offer homage to the new born King of the Jews, she was eager to accompany them, but asked if they could wait until she finished her housework. But the Wise Men of course were unwilling to lose any time, and told her that if she wished to accompany them, she should leave her housework and start out at once: this she refused to do. So the Wise Men went on their way alone.

When she had finished her housework, she started out but could not overtake them, so ever since she has been wandering about trying to find the Christ Child, Jesus. The little Russians think Baboushka is still looking for the Baby Jesus, and doubtless feel sorry for the little old lady who thought her housecleaning more important than the homage due her King. She is the same spirit of giving whom the Italians call Befana.

Once again hop on the magic carpet and make yourselves comfortable as we are on a long voyage this time, and how happy we are that it is a magic carpet we are on, as that insures a safe arrival. Up, up, over Europe and out over the grey Atlantic; on, on, and finally far below we see land; but still on we go until at last we find ourselves in Lima, Peru. Now let us mingle with the crowds. How packed the streets are! People are everywhere; everyone gay and happy. Look at the droves of asses laden with fruits, and boughs from the mountains, and oh! the quantity of liquors! ! The strangest thing, however, is the busy ice stall one sees at every corner—but it is hot in Lima at this time of the year.

As night approaches the streets become noisy, all the doors are open and there is music and dancing everywhere; such a festive air, and everyone seems to welcome everyone else. In most houses, as we pass down the streets, we see the play of the "Nativity" being given. But it must be late; yes, as the curtain drops the whole scene changes. Everyone is quiet, and from the nearby Cathedral we hear the midnight bell summoning all to Mass. Early on Christmas morning the streets are again crowded, but by nine o'clock everyone is in church. At noon they have a great feast and, later in the afternoon, many attend the Bull Fight which is the gala event of the year. At least eight or ten bulls are killed and several horses; often one or two men. And how they cheer! At night a grand procession headed by priests and monks, the people all gaily dressed in fantastic costumes, wends its way through

HOLIDAY TABLE AT CITY CLUB

Special holiday foods prepared under the direction of Miss Nancy Mackenzie, Dining Room Manager.

(Complete description of items on page 31)

the streets. Flags are flying, ribbons are waving, they carry great boughs, and there is much music. In the midst of it all, a figure of the Madonna bearing in her arms the Christ Child, is held aloft. After a long march, they return to the church, the crowd is disbanded, and Christmas is over.

We have journeyed far on our magic carpet and, thanks to the Christmas fairy, we have witnessed many scenes in many climes; one thing, however, remains universal, and that is a loving wish for a very Merry Christmas to All.

Four Meet in Boston Reunion

—I. L. MACRAE

● Our Talent Festival is an expression of the spirit that lives in the fine building of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, the spirit of the National League for Woman's Service. Some of us know only our present "Home," one of the unique Club Houses of America, but to others, "Our Club," meant the humble and homelike quarters at 333 Kearny Street. There the same spirit, in perhaps a more intimate way, was recognized by the group of women who gathered for service and recreation. There friendships were formed that have lasted through the intervening years. Once kindled that flame endures. Time and distance cannot quench it. It flares up whenever and wherever members meet.

Four of our members met in Boston in October. Two had left to fill positions in the East before our new Club House was completed. The other two were members who were visiting the Atlantic Coast. Their thoughts turned to California and the National League for Woman's Service and so they sent the following greetings which, although they are addressed to one person, are meant for all who are part of the "old days."

"Dear Miss Macrae:

Here we are in Boston for a joyful reunion of 'our bunch.' So wish the familiar faces could all be in our midst. The weather has favored us with smiles for a change.

Cordially yours,

Florence Sutherland Bess Mansell
Vivian E. Warren Martha Lockwood."

(Signed by each member.)

Could there be a finer tribute to this intangible something which is ours? Such expressions of devotion to our ideals help to strengthen our foundations, and to build up a lasting organization.

French Classes—Mme. Oliver

● French Classes are now being formed for January and Mme. Olivier will be glad to make appointments with anyone interested in joining either her Theory or Conversational French Classes.

Children's Christmas Swimming Party

● The Swimming Pool Committee has planned a Christmas Swimming Party for Children Tuesday, December 29, at 10:30 o'clock.

There will be stunts in the Pool and a Swimming Party Luncheon on the third floor between twelve and one o'clock.

Christmas Dinner at Club

● Christmas is a day when one wants to dine at home, of course. But if that is impossible, if time and space separate us from family and friends, there is that next best place for Christmas Dinner—the City Club. A special dinner is being arranged for $1.50. Christmas Luncheon and Dinner served in the Cafeteria December 22.

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I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

JOHN MISTLETOE: *by Christopher Morley;* Doubleday, Doran, and Co., N. Y.; $2.50. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN: *by Robert Tristram Coffin;* The Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $2.00. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

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● John Mistletoe: by Christopher Morley. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

John Mistletoe is—in the words of Thomas Bird Mosher—"gotten of the immediate soul, instant from the vital fount of things." What does it matter that one does not know the flesh and blood Christopher Morley since one may know his spirit whom he calls "John Mistletoe"?

One knows even the very look of this John Mistletoe as he moves through the streets of his New York, and one can feel the very thrill in his voice as he speaks of his Walt Whitman or his Shakespeare. And one sees into his very depths when he says: "Nothing is true until you say it to yourself," or "We were out to attempt something more fruitful than thinking; to get the feeling of things and try to let intuition be alive and aware." Or again, "There is no harm in reading any number

of unimportant things for pastime, but the significant books must be taken cautiously. You don't want them to get in the way of what may perhaps be growing and brooding in yourself, taking its own time." And last but not least: "How hot and unbuttoned the people get who are always trying to catch up."

The entire book, which Christopher Morley calls "exploring his memories of thirty years or so" is in reality the pearls caught in the associational network of his mind like dew-drops in a spider's web. These pearls the author strings for us are his joy in life as it is a "thrilling and enormous time."

Christopher Morley's vocabulary is a thing to conjure with; there is surely magic in his ability to convey meaning. That which Virginia Woolf says of Shakespeare, "Thought plunged into a sea of words and came up dripping" can most truly be said of Christopher Morley.

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● Portrait of an American: by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

The American whose portrait Robert P. Tristram Coffin paints is William Winship of Maine. As the background for his portrait Mr. Coffin sketches "Long Tom," the father of William: "He knew and loved men wherever he found them. It did not matter to him if their elbows and knees were out. It was their minds he knew them by. Birth and education were accidents. He could tell gentlemen by better means than those. He hoped his sons would turn out to be men of this kind, even though they worked in a mill."

At least one son, William, lived up to his father's expectations. William is pictured in turn as: "Billy the Minstrel" during the Civil War, telling stories and singing to keep the soldiers from "feeling low in their minds"; as the wounded soldier-boy recuperating, in the library of Fairfax College in Georgetown, trembling with joy when a comrade tossed him a complete Virgil with interlinear translations; as proprietor of an oyster shop where he "quoted Shakespeare and Chaucer while cooking and serving oysters and lobsters in a way to unfold the soul"; as father of many children "tough as the birch and red-oak saplings they had crowded off the acres that nourished them"; as farmer who loved to reclaim old abandoned farms; as builder of staunch and sturdy houses which he leased but never sold; as fisherman—"his lobster pots and shad nets reached miles out to sea"; and finally, as philosopher,—"The Master, to his mind, was the man who could work harder than his workingmen and do their jobs a little better than they could."

These thumb-nail sketches Mr. Coffin combines into his completed portrait. "It is not easy to find a man whom you can love as well as admire, and when you have found one you do not hurry away. . . . Here was a man who carried himself like a king, dug clams and quoted Shakespeare, waited on a table and yet was an artist. He was the balanced flesh and spirit, he was cathedrals and forests, the Old World and the New, intermingled."

One must credit Mr. Coffin with some good drawing but the portrait does not do

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ustice to the very real greatness of his subject. The colors are laid on too thick and the detail is not well valued. "The Portrait of an American" is not a work of art in accordance with the definition of Rebecca West: "When an artist passes his material through his emotional system, and sincerely sets down the values its integers assume in the process without falsifying them to make an impression on the audience, then the product will be free from sentimentality which prevents a performance from being a work of art. Mr. Coffin's product lacks this sincerity requisite to a work of art.

"Peddlers' Parade" To Be Jolly Affair

● The Club calendar for January will include a Dinner Dance and a "Peddlers' Parade."

Neither of the dates has been announced as yet but dates and details will be given out within a few days. Mrs. John P. Coghlan will be chairman of the "Parade."

The Dinner Dance will be given in the Auditorium, and if it proves popular will be followed by others during the winter and early spring.

"The Peddlers' Parade" will be a fancy dress evening in the Auditorium, and the name alone conjures up all sorts of things. Many interesting details will be forthcoming within a few days.

In the meantime plan what kind of a peddler you will be. Set your imagination to work and be sure to keep the date when it is announced.

Greenery and Flora Wanted for Holidays

● With the approach of the Holidays the Decoration Committee of the City Club finds more and wider use for all sorts of greenery and autumn flora.

Pepper berries, pine cones, green and ripe fruits, nuts on the branch and in the husk, vegetables, date palm seeds, magnolia tree cones and even gourds, melons and citrons will be utilized by Miss Katherine Donohoe and members of the committee of which she is chairman.

The third floor especially is to be festive this season with wreaths, Christmas trees and Della Robbia garlands.

Members are requested to send or bring all that can be spared from their gardens that this may be made the merriest, most esthetic Christmas yet enjoyed in the Club.

Miss Donohoe and her committee request that such contributions be sent between December 1 and 15 or thereabout.

They may be delivered at any time during the day, but preferably in the morning.

Evergreen branches, cedar, spruce and all sorts of feathery greenery are wanted.

Bonds Sent as Birthday and Talent Festival Gifts

● Gifts of City Club bonds are now being sent to the board of directors on two counts: in commemoration of the Five Year's After dinner and in appreciation of the Talent Festival of last month. And bonds are not the only kind of gifts being sent. Mrs. Arthur L. Fisher has contributed a lovely old shawl, valuable intrinsically and also as an heirloom.

Additional bonds have come from the following:

Mrs. Franklin P. Cutting
Mrs. Shirley Inch
Mrs. Matilda Green
Miss Frances Taylor
Mrs. Franklin A. Zane

Changes in League Bridge Settings

● The League Bridge Group will play in the card room Tuesday afternoons and in the Card Room, Board Room and Committee room on Tuesday nights.

Members planning parties are requested to communicate with the Executive Office to make sure that private rooms are available on the dates wanted.

Your School Problem

When your boy and girl face their College Entrance Board requirements will they be prepared? Have you provided the environment which permits a balanced program of supervised study and recreation, or are they merely trying to "get through" high school in an atmosphere which is not conducive to their best interests? Their preparatory work will be an important influence at the very beginning of their college careers.

The routine of the modern home is of necessity seldom suited to the needs of the growing child of school age. It provides too many distractions and too many opportunities to dodge school work.

In the wholesome atmosphere of a good private school boys and girls find each school day a new and interesting experience. They live, work and play according to a systematic schedule. They are given an opportunity to acquire a sense of values other than scholastic and to develop wisdom, leadership and self-control under the guidance of men and women who know boys and girls, who believe in them, and whose experience makes them fine, wise and sympathetic leaders.

We recommend for your consideration the schools listed in these pages. The directors of these schools will be glad to hear from you if you want more information about the school program.

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—smoking jackets
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Give a man a gift from his own store

Roos Bros Inc.
NINE-STORE-BUYING-POWER
MARKET AT STOCKTON
AT ALL ROOS STORES

See Club Decorations During December

● Members who recall the beautiful floral decorations in the City Club during the Talent Festival will surely want to visit the Club during December, for Miss Katherine Donohoe and her committee are planning exquisite effects, especially on the third and fourth floors. Friends who have seen charts of Miss Donohoe's plans are most enthusiastic in admiration and advise every member to see the Club House as much as possible as the holidays approach.

League Shop Intrigues

● In keeping with the practice of patronizing their own League Shop when possible and giving it first preference in searching for choice gifts, City Club members have found the League Shop in the main corridor one of the most alluring places in the city for purchase of gifts of all prices.

Do you want something especially nice for Father?

Or particularly choice for Mother?

Or for the friend whose taste you respect? Then the League Shop, City Club, is the place for you.

Also it is open to public patronage. That is, one does not need to be a City Club member to avail oneself of its privileges.

BERT • KELLER

French gowns copied; suits, frocks and wraps remodeled and restyled — your wardrobe made smart and wearable. Expert workmanship. Prices moderate

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New Books in City Club Library

● Fiction: From Day to Day, Ferdynand Goetel; Shadows on the Rock, Willa Cather; The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea, Boris Pilnyak; Hatter's Castle, A. J. Cronin; A White Bird Flying, Bess Streeter Aldrich; The Garden, L. A. G. Strong; Brothers in the West, Robert Raynolds; Finch's Fortune, Mazo De La Roche; Susan Spray, Sheila Kaye-Smith; The Story of Julian, Susan Ertz; Basque People, Dorothy Canfield; All Passion Spent, V. Sackville-West; Maid in Waiting, John Galsworthy; The Waves, Virginia Woolf; American Beauty, Edna Ferber; Their Father's God, O. E. Rolvaag; Return I Dare Not, Margaret Kennedy.

Non-fiction: The Tempo of Modern Life, James Truslow Adams; The Bread Winner, W. Somerset Maugham; The Scientific Outlook, Bertrand Russell; Forty-niners, Archer Butler Hulbert; Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, Christopher St. John; Seeing England and Scotland, E. M. Newman; A New Model of the Universe, P. D. Ouspensky; All through the Year, Martha E. Phillips; Pan-Sovietism, Bruce Hopper; Private Lives, Noel Coward; Portraits in Miniature, Lytton Strachey; Mexico, Stuart Chase.

Excerpt from House Rules

● "Articles found in Clubhouse will be taken to check room. If unclaimed after sixty days they will be sold."

A number of pieces of jewelry have been found in the Club and are being held pending identification. It may be worth while for persons who have lost jewelry to inquire if it has been found in the City Club.

Employees' Christmas Fund

● Since tipping or any form of gratuity is not permitted in the City Club its members have no other way of expressing their appreciation of the courtesy and service of attendants except by means of the Employees' Christmas Fund. Cards will be sent in the mail this week reminding members that "now is the time."

Boxes are placed here and there in the Club for the receipt of coins for the Fund and if anyone wishes to give a check or currency it may be left with the executive secretary or at the hotel desk.

Children's Christmas Party

● On Wednesday, December 23, at 2:30 o'clock, the Auditorium of the Club will be the setting for a Christmas party for the children of members and their small guests. Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio will be chairman.

Details have not been announced as yet, but the children are promised a happy afternoon with a tree and all the fixin's. Watch the bulletin boards and newspapers for announcements.

Drama Tea Omitted In December

● Mrs. Hugh Brown will not give a reading during the month of December, but on January 18 she will give the fourth of her dramatic readings, when Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" will be given. Tea as usual will follow the reading.

Mrs. Powell "Skips" December

● Mrs. Grace S. Powell, who has given the series of interesting talks on "Building a Child's Library," will discontinue her lectures during the month of December.

The Princess

Continued from page 20

arms down at her side, and with tense fingers clung to the top step as if to keep from falling. Louder and louder, with terrible groans and rattlings, *IT* came, and finally stood above the food. Babette didn't dare to look up. Something big and white stood over her and suddenly let out a yowl-l-l so terrible that the very rafters shook with the echoes. Babette sprang into the air, landed two steps down, then flat against the wall, and, chattering with terror, cried defiantly and hysterically: "I don't believe in ghosts! I don't believe in ghosts! I DON'T BELIEVE IN——"

To be continued next month

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526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1931

Assets.....$149,118,154.86 Deposits.....$143,218,154.86

Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds $5,900,000.00

The following accounts stand on the Books at $1.00 *each, viz.:*

Bank Buildings and Lots.....(Value over $2,120,000.00)
Other Real Estate.....(Value over $312,500.00)
Pension Fund.....(Value over $745,000.00)

MISSION BRANCH.....Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO BRANCH.....Clement St. and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH.....Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH.....West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Holiday Greetings, everyone!

May this Christmas Day bring health nd happiness to you and yours!

Once again we commemorate His birth- ay and as we plan for our loved ones let's ive a thought to the less fortunate. Finan- ial assistance is splendid and necessary but nany times a cheery smile, a friendly hand nd a kindly word to the ill, the old or onely will mean more than a gift of recious jewels.

The shops are gay with beautiful rinkets, useful and ornamental. Buy all you an truly afford for we must keep the wheels of industry moving. With each ale an endless chain is forged. Hundreds of men and women are given employment rom the time the idea is born, until the inished article is placed in your hands— even then you can do more for there are wrappings and ribbons and cards too, as well as an increased postal force that gives work to many.

Each one of us must do our bit this year, giving where in our own hearts we feel it will do the most good. For some it will mean writing a check, but others may only be able to afford a basket of food or an invitation to dinner. Whatever it is—your own happiness will be doubled in helping someone else.

Enjoy the lovely displays. Come down to the Club for luncheon or dinner during your shopping hours, if you have been a stay-at-home. See the new smart things in our own League Shop. Maybe you can do most of your shopping without leaving the building, which will give you more time to look around town. But more than all else simplify your homemaking tasks so they will not be irksome. Life may be a round of duties or evenly divided with pleasure—it is in your hands, for planning in advance eliminates work.

Cooking for one or two meals, meats and vegetables—even desserts—assist materially, but to do this, one must plan the week's menus in advance. At this season it has the extra advantage of permitting the homemaker to have the meal ready before she leaves home to shop. Leftovers with care become chef's specialties. Some of the most delicious and attractive dishes are combinations of several meats or vegetables and the thoughtful homemaker can evolve unusual concoctions that add to the menu as well as help in reducing food costs.

In the cook book recently published by the Club for the Talent Festival there are quite a few recipes of this type.

Many serve the same foods at Christmas and Thanksgiving, as turkey is popular, but if other meat is desired, then a baked ham, a goose or young pig would be delectable. A change of accompanying foods is desirable though, as these meats are rich and require more greens and less starches.

These menus offer a choice of elaborate or simple combination:

Caviar Canapes
Celery Hearts Pimolas
Hot or Iced Bouillon
Creamed Mushrooms
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing
Potatoes Buttered Asparagus
Gravy Cranberry Sauce
Lime Sherbet
Hearts Lettuce, French Dressing
Plum Pudding Coffee
Mints Salted Nuts
Fruit

For a simple family dinner:

Celery Curls Ripe Olives
Oyster Cocktail
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Cranberry Ice
Endive Salad Cheese Dressing
Mince Pie Coffee
Fruits, Nuts, Raisins

For the maidless home, this dinner could be placed on the table before seating the guests, serving the salad with the meal.

Ripe Olives Celery
Homemade Relish
Molded Fruit Salad
Roast Turkey, Plain Dressing
Gravy Cranberry Jelly
Potatoes String Beans
Plum Pudding, Lemon Sauce
Cheese, Wafers, Coffee
Nuts, Fruit, Raisins

Fish cocktails are delicious appetizers. Oysters, shrimps, or crab meat alone or in

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LOOK FOR NEON SIGN

combination in a tangy sauce blend well with a roast goose or young pig dinner:

Fish Cocktail, Wafers
Celery Hearts Olives
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing
(Roast Pig)
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Spiced Beets
Apple Sauce Gravy
Fruit Salad

Individual Hair Cutting and Marcelling by Mr. Lind
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Nellie Jackson Harbour
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Ice Cream, Fruit Cake, Coffee
Candies Nuts

Tame ducks may be substituted if the hunter is unsuccessful as either type serve nicely for a holiday dinner.

Red Apple Cocktail
Relish Radishes
Celery Curls Salted Nuts
Clear Bouillon Crackers
Roast Tame Ducks, Orange Stuffing
(Wild Ducks, Celery-Onion Stuffing)
Wild Rice Candied Sweet Potatoes
Molded Grapefruit Salad
Plum Pudding Ice Cream
Fruit Coffee

For baked ham—smoked, corned or fresh—dinner:

Pimolas Celery Hearts
Cream of Tomato Soup
Oyster Cocktails Wafers
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Roast Ham
Baked Apples Cole Slaw
Plum Pudding Mince Pie
Coffee Fruit

Recipes for making most of the suggested dishes have been published in these pages, but as they are often mislaid, they will be printed again. The first, a molded salad, is suitable for all dinners and may be made with fruits, fish or vegetables.

STANDARD MOLDED SALAD: To serve twelve: Soak two level tablespoons of gelatine in one cup of cold water for five minutes, then dissolve by adding two cups of boiling water and stir until dissolved or clear. Next add three-fourths cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add one teaspoon of salt and one-half cup of lemon juice (or vinegar for fish). Set aside until mixture thickens, then add two cups of diced fruit, minced or chopped vegetables, or flaked fish and chopped celery. Turn into one large or twelve small molds which have first been rinsed with cold water. If canned fruit is used, reduce the amount of sugar and substitute the drained syrup for water called for. The amount of vegetables or fruit may vary, using more or less to suit your convenience.

FISH COCKTAIL SAUCE: To serve twelve: Mix two cups of tomato catsup with six tablespoons of lemon juice, two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce and about twelve drops of tabasco sauce, salt to suit taste, a grating of horseradish and two tablespoons minced celery or pickles. If using the small Olympias—allow fifteen for each cocktail, with six Eastern oysters if the larger variety are preferred and shrimps or flaked crabmeat to suit.

TO COOK WILD DUCKS: Have ducks cleaned, picked and singed; then wash thoroughly. Next wipe dry, season and stuff with one peeled onion and two stalks of celery. With toothpicks, skewer a strip of salt pork over the breast. Place in skillet or roasting pan and cook in a hot oven (about 460 degrees) from sixteen to forty minutes, depending upon taste. Some prefer wild ducks just heated through, others well done. Remove stuffing before serving.

TO COOK TAME DUCKS: Pick, singe, wash thoroughly, then dry. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and roast from thirty minutes to an hour or more, depending upon size. They are rarely stuffed with a bread dressing, but it is permissible if desired—otherwise use the onion and celery or half an apple. Baste every ten minutes while cooking and if the ducks are large it is best to reduce the heat after the first fifteen minutes.

FOR A ROAST GOOSE: Choose one about four months old. Singe, wash and draw (if not cleaned by butcher). Wash thoroughly inside, dry, then stuff with a potato dressing. Do not overfill, as the stuffing expands in cooking. Sew the opening if you do not have skewers. Bake in a hot oven for forty-five minutes and if the fowl is not fat, place a strip of salt pork on the breast. At the end of that time, remove the fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and return to oven—allowing twenty minutes to the pound. While cooking pour off the grease from the pan, add it to one cup of boiling water and use it to baste the fowl every ten minutes, if you use an uncovered pan—otherwise after searing, reset the dial, cover and it will brown evenly without further attention.

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For a Potato Stuffing: Combine two cups of hot mashed potatoes with one cup of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, an eighth of a teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon of sage, two tablespoons of onion juice, and four tablespoons of melted butter.

Mincemeat requires a great deal of work, so the busy woman usually buys it prepared —in bulk or canned—and if she is not a good pastry maker it is advisable to purchase the pies. Those made in the Club's kitchen are delicious and will help to solve your holiday dessert problem. Plum pudding is another lengthy process and there are delectable varieties to be had in cans. Then by making a lemon sauce, with a small quantity of hard sauce to decorate each serving, it takes but a short time to have the holiday sweet on the table. Perhaps you will need the sauce recipes:

To Make Lemon Sauce: Mix one-half cup of granulated sugar, one tablespoon of cornstarch and one-eighth teaspoon of salt together. Very slowly add one cup of boiling water, while constantly stirring, and let cook until mixture clears, or about five minutes. Remove from fire and add two tablespoons each of lemon juice and butter. Serve while hot over plum or other puddings.

To Prepare Hard Sauce: Cream one-half cup of butter, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar and heat until light. Flavor with vanilla, or brandy seasoning. If preparing a large quantity make in proportion of two of sugar to one of butter, with flavoring to suit taste.

Pies and Cakes to Take Home

The Club pastries are delicious and they will solve your dessert difficulties for all holidays. This month you may purchase ten-inch pies, which are large enough to generously serve the average family, for 75 cents a piece if the filling is pumpkin, or 90 cents for real mincemeat. Think of all the work that may be eliminated — the preparation—but more than that, the cleaning up. That is what women dislike most of all, and with several courses to prepare it is a joy to know that it is possible to have a dessert that is correct and one that will please the men of the household — for pies are truly masculine — and without any more bother than giving an order.

Miss Nancy MacKenzie, manager of the Club dining rooms, has another special treat, for she has delicious fruit cakes made from the same recipe she used at Marshall Fields' in Chicago, which will be sold for $1.35. They are just filled to overflowing with chopped fruits and liquids that make a perfect blending, while the top is frosted with real almond paste.

A Few Facts

● The Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club, located on the lower main floor and accessible from the main lobby, is available to members and others.

* * *

This salon is modern in every sense, equipped with the very latest and most practical equipment operated with the finest technical skill available.

* * *

Fine equipment necessitates skillful operation. The Club Salon is operated by a staff that has been carefully trained and experienced through years of practical application to the business of satisfying discriminating women.

* * *

Within the past eighteen months, under the management of Mrs. Nellie Jackson Harbour, one of the most favorably known Beauty Salon operators in San Francisco, this department has drawn new clientele until the City Club Salon is one of the best known in the city.

* * *

As members, you owe it to yourselves to make use of the services of this department. You will find the prices within your personal budget allowance. It is a fact that the Club Salon can give you the maximum of service at the lowest commensurate cost.

* * *

There are other advantages in making use of the Club Salon. Your cooperation adds to the general success of this institution which is yours. Every friend you introduce to this department helps you to enjoy the benefits of your Women's City Club.

* * *

The Beauty Salon is owned and operated by the Women's City Club.

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Christabel Pankhurst To Be Guest of City Club

Continued from page 8

powerful than in 1914, and we have been going on devising more powerful methods of destruction ever since. We are spending more money on preparations for war, far more money in this and every country in the world than in 1914.

"It is time there should be some new thought, some new idea, and an arresting appeal to some force outside and above the world. I expect our interpretation on the Second Advent might not in all details be the same if we compared notes, but we know that the First Advent was to herald the reign of Peace, and the Second Advent will be to accomplish it.

"The 20th Century has seen the greatest war there has ever been, and still the world goes on preparing for greater destruction than before. There is a need for the Second Coming to put that right. The world has not yet heard the message that was heralded by the angels.

"I agree with what the speaker has said —that we might have Covenants of League of Nations, Geneva and Locarno Pacts, Kellogg Agreements among all nations that war shall be outlawed, but you have not yet reached peace until there is a complete change of heart in the nations, and you want it not only in nations but in the individual. It is fundamentally true what she says about the great industrial nations—that it will not take long to arm these nations, if they are out to kill. It is by such messages as hers, delivered far and wide, that the cause of Peace can be advanced, and I wish that the message we have listened to tonight could be delivered to milions here—and in America—and on the Continent of Europe.

"Her mother, Emmeline Pankhurst, is one of the three women who have had erected to them statues by her grateful country — Florence Nightingale, Edith Cavell and Mrs. Pankhurst. Miss Pankhurst comes to us fresh from contacts with English and European affairs. Her friendship and conversations with statesmen over there give her an insight into world affairs that makes her prophetic addresses singularly vivid and up to date. She had herself, on one occasion, securely fastened to the railing—as I remember it—of the gallery in Great Britain's House of Parliament and she began to hackle the speakers. When the usual effort was made to convey her to a less conspicuous place she was found to be securely chained and padlocked to the rail and had given the key to a woman friend who was absent. She escaped later to Paris and directed the campaign from there while her mother was in prison.

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MILLBRAE DAIRY

sn't It the Most Beguiling Food Display Imaginable?

● The holiday display, prepared under the direction of Miss Nancy Mackenzie, cateress and manager of the Women's City Club dining room, shown in the photograph on page 22, was exhibited in the Dining Room, November 24 and 25.

With the cooperation of the chef and other assistants, the following items were prepared:

Roast turkey, old-fashioned English dressing, garnished with colored roses made from carrots, turnips and beets.

Glazed baked ham, floral decorations of aspic jelly in colors.

Eggs stuffed with caviar and garnished with green moss served with stuffed celery stalks.

Decorative cake with mushrooms.

Bavarian cream ring with filling of melba peach mousee.

Fruit jelly castles.

Orange baskets filled with glace fruits and assorted nuts.

Pumpkin pie.

Fruit cake from the private recipe of Miss Mackenzie.

The volunteer who appears in the photograph is Mrs. Randolph Madison, member of the magazine editorial staff.

Christmas Luncheon and Dinner

● The Christmas Cafeteria turkey luncheon and dinner will be served on Wednesday, December 23. Price $1.00.

A special Christmas Breakfast will be served in the National Defenders' Room Christmas morning from 9:00 to 1:30. Seventy-five cents per plate.

Christmas Dinner will be served from 12 noon to 8:00. $1.50 per plate.

Alice Seckels Celebrity Series

● Don Blanding, poet, author, artist, and vagabond extraordinary, is coming here December 10, under the auspices of Alice Seckels to give a narrative-recital at the Tivoli Theater. His subject, "A Vagabond's Adventures," will give him opportunity to narrate his most interesting experiences as a vagabond—begun when he was fifteen years old.

Blanding has a rare personality. Tall, handsome, athletic, as brown as the natives he so delightfully describes, and with a fine voice, Blanding seems less a poet and author than a gallant man of the sea.

THE LEAGUE SHOP
Main Floor, Women's City Club

FOR CHRISTMAS

For the home — Lamps, mirrors, imported wall hangings, luncheon sets, orange juice sets and other types of pottery. And decorated trays that are so different.

And for the table at Christmas — We are taking orders for special table decorations — these modern potted fruit trees, fruit wreaths, with candles, for center pieces . . . You'll be delighted with them.

For Women — Scarfs, bags to match costumes, imported jewelry, handkerchiefs, sewing kits, and many other unusual items.

Men ! ! — Cigarette cases with compartments for the golf tees, travel brushes and liquor sets. Ash trays, match boxes, playing cards of a different pattern.

Children too — — Cookie buckets, imported toys, nursery chests, posters and etchings. And PATSY Dolls with wardrobe chests and cabinets for them.

Our complete selection of individual Christmas Cards, Gift Papers, Ties and Enclosure Cards is creating great interest. Make your selection now.

This map gives the routing of the Sixth Annual Lundy Cruise-Tour of 1932, sailing from New York Feburary 6, 1932, on the Cruise Steamer Rotterdam of the Holland America Line. Even a cursory glance at the Itinerary will show that it includes all places of special interest in and around the Mediterranean and on the Continent of Europe. Motoring through Andalusia in Spain and all through the Holy Land from the Sea of Galilee on the north to Bethlehem on the south will add very much to the attractiveness of the tour.

Almost the entire trip on the Continent will be made in motor cars, an arrangement that appeals to all who are contemplating a tour abroad. Traveling by motor we pass through innumerable towns, villages, and places of interest that are not reached when the journey is made by train.

PRICE OF CRUISE-TOUR $1975.00

Descriptive folder giving the trip in detail will be furnished upon request

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LUNDY TRAVEL BUREAU

593 MARKET STREET Tel KEarny 4559 SAN FRANCISCO

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

January, 1932 ✦ Vol. V - No. 12
Price 15 cents a copy

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JANUARY 1, 1932

CONTRACT BRIDGE LESSONS—Advanced Course—Mr. Paul Black, Instructor.
Mr. Black will lecture every Monday evening, beginning January 11th, in the Auditorium at 8:00 o'clock. Course tickets—10 lessons—$5.00.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays, beginning January 5th	*Board Room*	2:00 P.M.
Conversation Classes—Fridays, beginning January 8th	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes—Mondays, beginning January 11th	*Board Room*	6:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group—French Conversation	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON

Every Wednesday, beginning January 13th, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night — *Swimming Pool* — 5:30 to 9:00 P.M.
Members may bring families and men and women guests.

LEAGUE BRIDGE — Tuesdays — *Chinese Room* — 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

January 6—Current Events—Mrs. Parker S. Maddux's Section — *Auditorium* — 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Leader.

6—Appreciation of Art — *Card Room* — 12:00 NOON
Mrs. Charles Curry, Leader.

6—Informal Talk at Tea Hour — *Lounge* — 3:30 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Helen Van Pelt.
Subject: Small San Francisco Gardens.

7—Book Review Dinner — *National Defenders Room* — 6:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard.
Subject: "Maid in Waiting," by John Galsworthy.
"The Wild Orchid," by Sigrid Undset.

7—Thursday Evening Program — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M
Speaker: Gertrude H. Lewis
Subject: Personal Observations in India.
Exhibition of Native Costumes.

11—First Lecture on Advanced Contract Bridge—Mr. Paul Black — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.

12—Tea for Young Members. Admission 35 cents. — *Auditorium* — 3:30 P.M.

14—Thursday Evening Program — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Clio Lee Aydelott.
Subject: Readings With Musical Accompaniment.

18—Drama Tea — *American Room* — 2:15 P.M.
Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill.

18—Second Lecture on Advanced Contract Bridge—Mr. Paul Black — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.

19—Special Luncheon—$1.00 — *National Defenders Room* — 12:30 P.M.
Speaker: Professor Melvin M. Knight.
Subject: French Colonial Troubles.

21—Thursday Evening Program — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Roy A. Murray
Subject: Adventures Along the Spanish Main (Illustrated Lecture).

25—Third Lecture on Advanced Contract Bridge—Mr. Paul Black — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.

26—Peddler's Parade—(Supper 75 cents) — *Main Dining Room* — 7:00 P.M.
—Program — *Auditorium* — 8:30 P.M.
(Members are asked to come dressed in costume as peddlers of all nations.)

28—Thursday Evening Program — *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Dr. J. C. Geiger.
Subject: The Milk Situation in San Francisco.

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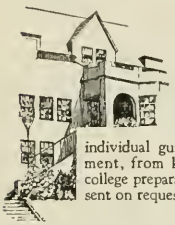

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● As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which, through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

Availability of private schools within the City is readily distinguished in the advertised group in the Women's City Club Magazine. We urge you to carefully consider all of these schools and request that you mention this magazine when making inquiry.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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Women's City Club Cuisine

....Why City Club Members Like to Entertain Guests from Clubs in Other Cities....

Their "Hospitality Instinct" impels them to want women from abroad to know of the distinctive features of Women's City Club of San Francisco.

They want to express their appreciation of courtesies extended to them in clubs across seas or beyond the Rockies by doing the same gracious things in their own domain.

They want strangers and visitors in San Francisco to realize that the Women's City Club is a conscious and articulate part of the city's fabric.

Their pride of membership suggests to them the desirability of entertaining in a setting where tradition and dignity are a complement of service.

There are several private rooms of varying capacity — the Mural, which seats thirty-five. The Annex, seating from ten to twenty. The National Defenders' Room — seating sixty — the colorful Chinese Room, with a capacity of one hundred.

Women's City Club Restaurant
465 Post Street
Third Floor

Corridor on Fourth Floor, opposite elevators, where a large wreath and urns of flowers were the central motif

● Christmas Decorations at the City Club were especially lovely this year. Here are a few of the beauty spots of the building, photographed by the Church Studio as Elizabeth Church's Volunteer Service.

Near the Fireplace in the Lounge

The American Room

January

—MAY F. RILEY

● It is January.

The month of the beginning and yet of the end. Rendezvous of the past and future. The past is so definitely past on New Year's Day; and the future has no horizon. We still hear the echo of the celestial salutation, "Peace and Good Will."

Let us on New Year's Day also, ask a gift; for the gift of peace.

An everlasting peace for the peoples of the world.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

AGAIN the words "Happy New Year" are heard, and the Janus of our lives faces forward with courage and with a will to serve an ideal, despite the distracting influences of a year of upheaval just finished when a spirit abroad has tested our determination not to capitulate or temporize with things spiritual. Many standards of living have been lowered, driving competition has led to substitution of second-best for best, readjustments have been forced upon the individual in an effort to keep abreast of changing conditions. Through it all, the National League for Woman's Service has preserved its poise and unostentatiously has developed its organization ready for the emergency service which, in its vision of 1919, it predicted in one form or another for this generation of workers.

With genuine pride, the organization has this month answered calls for mobilized volunteer service to the Community Chest, Associated Charities, Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association, Y. W. C. A., Guild for Crippled Children; has given motor service, clerical help, education leaders, clinical help at the various hospitals, and special Christmas services. The community has recognized where help is ready for service! With gratification the organization has accepted the continuous and generous service in its own home, departmental assistance and special service in the decorations which have made our holiday season a joy.

Five years in a home architecturally beautiful, conveniently situated and comfortably furnished has brought us a feeling of well-being which is reflected in the desire to do unto others the good done unto us. New members joined us lately because they, too, believed in the joy of service. Someone has urged a call to the membership for individual responsibility, calling it a "matter of conscience." The

There's a Fine of Twenty-five Cents for Failure to Vote

Vote for Ten Directors
Election January 11
(Second Monday of January)

● The nominating committee submits the following names for Members of the Board of the Women's City Club to fill the vacancies made by those whose terms expire:

Miss Marian Burr
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Mrs. J. P. Coghlan
Mrs. P. A. Coxon
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Mrs. E. S. Heller
Mrs. Julia Easley
Mrs. A. M. Meads
Mrs. Paul Shoup
Mrs. Ira W. Sloss.

The annual election of board members takes place Monday, January 11, between 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

Vote for ten.

Failure to vote entails a fine of twenty-five cents.

Nominating Committee: Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., Mrs. Payson Treat, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. J. M. Eshle-

Personalia

● **Miss Marian Burr:** Member of the Board for one term and Chairman of the League Shop Committee.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman: President of the Women's City Club ('19); Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and an active worker in the financing of the Club. Mrs. Chapman was also a member of the Charter Revision Committee of the City of San Francisco

Mrs. Julia M. Easley: Member of the Bar Association, practising attorney in San Francisco and an active worker in the Volunteer Service of the Women's City Club.

Mrs. J. P. Coghlan: Past President of the San Francisco Musical Association and Chairman of the program of the Talent Festival of the Women's City Club.

Mrs. P. A. Coxon: Appointed a member of the Board to fill a vacancy in November, 1930; Chairman of the second floor in the Talent Festival, 1931; Director of Volunteers at the University of California Hospital for the last nine years; Chairman of Social Service work of the San Francisco Guild for Crippled Children.

Mrs. Marshall Dill: Director of the San Francisco Visiting Nurses' Association.

Mrs. E. S. Heller: Was appointed to fill a vacancy on the Board in November, 1930; has served on the Ways Means Committee for the past year.

. Remilda Paroni Meads, Berkeley: On the Alumni ıcil of the University of California; Vice President of Alameda County Tuberculosis Association; on the ıcil of Girl Scouts.

rs. Paul Shoup, Los Altos: A former member of the d and an active worker in the Women's City Club.

rs. Ira W. Sloss, Berkeley: Member of the first d of the Women's City Club; appointed to fill a ncy on the present Board in October, 1929; Chairman ne Finance Committee, 1931.

the Younger Members
Our Club

The end of my term of office is a milestone in my life, as I take stock of the little accomplished as compared the "things hoped for." Introspection points out the ses of certain failures, the reasons for certain successes. Again there is much left undone, and much visioned not even begun. To the youth of the membership will ne the joy and the responsibility of the future program this League.

I most cordially now invite you to meet with me at tea the Auditorium on Tuesday afternoon, January 12, at o'clock, to discuss future plans for the Club. (Tea cents.)

Sincerely,
MARION WHITFIELD LEALE.

Tickets for Grand Duchess Marie Lecture Go on Sale This Month

Tickets for the Lecture to be given by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia at the City Club March 8 are now on sale at the Club.

Members are advised that this lecture, like that by John Galsworthy last spring, will be one of the outstanding events of the Club year and that if they delay the purchase of tickets they will find themselves at the last week or so without opportunity of hearing this distinguished personage.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat is chairman of the committee in charge of the Lecture. To refer again to the Galsworthy Lecture (and the Club *does* refer to it with great pride), the patrons will be seated, as on that occasion, in the Auditorium and also on the third floor, where the speech will be broadcast from the first floor. The speaker will first present herself to the audience on the third floor before descending to the platform in the Auditorium, and will say a few words "in person." This means that those seated in the Cafeteria will have the pleasure of seeing and hearing the Grand Duchess for a few minutes and opportunity of hearing *all* she has to say.

Guests of the Club who thus heard Mr. Galsworthy were delighted with the arrangement and will doubtless want to repeat the privilege.

The Grand Duchess Marie of Imperial Russia

In a recent letter from the eastern managers of the Grand Duchess Marie Mrs. Treat is advised that the titled woman of Russia's old regime drew audiences so large and eager that the police department was called to clear the streets of the congestion resulting from inability of the crowds to be accommodated in the halls.

The Grand Duchess spoke in Town Hall, New York, November 14th, when police had to clear the street, and when she spoke in Brooklyn November 24 the demand sent the Grand Duchess at a second lecture in the same hall on January 19.

The Grand Duchess Marie's story, now being published serially in an eastern weekly magazine, is one of the most thrilling historical documents that has come out of Russia since the collapse of Empire in that country.

Tickets for the lecture of March 8 are on sale at the hotel desk in the first floor corridor of the Club or on the fourth floor.

The Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna of Russia was first married to Prince William, second son of the King of Sweden. She divorced the Swedish Prince and married a Russian, Prince Putiatin. She is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Paul, who was executed by the Bolshevists. Paul was an uncle of the late Czar. Without a home and country and her fortune swept away, the Grand Duchess, a charming and accomplished young woman, who before the war was an artist of reputation in Russia, opened an embroidery shop in Paris. She employed Russian refugees and the work was much sought after by fashionable women of Paris. Later, she came to New York, where she now makes her home, which is a rendezvous of refugees from Imperial Russia. Her young son, Prince Lennart, is the son of Prince William of Sweden.

Tickets for the lecture will be sold singly, in pairs or in blocks. Many are planning to have dinner parties before and attend the supper party, which is being arranged for after the lecture, on the fourth floor, where the Grand Duchess will be a guest. Tickets for this buffet supper will be one dollar, and reservations *must* be made in advance.

Tickets for the Grand Duchess Marie lecture will be $3.50, $2.50 and $1.00, with the buffet supper $1.00.

The supper is entirely at the pleasure of the member, however. That is, attendance at the lecture does not necessitate attendance at the supper unless the member wishes to attend.

Seats in the first half of the Auditorium will be $3.50. The latter half will be $2.50 and the third floor seats will be $1.00.

Committee for Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, March 8, 1932:

Mrs. Payson J. Treat, Chairman.

Mesdames—

Henry Alves
David P. Barrows
William F. Booth, Jr.
E. E. Brownell
S. G. Chapman
Edward H. Clarke, Jr.
Horace Clifton
Sherwood Coffin
J. P. Coghlan
Charles Miner Cooper
Charles P. Deems
Marshall Dill
James W. Edwards
Milton Esberg
Perry Eyre
Wm. B. Hamilton

Mesdames—

Marcus S. Koshland
F. S. Moody
Harry Staats Moore
Silas Palmer
Edward Rainey
May F. Riley
Thomas A. Stoddard
Effingham Sutton
W. Wilberforce Williams

Misses—

Ella Bailey
Marion Huntington
Edith Leale
Mabel Pierce
Edith Slack

Mrs. John P. Coghlan

Peddlers' Parade To Be Colorful and Jolly

● Mrs. John P. Coghlan, assisted by Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall, is in charge of the program incident to the Peddlers' Parade, to be held at the Club Tuesday evening, January 26.

The novel event will begin with a three-course Peddler's Supper in the dining room and close with a Parade of the Peddlers across the stage in the Auditorium. The gaily caparisoned band will file down one side of the Auditorium, mount the steps to the stage, walk across it in the various tempi suggested by their costumes, and file out along the other side of the Auditorium.

How they will be garbed will depend entirely upon their imagination and ingenuity. Yankee peddlers with kit bags, milk maids with churns and pitchers, "bindle-stiffs," scissors-grinders, book agents, peasants such as one sees in the streets of Naples, Budapest or other European cities, and all the motley crew from Hester street, New York, will be there if members want to simulate their costumes and paraphernalia.

The third course of the Peddlers' Supper (for which but seventy-five cents will be charged) will be served on Peddlers' Trays in the hands of the costumed merrymakers. Of course, there will be Volunteer Workers there also.

The entertainment in the Auditorium will be varied and jolly. One of the features will be a series of folk dances under the direction of Miss Mary Shafter.

Mrs. John P. Coghlan's Committee includes:

Mrs. Selah Chamberlain;
Mrs. Lawrence Harris;
Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Jr.;
Miss Edith Leale;
Mrs. Howell Ware.

Mrs. Coghlan's Committee Will Assist With Suggestions to "Peddlers"

● Mrs. John P. Coghlan, or one or two members of her committee, which is directing arrangements for the Peddler's Parade the evening of January 26 at the City Club, will be on the fourth floor of the Club from 10:30 to 5 o'clock every Tuesday during January. Members who are in perplexity about costumes or any point relative to the Peddler's Parade entertainment will be assisted with suggestions.

Trinity Choir Sings Christmas Carols at Club

● Trinity Church Choir sang Christmas carols at the City Club Lounge Sunday evening, December 20, after which a buffet supper was served in the main and auxiliary dining rooms.

The Vested Choir, twenty-eight singers under the direction of Benjamin Moore, Choragus of Trinity Church, assembled in the American Room, where, with but one door partly open, the singing began softly and as if at a great distance. Presently one door was widely opened, and then the other, the carols coming to the audience in the lounge and library in an impressive crescendo until the singers has filed through the corridors and taken their places in the lounge.

There the program was thoroughly appreciated by the large group of members and their guests. Although the presentation of Christmas carols was not intended as a religious gesture, there was a sweetly solemn air about the evening. The audience, very patently delighted, refrained from applause as if in a church. Mr. Moore had trained his singers in several old French carols, which were new to San Francisco. These and the old familiar Noels and canticles, carols and motets were an impressive part of the City Club's Christmas observance.

Now Is the Time

● Members wishing to sponsor friends for membership in the City Club are urged to do so at this time, as many names have been withdrawn from the waiting list in the last ninety days because of the increase in the Club membership from 8,000 to 8,500.

Applicants whose names go on the waiting list now will probably not have so long to wait as is usually the case. Application cards may be obtained at the Desk on the Main Floor.

Dinner Dance For Younger Members

● Although details have not been entirely worked out, it is fairly certain that a dinner dance will shortly be arranged for the younger members of the City Club.

The board of directors appreciates the fact that the young women of today are the directors and officials of tomorrow and, meanwhile, wants them to be joyous—as their youth entitles them to be.

Mrs. Whitbeck, Librarian of Contra Costa, Passes

● Mrs. Alice G. Whitbeck, member of the City Club since 1926, died in San Francisco November 13, last. Mrs. Whitbeck was librarian of Contra Costa County and lived at Martinez. She was a graduate of the University of California, was affiliated with several library associations and took an active part in the affairs of the California Library Association.

Professor Melvin M. Knight To Be January Speaker

● Professor Melvin M. Knight of the University of California will speak at the City Club at a luncheon to be given January 19.

Professor Knight's subject will be "French Colonial Troubles," a topic upon which he is eminently well qualified to speak, since he has but recently returned from a trip through the colonial possessions of France. The luncheon will be served at 12:15 o'clock.

Professor Melvin M. Knight
University of California

Youngsters Have Two Parties in December

● Two Christmas parties for children filled the City Club with the laughter and delightful patter of youngsters on two different days of December, the month dedicated to youth.

The first was Wednesday afternoon, December 23, when a play was presented by a cast of clever youngsters, directed by Eva Smith Hackett. Mrs. Carlo Morbio was in charge of the program and read and sang to her young audience in inimitable manner. She wore interesting costumes and entered into the spirit of the occasion as intently as the children.

Each child brought a gift for some other less fortunate boy or girl, and these the City Club distributed before Christmas Eve.

There was a great Christmas tree and games and refreshments.

The other party was held December 29 in and around the Swimming Pool, after which a Holiday Luncheon was held, with all the children who had participated in the water sports sitting about the gaily decorated tables.

Gift to the Library

● A recent house guest, who by her own wish remains anonymous, sent a beautiful inclusive set of Alfred Noyes' poems to the library, in appreciation of the friendly and courteous treatment received while under our roof.

Community Chest Thanks City Club

● The following letter speaks for itself: "Women's City Club, 465 Post Street,

"The Board of Directors and Campaign Committee of the Community Chest join me in extending our warm thanks to you for the generous space in the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE you donated to the Community Chest in its campaign which has just ended.

"The featuring of publicity this year was one of the things that helped the Chest attain its goal.

"Be assured of our very real appreciation of your great helpfulness.

"Very sincerely,

VIRGINIA A. CLAYBURG, *Chairman,*
Campaign Publicity.

LOUISE S. ACKERMAN, *Chairman,*
Newspapers and Features."

Contract Bridge

● A second class in Contract Bridge is being formed under the direction of Mr. Paul W. Black. The lessons and lectures, illustrated by stereopticon pictures, will begin Monday evening, January 11, 1932, at 8 o'clock, and continue every Monday evening for ten weeks.

The Committee suggests that tables of four be formed so that the same group may have as much practice playing as possible. Members and their friends are welcome to the class.

The terms are $5.00 for ten lessons; single admissions, 75 cents.

Please inquire at the desk for further information or from any member of the Bridge Committee: Harriet Adams, I. E. Banz, Nelle Gillespie, Nettie R. Metzger, Ida J. Lord.

Life-saving

● To prepare for Volunteer guard duty at the Swimming Pool members may join the life-saving class at 5:30 p.m. on Wednesday. A new class will start about the middle of January if five or more register for this work.

The class is open to members and guests without lesson fee.

To be able to enter the Red Cross life-saving course one must be able to pass the following test for eligibility:

Swimming 200 yards—eight lengths of the pool.

Demonstrating the back stroke and side stroke.

Performing front dive or racing start in good form.

Retrieving object in six to eight feet of water.

Instruction includes disrobing in deep water from coat, skirt and shoes, recovering object in six to ten feet of water, different ways of carrying a person in need of assistance in the water, releasing holds, and the prone pressure method of resuscitation.

Club Receives Gifts in Memory of Mrs. Leake

● Mr. William S. Leake in December presented to the City Club a handsome punch bowl, four dozen plates of exquisite design, glasses and a silver ladle in memory of Mrs. Leake, who was a worker in the National League for Women's Service during the war.

Mr. Leake also gave the Club a number of Japanese prints of value and artistic recognition.

Do You Know That—

● We have ninety-eight bedrooms. A large proportion of them are occupied by permanent guests, but a certain number are always available for transient use.

Members may extend the privileges of the Club to guests.

Bedroom rates are $2.50 per day without bath and $3.00 with bath. By the month, $40.00 to $85.00, according to size and location.

There are a few delightful suites that rent for $125.00, $127.50 and $130.00 per month.

We have reciprocal relations with over thirty clubs in this country and abroad.

Members may secure cards of introduction to any or all of these clubs from the room secretary, upon presentation of which the holders are extended the courtesies of those clubs for a period of two weeks.

The American Women's Club of Vienna, the American Women's Club of Berlin, the Lyceum Club of Madrid and the Lincoln Women's Club of Lincoln, Nebraska, have most recently been added to our list of reciprocal clubs.

The gold stars on the sleeves of the elevator operators and the small bar pins with the initials "N. L. W. S." worn by other employees indicate that they have been in the employ of the Club more than five years.

One employee has been with us eleven years and two for ten years.

The Swimming Pool will have a Children's Valentine Party on Saturday, February 13, at 10:30 o'clock. Children who wish to participate are requested to register at the Swimming Pool office in advance.

Christmas Decorations Elicit Enthusiastic Comment

● Miss Katherine Donohoe of the City Club directorate has been enthusiastically complimented upon the Christmas decorations which made the Club one of the beauty spots of the city during the last fortnight. Wreaths and Christmas trees, garlands and great urns of fir and the greenery which is associated with Christmas were artistically arranged on every floor.

The Tree in the Lounge was especially admired. It was all in white and silver on a background of green.

Assisting Miss Donohoe were Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. Edward Turkington, Mrs. Philip A. Coxon and members of the staff.

Volunteer Service Widens to Assist Whole Community

—MRS. W. F. BOOTH, JR., *Chairman Volunteer Service*

● The fifth year in a club house built for the purpose of developing a service program is drawing to a close.

Therefore, it might be of interest to learn what has been accomplished thus far by Volunteers.

To many, Volunteer Service means only that service given in the various departments operating within the club house.

While it is true that most of our time and endeavor has been spent in developing and expanding this "home service," it is also true that each year we have responded to appeals for service which have been made by other organizations.

It would be difficult to name all of the activities in which Volunteer Service has played some part.

However, among the lists we find:

Letterman Hospital
Stanford Hospital
The Girls' Housing Bureau
The National Fruit and Flower Guild
The Community Chest
The Canon Kip Clinic
The Mission Center of The Young Women's Christian Association.

During December the calls which the Volunteer Service Committee has received are of special interest because of the activities represented.

Members have assisted The San Francisco News in packing Christmas boxes.

Clerical service has been given the Community Chest.

A group helped in the making of favors to be used for decorations by The Guild For Crippled Children.

A course in candy-making has been given at the Mission Branch of The Young Women's Christian Association.

There also, one of our members has lectured on "Business Psychology," and a series of book reviews has just been completed by a member of our Club, and another series has been arranged for the coming year. The Associated Charities reported a need for a Motor Corps to serve two days a week, driving for their hard-pressed Social Service Workers. Sixteen Volunteers are serving one-half day each week, thus answering this need.

The response by members to emergency calls, and the interest shown by our new members has been most encouraging.

This year the demands made on the Social Service Agencies throughout the city are unusually heavy. The personnel of many of these is inadequate to operate efficiently under existing conditions. Therefore, the Volunteer Service Committee is most anxious to respond to requests whenever possible.

We need the support of all our members.

Each can help. First, by careful consideration of the type of woman she endorses for membership. Second, by remembering that Volunteer Service is not invitational.

We ask that all members send in their names to the office, stating in what kind of service her interest lies, and what part of her time she is willing to set aside in the giving of service to others.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" to Be Read by Mrs. Brown

● "Mourning Becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neill's play which is causing so much comment in New York, and, in fact, all over the country, will be the subject of Mrs. Hugh Brown's Drama Tea, Monday afternoon, January 18, in the American Room.

Mrs. Brown will read portions, connecting the story with a paraphrase, for, of course, the play is too long for reading in its entirety. In New York, where it had its premiere, the audience went out for dinner after having assembled at an early hour, and returned for another two hours.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" is not a story laid in Greece, as the name would suggest, but in America at the time of the Civil War. It is a parallel, however, of the Greek play in which Electra figures, and an obverse picture of the story suggested by "Oedipus, Rex."

The tea begins at 2:15 o'clock, and, owing to the length of the play, it is suggested that the audience be on time.

The Drama Tea committee comprises: Mrs. E. L. Grisell, Chairman; Mrs. William W. Adams, Miss Edith Allyne, Mrs. G. A. Applegarth, Mrs. S. D. Britt, Mrs. LeRoy Brooks, Mrs. Page Brown, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Miss Marion Burr, Mrs. Edmund Butler, Mrs. Edward Currier, Mrs. Joseph G. DeForest, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Howard Fleming, Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, Miss Ruth Gedney, Miss Lutie Goldstein, Mrs. Henry F. Grady, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. J. R. Hannay, Mrs. Franklin Hittell, Mrs. Albert J. Howell, Mrs. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. M. Osborn Johnson, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. F. W. Kroll, Mrs. S. J. Lisberger, Miss Anna K. Martin, Mrs. Frederick Meyer, Mrs. W. D. Patterson, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. Phoebe Rockwell, Mrs. Virgil F. Shaw, Mrs. William D. Stewart, Mrs. E. J. Tukington, Mrs. Shirley Walker, Mrs. Benjamin G. Weston, Mrs. E. P. Wilcox, Miss Ethel Young.

The American Women's Club of Berlin, E.V.

[The American Women's Club of Berlin has recently been added to the list of Women's Clubs in Europe having Reciprocal Relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.]

"The purpose of this organization shall be to further the interests of American women and students living, working and visiting in Berlin, to promote social intercourse. To provide competent counsel and advise upon all matters of importance to those who are unfamiliar with the customs of the country, and to help them secure suitable homes."—Constitution.

The membership comprises eight classes:

(a) Active members (Resident) ..... RM 60.00
(b) Active members (Non-Resident) 20.00
(c) Associate members 60.00
(d) Sustaining members 100.00
(e) Life members 1000.00
(f) Student members
(g) Honorary members
(h) Travellers—one month .. 10.00
three months 20.00

INFORMATION

The Club provides an information service with its Chairman and Committee of Information to whom inquiries may be made concerning suitable homes or living quarters, addresses of governesses, teachers, doctors and nurses or any other matters requiring the advice of those not familiar with regulations pertaining to or governing living conditions in Berlin, or travel in Germany.

CLUB ROOMS

The Club is centrally located, on Bellevue Strasse, opposite the Esplanade Hotel and convenient to all transportation lines.

The Club rooms are open all day in charge of a competent attendant. The office is open daily from 10 to 5, on Saturdays from 10 to 1, and is in charge of the Secretary, a member of the Club who also acts as hostess. Luncheons and teas are served upon request, stationery is provided, and spacious airy club rooms comprising a Winter garden dining-room, lounge, library, music room and office afford an ideal place for reading, writing, private entertainment, rest and relaxation. The music room, known to the members as the "Red Room," is available to members for private bridge parties, a quiet hour at the grand piano, or for reading. The latest books may be had from the library on the balcony overlooking the lounge, and the current American periodicals and daily newspapers are conveniently arranged on the library tables in the lounge.

The Club has as yet no bedrooms.

SOCIAL

The House and Hospitality Committee have charge of all Club functions. The last Wednesday of each month is set aside for an open house tea and reception for Club members only. Every Monday afternoon is bridge afternoon, and private bridge parties can be arranged for at any time.

The Club rooms are available to members for private musicals, receptions, balls, etc., when not in use for official Club functions. A small charge for lighting, cleaning, etc., is made. In a word, the Club is the social home of all resident members.

CULTURAL

The Program Committee, in connection with the Standing Committee, arrange the monthly programs, which include first-class concerts by professional artists of distinction, and lectures dealing with a wide variety of subjects; economics, current events, literature, art, science and folklore. Student members of the Club are given the opportunity of producing themselves, and we have adopted the policy of sponsoring American artists. Our "home talent" is often kindly offered, and helps to make the hours after the general meetings most attractive.

WELFARE AND STUDENT AFFAIRS

Through its Information Committee the Club has been able to render valuable service to Americans living in, or passing through, Berlin. Although the Club maintains no separate welfare committee at present, it stands ready at all times to render every assistance to Americans in distress, whether financially or otherwise, either directly or by bringing such persons to the attention of other organizations devoted strictly to charitable work.

Student affairs are a very real and vital part of the Club's activities. The Chairman of Student Affairs with her able corps of assistants regularly arranges social gatherings of young American men and women studying in Berlin. It is her aim to bring them together socially, to obviate that discouraging loneliness which often reacts to the detriment of young people adrift in a foreign country. The Club rooms are thrown open at regular intervals to these students for dances and any form of wholesome entertainment, with the Chairman of Students' Affairs acting as official hostess.

The Club kitchen provides refreshments and the young have learned to rely upon the Club as the pivot of their social life in Berlin.

BOY SCOUTS

Berlin has a troup of American Boy Scouts for whom the American Women's Club is a real home. They are always at hand to assist the Chairman of Hospitality on any occasion by taking charge of the cloak rooms, running errands and otherwise rendering valuable service. In return the Club is at the disposal of the Boy Scouts for their own parties. It is a source of great pride to the members that the American Boy Scouts are always ready and eager to come to the Club.

Life

—KEITH HUBBARD, *aged 15 years*

What is life that we should live?
What is death that we should fear?
What in life are we to give
Before our time is come, is near?

What song is it that we must sing?
What path is set for us in life?
And must we battle till we bring
Our trembling bark from out the strife?

And when the fleeting soul has fled,
When we have crossed the bar,
Is that the promised place of peace?
Is that where loved ones are?

Why are we born and must we live?
Why must we struggle, must we die?
Is there some pearl that we must give
To all mankind? Then is that why?

Good New Year Resolutions for Health . . . January 1, 1932

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● I. In the year 1932, as near my birthday as possible, I will go to my physician, or to the Periodic Health Examination offered by my Club and see where I stand in health.

II. As each decade of life passes, exercise, diet, sleeping, weight and a balanced nervous system are increasingly important to well-being. Strenuous programs of exercise take a toll of human life each year. Heavy diets increase arterial disease and diabetes. Extra weight taxes the circulation, pump, and pipes (heart and blood vessels) by extra work. Too heavy a program of pleasure and work often makes for instability, and a wear and tear on nervous balance. Time taken for contemplation is due one out of each day.

The rest of nerves and body is best in sleep. When tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco mean less sleep, swear off. These are all lines for 1932 good resolutions.

III. Each one of us is the centre of a circle of influence. I resolve that I will be intelligent about the measures tried out and urged for protecting health: I will influence others to understand. Vaccination for Smallpox; Prevention of Diphtheria by the use of Toxoids or Toxin Antitoxin and of Typhoid by Vaccines will have my full support. Young fathers and mothers need intelligence and, by standing for Modern Preventive Medicine, I shall make my contribution.

IV. I resolve to be intelligent about all matters affecting health, in my city and in my state. Inspection of the milk supply; investigation of the water supply; control of rat population; disposal of garbage; quarantine laws for contagious diseases; the anti-tuberculosis campaign; school medical work in heart, lungs and general health; all will have my support.

V. The Health Problem of Recreation: Extra nourishment; well baby clinics; posture clinics, I know, are fundamental to healthy bodies and minds. As civic activities, I resolve to know and support them.

VI. I resolve, in 1932, not only to give my money contributions to the Community Chest, but to give service somewhere in their various agencies, so that I may see their working and that I may understand better the human problems involved.

A careful study of these six resolutions will protect your individual health; the health of your younger friends; the health and happiness of our school children, and infant population, and help you to know and feel intelligently the problems our community is up against brought on by misfortune and ill-health. This condition is always with us, but the situation is very acute today in our depression period.

ANOTHER VICIOUS CIRCLE

You all know how many times, in problems of handicapped women in search of work, I have told you of the great aid that the Good-Will Industries is to us. Now the sales volume is less than usual in their four stores; the group seeking the chance to work for them is larger. Where are the wages for these workers coming from? The thirty dollars a month a woman can earn in rehabilitating the clothes sent to the Good-Will Industries to them means room and board, often tiding over a person who would be at the Relief Home otherwise. Self-support, even though assisted by the Community Chest, makes for self-respect and happiness. Remember the Industries when you want to re-equip a worker, man, woman or child or furnish a room for someone—and remember them also with half-worn clothes, home furnishings, oil stoves, and, more important than all, shoes. They will send their canvas bags to you and collect the things you have to give.

Happy New Year to you, and may you make it a Happier Year for many others.

This Is a Real Opportunity

● Through the generosity of members and friends of the Club, bonds were returned this year as birthday presents. For the first time, therefore, since the selling of the issue at 333 Kearny Street, these bonds are available for the present membership. The buying of them has two phases. It is a help to the Club in the conversion of a frozen asset into liquid form and, on the other hand, it is a secured investment for the buyer, secured because the Club, which has to date met all obligations, will continue to pay the six per cent interest and will redeem the note in 1938. What better investment in the present market can be made by our members? There are only a few of these bonds now available, and anyone interested must speak immediately to the President or to the Executive Office.

EDITORIAL

● Comes now "the New Year, reviving old desires . . . ."

Meaning the impulses and enthusiasms with which we so gallantly began twelve months ago.

How long did we stay with them? Or they with us?

Fortunate that individual who finishes a year with the same exaltation as that which imbued her in January.

Who, indeed, has often finished a day as blithely as she began it?

Rarely does even a day so close.

Almost never does a year so fold itself into eternity.

And so, with these reflections, we thank God we have another chance; that opportunity *does* come a second and a third time

In our relations to the Club, we might make a resolution in this vein:

"I shall avail myself more and more of the opportunities afforded by the Club."

That covers much territory.

And works objectively as well as subjectively.

It will help the Club as well as enrich you in pleasant experiences.

There is the Beauty Salon, to start at the lower floor.

No beauty salon in San Francisco has more commodious, lighter or more completely equipped quarters. The staff is expert and the prices comparable with other high-class places of the kind.

There is the Swimming Pool:

Large and clean, with guards and teachers at hand. Scrip books for this and the Beauty Salon make ideal gifts for birthday and other anniversaries.

Coming up a floor, we have the League Shop. What a boon it was to shoppers during the holidays.

It still is an alluring spot and is open to the public.

Then we come to the Restaurant and Cafeteria. Any member of the Club will agree that the cuisine is excellent and that the prices are right.

If a member patronizes other places when she is down town it is due to thoughtlessness and not because she has any criticism to make of the Club's food or facilities.

Lectures and study courses, book reviews and causeries, offer intellectual stimulus at small charge or, as in the instance of the Thursday evening programs, entirely free of cost.

Bridge teas, luncheons and festivals provide entertainment to followers and disciples of Lenz and Culbertson.

Bedrooms for your out-of-town guests relieve you of the responsibility of an extra person or persons in the household.

Bedrooms at a small charge per hour give you a place to relax and rest while down town, or to dress for the evening if you live across the Bay or down the Peninsula.

The uses of the Club are varied and the member who does not avail herself of them deprives herself of much comfort and pleasure.

Also she deprives the Club of the benefit accruing from her patronage, and any business enterprise must have patronage.

The City Club is a business enterprise.

Remembering that fact will help the member to keep faith with her New Year's resolution to—

Use the Club.

The Cactus' Revenge

—EDITH BRISTOL

● I am the cactus.

I have lifted my thorny spires to the skies of the great Southwest before ever the pioneers grappled with the soil.

The plains were mine, where I raised my myriad spine-studded stalks in worship of the sun.

Patient, calloused hands tore me from the ground.

Where once I flourished are now fertile fields and verdant orchards.

I have been cursed as a pest, grubbed out in long days of searching toil. Uprooted, reviled.

Almost I have disappeared.

A noxious weed men called me, doomed to extermination before the march of progress and cultivation.

But today I have my revenge. This is my hour.

I have become fashionable. Smart estates demand me for Spanish gardens.

Trim beds shelter my gnarled and uncouth branches.

Landscape architects prescribe me for the homes of millionaires.

I am "atmosphere" for the patios of showplaces of San Mateo and Burlingame.

Window dressers in department stores use me as a decorative motif.

Florists and nurserymen can hardly supply enough of me to keep up with the demand.

The sunny slopes where I was once torn so ruthlessly from my roots are being planted with rare members of my family at so many dollars per plant.

If you want one of me the nursery will charge you—plenty.

The cactus is avenged.

The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT (MRS. WILLIAM KENT, JR.)—*Drawing by Mrs. Bradley Wallace*

[Continued from last month. Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Babette, youngest of three princesses, whose mother died at her christening after the Court Chamberlain, who stuttered, was understood to say "Babette," lived with her sisters in a Castle-by-the-Sea. A Prince comes a-wooing Babette, and her father, King of Cordain, commands her to wed him. Babette has run away. She comes to Elvarnen Castle, where she remains for a year as a page. Then, jealous because the Knights pay much attention to clinging women, she leaves there, Keef, the gardener, accompanying her. They come to a "haunted" house.]

"The devil take your tongue!" growled the ghost in a hoarse voice. "Shut up! You'll spoil my game!"

Babette stared open-mouthed. "Then, you are only a man," she panted.

"Of course I am," growled the ghost again. "But you mustn't tell everyone." And thereupon he sat down on the floor and began to help himself to the food.

Babette came up to the top step and there sat down rather limply. "You made a very good ghost," she said with rather a weak smile.

The ghost grinned and helped himself to some wine. "Been at it over a month now. Only way I can keep from starving."

"Why, what are you?"

"Outlaw," he answered with his mouth full. "Proscribed in every town and city and village in the country."

"Oh, I see!" Babette thoughtfully said. "But don't you realize what you're doing to these people here? Because of you all their trade has been lost and they'll starve pretty soon."

"I know it," answered the ghost. "But haven't I got to live, too? And if they're such fools as to believe——"

"But," interrupted Babette, "you can't go on this way forever. Somebody will find you out, and then what will you do?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't there anyone who could protect you?" asked Babette.

"Tobar, the Mayor of Conningsby, could pardon me, but he's a great man and wouldn't hear me."

"I know!" cried Babette, bouncing on the top step with delight, "You could come along with Keef and me, and we'd find out the Mayor and get him to pardon you."

The ghost set down the wine bottle and looked at Babette curiously. "D'ye mean you'd take me knowing nothing except that I am an outlaw and a cheat?"

Babette nodded.

"Who are you?" he added.

"I am Babette, a—sort of gypsy, and I am going in search of adventure. Keef's with me. He's a gardener. What's your name?"

"I am Robert Herron. But d'you mean——?"

Babette was thinking rapidly. "You'd better go on being a ghost until tomorrow. I'll get you a horse and we will leave at daybreak for Conningsby. Will you meet us at the cross-roads around the bend?" Babette was on her feet and had picked up the candle.

Robert rose. "Will I? If only I——" But Babette, candle in hand, was descending the stairs and the ghost was left to his familiar darkness.

When Babette returned to the three frightened figures huddled around the

"Your Highness will ruin your gown if you sit in the mud."

kitchen fire, she replied to their anxious inquiries with, "If I rid the inn of your ghost will you give me what I ask for?"

Amid exclamations of fear and wonder they promised her anything, but she demanded only a brown stallion and saddle from the inn stables.

Early the next morning Babette and Keef, leading a riderless brown stallion, arrived at the cross-roads. "Here is the ghost!" cried Babette as out from the bushes sprang a big bearded man. "Robert, this is Keef, and here is the horse."

The big man smiled, nodded to Keef, who stared suspiciously and, taking the bridle from his hand, leaped on the brown stallion and all three rode on together.

On the way they discussed how they would approach Tobar, the all-powerful Mayor. Keef's shyness wore off when Robert told how he had been outlawed for killing one of the King's guards in a tavern fight.

It was a very hot day, but at noon when they rode into Conningsby, it seemed hotter still on the paved streets overhung with crowded houses. All down the sun-baked streets the shop-keepers leaned in their doorways fanning themselves, and on the street stands the edible wares stood crumpled and soggy, and even the dogs lay panting in the middle of the street, too hot to move.

Upon entering the town Robert pulled his hood far over his face and rode in a slouched position. They inquired the way to the court-house, and finally rode up to a large, dirty building, where noisy children scrambled over the steps and in the open windows men mopped their brows. Babette dismounted, and, bidding Keef and Robert wait, picked her way among the children on the steps and entered the building. There seemed to be a great many men hurrying to and fro and still more lolling on benches against the wall, and they all stared at Babette, but none of them offered to help her.

After waiting a few minutes Babette stopped a young man in his hurried journey down the corridor and said: "If you please, I want to speak to the Mayor."

The young man frowned. "He's busy," he snapped, and hurried on.

Babbette stopped the next man. "I want to speak to the Mayor."

This man peered at her through his spectacles and answered: "You can't. He has to make a very important decision." And he, too, walked on.

One of the loiterers on a bench called out, "It's no use, young lady; you won't see Tobar today."

"But I must see him," said Babette calmly. "It's very important."

The loiterers laughed. "The whole town's awaiting his decision on a very big matter. I guess you will have to wait, too."

Babette thought of Robert waiting outside on the brown stallion, and it seemed to her that his dangerous position couldn't wait. Having noticed that the hurrying figures seemed to enter a special door, she too walked up to that door and pushed it open. A burst of oaths from the loiterers in the corridors made her step in quickly and shut the door behind her.

The room was crowded with men, all talking at once, some mopping their brows, some drinking. Over in the corner by the window was a huge table strewn with

pieces of parchment and empty steins, and leaning with one arm on the table sat the Mayor, a fat, bald, worried man. He seemed very much worried, for he shuffled around the pieces of parchment, clasped and unclasped his pudgy hands, and from time to time mopped his bald head.

Nobody paid any attention to Babette, but went on talking and drinking until the little fat man behind the table sprang up and cried: "Go 'way, all of you, and let me think! Let me think!"

At that all the men, still talking and flapping about pieces of parchment, hurried past Babette out of the room. When they were gone the little man with a groan sat down in the chair, and began shuffling the papers about again. Babette walked over and stood by the table, but he didn't notice her.

"If you please—" she began.

Without looking up the little man cried, "I told you to go away!"

"But you didn't know I was here," said Babette.

"Eh?" cried the Mayor. "What's that?" And he looked up and saw Babette. "Who are you?"

Very politely Babette told him who she was, why she had come, and all about Robert.

"Do you know that you are interrupting one of the most important decisions concerning the District of Conningsby?" demanded Tobar the Mayor sternly when she had finished.

"Yes, I know," answered Babette, leaning on the big table and idly fingering a mug. "But, you see, it's important about Robert, too. Think how uncomfortable he is out in the street, not knowing whether or not you will put him into prison."

The Mayor went to the window and looked out. "Is he the big man with the beard? He looks capable of taking care of himself?"

"Yes," Babette enthusiastically answered. "He made a very good ghost."

"And," went on Tobar, still gazing into the street, "do you go on from here just searching for adventure?"

Babette nodded.

"Have you had many adventures?"

"Oh, no!" answered Babette. "I haven't had any yet, but I expect there are a lot lying in wait somewhere."

"What fun it must be!" said Tobar.

"It's very nice," answered Babette. "Riding along—and the flowers on the roadside—and in the woods."

"It must be so cool there," signed the Mayor, "with no people or—" he looked around the messy room— "or petitions or things to bother you."

Babette agreed. "And the nicest part," she said, "is that you never know what is coming around the next corner. Sometimes it's a brook with funny slippery stones, and sometimes it's only a ditch."

The Mayor sighed heavily and turned from the window.

"Well," he said, writing upon a piece of paper, "here's the pardon. It's most irregular, but—" and he thrust it roughly into Babette's hands.

At the door Babette turned to say goodbye, but as the Mayor was looking out of the window with his hands behind him she hesitated. "Good-bye."

Tobar didn't answer. "It's a very hot day," he suddenly said.

"Yes," agreed Babette, "but it will be cooler in the woods, once we get out of town."

The Mayor cleared his throat. "I suppose—I suppose you wouldn't think I'd make a very good gypsy." As Babette looked puzzled he added: "I have a horse—a nice little white horse with an easy gait and yet not too slow. I'm not sure he could keep up with your stallions, but I could jog along behind—and—may I come along with you?"

Babette was so startled that she could only answer, "Why—why—but you are the Mayor and so important, and have so many duties, and we—we're just gypsies!"

"That's just it!" cried the Mayor, mopping his head and panting with eagerness. "To get away from all this, not to have to write, judge, not to have to decide—to get out of this hot town."

"Why, of course," said Babette, simply, "if you feel that way. I don't think Keef and Robert would mind, and we're friends already."

"Good, good!" cried Tobar, beaming. "You and Keef and Robert ride on and I'll join you by the well just outside the town. I'll bring lunch," he added, as he collected a few documents and hurried from the room.

Babette returned to tell her companions of the new addition to the party.

About an hour later, away from the town of Conningsby rode four persons—a dazed young man on a gray horse, a big bearded man on a brown stallion, a boyish figure in gray-green on a black stallion, and a little fat man on a fat white horse; and back in the town hall of Conningsby a group of frantic citizens paced the room and wondered what could be keeping the Mayor.

CHAPTER V

The Whistler

For many days Babette, Keef, Robert, and Tobar rode along together, meeting with many adventures, and Babette became so absorbed in her role of gypsy that her hands sometimes stole to the ring she always wore around her neck, to assure herself that she had really been a Princess. When she had given her clothes and jewels to Tad, she had kept only this ring, because, having the seal of Cordain upon it, even she hesitated at throwing it away.

One day they came upon the Whistler. It had been cloudy all day, and about eight o'clock on a summer evening, when twilight was growing thicker, Babette and her friends were riding single-file through a lane. The air was heavy with the coming rain; great storm clouds scudded across the sky, and in the grayness came that feeling of waiting. A little hot breeze blew against Babette's cheek, and the bushes, jutting out, brushed gently against her knees as she rode. Only the sound of crickets could be heard until, in the distance, and then nearer and nearer, came the sound of whistling. It was a merry tune, but in the grayness and shut-in-ness of the lane it sounded quaint and eerie.

"Listen!" said Babette softly. "I've never heard anything like it!"

As she spoke they turned a bend, and down the lane they saw walking towards them the tall figure of a man, followed by a horse. In the dusk they seemed like shadows, dim and indistinct, and the merry whistling only added to the weird effect. When they had come quite close everyone stopped.

"I am afraid the lane is too narrow for you to pass," said Babette.

"Then I'll have to turn and ride with you," answered the stranger in a good-natured voice, and, mounting his horse, he led off in the direction from which he had come.

They had to go slowly, because the darkness made the horses stumble on the unknown path, and for some time they rode in silence.

"It's going to rain," said Babette; and as she spoke, the storm burst and great drops of rain fell thick and fast. The riders quickened their pace, but the rain fell heavier and heavier, and soon it poured a steady torrent.

"There's a sort of peasants' hut about two miles from here I saw when I came by," said the stranger, and the hearts of the travellers rose. Babette was cold with the clinging of her wet clothes. Keef jogged in moody silence, and Robert growled to his horse and muttered softly from time to time, and Tobar trailed along in the rear like a bedraggled little ball of clothes.

Suddenly the stranger began to whistle—not any particular tune, but measure after measure of clear bird-notes that came bursting forth, rollicking into little trills and tremulos, softening into lulling cadences, and then leaping into warbles of mad melody.

Tobar's wet round face creased into a smile; Robert cleared his throat and hummed along in a sort of husky growl, and Babette straightened in her saddle

(*Continued on page 20*)

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE EPIC OF AMERICA: by *James Truslow Adams;* Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed. Little, Brown and Company; $3.00.

RICE: *by Louise Jordan Miln;* Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.; $2.00.

FIVE GIRLS WHO DARED: *by Helen Ferris;* The Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $2.50.

ADAM'S RIB: *by Mary Day Winn;* Harcourt, Brace, and Co., N. Y.; $2.00.

WORK: *by Adriano Tilgher;* translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; Harcourt, Brace, and Co., N. Y.; $2.00.

● The Epic of America: by James Truslow Adams.

James Truslow Adams' "Epic of America" is a study of the relationship between the facts of our history and the spiritual meaning of those facts. He passes in review the "whole colorful pageant of the great epic" and sets down the significance of this relationship in terms of "influences and not of politicians." The expressed purpose of the study in significance is to discover: "How the ordinary American became what he is today, in outlook, character and opinion."

In the beginning of the book Adams states this thesis: The greatest contribution we have made to the thought and welfare of the world is the "American dream of a better, richer and happier life for all of our citizens of every rank." The real meaning of the "epic" is dependent on its being inseparable from the "dream." "The epic loses all its glory without the dream."

To the development of his thesis Adams traces, among others, the influence of our frontiers. "Had the Pacific Ocean washed the western slopes of the Alleghenies, the type of civilization would probably have continued along the lines of eighteenth century European culture which had so successfully sprung up in the colonies by the period of the Revolution." Each "successive swarming out" from this first or English frontier made life freer and more independent for the poor but also "less cultured in the broadest sense."

Frontier life called only for a combination of a "few primal qualities not of a high order, save physical courage and perseverance," so the typical frontiersman became "narrowly self-sufficient." Thus the frontier, combined with Puritanism, gave to American life its limited and intolerant spiritual outlook, and self expression was abandoned for the more pressing need of making a living.

With the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 the "frontier and simple citizen" came into power for the first time. Thus emerged

the "real Americanism of the masses. The common man may not have done much for American culture in its narrowest sense but in its wider meaning it is he who almost alone has fought to hold fast to the American dream."

Periodic panics in America had much to do with pushing people out into the unpeopled spaces. The frontier offered a chance of escape for the economic failure as well as the religious protester. Adams attributes our "preference for slipping out from under a situation when it becomes too complex rather than thinking and fighting it through" to this influence of the frontier. And this in turn accounts for the American sympathy for the "under dog," since he has a fellow feeling for the maladjusted. Our emotional attitude in international relations and toward the criminal, which attitude lacks due regard to the facts, is an expression of this type of sympathy.

By the year 1890 the building of railroads and the improvement of the steamboat had peopled the west and developed it economically. It was the end of our frontier and the "conquering and exploiting of a continent," which Adams calls "our adventure of youth." That being ended, it became necessary that the American face his situation and consolidate what he had taken. Adams sees the influence of the ending of the frontier of as great significance, in what we are today, as the influence of the existence of the frontier. The frontier ended "almost yesterday."

In the Epilogue Adams gathers up the threads of the different influences he has traced and weaves them into a picture of the significance of the whole of American history. With this significance as a basis he traces the possible trends of the future. "In the past we forgot to live in our struggle to make a living; our education became utilitarian and aimless." We have now to search for a "new scale and basis of values.... Unless we can agree on what the values in life are we can have no goal, and if we have no goal the discussion of methods is futile.... We shall not create a high wage-scale in order that the receiver shall consume more, but that he may, in one way or another, live more abundantly, whether by enjoying those things which are factory-produced or those which are not.... If we are to make a dream come true we must all work together, no longer build bigger, but to build better."

To those readers who seek understanding rather than mere facts James Truslow Adams offers a great experience. It is to be regretted that there are two errors in the facts relating to California. The Franciscans established the missions in Southern California attributed to the Jesuits. The Jesuits came only into Lower California. Sir Francis Drake stopped the Golden Hind in Drake's Bay in 1579, not in San Francisco Bay. The latter was not discovered until 1770.

● Rice: by Louise Jordan Miln.

The eyes of the world are focused on the Orient today, and the prayers of the world go up that calm counsels may prevail, and the war clouds be scattered. Two years ago, at the time of the Kyoto Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Chester Rowell said that, if we should ever have another world war, its birthplace would be in Manchuria, as the result of the triangular problem of Japan and Russia and China. But he expected an interval of ten years for the gathering of their strength, and he believed that, in that time, the friendly conferences of national leaders would clarify the situation, and draw the peoples into a closer understanding, so that their problems would be settled by pacific means. It is not even yet impossible!—though Japan and China have conflicting rights, and Russia waits on the horizon. So we watched the war-clouds gather in 1914, —without understanding. If only some bright light might shine in the path of their militaristic leaders, some voice turn them aside from that way, before they, unknowing, tear down all that the world's civilizations have built up! Today, at Geneva, the intangible battle is waged between force and spirit. And we do not know the end. It is in such crises that the hearts of the world must turn to a higher Wisdom, a greater Power.

A letter from the Orient says: "We are greatly anxious over the situation in Manchuria. It may sound fantastic, but I tell

you that in the present imbroglio there are the seeds of a crack-up of the Japanese social structure, the driving of China into the arms of Soviet Russia and communism, the crippling of the League of Nations, and another world war. Our information is so meagre. And the papers are unreliable and inflammatory."

And so we needs must enlarge our knowledge of those far countries, where perhaps the future form of our civilization is being decided.

The books of the Orient of which I am thinking are not political, nor very new. Louise Jordan Miln's "Rice" was published last year. But more than any of her earlier books, I think her story of Pang Kee the peasant woman and her daughter represents the true China, so close to "the good earth." There is a poignant pathos in their patience, their keen enjoyment of so little, —the immemorial patience of China and its compensations.

"Pekin Dust," by Ellen La Motte, was published by the Century Company about twelve years ago, I think, but in the gossip which blew like red dust through the streets of Pekin and through the pages of this little volume, which is still on the shelves of the booksellers, there is much that is illuminating today.

And in my hand I hold a lovely book, bound in white and gold, from the Dobunsha Press of Tokyo: "One Thousand Haiku, Ancient and Modern" (in English and Japanese), collected by Asataro Miyamori. I can read only the English half of the book, but its exquisite artistry and the heart-wrenching poetry of the little verses hold all the beauty-loving spirit of Japan, for which we love her.

● Five Girls Who Dared: stories collected by Helen Ferris.

From their own writings Miss Ferris has culled the great adventures of five brave women, prefacing each with a few introductory pages of her own: Amelia Earhart, first woman to fly the Atlantic; Louise de Koven Bowen, social worker with Jane Addams in Chicago, who gave the Boys' Club to Hull House; Josephine de Mott Robinson, who, as famous circus-rider, wife and mother, and riding-teacher, lived her ideal that "the show must go on"; Elizabeth Marbury, business manager of our great French and English dramatists; and Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, who has dared to make a new life from the brilliant ruins of the old. They shame us if we whine over our losses in a stock-market crash!

● The two books from Harcourt, Brace and Company could scarcely be more different in style. "Adam's Rib," by Mary Day Winn, has been lying on my bookshelves because I found it distinctly unpleasant. The "blurb" speaks of her "piquant and satiric style," in which she discusses "concrete facts, the new and significant phases of the modern American woman's life and power." But her chapter-headings did not amuse me, and their subject matter bored me, even though some of her articles had been previously published in The North American Review, Plain Talk, The Outlook, and the Herald's Sunday Magazine — "The New Cult of Venus," "Keeping up with the Spinster," "Women Discover the Headlines," "The Love Racket," "The Bridge Epidemic," "Marriage in the Test-tube," "Today's Confessionals," "Submerged Husbands," "Chivalry Toward Men!" When one writes of Aemrican women that "they are learning the advantages of spinsterhood in the big cities, and how to take 'false steps' without losing their social balance"; that "women are becoming the better-educated sex; have discovered the pleasure and perils of front-page publicity; and have put sex appeal into business," I am not amused. Miss Winn's satire did not appeal to me. Perhaps it is over my head. But it seemed to me that she was writing about persons whom I should not care to know.

"Work," written by Adriano Tilgher, one of the notable figures of contemporary Italian culture, is the history of the evolution of human thought in regard to human labor. Our own Dorothy Canfield thought it worthy of translation. "It traces the ideal from the Greeks, who thought of Work as a hardship, and the early Christians, who regarded it as a punishment for original sin, to our own times, in which we recognize in creative work the greatest and ultimate attainment of man." In these days of world-wide financial perplexity, which may turn us back to earlier simplicities, it is good to have a clear voice raised for the honor and glory of the gospel of Work!

Tropical Town

Blue, pink and yellow houses, and, afar,
The cemetery, where the green trees are.
Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,
And there are always buzzards in the sky;
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell;
A blind man rings it; and sometimes you hear
A rumbling ox cart that brings wood to sell,
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell
That holds the town asleep, save, once a year,
The Easter Festival . . .
I come from there,
And when I tire of hoping, and despair
Is heavy over me, my thoughts go far,
Beyond that length of lazy street, to where
The lonely green trees and the white graves are.

Children Demand Interesting Books

● It was Alice in Wonderland who asked herself, "What is the use of a book without pictures and conversation?"

Modern children are of the same opinion, and those who produce books for youngsters nowadays have heeded these demands. One of the most distinctive advances characterizing children's books today is in the art of illustration. The finest artists in the country are now decorating books for children, and in the building of juvenile literature, illustration plays a most important part.

What a change from the early days of this country when the children themselves were not considered in the creation of their own books! Then stories and books were used merely as a means of imparting moral instruction. Few illustrations were used and these were often scratchy line drawings, confusing to the eyes even of grownups today. As recently as the seventies and eighties, little attention was given to the illustrations of books and the few pictures that were used often represented the less desirable phase of the text. Some editions of Dickens, for instance, are remembered for their illustrations of cruelty, such as Fagin in "Oliver Twist" administering a sound thrashing to one of his little victims, and the textbooks often contained pictures which modern educators would consider objectionable.

Today the child's first books are picture books. The pictures tell stories. They represent ideas which can be grasped by the child's imagination and in some way translated into his own life. There is fancy, gaiety, and a childish realism. The colors are clear and true, and the drawings are equally truthful in line and composition.

After the first picture books, comes that delightful group of animal tales and fairy stories, to which modern illustrations are contributing so much. The delicate, fanciful material gives the skilled artist an opportunity to add a new joy and a new sense of beauty to the lives of children. Nowadays artists give the very breath of life to these characters, adding a touch of humor, and their grotesque caricatures of wee fairy folk, gnomes, vegetable children, the cavorting of birds and fishes, the jolly jokes of the animal world, provide irresistible fun for children today.

The vast number of important new books about the wonders of the modern world, inventions, skyscrapers, books of information, the "how" and "why" books, have opened up an entirely new field for book illustration. The picture of a steam shovel done in color by gifted artists is intensely interesting to a modern child. These realistic

books are becoming more and more popular, as they faithfully portray all the magic of the present day, airplanes, steamships, engines and other familiar and wondrous things in the child's environment.

There is another story of progress in children's books, in the many new beautifully illustrated editions of the classics. These great books have lived, no doubt, because of the intrinsic value of the stories themselves but with each artist's interpretation through pictures, renewed life is added to the book and perhaps a new group of readers is reached. In fact, modern illustration has brought so much to these books that many of them are purchased by adult readers as fine editions for their own libraries.

Anne Carroll Moore, superintendent of work with children, New York Public Library, commenting on this progress in children's books recently, said, "In a century of publication of children's books in the United States, the decade from 1920 to 1930 stands out, not only as the most productive of children's books, but as the most widely representative of children's tastes in reading. Freer communication with children, a better understanding of childhood itself as a recognized state of human existence, and an increased respect for the nature and quality of the child mind, are responsible for the broader outlook of American parents and educators during the first thirty years of the twentieth century."

The Princess They Christened Babette

(Continued from page 17)

and swayed with delight at each changing measure.

"Oh, you do it beautifully! Whistle some more!" cried Babette, when the stranger had stopped for breath.

The stranger laughed. "They call me Trajan the Whistler," he said.

"How nice! Trajan the Whistler! I was to have married a man named Trajan, but I ran away."

The Whistler laughed again. "I hope it wasn't because of his name."

"Oh, no!" Babette politely hastened to assure him.

Trajan began to whistle again, and the whole party rode on through the pouring rain until they came to a hut at the roadside. The peasants who lived in the hut were not inclined to welcome five wet strangers, but at the sight of a gold-piece in Tobar's hand made them more cordial welcome, and while Babette descended to enter the hut, Robert called, "We'll see to the horses, Babette," and the next instant Babette was standing before a blazing fire, drying her wet clothes.

The peasant woman was taking some cheese and bread from the cupboard, when outside the door arose the sound of scuffling and kicking and blows, and then Tobar's voice in vain protest. Babette opened the door and looked out. There, in a muddy sort of shed connected with the hut, locked in a wrestler's grip, Keef and the Whistler swayed and scuffled.

"Keef!" cried Babette, horrified. And then, "Trajan!"

But they gave no attention to her.

"Keef!" cried Babette, stamping. "Trajan! Do you hear me!"

Trajan, with a mighty effort, lifted Keef into the air and flung him into a mud-puddle, from which spot the unfortunate gardener sat up and rubbed his head.

"How dare you!" blazed Babette at Trajan, too excited to reason. Trajan, followed by Robert, Tobar, and the peasant man, came into the hut. In spite of his rumpled appearance, he was very good to look upon—very tall and broad, with a mane of bronze-colored hair.

"I'm sorry," said the Whistler, attempting to pull his wet clothes into shape, "I had no idea he was so warlike."

Robert, warming his hands before the blaze, chuckled to himself, and Tobar said with judicial fairness, "Keef really was to blame. I see no reason for his attitude towards your remark."

"Why, what was your remark?" asked Babette.

"I said only, what a funny little name Babette was!" answered Trajan.

Babette laughed and went to the door. Keef was sitting in the puddle, just where they had left him, but it was not because of a physical inability to rise; he was so absorbed in thinking that he had forgotten where he was. Keef thought slowly, but he never scamped on his thoughts; he gave them his undivided attention.

"Keef," said Babette, "you aren't going to keep on being angry with Trajan, are you?"

"No," slowly answered Keef, "no, I'm not. He didn't want to fight, and when he did, he threw me so as not to hurt me. I must learn that trick," and he rose from the puddle, entered the house, and accosted the Whistler. "You must teach me that trick of throwing," was all he said.

Trajan, helping him to wipe off his mud-soaked garments, assured him that he would.

The next day was sunny, and as the five rode along, Babette asked the Whistler whither he was bound.

"Nowhere in particular," he carelessly answered. "I think if you don't mind, I'll go along with you."

Tobar and Keef looked pleased, and Robert grunted approvingly.

"What do you do?" asked Babette curiously. "I mean, what are you—what can you do?"

Trajan flicked the mane of his gray stallion with a twig he had broken off. "I can't do much of anything worth while except whistle," he solemnly answered. "I've been very badly brought up."

"That's too bad," said Babette sympathetically. "Didn't you ever learn anything?"

"Well," mused the Whistler, "I can sing."

"Oh," cried Babette, "sing now!"

Trajan laughed, and in a deep, mellow voice, sang this song:

THE LADY AND THE BEGGARMAN

"Upon a dusty winding road a beggarman did stray,
A right well-favored beggarman, who hummed a carol gay.
Yet all beneath his tatters he felt most grievous thin,
For bare of pence his wallet was, and hunger gnawed within.
As on he walked and pondered, a coach he soon espied,
'Aha!' quoth he, 'for food and gold, its inmates shall be tried!'

The coach was rich in splendor, and the horses sleek and fat,
And within on silken cushions a fair-haired lady sat.
'God save you!' quoth the beggar as the carriage slow rolled by;
'And thee, sir!' quoth the lady as she turned a laughing eye.
She bade the coach drive slower as the beggar walked beside,
And to her eager questioning with humble mien replied.

'Who art thou?' asked the lady, 'and of what kith or kin?'
The beggarman he answered, and he marked her tilted chin,
And how the wayward, sun-flicked curls did dance around her head,
'I am not claimed by kith or kin'—and oh! her lips were red!

'Well, beggar,' quoth the lady, 'but beg of me, I pray,
For I know thou art a-hungered, and I will not say thee nay.'

To ask for longed-for food and gold the beggar's lips were framed,
But lo! 'I beg of thee a kiss!' These were the words he named.
'Thou art a saucy beggar!' She paused, an instant grave;
Then to his handsome sunburned face her smiling lips she gave.
'Drive on!' she bade the coachman as she called a light 'Good day!'
And the beggar, empty-handed, trod his hungry onward way."

(Continued on page 28)

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

Happy New Year!

Let's hold that thought every waking moment in the days to come. We are, as we think—and if we would but cling tenaciously to the idea of joy and happiness there would be no room for doubts that lead toward the dark clouds of life. Line yours this year with golden sunshine—not even silver will do—for we must keep a warm sparkling atmosphere about us if we would do our part in changing the present era of depression.

Perhaps funds are limited and it is not possible for you to have the luxuries to which you have become accustomed. Just remember when you commence to feel dissatisfied with your portion that there are thousands of others who have not even necessities. Substitute simple pleasures for the costly. They bring more real happiness in the end.

When you take stock of yourself and your household for the new year budget your time as well as income. Plan to give more hours of service to others, always remembering, though, that your loved ones come first. Then, when their spiritual needs are provided for in a cheery, comfortable home, and their material wants in well-kept wardrobes and tasty meals, offer your leisure hours to worth-while civic or social activities that have a definite goal. In helping others, we help ourselves, and joy and satisfaction are to be found in service.

Do not give up your friends because you can no longer afford expensive entertainment. Choose instead special motifs, utilizing cotton, paper and tin for the damask and china and brightly colored fruits in place of out-of-season blooms.

"Hard Times Parties" offer many possibilities along this line, as they are always enjoyed. Decorations of fruits (which later supplement the family meals) may be attractively arranged in combination with autumn leaves. A pumpkin, cut in basket design, would make a lovely centerpiece, filling the basket with gay persimmons, grapes, apples, oranges and bananas, with perhaps a ripe pineapple in the top. If you wish, grape leaves could lead to the four corners of the table to low pottery candlesticks containing tall orange tapers. Your regular damask cloth could be tinted yellow for the occasion or make a cover of cotton. The effect would be lovely, even if carried out in paper. Plain china, tin or paper would be more suitable than one's best table accessories.

Checked gingham offers an entirely different setting. Red and white, green and white, or yellow and white could be harmonized with the menu itself if desired. Several widths of material could be sewn together with long stitches, so the fabric could be used afterwards to fashion bridge table covers, aprons or children's garments, assisting in reducing the cost. White napkins with a corner decoration of the gingham would be nice, or fringe the gingham, if preferred. For this type of table service it would be delightful to use all tin—large containers for the main dishes, and pie plates, cups and knives, forks and spoons.

Construct a rustic scene for the centerpiece, using a large mirror, a ring mold and a tin can. Place the mirror in the middle of the table. About the base arrange ferns or moss. Then, on that put the ring mold, filled with water. In this "lake" have real gold fish, or water lilies, or, if neither are possible, have a few celluloid toy turtles and fish. In the center tin, heap fresh earth or sand and stick tiny branches or small plants to give a hillside effect.

When planning parties of this type be sure to choose suitable menus—simple but wholesome. For an evening service baked beans in tiny pots, served with brown bread and coffee, would be quite enough, or, if two courses were desired, have individual pumpkin or mince pies and wedges of cheese. A dinner would require several additions. Cream of tomato soup, served in tin or paper cups with cheese sticks for the appetizer, then a roast ham with candied sweet potatoes, pureed spinach and corn sticks, followed by a candlestick salad, of pineapple rings and bananas, instead of the baked beans, or serve them for the main course, with the same wee pies for dessert. Oyster cocktails and fruit salad, served in apple cups, would add color and assist in balancing the starches.

Tutti-frutti ice cream or chocolate mousse could be served in small terra cotta flower pots if one does not care for pie. Line the pots carefully with wax paper, pack firmly with the cream mixture after it has been frozen, topping each with a candied cherry and a sprig of mint—then place in the refrigerator for several hours until firm.

Foreign dishes also lend themselves nicely to this type of service. Brilliant covers could be made of red, green, orange or purple crash or cotton. Instead of tin, use inexpensive Majolica ware. For an Italian dinner, have an antipasto for the first course. The tinned variety, served on finely shredded lettuce with a French oil and vinegar dressing, pleases most men. If a soup is to be included, Minestrone would do nicely. Then have either raviolis, spaghetti or broiled halves of chicken with the pastes—if one wishes extra food. Zambaglione is a truly Italian dessert, but many substitute vanilla or French custard ice cream.

Americanized Mexican or Spanish dinners find favor with most of us who live in the Bay district. Real enchiladas, or tamales, or chili con carne with beans, would be splendid for bridge refreshments, if served with toasted French bread and coffee. A sweet would be unnecessary. For a dinner have a vegetable combination salad with Louie dressing, a cheese and tomato soup — highly seasoned — then either our American dish of a tamale pie, or the Mexican dishes suggested for the evening repast. Vanilla ice cream with small cakes and coffee or assorted fruit would be nice for dessert.

Enchiladas should be eaten as soon as they are made, so one should not serve them without assistance in the kitchen. The chili con carne is always better after reheating, so that could be made in advance. And, of course, the tamales require steaming, which allows the hostess time for other duties.

Inexpensive dishes intrigue if presented in unusual containers. Fruit combinations, or Waldorf salads, are lovely in apple cups or orange or grapefruit baskets. Molds resembling tomatoes, filled with a tomato gelatine mixture, or fruit molds containing colored jellies, add spice to the menu.

So many recipes have been published in these pages and, now that you have the delightful new Club cook book of Members' Favorite Recipes, there are few to offer this month. Directions have been given for all the Spanish and Italian dishes, leaving only the simple home-made tomato soup, Louie dressing, a fruit salad for the orange baskets and perhaps a new ice cream dessert. The Louie dressing is very similar to that served by the Spanish restaurants with their vegetable combination salads.

Cream of Tomato Soup: Two cups fresh or canned tomatoes, two tablespoons sugar, two or three teaspoons salt, two slices onion, bit of bay leaf, dash of pepper, one or two cloves garlic. Cook together in saucepan for ten minutes. Next make white sauce: four tablespoons each butter and flour cooked with one quart scalded milk to smooth mixture. When ready to serve, add one-quarter teaspoon soda to tomatoes; combine mixtures and serve immediately.

Louie Dressing: One-half cup thick mayonnaise, one tablespoon each chopped pickles and pimientoes, few drops onion juice. Mix thoroughly. (Sufficient for one cup of crab meat for crab Louie.)

(Continued on page 24)

Hunger

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

● In the province of Kielce, there was ice along the banks of the River Nida. But for its headlong rush down from the Carpathian hills, the stream would have frozen into silence. Its clear snow-waters fought the cold tearing at the encroaching rim of ice.

On its bank the little village of Wislica shivered under a cold moon. Beyond its single street rose the Chezinski hills, their forests black in the moonlight. Beech trees and the lovely lime stood naked, their leaves all loosed on the wind. A few crumpled leaves, color of clotted blood, clung defiant to the oak branches. But the pine-needles turned the pine-trees black. Snow did not cling to them. It lay at their feet in a wide white waste, frozen into a hard running-surface for the feet of wolves.

On the outskirts of the village, near the edge of the forest, a small cottage cast a blue shadow on the snow. A short blue shadow, and it were better to call it a hut than a cottage, so low lay its sagging roof. The only light in the sleeping village shone from its one window, flickering, like firelight.

A wolf crept out from the shadow of the forest. He looked hungrily at the hut. But he would not go near while the light flickered. He threw back his head, and howled at the moon.

Inside, Andrew Cygan's old wife drew closer to her old husband, at the sound. They were crouched over the little fagot-fire, which kept life in their bodies. For this, Andrew had built his hut away from the friendliness of the village, close to the forest by which he lived. Daily, the two bent bodies toiled from the trees to the houses by the river, bending under the bundles of fagots which they sold, if they could. Nightly, they bent over the fagot-fire which frightened the wolf from their door; crouched, too chilled to sleep, too sodden to hope for more than a little food, a little warmth, another day of life.

Twenty years ago, the tiny room was gay with hope. Old Janetta went to a shelf in the corner. On a low wooden stool beside Andrew she placed a wooden platter with a quarter-loaf of black bread and a small piece of cheese. Andrew shook his head. "Not yet. Eat later. We shall not be so hungry in the morning."

Pow! pow! pow! a tree-branch hammered on the heavy door. "Who comes?" Andrew's thin voice quavered.

"I, a traveller. Open, for the love of Mary and Joseph! I am frozen."

Interrogating, old eyes looked into old eyes, and then, still hesitating, unbarred the door.

"Mother of Heaven! it's cold!" The sturdy figure blocked the doorway, stumbled toward the fire.

But Janetta thrust herself before him, her claw-like hands against his chest, trying to push him back.

"Wait! wait!" She pattered quickly to the door, scooped up a handful of snow, and slapped it against the big man's cheek, against the white spot where the flesh was freezing. He understood, and sat down on a wooden box far away from the fire. He looked around the room. Two wooden stools, a shelf with a few dishes, fagots, a pallet of rags in a corner. Blue moonlight on the snow through one small window. He had forgotten that one could live with so little. Shame that he had forgotten!

Old Janetta crept near to peer into the bearded face She put out a finger to touch the warm stuff of his coat. Leather, fleecelined, a broad fur collar around his ears. Trousers tucked into high boots laced with reindeer thongs. Fur cap meeting fur collar. Such warmth! Janetta drew her thin shawl closer around her bent shoulders.

"Where have you come from, stranger, on such a night?" Andrew asked.

"Up from the Vistula. I landed at the Opatowiec custom-house, and tramped up the Nida over the hard snow. But I didn't remember that it could be so cold."

"Remember? Are you Polish?" Janetta cried, amazed. The man laughed a little, sheepishly.

"Couldn't you tell? I've been living in America for twenty years."

"America!" The shrillness in her voice softened. "We had a son who went to America. But he died. He would have come back for us, if he had lived. But he never sent for us. It's a long time ago."

America! At the word, her eyes grew younger. She was looking back across the years to a bright young figure going down the bank of the Nida, head up, face forward to his future, the little river singing at his side. Where the stream turned, in the shade of a lime-tree, he had looked back to wave to her. She had never seen him again. Life would have been different for her and for Andrew, if she had.

The man's face worked, as he watched her. How could the years take so much from two people, make them so old, so helpless? A twinkle came into his eyes. He could change all that!

"I think it's safe for me to go to the fire now, and get warm. Can you give me a bite to eat? I'm starved!"

His eyes fell on the black bread, the hunk of cheese. Old Andrew's eyes were wolfish, his hand half stretched out to protect the food.

"I can pay well for it, you know," said the traveller.

He took out his wallet. Bending over the fire, he opened it, and drew out a roll of bills, from the outside of which he peeled one, and held it out to Andrew.

"Oh, yes, sir,—yes,—" stuttered Andrew; "You may have it all."

"No, no," the stranger said. "We shall all eat." He picked up the black bread, and broke it into three pieces. He took up the cheese.

Old Andrew looked at Janetta. Janetta looked at him. "Put some fagots on the fire," she said.

Andrew walked across the room, and picked up the hatchet to cut the few fagots that lay on the floor. The stranger bent over the flickering firelight, breaking the bread. Andrew brought the hatchet down on the back of his head. The stranger crumpled on the floor, twitched, lay still.

"Now we shall never be hungry again!" shrilled Janetta. Andrew bent over the big body that looked so dead, that had been so alive! He opened the wallet. He drew out the roll of bills, and some white papers. Letters; a passport with a bearded photograph.

"Andy Cygan, New York!"

Short Cuts in the Study of Oriental Art

—BY ALMA JANNAPOLIS

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series on Oriental Art to be written for the City Club Magazine by Mrs. Jannapolis. The others will be "Influence of Oriental Art on that of the Occident," and "Chinese Painting and Calligraphy."

● Ever since Marco Polo told his unbelievable tales to the Venetians the world has been hearing of China and that part of the world with incredulous ears. Much that is true is disbelieved and much that is untrue is accepted. It has taken years of sifting to get at the real facts regarding the history of China and the Chinese. There are years of research yet for the sinologues and scientists, but little by little documents and objects are coming into the hands of those most fitted for the work. The debts that the whole world owes to ancient Cathay are not yet realized.

It is especially fitting that we here on the furthermost edge of the West, learn more of this great civilization with which we are coming in contact more closely perhaps, than any other occidental nation. We should learn more of what we, the offspring of Europe and Britain, owe to the early arts of China, to her literature, her philosophy, and her sciences. Recent excavations show that even before Christ, the art of Mongolia, then closely allied with China, was influenced through India, by the art of Greece. In turn, Greece was receiving impulses from the orient that are just being discovered. Translations of scrolls and books of historical China tell more than the world ever imagined possible of interrelationship of many nations of ancient times.

Authentic records in China tell of visitors from Rome arriving in the year 166 A.D.

It was the exchange of products of agriculture and of the arts that caused earlier scientists to assume migrations of peoples that modern archeologists disclaim.

The invasion of Europe by Genghis Khan and his Mongols, in the twelfth century, caused the greatest intermingling of Eastern and Western culture and it is an established fact that block printing was introduced to Europe at that time. That the Renaissance and Reformation were aided by the cultural effect of the far Eastern nation, as some historians firmly believe, is not incredible in the light of modern research.

"China's contribution to the West was varied. It consisted among other things of printing; a system of paper money and negotiable instruments of exchange; the mariners' compass, with the assistance of which America was discovered; and gun-powder, which was first used in firearms during the Sung times in China. The introduction of the use of coal as fuel, as well as the more authenticated gifts of silk, paper, tea, porcelain, papier-mache, and such games as those played with dominoes and with cards."

While Marco Polo related tales of splendid courts and fabulous luxury, five Chinese travellers told of miraculous adventures to their fascinated listeners.

They too, published books of their impressions.

Had China been in continuous communication with Europe, how differently would history read! It was, however, cut off intermittently for long periods, and centuries sometimes elapsed between important contacts.

It was not until near the end of the sixteenth century, the "Elizabethan period," that Chinese art became a real influence in Europe. It was through the cultured priests who were sent to "civilize" that a greater understanding of the Chinese people, their arts and sciences, was given to the courts of Europe. And it was through the traders that the more commercial products became known.

The two, combined, influenced Europe for over 150 years to an amazing degree—almost unbelievable until one digs into the history of the times and reads how monarchs and poets vied with one another, as it were, in acclaiming "things Chinese." Some of the quaintest and most delicate work of artists of that

(*Continued on page 31*)

Home Economics

(Continued from page 21)

Corn Sticks: One cup corn meal, three-quarters cup bread flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Mixed and sifted together. To one-half cup hot hominy add one-quarter cup butter, one well-beaten egg and one cup milk. Combine mixtures and turn into well-greased bread stick pans. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Fruit salad: (Prepare baskets, wash and dry for several hours; recipe fills eight baskets.) Cut one medium sized can each of sliced pineapple and mixed fruit salad; mix with one-half cup seedless green grapes, one banana cut into round slices, and one apple, diced. Marinate in mixed fruit juices for one hour. Then drain, and mix with dressing and turn into baskets.

Dressing: Mix juice from one bottle of maraschino cherries with three tablespoons of marshmallow paste and enough thick mayonnaise to have all measure one cup of dressing. Garnish each basket with a cherry, cutting remainder into small pieces for the salad mixture.

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The Camel Driver's "Wumman"

—JUNE LUCAS (MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS)

● He was a wicked looking devil, the camel driver, and she was his wife by whatever the customs of the real Cairo, but he always called her "his wumman" in the "Streets of Cairo," that tawdriest of shows on the Joy Zone of the Great Exposition. His wumman? She was his, all right, if handing out abuse made the contract any more binding. The other "natives" of the Street called him "Ki, the master," and even the scraggliest, sickest looking camel would begin to unfold its legs when Ki came along uttering strange words and snapping his whip against the gaily painted supports that held in place the shakily built balconies where the women and children in the shows lived and looked down fearfully when they heard the whip of the camel driver.

No one knows how people like these get from filthy, smelly, fly-sticking Cairo to some distant land where they reproduce pretty faithfully for a time the place they've left, for the education and amusement of curious crowds. Everybody said there was money in the "Streets of Cairo," and of course there was the usual owner behind this show, although none but Ki, the master, was ever seen giving orders. He was the only one that could handle the camels when the crowds came to ride them; he set the price on every bit of the cheap junk sold in the dirty bazaar and he saw that the dark eyed women from Cairo got the price out of the careless buyers. He almost killed the fortune teller woman one night because she let a half-intoxicated patron of her evil smelling hut get out without paying the extra half dollar for a special bit of prophecy.

Ki was the master! He was everywhere; he had eyes in the back of his head just as evil as those in his swarthy face. He was master *almost*, there was one place where he had trouble and that was in the dancing show where his wumman was the chief dancer. No one could understand it. He beat her up regularly every week just as he should his own wumman, but still the trouble! Some weeks the dancing show would be the most crowded of all. His wumman would dance like one in a frenzy and all the others, too, who danced with her. At such times the noise of that one show could be heard far down the Joy Zone and crowds waited to get in. Ki would stand at the back, with his dark eyes shining and his feet keeping time to the beat of the instrument that accompanied the wild contortions of the frenzied dancers.

"Good, good wumman," he'd mutter, and those weeks she shared his nightly bottle of thick dark wine.

But it didn't last; the dancing show would grow dull and lifeless; for several weeks at a time his wumman would walk through the dances, her great dark eyes dreamy and distant looking as if she didn't see the crowd in the little theater at all. And all the rest of the dancing girls watched her furtively and did not dare to change the tempo of their dancing. Ki met those weeks with all the cruelty and abuse he dared, in a Joy Zone crowded with shows where even after the entrances were closed for the night there were still patrolmen and guards on duty. But it was no use. The fat gate receipts of the frenzied weeks were all wiped out by the weeks when his wumman spoiled the best dancing show on the Zone.

There was lots of talk in the Street; the other men listened to their women talk and then drew near the resting camels and spoke low, with eyes alert and ears open for Ki, the master, and his whip.

"My wumman say she see Spirit. She can't dance big when she see Spirit," said the Snake Charmer.

"Ki can't beat Spirit away. He crazy mad. He say he kill her only that spoil show all over," said the man who made the crocodiles perform.

"My wumman say she see her dead child. Her child die only little while. Wumman very strange," said the tall desert man who took the caravan of camels daily through the Zone to draw the crowds. "Like dead child so much, strange."

And so they talked. Meanwhile Ki watched his wumman and waited.

She was a strange creature; between the shows, when she squatted on the balcony outside the dirty room she lived in with Ki, she showed no trace of the glittering frenzied dancer. Her eyes looked sadly, dumbly forth on the little street fluttering with color and life below her railing. Even the snap of Ki's whip failed to rouse her. The only sound that ever seemed to reach her was the crying of the fortune teller's baby, two balconies beyond.

When the fretful cry went on for long, Ki's wumman would get slowly up and, walking along the narrow gallery between the projecting balconies, would take the crying baby up in her arms and sway gently, gracefully back and forth until all was quiet. Ki, the master, would snap his whip viciously at the camels when he'd see her swaying up there like a brown cattail in the wind. The next dancing show would be bad, very bad! He was at his wits' end; blows and starvation had failed; his wumman, Ki, the master's, was making him

idiculous before all his people! It must top!

That night the dancing show almost nded in a panic. The woman had been alf dazed and uncertain of her dances rom the beginning. When the end came he fell, as usual, into place in the center of the group of dancers and the tableau eld for its usual moment. Then she began o scream and moan. The audience laughed, clapped, then rose in fright. The curtain dropped, the screams were muffled; she must have been carried off. The people crowded into the street, excited and ready for a new thrill. But the white fog had crept into every corner; the lights looked like golden pinwheels that had come to rest on the edges of the dark balconies; the painted posts beneath might have been members of the Ku Klux standing guard; the fortune teller's hut was dark; the camels could only have been found by following one's nose. There wasn't any thrill; the crowd decided that those screams must have been part of the show; it was late, and so they drifted out through the two blurred masses of lights that was the entrance.

But Ki's wumman had not been carried off; she still crouched in the center of the stage, a dim red exit light in the wings falling on her dark head, her glittering dancing tights and her shining oiled body. The other dancing girls had slipped away through the silver wet night to the shelter of their crowded balcony rooms. Ki, the master, stood alone leaning against the steps of the Egyptian palace at the left, watching, and twisting the cruel thongs of his camel's whip round and round his good right arm. Such a little thing kept Ki standing there; the exit light fell also on the short gleaming blade of a knife his wumman held in her right hand. She was not looking at Ki. She had given no sign that she knew he was there, but Ki knew she knew from the clutch of her hand upon that blade. So Ki waited.

His wumman moaned and rocked back and forth in the red circle; the cold damp air of the silver night outside crept through the walls of the flimsy theater, cutting the heavy closeness of the stale perfumed cloud of perspiration and dust that hung over the dirty stage set; Ki was anxious.

Presently she rose slowly, drawing her superb figure to its full height and stretched her arms high above her head, holding for a moment an attitude of supplication to some power outside herself; then her eyes met Ki's.

"You killed my child," she said. "He comes for me many times. Tonight he bring other little children to ask me to go."

"You see him?" asked Ki. She nodded her head, the tinkle of her beaded headdress sounded like distant camel bells far out on the desert waste at home. "Come, I will show you." She moved quietly, majestically toward the exit light where the small door stood open but seemed closed by the fog that moved here and there in the shifting wind. Ki followed at a cautious distance. He did not understand and he was afraid. Some wummans went mad in the desert.

She leaned against the door sill and pointed out into the strange night. Ki was behind her; he could see distinctly what she saw. The little flags and banners that fluttered all day in the sunshine, making the street bright with color, had become little white dancing figures in the transforming fantastic fog that furled and unfurled like a great soft plume as the night wind played with it; children dancing, beckoning, fluttering, now coming close, now dimming into the mist. Ki saw them for just a moment as his wumman saw them; a shiver passed over him, then he knew the knife was not for him. In a flash he had wrenched it from her and had raised his camel's whip, but when that cruel thong fell it struck the door sill with a snap. She had slipped into the enfolding night.

Ki turned off the exit light and closed the doors of the little theater. "She crazy mad. What I do? Child die seeck. Too soon more child. How I keep show till more child come? She crazy mad." His wumman was not in his quarters that night and Ki did not search for her. He knew the moans he heard through the long hours until dawn were coming from the fortune teller's room.

The first dancing show was not until eleven o'clock in the morning. The fog had vanished before the sun and all the wet banners and flags were quickly drying in the brisk wind. Ki's wumman was asleep on the balcony of his quarters, her long graceful body entirely covered with a gay camel hair blanket, and so still—the stillness of exhaustion—the stillness almost of death. As he left his quarters Ki had looked down at the figure outlined on the dirty pallet, but he did not speak—just shrugged his shoulders and went on.

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The fortune teller woman was sitting on the floor nursing her baby when Ki stepped through the doorway from the balcony. She was pushing the little golden rings of hair up into a sort of halo on the baby's head with very gentle fingers. She was smiling, but not the smile of the fortune teller, and she did not see the Master.

"Listen! I talk to you," said Ki. The woman, startled, held the baby closer and tried to scramble to her feet, but the tumbled blankets prevented that and she was only on her knees looking up at the Master with frightened eyes and the baby still at her breast.

"My wumman she say I kill her child. She crazy seeck. She not dance good. She spoil show. I not kill child. I only make her stop feed like that," he pointed to the fortune teller's breast. "She no dance good when she feed like that. She no look fine like dancer. She look like mother."

The fortune teller drew her yellow shawl with its deep red stripes close around her shoulders and over the baby's head, hiding thus from Ki's evil eyes her offending breasts.

"Now you tell my wumman fortune, quick. You tell she have new child by harvest moon. You make her think sure if she dance big, good, she have new baby, then she forget old baby. She stop see Spirits. Quick, I say, or Ki stop that." He pointed again and his most evil smile spread across his face.

The fortune teller understood. Ki's wumman must dance good and stop the scream. She listened to the Master's footsteps die away on the gallery steps. She was still kneeling with the baby at her breast when Ki's wumman, roused from her weary sleeping, came softly in to hold the baby before the morning show.

The weeks that followed were good weeks for the Streets of Cairo. The sun shone daily, the nights were clear of fog and Ki's wumman danced like one possessed of demons. Ki never used his whip once during all those weeks. He went around with more swagger than ever among the men; his shows were crowded at every performance. His wumman dance fine. *He* know how to make wumman act good. The only troubled eyes were those of the fortune teller woman. Ki's wumman spent much time with her and after each time, her eyes looked more troubled and she would hold her baby very close a long, long time after he had fallen asleep at her breast. Three months passed—it was almost time for the Harvest Moon. Ki's prosperity had driven everything else from his mind. His wumman she no crazy mad any more—she good wumman. She dance fine and big all the time. Whatever she did now, she could not spoil his profits. September would see the Great Exposition closed and Ki's receipts would carry him profitably over the deadest of final months.

But the fortune teller woman grew thin and pale; her baby cried even at her breast. He was so hungry. She could not seem to satisfy him. Often she sat telling fortunes in her darkened tent with her little son under her gay shawl tugging at her empty breast. Meanwhile Ki's wumman waited for the Harvest Moon that would tell her she was to have a child. There was to be a sign; when the moon was full and sailed at its clearest in the star-studded heavens, the shadow of her new little child to come would pass across the golden circle, clear and distinct for her to see. So Ki's wumman waited and danced and tried to hush the pitiful crying of the fortune teller's baby who was no longer plump and happy, but thin and wasting and always hungry. The fortune teller looked haunted and fearful. Ki, the master, was proud and boastful.

The night of the full moon began as it should. Out of the flaming banners of cerise and blue and gold that was the sunset, the evening star appeared and hung low over the dark brown velvet hills as though ready to signal the first glimpse of the rising moon to the sun that had dropped out of sight over the edge of the world. The sky grew bluer and deeper as it waited for the moonlight. The waters of the bay were filled with stars. The Joy Zone was crowded; the "Streets of Cairo" was packed with noisy humans who sought the biggest thrill. The camels rested in their sawdust but their heads were lifted high; they still sniffed at the evening air and moved their long necks back and forth as though listening for some sound that would be for them alone. The dancing show was at its height; Ki's wumman and the others were singing and clapping their bodies as they danced. The second tableau of the dancing girls had held its full minute when the curtain dropped between the scenes. Ki's wumman walked slowly off the stage into the little dressing room behind the sets. The window was wide open and the full harvest moon was looking in at Ki's wumman, turning her dark glistening body to gold. She pulled the door closed against those others, and stood leaning against it, with her great eyes somber, expectant, watching the moon for the sign. And it came; slowly the shadow of a little child's body passed across the face of the moon, across the space of the open window from left to right, and Ki's wumman dropped, a shivering, weeping heap upon the floor.

* * * * *

Outside in the moonlight the camels still moved their long necks from side to side and listened. In the stuffy balcony room the fortune teller hurriedly dressed the little naked body of her baby. In the dancing show Ki's wumman danced big!

(Note: Another story by Mrs. Lucas, entitled "Martha Washington," will be published in the City Club Magazine *within a few months.)*

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he Seamen's Institute f San Francisco

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The Institute maintains recreation and clubrooms for the social and physical welfare of merchant seamen who come to this port. Any afternoon dozens of brawny sailors may be seen in the big recreation hall. Tense checker games are played to an accompaniment of the latest jazz picked out on the piano with one finger. Movies of an educational nature are shown once a week, and Chaplain F. K. Howard, who is available at all times for advice and counsel, conducts religious services twice weekly.

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The Princess They Christened Babette

(Continued from page 20)

All the morning they rode on. Trajan sang now and then, and Robert told stories of his adventures, until it was lunch-time. Tobar, who had turned off from the highway to explore a by-lane, now came riding up, apparently much disturbed.

"I wish you people would come with me before you eat," he anxiously said. "I have found the queerest thing. There's a beautiful lake at the end of the lane."

"Is that what's so queer?" demanded Robert.

"No. There's a man up in the tree that hangs over the lake and he seems to be crying. And when I asked him what the matter was he said he was a poet. I think you'd better speak with him, Babette."

Much amused, the party turned into the by-lane, and came to the shore of a beautiful blue lake. At the water's edge was a boat, and over the water leaned a big willow tree. And up in the branches, just as Tobar had said, lay a man clad in blue, weeping violently. He gave no attention to the riders beneath the trees, but leaned his pale blond head against the willow, and went on weeping.

"Won't you—won't you come down?" called Babette, craning her neck upward.

There was no answer.

"I might throw that stone at him," suggested Trajan, grinning. "A cold ducking would cure him."

"Oh, no!" said Babette seriously. "It would spoil his beautiful blue suit. The material is very fine!"

"Hey, there!" cried Robert. "Come down!"

"Come down, come down!" they yelled in chorus, and suddenly, to their surprise, the man roused himself, descended, and faced them, leaning limply against the tree-trunk. He was very young, elegantly dressed in rich blue, and with long pale hair. Babette got off her horse and approached him.

"Is there anything we can do? Tobar says you are a poet."

"I am—oh, I am!" groaned the man.

Keef came closer. He had never seen a real poet, and he didn't think much of this specimen.

"I am possessed of a poetical soul, and I am to be married tonight."

"Well," said Babette, rather at a loss, "even poets marry, you know."

"Oh, but if you could see her!" moaned the poet. "She is rich, she is noble, she is ugly. I am being martyred by my father. Alvain, the Poet, led to the slaughter!"

"But surely," Tobar interrupted, "you don't have to marry against your will. You're a man."

"How can a poet cope with brute force?" cried Alvain.

"When and where is the wedding?" asked Babette.

"Across the lake from here, at evening. I must row back now. Ah, me!" and, sighing, he jumped into the boat and rowed off. The friends looked at each other and laughed.

"There are disadvantages to being poetical," said Trajan.

"Very queer case," remarked Tobar.

"It's too bad such a nice-looking young man should be unhappy," said Babette. "I wish there was something we could do about it." As they ate lunch she said again, "We ought to do something about Alvain."

"We could at least go to the wedding," said Tobar, "and if we could get him to come away with us he'd escape without injuring his poetic soul."

Babette considered. "But he'd be afraid of his father, and we never could persuade him."

The Whistler, who was lying on his back with his arms behind his head, staring at the sky through the willow leaves, suggested, "We might kidnap him."

"Kidnap him!" growled Robert. "In pity's name, what would we do with *him!*"

"Yes," agreed Keef, shaking his head, "he'd be a terrible nuisance."

"Oh, he'd get used to us," said Babette, "and besides, it would be very good for him."

"I think it's a fine plan," agreed Tobar.

"Well," put in Robert, with his mouth full, "I don't mind if I don't have to hunt him up when he gets lost. He looks as if he'd lose his way often enough."

"And Keef?" Babette turned to the gardener.

"Oh, if *you* want him, Babette!"

"What do you think of the kidnapping idea, Trajan?" asked Babette, forgetting who had originated it.

"Oh, I think it's an excellent idea!" the Whistler solemnly answered.

And so it happened that on a warm summer evening the little church on this side of the lake was crowded with people waiting for the wedding of Alvain, son of the lord of Bengar, with Tertulia, the rich lady of Kern. The gentry of the countryside were gathered in glad array. Some of the peasant folk crowded into the back of the church; among them were one or two who were noticeable—a tall young peasant

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Subscription tickets for six concerts entitling subscribers to reserved seats are offered at $6.00, $5.00, $3.00. Loges containing 6 seats, $60.00. Season tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. Single seat sale beginning January 4, 1932. Single seats, 65c, $1.00 and $1.25.

For further information, apply to ALICE METCALF, Secretary-Manager, Hotel Mark Hopkins. Telephone EXbrook 3434.

with a mane of waving bronze hair, a big-bearded man, and a young girl in a black bodice and blue skirt, and short, curling, black hair. All three of these stood near the aisle.

The wedding march began. Down the aisle came the bride, gaunt and sallow. Then came Alvain, clad in light blue, looking paler and more miserable than when he had wept in the willow tree. The priest stepped forward; the congregation bowed in prayer.

Suddenly there was a scuffling sound—a gasping—and the horrified congregation looked up to see the bridegroom being dragged from the church by two stalwart peasants, and pushed from behind by a little peasant girl in a black bodice and blue skirt! Almost before the congregation could take its breath there was a sound of horses without, and, rushing to the door with cries and exclamations, all that they saw was a crowd of horsemen galloping off down the road.

A week or so later Babette and her friends were spending a warm summer morning beside a brook that ran down from some low hills and wound through green meadows down to a little town glowing red-roofed in the distance. Tobar, sitting upon a big gray stone with his lap full of flowers and plants, was listening intently to Keef, who, on the grass beside him, was lecturing with a gardener's art upon each flower. Babette, sitting on the thick grass, listened idly to Keef's talk, or from time to time watched the quick flashings of the Whistler's knife, for Trajan, leaning against a tree, was whittling. Robert was fishing in the brook, and the shiny, slithery pile of fish beside him was growing rapidly. Alvain, in a light blue suit, much soiled and torn, was fishing, too, but there was no pile beside him. Although he sat near the water's edge with unflagging patience and apparent content, he never caught anything. Often he dropped his pole into the brook, whence it was rescued by the surly Robert, who kept a disapproving eye on his pupil and replenished the poet's miraculously disappearing bait.

Babette, who had been staring at the red roofs of the town, said suddenly, "I think I'll go to town."

Tobar looked up. "It's so comfortable here," he said.

"Oh," declared Babette, springing up, "I'm going alone—on foot. You can bring the horses and meet me this afternoon at the rocks over there on that hill beyond the town."

"I'll go with you," said Trajan.

"No, I want to go alone," insisted Babette.

"You mustn't go alone on foot," said Trajan. "I'll go with you."

Babette scowled. "I don't want you—

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I can take care of myself," she answered crossly, and started off down the meadow.

Trajan said nothing, but, still whittling, walked along behind her. After about fifty feet Babette turned.

"I want to go alone. Please go away!" Her eyes smouldered angrily, but Trajan went on whittling.

"Oh, I don't mind coming at all," he pleasantly said.

Babette uttered a little cry of rage and walked on quickly. Trajan, whistling softly, walked along behind.

In this manner they drew near to the town, and again Babette turned.

"If you insist on coming you might at least not walk in this ridiculous fashion, like a procession!"

Very good-naturedly Trajan threw away his whittling and fell into step with Babette. As they passed several shops Babette's pace slackened.

"Look, Trajan," she said, stopping in front of a goldsmith's. "Just look at that gold and emerald chain!"

The Whistler bent to get a closer view. "It makes you think of snakes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Babette. "And oh, oh! Look at those pearls!"

Trajan accordingly admired, and as they went on Babette said shyly:

"Do you know, Trajan, I wanted to come alone to this town because I—I—don't laugh!—wanted to look in at all the linen-drapers' windows, and I was afraid you men would think it silly. But you liked the goldsmith's, didn't you, and would you mind very much stopping here?"

"Oh," the Whistler assured her, enthusiastically peering in at the drapers' open door, "I'd like it very much!"

"Look!" gasped Babette, clutching his arm in delight. "See that rose-colored satin all silver embroidered! Oh—oh, look how the light makes it glisten! Oh, Trajan, wouldn't you just *love* to feel it swishing about your feet and see it trailing behind you, all rosy and shimmery?"

Trajan's hand instinctively went to the pouch at his side. "I'll buy it for you," he said.

Babette laughed and drew him away from the door. "You silly, you haven't enough money. Why, it costs a fortune, and besides, gypsies don't wear that kind of clothes." Then, fearing that she had hurt his feelings, she added hastily, "But you might buy me some pears of the fruit-vendor there. I'd love them."

There was an odd, peculiar expression on the Whistler's face as he bought the pears and handed them to her, but all he said was, "Don't you like being a gypsy?"

(To be continued next month)

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Short Cuts in the Study of Oriental Art

(Continued from page 23)

One was due to the new influences then permeating Europe in the form of papers, porcelains and lacquers with their unique and amusing designs. It is to La Pompadour that ceramists give thanks for the still existing collection of Oriental blue and white that is to be found in the museum at Dresden, although it was originally the property of Augustus, King of Poland.

The Dutch, who soon discarded the oriental designs for their own landscapes, gave us "Delft," in porcelain. Architecture and landscape gardens were greatly influenced, while wall-papers patterned in fantastic scenes with quaint, imaginary people were known as Pagoda Papers."

The English colonies, too, were influenced indirectly by the importations, and our old families in America had many objects of Chinese, and some Japanese art, in their homes. Some are still preserved as heirlooms and others are in museums. In those days such pieces were "curios," and while their artistic merit was understood, perhaps, by some of their possessors, it is doubtful if they valued them very highly, for most of them were brought in by sea-captains who had little or no knowledge of their real value.

Most of the so-called "Imari" porcelains were not valued by the senders, but they were decorative and sometimes beautiful and few of the really fine pieces of art in any medium were in the ship-loads of such things as were exported in those early days.

There are few homes that do not contain Oriental porcelains or bronzes, for we are rapidly learning that such pieces, like Persian rugs, fit into almost any scheme of decoration. There are no articles of greater increasing value that the fine art treasures of China and Japan.

The demand for beauty in the home has caused professional decorators to turn more and more to the Orient for inspiration—inspiration that comes from the beauty of simplicity that is peculiarly characteristic of the art of Japan.

Porcelains, cheaper lacquers, and the wood-cuts of Japan comprised the greatermost part of the importations that were asked for a few years ago, but now the demand is for the real art—the paintings, wood carvings, potteries of Han, tea-jars, fine lacquers and many other exquisite bits of native art formerly appreciated only by the connoisseur.

Suggested books:

The Mikado's Empire—*Griffis*
Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting—*Hackney*
Chinese Art—*Bushell*
Arts and Crafts of Old Japan—*Dick*
Japan and Its Art—*Huish*

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
SWIMMING POOL

Learn to Swim Week

Monday and Wednesday January 25th and 27th	11 to 11:30 Elementary 11:30 to 12 Intermediate
Tuesday and Thursday January 26th and 28th	5:30 to 6 Elementary 6 to 6:30 Intermediate

No lesson fee for these classes.

CHILDREN'S VALENTINE PARTY, FEBRUARY 13TH.

ADMISSION FEES

Single admissions—members, daughters of members under 18, sons under 8	$ .35
Single admissions—guests (adults)	.50
Single admissions — guests (children under 12)	.35
Ticket for ten admissions—members	3.00
Ticket for ten admissions—children of members	2.50

LESSONS—(Admission Fee Extra)

Private (single lessons)	
Members and children of members	$1.00
Guests (adults or children)	1.25
**WINTER SPECIAL ON PRIVATE COURSE of six lesson tickets sold during January and February. (Good only till May 1).	
Members and children of members (Regular $4.50)	$3.50
Guests (adults or children) (Regular $6.00)	4.75
Class (six lessons in course)	
Members and children of members	3.00
Guests (adults or children)	3.75

(Classes composed of five or more persons)
All tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser

Members giving splash parties of over ten persons are asked to arrange in advance with the swimming office.

Guest Night

Members may bring their families and men and women guests
Every Friday night from 5:30 to 9 o'clock

Members	$ .35
Sons under 8 and daughters under 18	.35
Boys over 8 and men and women guests	.50

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

CHILDREN'S HOUR

The children's hour at four o'clock on Tuesdays devoted to games and coaching, is being continued through the winter months. Admission fee only.

LIFE SAVING CLASS

A new life saving class will be formed on Wednesday at 5:30 about the middle of January if five or more apply. Open to members and guests. No lesson fee.

A guest card, giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person.

The restful, redecorated Main Room of the Women's Department.

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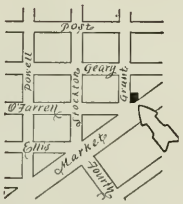
Our Women's Department now occupies new and attractively modernized quarters on the third floor of our Union Trust Office, in the heart of the shopping district.

Through this department, the personal counsel of our officers and the assistance of our various departments are made easily available to women on such subjects as:

The settlement of estates—the investment and management of life insurance proceeds or other funds — supervision of property — the preparation of income tax returns — the purchase and sale of securities—and the preparation of home or personal budgets.



Informal talks on Money and Banking are given at regular intervals in the Women's Department, and we are always glad to co-operate with club-women in preparing papers relating to banking, budgeting and thrift.

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